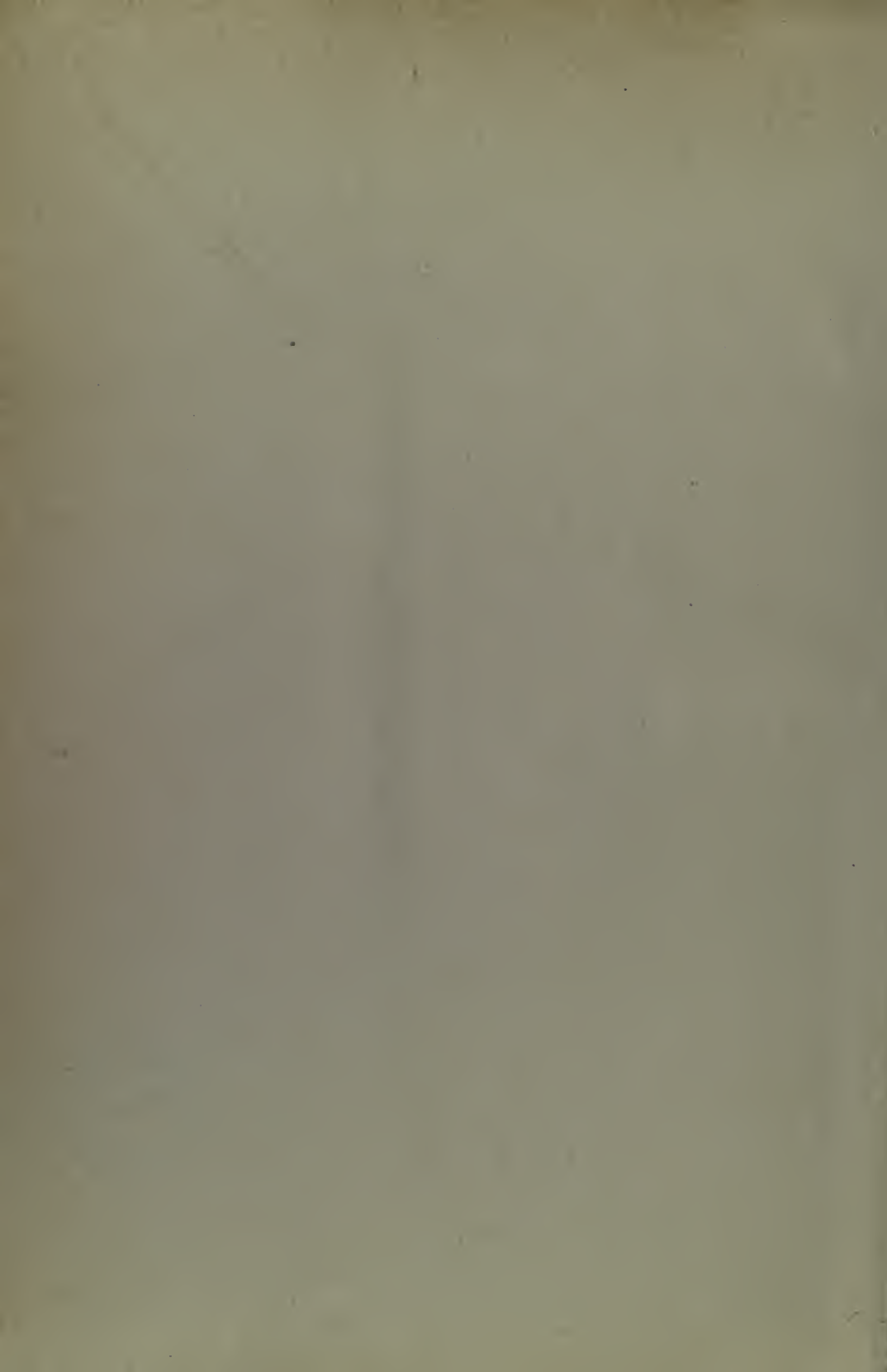


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A CATHOLIC FAMILY MAGAZINE

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HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

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Dedication

BETHINK you, gentle Lady, of your very great grace, to grant a good life and a good end to all those, clerks and laymen, dames and maidens, who bear with this book, and hold it in honour.

—*Gautier de Coinci, monk of St. Médard. (13th c.)*

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FOR YOUNG FOLKS

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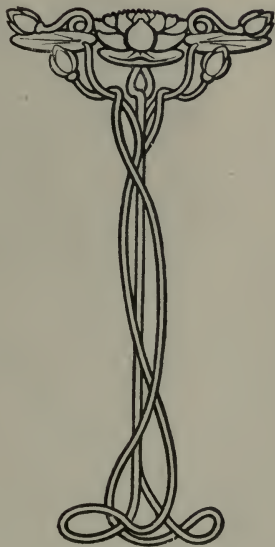
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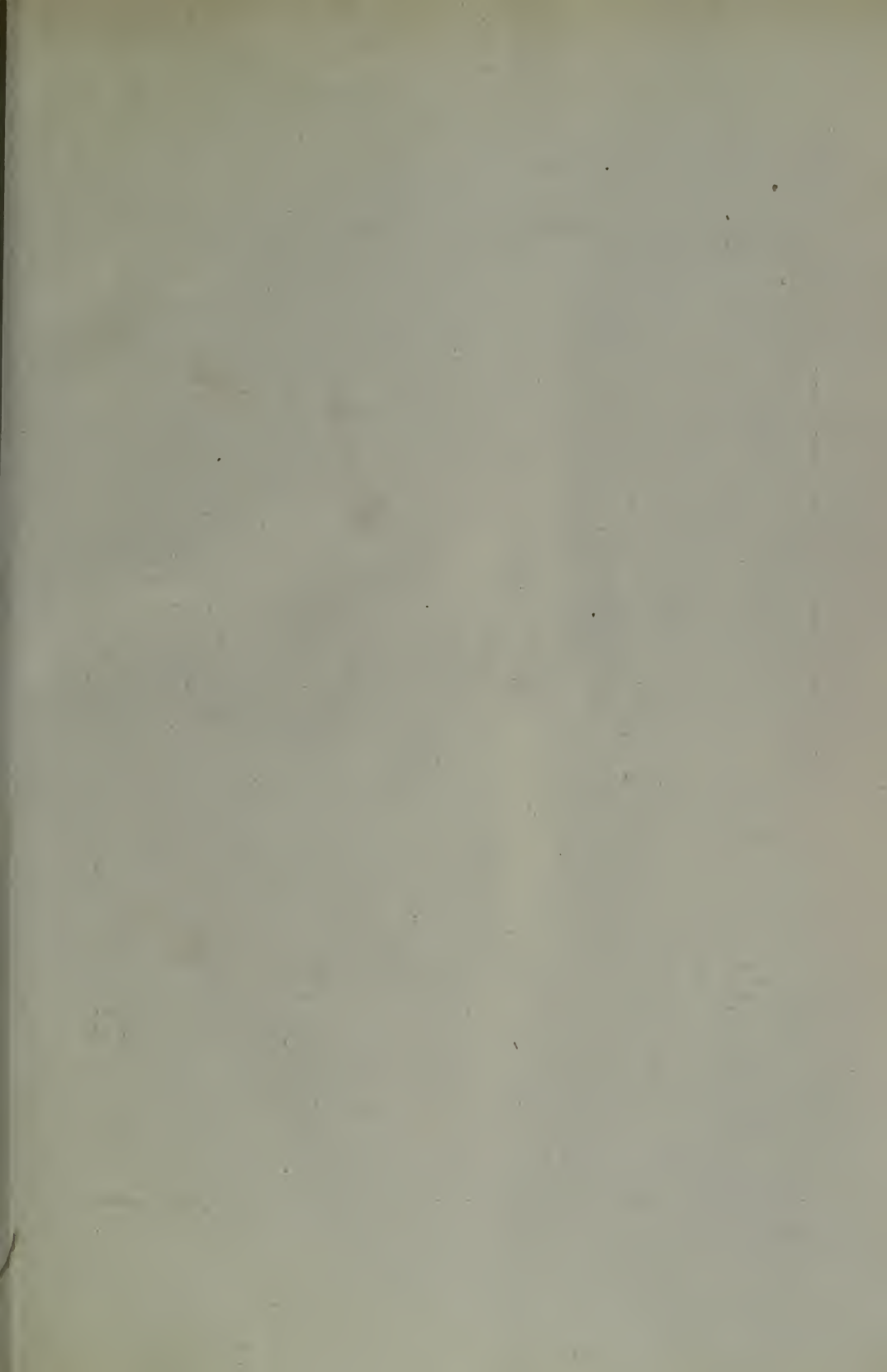
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THE EPIPHANY.
(N. Poussin. From an Old Engraving.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 43.

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NO. 1.

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For the New Year.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

GRIEF can not last, and joy is like a star
That sails a moment through the murk of
night;

Grief and drear care and all last year's delight
Fade to gray shadows dimly seen afar;
For yonder comes the morning's triumph car
Of the New Day, fair, shining to the sight,
Filled with young hopes and rosebuds, red and
white,—

What wonders in their petals hidden are!
The tortured wound of last year is less sore,
For God sent Time to pluck the poisoned dart;
There is a tint of rainbow in the tear;
What seemed eternal once is little more
Than one long day; the fearful thing, O heart,
my heart,
To fear—kind God!—in all this life is Fear.

The Mediatorship of Mary.*

BY FRANZ HETTINGER, D. D.

THE history of Jesus Christ is an eternal history, lasting forever: even till the end, His mediatorship is eternal.† Consequently the Blessed Virgin also forever exercises her mediatorship with her Son,—exercises it unceasingly; at all times does she, through the grace of the Spirit, bring forth new sons to the Church, which is the body of Christ; forever does she continue to bring forth Christ anew in the hearts of men. What she did once is a never-ending act, a

constantly recurring form and symbol of her activity in the Church. In all times, as long as there are those that need redemption, she utters that *Fiat* on which the redemption of the world once hung; as long as sin, sorrow, and death abide in the world, she hastens to raise the fallen ones; as long as the flesh and blood of her Son rest on our altars, her motherly love ceases not to knock at her Son's Heart to petition for richest treasures of grace, so that His blood may not have been poured forth in vain. Her Son heard her petition when she asked for wine: what will He not grant her when she prays in our behalf for His holy love, for perfect resignation to His divine decrees, which will fill our hearts with heavenly delights and strengthen our souls?

If it is no reprehensible exaggeration for the Apostle to call Christ our Brother, for Cyril of Jerusalem to speak of us as His relations by blood, neither is it any exaggeration to call Mary our Mother, and to consider her efficiency as an enlightened, cordial, powerful, tender, motherly, and never-tiring and never-ending love. She is the Mother of Grace, because Mother of the Lord of grace. She is the Refuge of Sinners, because she stands nearest to the source of salvation which flows from her Son's wounds. "Thou turnest all evils aside from us," says Germanus, Patriarch of Constantinople; "for thou hast the might of a mother's heart over thy Son; through thee we escape the punishment of damnation, so

* "Apologie des Christenthums."

† Heb., vii, 25.

dearly dost thou love the people who bear the name of thy Son."

If all the saints in heaven and on earth work on the building up of the Church, the body of Christ; if one breath inspires them all, one heart beats in every bosom, one life-current flows through them all, and from this communion none depart, all being bound to it by eternal bonds; if when one member suffers, all suffer; if all the gifts of the Spirit are bestowed for this sole end of building up; if the purer the love of the blessed is, and the more perfect their enjoyment of the bliss of heaven, which in Christ they have come to share, they are so much the more drawn to us by love; if their virtues and merits form a common treasure on which all draw,—how much more does this hold good in regard to Mary! In how special a manner does she not work for the salvation of those who belong to her, as her peculiar position requires, raised as it is above all others!

Yes, if Mary and the saints shall judge the world, shall they not now pray for it? And if in consideration of Abraham's prayers the Lord promised to pardon the guilty cities,—if for Paul's sake all the companions of his voyage were saved from shipwreck,* shall she be powerless when souls are hovering on the brink of perdition? "Most Holy Virgin!" exclaims Basil of Seleucia, "whatsoever I may say in thy praise will always fall short of what thou deservest. Look down graciously from heaven on us, that through thee we may fearlessly advance before the throne of thy Son."

"It is proper," says Suarez, "that we sometimes address ourselves directly to the Son, but it is at the same time pleasing to Him that we sometimes turn to the Virgin. And this to penetrate us the more deeply with respectful fear of God's majesty; likewise to show our reverence for the Mother, asking her to plead for us with her Son, that our unworthiness

may thus be supplied by her; not that we doubt of God's mercy, but because we are penetrated with a deep shame and fear of our own unworthiness. And she then, in her turn, asks of the Son, and through the Son of the Father, only what is pleasing to Him and will redound to His honor." And thus it is quite in keeping with the teachings of faith, and is by no means an exaggeration, to say, with many of the saints of the Church, that it was the will of the Lord to grant us His graces by means of Mary, as it was His will to give Himself to the world through her.*

Germanus says to her: "No one receives wisdom from God except through thee, thou holy One; no one is saved but by thee, no one is freed from danger but by thee." God having once determined to give us Christ through Mary, observes Bossuet, He never changes this determination, and we always receive the Son through the Mother; through her mediation the application of His graces is made to the various conditions of the Christian life. The purer the heart from which prayer ascends, the more surely will it be heard. And therefore we turn to her—the purest, the holiest, the nearest to God, the sinless One,—that her prayers may support our petitions to her Son. Hence our confidence in her intercession.

Mary is therefore in truth, as Cyril of Alexandria calls her, "the Sceptre of the orthodox faith." Her prerogative as Mother of God and Virgin Mother is the impregnable fortress† raised by the Church against every attack on the mystery of the Incarnation,—which guards against every alteration, misrepresentation, detraction from or evasion of this fundamental and central dogma. Yea, we must say that through her the mystery of the Incarnation was accomplished, and through her faith in it was first pro-

* Compare "The Glories of Mary," by St. Alphonsus Liguori, I., 5.

† *Turris Davidica*.

* Genesis, xviii, 20; Acts, xxvii, 24.

claimed: "He that believeth not in Mary believeth not in the Son." Every word of praise uttered in honor of Mary is a loud confession of our faith in the God-Man; every *Ave* offered to her with confidence can not fail to raise the thoughts of the petitioner to Him who, dwelling from eternity in the bosom of the Father, for our salvation did not despise the womb of the Virgin. If Christ the God-Man is the great alms bestowed by Heaven on a wretched world, Mary is the almoner whose hand presents this alms to the suppliant race.*

"And a great sign appeared in heaven: A woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars. . . . And there was seen another sign in heaven; and behold a great red dragon having seven heads. . . . And the dragon stood before the woman, who was ready to be delivered; that when she should be delivered, he might devour her son. And she brought forth a man-child. . . . And there was a great battle in heaven: Michael and his angels fought with the dragon. . . . And that great dragon was cast out,—that old serpent . . . who seduceth the whole world. . . . And when the dragon saw that he was cast unto the earth, he persecuted the woman who brought forth the man-child. . . . And the dragon was angry against the woman, and went to make war with the rest of her seed, who keep the commandments of God, and have the testimony of Jesus Christ." †

Through the maternity of Mary, the power of Satan is broken; therefore every attack on Christ and His kingdom is necessarily an attack on Mary; therefore the endeavors of unbelief to lower the Woman who brought forth for us the source and perfecter of our faith. The Ebionites, Docetæ, and Gnostic-Manichean sects, Jovinian and Helvidius in the early

Church, the Kathari and Albigenses of the Middle Ages, down to Wyclif and Huss, the Reformers, Jansenists, and Rationalists of our days, form a continued chain of witnesses to this fact. The Anglican, W. Perceval Ward,* says: "Our people have been zealously urged to treat the Blessed Virgin with disrespect; but it is morally impossible for any person to worship the Son and at the same time to think and speak of the Mother without reverence. . . . That contempt is an insuperable obstacle to all true worship of Christ. It is impossible that disrespectful thoughts of her should be accompanied by adoring thoughts of Him." This writer sees in this circumstance a proof that among such people the belief in the Incarnation is not a living faith.

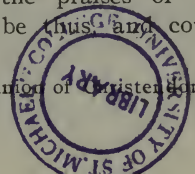
Penetrated with the deepest conviction that, with the downfall of the Mother of God, the mystery of the Incarnation—the heart wherein pulsates all Christian faith and life—and Christianity itself would fall, all the great and holy ones of the Church from the beginning treated her with the heartiest, tenderest, most trusting devotion and respect. We have already quoted Irenæus. Ephrem says to her: "Immaculate, pure Queen of all, hope of the despairing, our most glorious Lady! Safest port of the shipwrecked, comfort of the world, salvation of all! Beneath the wings of thy love and mercy shield and protect us!"

"Hail Mary, Mother of God, treasury of the whole world, inextinguishable lamp, sceptre of the orthodox faith!" exclaims Cyril of Alexandria before the Fathers of Ephesus. In like manner Epiphanius, Germanus, Sophronius, John Chrysostom, Ambrose, Augustine, Jerome, Leo the Great, Ennodius, Gregory the Great, Vincentius Fortunatus, John Damascene, not to mention the later Fathers, never tire of proclaiming the praises of the Virgin. It ought to be thus, and could

* Cyril of Alexandria, Hom. Divers. xi.

† Apoc., xii. Just as the dragon is no imaginary being, neither is the woman on whom and on whose son he makes war.

* "Essays on the Reunion of Christendom." F. G. Lee. p. 88.



not be otherwise; for heaven and earth shall pass away, but not the word of the Lord. As long as the generations of men continue to traverse this earth, they will continue to fulfil what the Virgin prophetically declared: "Behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed!" Every morning her praises recommence in millions of hearts: millions of tongues over the face of the globe proclaim her blessed. As Mary was in the midst of the infant Church in Jerusalem,* thus she is, thus she will be for all time.

It remains for us now to cast a passing glance at the significance and efficacy of the cultus of Mary on the lives of individuals.

Two ideas, introduced into the world by Christianity, are embodied in Mary: the idea of the God-Man and of the Virgin Mother; the former, the greatest, noblest, mightiest; the latter, the tenderest, most touching, most human, even though none the less mysterious,—the love of the mother united by a wonderful bond with the purity of the virgin. These two ideas overturned all the unclean worship of the myths, and by this very means raised woman out of her degradation. The worship of Venus and of Astaroth and the worship of the ever-blessed Virgin; the Mother of God, overwhelmed in an ocean of sorrow, but glorified by the very torments of the sacrifice, and Niobe in her stiff, cold, hopeless sorrow,—more was not needed to show all the immensity of the distance between the ancient and the modern world. Not in vain has the Church from the beginning contended for these two ideas; for they are the two distinguishing features in the picture of the Blessed One, without which it would no longer be to us what it is,—a picture so idealistic, so surrounded by sweetness, grace, and loveliness, that the eye can not look up to it without having the tenderest chords of our nature touched, and the deepest and noblest sentiments awakened.

Religion and ethics derive from the worship of Mary the most powerful motives; poesy and art from the earliest days enjoyed their most solid triumphs in the representation of this ideal; for in it is contained all that the earth has of noble and divine, of amiable and gentle. Penetrating into all the walks of life and all the degrees of refinement and spheres of activity, from the mighty basilica whose towers reach the clouds, to the picture of the Madonna in the poor cottage and in the solitary forest tree; from the noblest blossoms of poesy wound around her altars, from the ancient, essentially Christian and deeply psychological litany form of prayer to the *Ave Maria* lisped by infant lips,—who can measure the power with which this devotion to Mary raised the people from the depths of sensual, worldly, earthly life, and of a rough materialism, to ennoble, inspire and civilize them!

In her, "the lovely Maiden," as Walter von Vogelweide calls her, there is set before the soul's eye a picture so pure, so spiritual, so superior to anything of this earth, that all other beauty pales before it. It is the beauty of holiness, the charm of virginity, the gentleness of motherhood, which breathe humility, sympathy, and love, penetrated by that inexpressible majesty that becomes the Mother of our Redeemer,—a heavenly and yet a thoroughly earthly picture, for which history furnishes no parallel, to describe which language supplies no words. Who can say to her even once, "Pray for us," without seeing the humility of the Virgin, without feeling confidence awake within him; without being moved to resignation to the will of God at the thought of her sacrifice; without having his eye purified by the sight of her, the Virgin of virgins; without having his heart filled with holy love by the thought of her purity, as the lily becomes bright and pure and white in the light of the sun, to which this charming flower every morning looks up?

* Acts, i, 14.

And how the young do strive after the ideal! And, otherwise, how void the heart remains, and how disconsolately it wanders through this transitory world, through this vale of tears and woe—where on all that shines and glitters lies the shadow of death, and the odor of decay pervades all,—seeking an ideal that is lasting and fades not away; that is deserving of our first, best, lasting love! Here is the ideal which is real and historical; which has appeared in time, but has not passed away with time; a picture whose significance is most real and not woven by fancy and poesy. Not beyond us does it lie, in a transcendental world, in the kingdom of the superhuman. She is human, entirely human, only human; “flesh of our flesh and bone of our bone”; but glorified in the brilliancy of the richest graces that have ever been bestowed upon a mortal,—a visible image of the invisible beauty of God. And therefore she is so truly human and so near to us, not parted from us by an impassable gulf; beckoning to us confidently as the “Mother of fair love,” whose love of us is surpassed only by that of God, who in her would give the world the visible proof of what His grace can make of the child of dust and ashes. Thus she is the Morning Star at the dawn of the day of grace, which leads to Christ; and the Evening Star when the day is waning,—that day which is followed by eternal night. Thus she shines with the gentle beams of the moon in the dark, chilly night of this earthly life; but she herself receives her light from Him who is the Sun of Justice.

“Thou fearest, O man!” exclaims St. Bernard, “to approach the Father. When thou didst hear His voice thou didst hide thyself. Behold, He has given thee Christ as Mediator. What can not such a Son obtain from the Father? He is thy Brother, thy flesh; in all things tried, sin only excepted, that He may have compassion on us. But in this thy Brother thou mayst fear the majesty of God; for though He became man, He remains God.

Wilt thou have an intercessor with Him? Hasten to Mary. She is human, only human, however wonderful her privileges may be. Fear not: the Son will hear His Mother. The Son hears the Mother, and the Father hears the Son. This is the ladder by which the sinner mounts to God; on it I place my trust, on it rests all my hope.”

This is the sum of Catholic teaching in regard to Mary, the Mother of God; she is the crown with which the poet of Catholicity ends his divine song:

O Virgin Mother, daughter of thy Son!
Created beings all in lowliness
Surpassing, as in height, above them all;
Term by th' eternal counsel preordain'd,
Ennobler of thy nature, so advanc'd
In thee, that its great Maker did not scorn,
Himself, in His own work enclos'd to dwell.
For in thy womb rekindling shone the love
Reveal'd, whose genial influence makes now
This flower to germin in eternal peace.
Here thou to us, of charity and love,
Art, as the noonday torch: and art, beneath
To mortal men, of hope a living spring.
So mighty art thou, Lady, and so great,
That he who grace desireth, and comes not
To thee for aidance, fain would have desire
Fly without wings. Nor only him who asks,
Thy bounty succors, but doth freely oft
Forerun the asking. Whatsoe'er may be
Of excellence in creature—pity mild,
Relenting mercy, large munificence,—
Are all combined in thee.*

* Paradise, xxxiii.

“TRUTH is apprehended not only by the intelligence, but by the whole soul.” Some people seem to be under the impression that the study of the Christian evidences may be taken up like the study of any other subject, and that a result may be arrived at, irrespective of the moral attitude and state of soul in which the inquiry is approached. They are forgetful of the fact that, in the matter of Revealed Religion, it is supernatural, not natural, things which they are handling; and that, for a right and full understanding of them, supernatural forces require to be called into operation.

—“Back to Rome!”

Exiled from Erin.

PROLOGUE.

A YOUNG man and woman were walking slowly along a broad and magnificent beach. The wide expanse of the Pacific lay before them. To the south an irregular range of foothills, flanked by lordly mountains, stretched indefinitely along the horizon. There was a delightful freshness in the mild spring air; the cloudless sky, a brilliant turquoise, smiled like an immense opaque jewel above them. At their feet the white-capped wavelets danced and frolicked one behind the other, breaking and scattering again and again as they rose on the fast advancing tide.

They were a remarkably handsome couple: he tall, straight, broad-shouldered, with fine carriage and a frank, intelligent countenance; and she who leaned upon his arm, though her head barely reached his shoulders, was a most attractive creature, with a profusion of chestnut hair breaking in little waves above a shapely forehead, Irish blue eyes with long dark lashes, and a delicate, fresh skin, which the ardent sun of the South-west had never burned or darkened. In repose her face was rather serious, the beautifully chiselled lips partaking somewhat of gravity, so firm were they and so well-defined; but when she smiled, and that was frequently, the dimples seemed to follow each other so swiftly and enticingly across her cheeks that one was led to wonder whether that joyous girlish face could ever have worn a sad or careworn line.

"Terence," said the young wife, after a short silence, during which the pair gazed admiringly upon the ever-changing expanse before them, "doesn't it seem wonderful that by this time to-morrow we'll be far away from this spot, never to see it again?"

"We may see it again," rejoined the man. "Who knows?"

"Ah, it is beautiful here, like a garden of Eden!" cried the girl, clasping her hands tightly about her companion's arm. "But I long to be upon the Atlantic, sailing away for home, home! And, Terence, if God takes us safely there, never, never again do I want to leave it. 'Tis the fairest, dearest, holiest land under the sun."

"You never spoke truer words, darling!" said the young man. "They make me think of that little poem:

"There is an island in the sea,—its name need not be spoken,
For men and women everywhere may know it
by this token;
It is the land that wheresoe'er her wandering
sons address her
Brings from the bottom of their hearts this fond
appeal—

'God bless her!'

"It's there the fairest scenes of earth my fancy
fondly paints,
The land I love beatified, the Island of the Saints;
May Heaven's lightning blast the arm of him
that would oppress her!
May Heaven's sunburst cheer the heart of him
that prays

'God bless her!'"

They pass from our view, that young and loving pair; but their simplicity and devotion are typical of the simplicity and devotion of countless numbers of their countrymen.

The faith of Ireland, what may not be said of it? It is the measure of her endurance, and that who can compass? The wellspring of her fortitude, and that who can portray? It is the shield of her strength, who can shatter it? The weapon of her valor, who can temper its steel? It is the glory of her humility, the riches of her poverty, the solace of her miseries, the secret of her patience, the consolation of her sorrows, the balm of her wounds, the sweetness of her tears. It has upheld her through environments unspeakable, through persecutions unparalleled, through injuries irreparable, through insults innumerable; through hunger and thirst and cold and nakedness; through centuries of human dishonor,—the glorious dis-

honor of the daughter of God! In the day that is fast approaching, when she shall stand in her uncrowned humility, a royal queen, her brightest jewel will be that star of Faith which she alone among the nations of the earth has worn untarnished from her Creator's hand.

O Ireland, holy Ireland, mother of saints and martyrs, of heroes and apostles, God grant that in the hour of thy prosperity thy Faith may be as it has always been, a marvel and a promise, an example and a record, a light to the world and a testimony to the end! Oh, yes, thou wilt be steadfast, thou wilt be true.

Sooner thy shores shall vanish in the waves of
the pathless sea,

Than that ever thy sons shall barter the Faith
that has made them free!

I.—THE HUNT.

She stood at the end of her mother's house, leaning against "the big tree." In Gortmoan, a short distance off, "the hunt" had gathered. The green fields were covered with horsemen and horsewomen, while on the road the vehicles usurped the right of way. That fashionable crowd was a gay sight to the eye; the red of the hunting coats added a brilliant touch of color; and the restlessness of the horses, both in field and on road, gave motion and life to the scene.

Otherwise it was a depressing view. Green land stretched as far almost as the eye could reach. But it was evicted land! If you walked through it, you would see the half-levelled fences, running in the midst of the big fields, telling where the boundaries of the small farms once had been. And you would see the clump of hawthorns that once had stood beside the homestead. And perhaps two or three solitary poplars stood, lonesomely looking down where formerly children played and where once was happiness. They had not time, you know, those grasping evictors, to smooth out the whole place, and do the thing thoroughly. Or was it that the good God wished that those telltale traces should remain,

mementos to you and me and every passer-by of the ruthless savagery of a day whose existence is past but whose effects still live in the present?

The evictor of all that land was the "master of the hounds" yonder, moving about on his grey horse in the dull haze, and smiling on his *entourage*. The hunting folk answered his smile, but when he turned his back smirked at one another. He has money, and they have not; and money is necessary to keep a pack of hounds.

While Ellie McMahon stood looking on, she saw the fox pass, in his slow, measured gallop, within a field or two. Immediately from the "cover" came the shout, "Gone-away!" The horn was abruptly and quickly sounded. "Gone-away!" shouted the "master," the huntsman, and the whole throng, as they looked and pointed in the direction toward which the fox had betaken himself. The dogs, as if they understood, rushed out from the covert. The horses became alert; bridle or whip or spur was not wanting now. The riders sat tightly. On to the scent went the dogs, the broad valley echoing the entrancing music.

"Gone-away! gone-away! Yee-ho!" again shouted the master, leading out into the first field and heading the processional line.

Carefully allowing the dogs a lead, the rest broke in as best they might. Away they rushed, the dogs now bending their muzzles to the ground, now lifting them in the air, and, all together or in units, emitting their deep and not unmusical bay. Their white and dark colors, ever in motion, gave a whiteness or brightness to the light that the day does not possess. The many-colored horses, grey, black, chestnut bay, with the first splash of mud sprinkled on their shining coats, and their beautiful, shapely limbs strained to action, pulled at their bits, eager for further liberty. Away through the fields, to the accompaniment of music and beauty and strength, fled

the excited crowd. On the road the haste and variety were no less exciting. Every manner of equipage was there: the pair-in-hand, the trap, the dogcart, the old Irish family side-car, the pony-cart, and even the bicycle. Away, away through the dull December air; away, away by field and road; away, away for dear life! And victory at the end.

They hurried on to the traces of the quarry, hard by where Ellie McMahon stood. With a girl's natural love of motion, color and excitement, she saw them pass,—gentlemen and ladies; the ladies with their long riding-habits, and some with tall hats, well represented in the van. She watched them pass as one would any crowd, having little or no time to observe each one individually; and thus the whole gathering defiled before her, full of motion, color and attractiveness, as sometimes a rich set of purple clouds are swept along the evening horizon. She saw her two brothers, Willie and Joe, hurry after them on nature's "mount."

The pageant vanished quickly; in a very few moments even the stragglers had disappeared, and the bay of the hounds became distant and far. They had gone their way. She mounted a higher point to see if she might get one further look. But no: it had all faded out of sight and hearing, and the landscape returned to its first silence and loneliness.

She stepped down from her vantage ground, and, turning to go in, the last thing her eyes fell on was an unexpected glimpse of sunshine on the old *cowel* (or shell) of the house where an uncle of hers had lived. With the exception of her mother's cottage, that old *cowel* was the only thing in all the landscape that seemed to speak of human life. Fields and hedges, and dull, heavy-faced cattle were there; but houses, not one, except her mother's and that old fraction of one.

She entered. It was a simple country home, very plain in its appearance, with little or no attempt at decoration, and

only scantily furnished. It is a wonderful thing how minds so innately sensitive and tender can come from such unpoetic surroundings. I will leave it to my readers to say whether it is that these country folk have sprung from gentle blood, or that it is their religion which has done it; or is it both?

The excitement of the hunt had broken in upon their dinner hour, and the repast was still untasted. Plain indeed and meagre it was. She went toward the fire. A pot had been laid on its side, with its mouth to the heat. It contained potatoes, which, having been boiled and strained, were left to dry by the fire, being protected from overheat by a coarse cloth thrown over them. She took a few, covering the remainder carefully for "the boys" (her brothers), in order that the potatoes might still be warm when they returned. She made a little sauce, or dip, out of a "drop of milk," a cut onion, with a grain of salt and pepper, and sat musingly at the corner of the table to partake of her luxurious repast.

"Put on the teapot and we'll have a cup of tea," said the mother. "And that little drop of cream isn't worth gathering for the butter. If you make a little 'slim,' maybe the boys would be glad when they come in if we leave them an end."

This kindness on the part of the mother was prompted by a desire to smooth away any slight ruffling of spirit that might be for the moment in the daughter's mind. It had its effect. The girl immediately tucked up her sleeves, and, moving about quickly, laid the pan on the embers, put the batter in a basin, and, having "worked" it sufficiently, poured it out on the hot and hissing oven. Then having set the tea to draw, she prepared two cups for her mother and herself.

When, after a few moments, they were quietly sitting at their delicious dessert, the girl said:

"It is a long time, mother, since we had a letter from my uncle; we may get one at Christmas."

"Wisha, dear, what put *him* into your head now?" said the mother; and by the way she emphasized "*him*," she evidently did not love the man.

"I don't know, mother," replied Ellie, pretending to have no particular reason. "I was dreaming of him last night, and a while ago the sun began to shine on the old *cowel* and nowhere else."

"He doesn't write often," said the mother; "he wasn't much good at anything—that was good for himself."

"'Twas a nice godfather, then, you picked out for me!" interjected the girl.

"Well, it wasn't him we picked, but his poor wife for godmother,—God be good to all that's dead and gone! And it was the hard life she had with him. My father gave her two fortunes, and he went through every penny of them; and he would have gone through ten of them if she got them. And when all was gone, nothing would do him but to go hanging after Grady, the evictor,—the man that just passed there with his hounds and his horse. I knew his father, and little is the horse and the hounds *he* had. But put a beggar on horseback, and he'll ride to—we know where. And your uncle, with his watch and chain, and his top-boots, going training horses for Grady, after Grady pitching him out on the road, and sending his poor wife to die in the workhouse! Hanging after him, holding his horse, and putting his hand to his hat for his 'honor,' and all to get drink or maybe a tidbit,—he was always fond of the dainty bit and sup, the mean fellow! What harm but he knew that Grady was only waiting for the September 'gale' [rent] to put your father and all of us out!"

"But sure we weren't in debt, mother?"

"Indeed, then, we were, and deep in debt, child. Your poor father didn't do a stroke of work for many a day, and you were all young; and it's many a time, while you were asleep, and I heard the wind rising, I got up and cut the handful of corn, and bound it too."

"Ah, no, mother!"

The borders of the white cap nodded.

"But how was it that Grady did not put us out when we were so much in debt?"

"It was the luck of God. Parnell's Act came in time."

"What was that?"

"You see, Grady had his eye on the whole place. From the Bridge to the Watercourse, ours is the only place remaining. While your father was dying, he could not be removed out of the house, and we could not therefore be evicted. Grady was watching him like a cat watching a mouse. Your poor father died after the March gale." (Here Mrs. McMahon devoutly made the Sign of the Cross on her forehead and lips for the dead.) "Before the September gale came on, Mr. Parnell had a law passed in Parliament that if a holding were under thirty pounds' valuation, the landlord could sue for no more than two years' rent, no matter how much was due. The friends helped me, and the two years' were paid. We went into the Land Court after that, and got the rent reduced from fifty-two to twenty-eight pounds. And here we are, and here we'll remain, with the help of God, in spite of Grady."

It was the first rousing of the fighting Irish element in Ellie McMahon.

"But how did my blessed godfather get to America? He had no money of his own, had he?"

"'Twas just a piece with the rest. Set a thief to catch a thief. While friendly and *plaumaussy* to him, Grady was ever afraid of him. With all his other grand accomplishments, your uncle could pick off a snipe with the best of them. A man like that was not ever safe about one. And so Grady pretended that he wanted to bring over horses and carry on a trade between America and Ireland; and, knowing that your uncle was the most reliable man he could find, he sent him across to make a beginning of the business. Afterward Grady would go over himself, as it were, and would have stables beyond bigger and better than Lord Dunbrandle's.

And your uncle was to be the boss of the whole thing. He bought him a brand-new suit of clothes, gave him letters to dear knows whom, and drafts on banks that never were at all, saw him off gaily,—and there is how it was.”

“I think I hear the boys, mother! I’ll hide this little bit of slim till they’re done with the ‘roasters,’ or they wouldn’t take one of them.”

So saying, she hurried to put away the delicacies where the boys might not see them.

(To be continued.)

The Epiphany.

BY JAMES LEO MCGUINNESS.

TO the holy land of Shem,
Where the Star had guided them,
To the Crib at Bethlehem—

Came the Kings of old;

Bearing gifts of love intense—
Myrrh and gold and frankincense;
Wondrously departing thence—
Regal ones of old.

Left the Maiden-Mother there,
In her eyes a world of care
At the wondrous news they bare—
Chosen ones of old.

Clasps she closely to her breast
Babe by Eastern Magi blest,
Crooning softly o’er His rest—
“O my little Babel!”

In her soul there strikes a chill:
“Something, some one bodes Thee ill!”
Faintly rises Calvary’s hill—
“O my little Babel!”

“Sweetly sleeping, rest, my Dove!
Mother guards Thee with her love;
God will watch us from above—
Rest, my little Babel!

“Gifts of gold the Wise Men bring,
Hymns of praise the angels sing,
All for Thee, my little King—
Rest, my little Babel!”

A Pilgrim Convert in Italy.

BY JOHANNES JØRGENSEN.

DURING the winter of 1904 I had frequently looked northward with a pilgrim’s yearning to the Galilee of St. Francis—Umbria, Tuscany, the March of Ancona, the fairest region of fair Italy, hallowed by the footsteps of the saint, rich in historical and legendary lore. In imagination I entered the ravines of the Apennines, the solitudes of the mountain forests, where are the ancient hermitages, the secluded monasteries dating from the earliest years of the Franciscan Order. I longed to visit these and other monasteries of great antiquity beyond the hills, where all is just the same at the present day as in the days of yore,—to find myself actually within the precincts of the venerable cloisters about which such wondrous stories are related.

At length, one fine day in April, I was able to fulfil my wish, to start on my travels, my primary destination being the vale of Rieti. In the same compartment with me was a priest, with whom I entered into conversation. We naturally spoke of St. Francis, and of the great interest now generally taken in him and all that is closely associated with him. As the train wound its slow way up through the wild, mountainous region, my fellow-traveller directed my attention to the principal points of interest: the picturesque old towns on the hillsides, whose towers and belfries stood out dark against the clear sky; the grey feudal fortresses crowning the loftier heights.

Presently we emerged into the wide plain between the vineyards, where the verdant branches of the vines hang like festoons from tree to tree. In the far distance, above the purple hills, the crests of the snow-clad mountains were discernible, glistening in the sunshine. The train stopped; we were in Grecio. The cool air from the mountains met us as we passed

out of the small station to the highroad.

Grecio consists of three distinct parts: the new part close to the railway station; the old town high up on the hillside; and the ancient Franciscan monastery, San Francesco di Greccio. The town, whose windows show dark on the grey walls of the houses, amid which rises a single bell tower, is on the left side of a tolerably wide valley, which extends for a considerable way between the mountains. The monastery is on the right side of the valley, behind a thick wood of oaks and laurels.

Some account of this remarkable foundation was given to me by the priest while our ways lay together. Soon our roads parted. He went on to the town—he was attached to the church of Greccio,—while I had to follow a stony path cut in the rock, which would bring me, in somewhat less than an hour, to the cloister on the height. "They have accommodation for strangers up there," were the last words my new friend addressed to me. Well for me that it was so, for Greccio does not boast a single inn.

Then I went on my way alone. On my right rose the mountain, the blue-grey stone cropping up continually through the scanty grass, Alpen violets blossoming on the slope. On my left was the cultivated campaign, where the young corn, already in the blade, formed a verdant carpet below the climbing vines. Perfect quiet prevailed all around,—such quiet as can be met with only in the open country.

But listen! A soft sound breaks the stillness. Some one is singing out yonder. The voice is that of a child; the song I recognize at once as one of those strangely plaintive, lingering melodies that I have often heard the Umbrian peasants sing at their work in the fields. I can not distinguish the words, but about the tune there can be no mistake. Many a time have I heard it wafted from the olive groves in the vicinity of Assisi, on a tranquil autumn evening, when the mist begins to rise in the broad meadows; and later on, while the shades of night are falling,

some solitary peasant girl, going home at the close of day, may be heard singing, in slow, measured cadence, that same sad, sweet melody.

I sat down by the wayside to rest awhile, and the past rose up vividly before me. Everything around me forcibly recalled the memory of that happy summer which, having been admitted to the true Fold, after long wanderings, I spent in the mountain seclusion of Las Roccas, under Padre Felice's roof. I noticed in the air the peculiar, aromatic scent that is to be remarked in the neighborhood of Italian farmyards,—the odor of withered maize leaves strewn about the threshing floor, and of juniper branches emitting a pungent fragrance as they burned on the hearth. It told me that I could not be far from some human habitation; and on the hillside, beneath some straggling oaks, I saw several children picking up sticks. On coming up to them, I asked a little girl, with fair hair and blue eyes, the way to the monastery. In answer she turned round, and, pointing to the eminence above, said: "There it is!" There, in fact, it was, small and white, clinging to the rock, overshadowed by laurels and oaks. It was still a good way off, but the little maiden showed me a short cut through the convent vineyard and garden.

I mounted terrace after terrace, always ascending, yet meeting no one. And the convent still stood high overhead, apparently as inaccessible, unapproachable as ever. As I went on ascending, the view became more and more wondrously beautiful. I leaned over the wall; already the garden in which I had been lay far below, and two Franciscans at work among the vines were dwarfed by distance. At length the steps came out on a terrace, whence I could see the whole vale of Rieti spread out below like a panorama, partitioned out into wide fields, some green, some brown, shut in by the mountain tops. The highest of these were snow-capped and half shrouded by grey clouds.

In front of me was the entrance to the monastery, whose white walls really seemed to adhere to the rock and be suspended from it; apparently, the building was on the eve of being detached, and precipitated into the abyss. The gate was of the simplest kind. A door painted red, with a broken iron latch, led into a small anteroom with a brick floor; a low, narrow window admitted a little light; and one saw another door which opened—or rather stood open—onto a narrow passage constructed of planks, which, at a turning, seemed to lose itself between whitewashed walls. A verse from the Book of Tobias (iv, 23) was inscribed over this second door: "Fear not, my son. We lead indeed a poor life, but we shall have many good things." To the right of the door was a fresco painting of St. Francis; on the left, one of St. Anthony,—both in grey habits. Under the representation of St. Anthony was a stone holy-water stoup with the date MDLXII. Close by, a latticed gate led into a chapel, over which were the words: "In this chapel, dedicated to St. Luke, Francis prepared a resting-place for Christ in the Crib."

There, then, exactly at the entrance of the cloister, was the spot where Christmas night was celebrated in Greccio. I gazed through the lattice, but all was dark within. After a short pause I proceeded on my way down the long corridor, the boards of which were in many places very loose. A bell-wire ran the whole length along the ceiling.

Presently I turned a corner. Over an archway there was a wooden shield with the Franciscan arms; underneath it was the word, *Silentium*. I went through into a kind of entrance hall, or vestibule, floored with wood, which is not usual in Italy, but which Francis enjoined for love of poverty. On one side, shut off by a wooden lattice, was a small chapel, with two windows looking out over the valley; on the other, a rickety staircase leading to the upper story of the monastery.

The naked rock formed the background. Fronting me was a closed door which appeared to shut off the continuation of the corridor along which I had come; and beside it was an open passage, beyond which all was pitch-darkness.

Not knowing what was before me there, I preferred to ascend the staircase. It was narrow and so low that I had to stoop to avoid striking my head against the worm-eaten beams. I fancied I heard some one overhead, and stood still to listen; but it was only the slow, monotonous ticking of a large clock that seemed very near. Going in the direction of the sound, I came to a narrow corridor between two rows of small rooms painted brown. These were the cells; the doors were without locks, but a cord passing through a hole in the door afforded the means of lifting the latch, which was inside. My footsteps sounded noisily in the stillness. I knocked at one after another of the low doors, but no one answered.

I wandered about in this strange labyrinth of poverty and brown paint, up and down flights of stairs, through rooms so dark that I had to grope my way about in them; then out onto little balconies, in great need of repair, giving upon the valley. At last, at the very top, I reached a kind of gallery constructed against the face of the live rock, where big piles of laurel branches were stacked, and golden broom and purple juniper blossomed in the crevices of the blue-grey stone. I could go no farther: a closed door at the end of the gallery, leading into the forest, forbade further progress.

So back I went, past other odd nooks and corners, past the noisily-ticking clock; finally stumbling into a small, narrow, dimly lighted church, with wooden candlesticks on the altar, and old choir stalls, blackened and shiny from long centuries of use. Through a low door I emerged thence into the open air, onto a tolerably large platform flagged with tiles. A few steps lower down was the very door by which a short time ago I entered on my

visit to the monastery. So I had been all over it and found no one at home. Disappointed and—why should I not own it?—not a little hungry, I seated myself on the doorstep. A suitable time and place, I thought, to read the eighth chapter of the “Fioretti,”—the chapter about “perfect joy.”

There I sat a long time. Five o'clock came, half-past five, ten minutes to six: there was not a sound in the deserted monastery; only the wind rushing through the corridors made the doors creak. At length, far down below, the two Brothers whom I saw in the garden made their appearance. Their day's work was done; they came up the flight of steps, their arms full of vegetables for supper. I pocketed the “Fioretti,” and a few minutes later I was seated in the refectory, with a piece of bread and a glass of wine, which the older of the two gardeners, who was also the cook, set before me.

There I was sitting, while Brother Humilitas—so the cook was called—chatted pleasantly to me, when the Father Guardian came in from the forest, where, according to the good Franciscan custom, he had spent part of the day, not with a book of poetry, but with a volume of the works of St. Leonard of Port Maurice—“The Treasure Hidden beneath the Veil of the Holy Eucharist.”

The Guardian laid his book down on the table while he examined my letters of recommendation. His physiognomy reminded one of a golden eaglet: his eye was bright, his glance keen, his complexion dark, and his hair black as ebony. Very carefully and attentively he perused the Latin sentences written by his General. All at once, while so doing, he looked up, glanced at me sharply, and, pointing to the glass before me, said with an air of command: “*Beva!*” (Drink your wine.)

After I had complied with this injunction, and not declined another glass, the Father Guardian led the way to his cell. It was one of the little rooms at the door of which I had vainly knocked. It was

almost incredibly small, and lighted from above; the furniture consisted literally of nothing but a table, some bookshelves, and a few rush-bottomed chairs.

While we were talking, the light faded quickly, and presently the evening bell rang. Father Guardian stood up. “We always go into the church at this time,” he said. In the corridor outside it was pitch-dark, so that I ran up against some of the monks who were going by. Then I felt a guiding hand take mine; and, stooping our heads, we passed through a low doorway, and, by the dim light of a single oil lamp, I recognized the church where I had found myself earlier in the afternoon. With a wave of the hand, the Father Guardian showed me where to kneel, and the night prayers began.

Father Guardian knelt beside me. As my eyes gradually grew accustomed to the half-light, I descried two, three, then more figures in the stalls. On the bare floor just in front of me, a ragged Brother was kneeling with arms outstretched and palms turned upward. I glanced stealthily at the others, and saw that several had their arms extended in a similar manner. Later on, when I was at Mount Alvernia, I learned why this attitude in prayer is peculiar to the Franciscan Order.

The profound silence was broken by the Father Guardian's voice beginning the prayers, all of which were in Latin:

“*Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus Dominus Deus noster omnipotens, qui est, et qui erat, et qui venturus est.*”—“Holy, holy, holy Lord God Almighty, who was, and who is, and who is to come.”

And the Brothers responded:

“*Et laudemus et superexaltemus eum in sæcula.*”—“Let us praise and magnify Him forever.”

Father Guardian: “Thou art worthy, O Lord our God, to receive glory and honor and power and benediction.”

The Brothers: “Let us praise and magnify Him forever.”

“Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power and divinity and wisdom

and strength and honor and glory and benediction."

The others responded as before; and for some time they continued this antiphonal chant, which was enjoined by St. Francis. It ended with the usual Doxology, but with the same interpolation:

Gloria Patri, et Filio, et Spiritui Sancto. Laudemus et superexaltemus eum in sæcula.

Sicut erat in principio, et nunc et semper, et in sæcula sæculorum. Amen.

Laudemus et superexaltemus...

Thereupon followed the prayers,—first the beautiful prayer which St. Francis wrote two years before his death:

"Almighty, most holy, most high God, the supreme and only Good, to Thee we give all praise and honor and glory. We bless Thee and give thanks to Thee for all that Thou hast bestowed on us. Thou art the God of gods, who alone doest wonders. Thou art the triune, the one only God, the Lord of lords, the living and true God. Thou art our hope, our justice, all our riches. Thou art our protector, our defender, our guardian, our refuge and our strength. Thou art infinite goodness, the great and marvellous Lord God, almighty, gracious, merciful, and our Redeemer.

"Almighty, eternal, just and merciful God, grant that we, Thy poor servants, may always do that which we know to be Thy will, and always will that which is pleasing in Thy sight; so that, purified and enlightened and kindled by the fire of Thy Holy Spirit, we may follow in the footprints of Thy beloved Son, Jesus Christ our Lord; and, by Thy grace, may finally behold Thee in that blessed country where Thou, O Most High, livest and reignest, and art adored, God Almighty, forever and ever. Amen."

That is the evening oblation which St. Francis taught to his disciples. After it came the long Rosary in honor of the Seven Joys of Our Lady. A short pause ensued; then I heard the rattle of matches in a box: a lantern was lighted; and in

the bright flame, all that I had before seen but dimly now stood out in relief against the darkness. By the light of the lantern, one of the Fathers read a portion of a spiritual book in the monotonous, level tone prescribed by monastic rule for such readings; the subject was the necessity of meditation on the four last things: death, judgment, heaven and hell. Then the light was extinguished, and mental prayer followed.

I think I may say that in the course of my life I have met with much that was out of the common and affecting, yet scarcely ever with anything that impressed me so profoundly as those minutes of perfect silence among the Franciscans of Greccio. As I knelt amid those barefooted, brown-habited friars, who in the darkness raised their hands and their hearts to Heaven in voiceless prayer, I realized more vividly than I ever did before what the Middle Ages were,—how far removed the twentieth century was; how far away beyond the crest of the mountains was the modern world; how remote seemed the great, busy towns, with their glare and their noise, their unrest, their endless round of amusements. Nothing then seemed real to me but that humble little chapel of the poor, primitive monastery, where the sons of St. Francis prayed, gave thanks and offered praise to the God for whom the votaries of the world had scarcely a passing thought.

How long this profound silence, this absorption in prayer, may have lasted I know not. Now and again some one made a slight movement, or sighed. Presently footsteps were heard: one of the Brothers rose and left the choir. Shortly after, the monastery bell rang out, echoing over the tranquil valley for the last time that evening. It rang what in ancient times was the curfew bell,—the signal that all lights were to be put out, and the fires covered until the next morning.

As the last stroke of the bell died away, a hand took mine as before. Soon

we were all assembled in the refectory, where the flame of a common, unshaded petroleum lamp seemed to pierce one's eyes. Before we sat down to table, the Father Guardian introduced me to the two young Fathers whom I had seen in the choir.

After supper there were a few prayers in the chapel, then away we went to the common room, where there was a fire. Although it was April, the weather was very cold, and in Grecio it was necessary to warm oneself before going to bed. So we all gathered in a semicircle—some sitting, some standing—round the large, open fireplace, while Fra Giuseppe piled great logs on the andirons. Then, coloring with pleasure and with the exertion he had been making, he struck a lucifer match—one of the old-fashioned ones, smelling of brimstone, that were in use half a century ago,—and soon a great fire of laurel branches flared and blazed under the logs. Our shadows, of gigantic size, danced on the walls and ceiling in the fitful firelight.

Last of the row stood the Father Guardian, staring with eagle gaze into the fire, and holding out his hands to get them thoroughly warm. Beside me on the narrow bench sat Fra Secondo, gentle, quiet and serene, accustomed, as his name implies, never to be first, but always to sit modestly in a corner. Yet only begin to talk to him and you will soon perceive that few are so well acquainted with the life of St. Francis, or so conversant with the history of the Franciscan Order, as old Fra Secondo.

"Here we sit," I said to him, "enjoying the company of Brother Fire, who is beauteous and merry and mighty and strong, and who illumines the night."

"Yes," he answered, and his eyes smiled under his shaggy white eyebrows. "Brother Fire was the element which our Father Francis loved best of all. In fact, our Father treated fire so tenderly that he would not permit the Brothers to throw a burning wick on the ground, as one often does, to tread it out; he always

would have them lay it down reverently, because fire is our brother, created by the same God as we are."

"We are not so pious," Father Chrysostom observed, as he flicked a spark off his sleeve.

"No," said Father Silverio, with a smile. "But, then, fire has not the same respect for us that it had for St. Francis. You know what happened when he was living over there in Fonte Colombo,—which you" (here he turned to me) "will doubtless visit in the course of your pilgrimage. His eyes were then so dim by reason of the many tears he shed for his sins that he could scarcely see. Brother Elias, who was General of the Order, and Cardinal Ugolino got one of the physicians attached to the Papal Court to visit St. Francis. After examining his eyes, the physician said he must apply a red-hot iron above the eye more seriously affected. So they brought a brasier filled with live coals, and the iron was put in to be heated. The doctor's assistant stood by with a bellows to blow the fire, and soon the instrument was as red as a cherry.

"But before the operation took place, St. Francis went up to the fire and addressed it, saying: 'Brother Fire, thou art nobler and more useful than most created things. See, I have always been fond of thee, and I always will be, for love of Him who created thee. Now show thyself gentle and kind toward me, and do not burn me more severely than I can bear.' And he made the Sign of the Cross over the red-hot iron. Then the physician applied the iron, and the Brothers fled away, horrified. Francis himself, however, did not speak a single word or utter a cry. And when the operation was over, he said to the physician: 'If it is not sufficiently burned, sear it afresh; for I did not feel the slightest pain.'"

Such was Father Silverio's tale. The Father Guardian said nothing; he only smiled as he stood there holding out his hands to the fire. But it was time for our séance to break up. Fra Giuseppe began

to rake together the red-hot coals for a warming-pan, which, as was afterward proved, was destined for my bed. With many reciprocal good wishes, we parted.

Soon I was alone in the guest chamber, the best cell in the monastery. It is large enough to afford space for a good-sized bed, a prie-dieu, and a small iron wash-stand, with a modest set of earthenware. In the whitewashed walls are two cupboards; the larger one is a wardrobe; in the other I bestow my small amount of luggage. The cell itself is not more than five feet in length and the same in width.

I open the window, the shutters of which are inside, and lean out of the narrow aperture, that is scarcely more than a loophole. Opposite to me are the mountains; the plain stretches out below. There are a few stars in the sky. I hear the sound of the stream in the valley, and the distant croaking of frogs.

Leaving the window open, I draw back within the four walls of the room, which is lighted by a tall candle in a brass candle-stick on the prie-dieu. A picture hangs over the bed; a crucifix is over the prie-dieu; beside the door there is a holy water font; otherwise the walls are bare. Yet in this simple chamber I feel as happy and comfortable as I have seldom felt in any other place in the wide world.

On taking out my watch to wind it, I find the hands point only to half-past nine. I put the watch down on the prie-dieu at the head of the bed, and proceed to undress leisurely, with that feeling of content which one might have on returning to the home of one's childhood after a long absence, and again inhabiting the room where one slept as a boy. I leave the window open and put out the light. And in my dreams there mingle the noise of the brook rushing down the hillside, and the croaking of the frogs in the distant meadows.

(To be continued.)

A New-England Conscience.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

WHEN Miss Dolly awoke, one morning late in June, she knew that something very serious had happened. Her right wrist was red and swollen and painful; and it was with a heaviness of heart born of long experience that she reached for the bottle of liniment, which she knew would not be of the slightest use. Still, for the poor comfort of doing something, with her left hand she rubbed the aching wrist, until she remembered that the chickens would be hungry.

Making her simple toilet was a task. "Left hands aren't of much use," she said to a chicken on the window-sill, as she struggled with a refractory pin, finally dropping it on the floor. She moved around the room with a slight limp. Rheumatism had been her stern, abiding, unrelenting foe for ten years; and she had borne it as women of her type bear every disaster, great or small, asking only that it would spare her hands,—the hands she needed so. And now what she had dreaded had overtaken her.

Having dressed as best she could, she read a chapter from her little worn Bible, and prayed her usual cold and pitiful Puritan prayer, asking God to bless all (Protestant) foreign missions and the minister and his family, and to guide the steps of her brother far away. She offered up other indefinite petitions, asking for herself only that she might be granted such a measure of bodily health as would fit her to do her duty in her day and generation.

Then she went to her chickens, who ate as greedily as if the income of the family had not been cut off. Miss Dolly smiled grimly. She knew that as long as she could sew she could earn bread for herself and corn meal for them; she knew, too, that, now that her good right hand was disabled, there was nothing to prevent

WRITE it on your heart that every day is the best day of the year.—Emerson.

her from walking in the long road over the hill to the almshouse, as others as good as she had walked before. There was nothing to do, nothing to plan or consider. For years she had known that when she could not work she must eat the bitter bread of charity. The time to eat it had come; the expected had arrived.

The chickens fed, she prepared her own breakfast. Usually she measured out two scant tablespoonfuls of coffee, so that there would be enough left for her noon meal. This morning she used but one, settling it with a bit of dried codfish skin, instead of employing the white of an egg, as had been her luxurious custom.

Her cup of coffee and a dry doughnut composed her meal. That over, and the pain in her wrist increasing, she arranged a supporting "sling" from an old handkerchief that had once been her brother's. She was glad that he did not know that the evil days had fallen upon her. He had left Hilltop many years before, impatient of its restraints. Some pleasure-loving ancestor had bequeathed him a temperament that ill suited the standards of that plain mountain village. At long intervals his sister had heard from him. Once a marked paper had come, telling of his marriage; then, a year later, another saying his wife was dead. He had written a few times since then. His daughter was a comfort, he had said, growing and learning; and he had named her Dorothy, for her aunt.

As Miss Dolly looked at the handkerchief and thought of her niece, she permitted herself the least bit of a sigh, then went resolutely to work to tie up a bundle of coats that she had been finishing for the village tailor. How long would it be before she could work again? She did not know; and the big almshouse loomed up in her mind, like a giant in a fairy tale. She would, she thought, get Joel Currier to take the bundle back; and then? And then she must face the situation as she had faced others. But at other times she had been young. A woman

long past sixty, with a mortgage on her house and her arm in a sling! "I'll rise above it," said Miss Dolly, with decision; and the moments of weakness were over.

At eight o'clock Joel's fat horses came in sight, and Miss Dolly went to the gate with the coats. She had left the sling in the house, and even shook hands with her friend, although his firm grasp made her wince. He, the village confidant and adviser, cheerfully undertook her commission, and recommended sundry remedies.

"Nothing to take or rub on will help," she said.

"But what on earth will you do?"

"I'm going to think things over," she answered.

She was still thinking when the sun went behind the mountain. The interest on the mortgage would be due the 1st of July, and was provided for; but after that? Well, the blueberries would be ripe, and the landlord of the Aloha always paid well for fresh eggs.

Before the dew fell, Joel, homeward-bound, stopped at her gate again and produced a letter from his pocket; and then, so primitive were the customs in that region, sat down on the doorstep to hear it read. It was addressed to Miss Dorothy Morrill.

"My land!" said Miss Dolly. "I'm sort of scared. Nobody ever writes to me but Asa, and this isn't his handwriting. You read it, Joel."

So Joel read it.

"Miss D. Morrill:—Madam," it began, "we beg leave to inform you that, according to the terms of your brother's will—"

"Wait!" said Miss Dolly, trembling. "Read that over."

And Joel obeyed.

"Does that mean that Asa is dead?"

"I'm afraid it does."

Miss Dolly threw her apron over her face, and, before he knew what she was about to do, went into the house and shut the door.

"Well, I declare!" he said, and calmly turned to the letter again.

He was not so calm when he had finished it.

"Miss Dolly!" he cried, pounding with the brass knocker. But there was no answer. "Miss Dolly, there's news in the letter! You're left a lot of property."

He might as well have knocked on the Rock of Gibraltar.

"It beats all how cantankerous old maids get," he murmured to himself, shoving the letter under the door. "Thirty thousand dollars! Dolly Morrill's the richest woman in Hilltop."

He climbed into the front seat of his wagon, with a cheery "Go lang!" to his horses, and drove away; and the chickens, who wanted their supper, flew upon the window-sills and peered inside the room where their mistress, with her face buried in Asa's old red handkerchief, was sobbing as if her heart would break.

One thing is stronger than grief, and that is habit. When the neighbors began to call—for you may be sure Joel lost no time in spreading the news,—Miss Dolly was herself again; the handkerchief was hidden away, and the chickens were roosting in content.

The Hilltop people were human, and Miss Dolly had suddenly become a great lady. Even the minister, thinking perchance of needed improvements in the meeting-house, proffered his condolence with a new deference; and his "good lady" offered, in a loud whisper, to come and take charge of the dwelling.

"There won't be any charge to take," said Miss Dolly, in her usual firm tone.

"But they may send the—the remains here, and there'll have to be a funeral."

"Thank you kindly!" answered Miss Dolly. "But the funeral was all over a fortnight ago, and my brother isn't 'remains.'"

Who could thrust interest in the face of such directness? Mrs. Moody went home, offended.

"I might look over your clothes," suggested the village dressmaker.

"What for?"

"Why, to see about your mourning! Your black silk will do for your Sunday best, if you turn the sleeves wrong side out and upside down, and put a little mite of crape on the waist."

"I don't know as I'll be able to afford mourning," said Miss Dolly.

"Why, Joel said you were left thirty thousand dollars at least!"

"Joel says a good many things. We'll wait and see. It's one thing to be left property, it's another thing to take it. I'm going to do some investigating."

The medium of her investigations was Joel, to whom she gave some directions the next morning.

"I want you to write to the lawyer," she said, "and find out how Asa made that money. You know as well as I do that he was a little wild, and if he sold liquor or shaved notes or cheated the widow and orphan, I don't want what he made by it."

"Miss Dolly," said Joel, in disgust, "you've got about as much sense as a hen."

"Well, I happen to have a conscience, anyway."

"A tarnal inconvenient one, as you'll find out!" answered her visitor, taking the cork from the ink bottle.

While she waited for an answer to his letter of inquiry, Miss Dolly spent her waking moments in thought. The world seemed swung on a new pivot. The mortgage and the almshouse were things in a dream. She found herself wondering how long a mourning veil ought to be, and thinking that if she had a big window in the sitting-room she could make her geraniums bloom in winter. In her wildest imaginings she even thought of taking a little girl to bring up,—a plain-looking one, who wouldn't have beaux. Her thoughts were not all of herself. The minister should have a new "stovepipe" hat, and every old woman in the almshouse a hot-water bottle that would keep her feet warm the coldest nights. If Dorothy had lived to have the money,

how glad she would have been! But of course there was no Dorothy. "His entire estate," the lawyer had written. Poor little Dorothy, whom she had never seen!

In about a week the answer to Joel's letter came. There was, it said, nothing ill-gotten about Mr. Morrill's wealth, which had been gained by a legitimate rise in real estate. Miss Dolly sat by the roadside as she read, having declined to open the envelope in the post office, as the postmaster had given her a hint to do.

"Poor Asa!" she said. "I wonder if it's wicked to be glad that I haven't got to go to the almshouse?"

As she put the letter back in its wrapping, she found that a typewritten slip was inside. On it were the words: "It is perhaps best to inform you that it was a matter of religion, and nothing discreditable on her part, that caused Mr. Morrill to disinherit his daughter."

Miss Dolly grew dizzy. Those sentences must mean that Dorothy, her own little Dorothy, was alive! She got up and stretched out her arms.

"Thank God!—thank God!" she said.

"What on earth's come over you?" asked Joel, who had overtaken her, unperceived. "The postmaster said you had a letter. Did Asa get his money straight?"

"Yes,—oh, yes!"

"Then everything's all right?"

"More than all right."

"Well, then, you just better quiet down and tend to your rheumatism. You've been all strung up till I'm afraid you'll have a fever or something. I've heard of a girl that'll come and do for you for a dollar a week and—"

"I don't want a hired girl," broke in Miss Dolly; "and I won't have the money."

"This beats 'em," answered the patient Joel, thinking prosperity had turned her brain. "What you need is a good strait-jacket."

"Listen!" said Miss Dolly. "Dorothy is alive, and Asa got mad at her; and left me his money instead of her, and I say I

won't have it; and that's all there is to it."

"Suffering cats!" remarked Joel, blandly. "And you've been counting on it!"

"Only part of the time. Something always told me it wasn't right to take it."

"I'm awful sorry—"

"Sorry! Go and be sorry for somebody else! Dorothy's alive, and I'm the happiest woman in the State of New Hampshire. I've never had anybody to love and do for but hens, and there isn't much comfort in them."

"That's so. What did her father get mad at her about?"

"About her religion. That's all I know. I do hope she isn't a Free Will Baptist. But if she is, she has a right to be. Her forbears came to this country for the sake of freedom, and if she wants to believe the moon is made of green cheese I don't care. I'm going home now and write to her."

"With that lame hand?" said Joel, who did not relish losing his position as confidential amanuensis.

"I guess I can manage to say what I want to," she answered, limping away.

No one ever saw the letters that passed between Miss Dolly and her niece, but we were vouchsafed the information that Dorothy had learned to be a Catholic in the school she attended, and that no threats of her father could change her mind.

When the minister heard that, he, at the request of Mrs. Moody, called at the old Morrill house.

"Dear sister," he said, "you are, I hear, making a mistake in cherishing one given over to superstition and evil-thinking."

Then Miss Dolly, for the first time in her life, gave the parson a piece of her mind.

"I'd thank you not to mention evil-thinking and my niece in the same breath, Mr. Moody. I'm no more of a Catholic than you are, and I've been an Orthodox Congregationalist in good standing ever since I was fourteen; but I've got some sense, and—and I am afraid you won't get your sermon done by Sunday if you don't go home and set about it."

Miss Dolly rushed into Joel's shop not long after that.

"She's coming!" she cried. "She has never seen a mountain, and she calls it 'coming home.' And she says that I may have a New-England conscience, but that she has one, too; and that she won't have the money either."

And Dorothy came,—a fair girl, with a face like a Madonna lily when the sun shines on it, and a manner at once shy and sweet.

"How did I ever live away from Hilltop?" she asks.

In the old house the two Dorothys dwell, each sharing what the other has, and nothing comes between them. Day by day the older one grows less grim, and the younger one more thoughtful; and they are very happy. So the will, meant to separate them, has, through God's mercy, brought them together.

A Few Thoughts on the Incarnation.

WHAT a marvellous work of God is the Incarnation of His Son! Not only is it the means of our restoration and salvation, the source of all grace, the fount of all peace and sanctity, but it is also God's way of showing to us, as nothing else could have shown us, the secrets of the beauty and ineffable goodness of His own divine nature. In the very operation itself of the mystery stand revealed to us the Three Divine Persons in the One Eternal Godhead; for the Father sends the Holy Ghost to bring about the Incarnation of the Son. "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Most High shall overshadow thee, and therefore also the Holy which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God." So spoke the high Angel of God to the ever-blessed Virgin Mother.

Thus, in His very conception, Jesus Christ our Lord proclaimed that great truth, *the great truth of all truths*—the Oneness of the Three, and the Trinity of

the One,—that He was so often to teach during His life on earth. Without the Incarnation we might have learned something of God's high attributes; but how little in comparison with what we now know! With what splendor in this great mystery shine forth the goodness, the omnipotence, the justice, the wisdom, and above all the tender—may we not say the excessive?—love of God for His creatures!

It is a quality of goodness to diffuse itself,—to communicate of itself to others, that they, too, may share in the happiness that comes from the possession of goodness in all its forms. And He who is the supreme Good, absolute, illimitable Goodness itself, would not—though without losing or wanting anything He might have done so—remain the only Being, the only Blissful One. By creation He poured out goodness and beauty and happiness upon the beings whom He made. But that was not enough: He would give to His creation not only a participation of His own goodness, consisting in the likeness to Himself that He impressed upon all things that are, but He would give even *Himself*: He would unite a created nature to His own divine nature. He would bridge over the seemingly impassable gulf that separated His infinitude from our finiteness. And so God became Man; "The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us."

And what was the immediate occasion and reason for this great thing that God has done? It was because man sinned. "For us men and for our salvation He came down from heaven, and was Incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary, and was made Man." O happy fault, that merited such and so great a Redeemer! O wonderful mystery of love and mercy, that of the offence made the great salvation; that, because sin superabounded, made grace to superabound still more! Man fell from innocence and grace. By the Incarnation his nature is raised up, through his brotherhood with God made Man, to a nobility that it

had not even in Eden; for now, in Christ, human nature sits enthroned at God's right hand.

With what *wisdom* has God planned this mystery exceeding great! How was divine *justice*, that rigorous justice which is God's very nature,—how was this divine attribute to have its rights and yet be reconciled with God's mercy, which is no less an attribute divine? God found the means; Divine Wisdom could not be outdone. Justice is fully satisfied; mercy freely has its own loving way. With weapons that human wisdom would despise, Divine Omnipotence has worked marvels greater than the creation of the universe. Not with the lightnings of His wrath, but with poverty, humility, the emptying of Himself, suffering, death, has He overcome and put to utter rout the devil and all his hosts, and conquered sin and death and hell. With no splendor of magnificence, but from His lowly manger-crib, and from the shameful throne of His cross has He drawn all men unto Him and established His empire over their hearts. Not by one act of the divine will, as in creation, but by many wonders, and by many deeds hard to be done, has our Redemption been accomplished, God has become Man, Omnipotence an infant; the All-Blissful One subject to pain and suffering, and sorrow unto death; the Immortal has bowed His head and given forth His soul, commending His spirit to God His Father. Through all His life on earth, the All-Glorious One, the Adorable One, the King of kings and Lord of lords, to whom are due all praise and glory and honor and benediction, was despised and rejected, the scorn of men and the outcast of the people.

How blessed a truth is this of the Incarnation for every one of us, for each one individually! Because Jesus Christ our Lord is God Incarnate, true God and true Man, we have in heaven a Brother, an Advocate, a most dear and loving Friend. And, because He is God made Man, we have a Mother who is His Mother

also, and is, like Him, an advocate and most solicitous friend at the high court of God.

May that dear Mother pray for us during this holy season, that, while we kneel before the Crib, these thoughts may sink into our inmost souls! May we endeavor, with all our strength, to love our dear Lord well in return for all the love He showers upon us; to satisfy that yearning desire for our hearts' love that burns within His Most Sacred Heart; and to fulfil, by our sanctification and salvation, that merciful purpose with which He became Incarnate, and with which, now risen and ascended, He pleads His glorified wounds before the face of God, His Heavenly Father, and Father of us, His brethren.

Reflections on a Letter.

A LETTER received last week from one of the leading publishing houses in this country expressed gratitude on account of the surprisingly large number of copies of a certain book sold as a result of the notice of it in our pages. It would be much more gratifying to us to have assurance of this kind from Catholic publishers,—to know that books calculated to do good rather than to afford entertainment were meeting with ready sale. The neglect of what is most valuable in our own literature—the most important and solid books—is as general as it is deplorable. One would think that the works of Dr. Brownson, for example, would be in favor with all educated English-speaking Catholics. Complete sets in twenty volumes, of course, could hardly be in great demand as gifts to individuals; but every Catholic library ought to present itself with the writings of our great American publicist. To be without them indeed is a reproach to any library, public or private, at all worthy of the name.

There is more urgent need of what these

volumes hold now than when they were first produced. One can not read a chapter of Dr. Brownson without being impressed, not only by the vigor of his thought, but by his thorough understanding of the religious difficulties of the age,—difficulties which keep thousands outside of the Church, and disturb the minds of not a few within it. Hence the need of the ablest expositions of revealed truth, the most thorough refutations of current errors, the strongest arguments in support of Catholic doctrines, hardly one of which is not nowadays attacked in some quarter. Dr. Brownson has defended them all, against enemies without and traitors within. Like Newman, he had a horror of liberalism in religion, and was a champion against it whose power should be recognized at least by his own countrymen.

Our separated brethren are now much less unfriendly toward us as individuals than they used to be, and our efforts to make them friendly toward our religion have naturally become more energetic. But there is danger lest in trying to win over outsiders we drive them still farther away, and at the same time diminish the strength of our own religious convictions. Coventry Patmore, in an eloquent passage, says: "If we knew the secrets of the lives of those—alas! innumerable—who seem to have no real apprehension of anything, none of the light which, it is said, lighteth every man that cometh into the world, it would probably be found that they have not been born without, but have forfeited, their noblest human heritage by repeated practical denials of the things which they have seen." And in another of his books, concluding an article on religious toleration, the same great essayist writes: "You can not convert men to truth by seeming to meet them halfway. The most powerful solvent is the sharpest opposite. You can best move this world by standing, and making it clear that you stand, upon another."

It is a good many years since Dr.

Brownson wrote the words which follow, but who shall say that they are not as timely as if written yesterday?

Our liberal Christians make a sad mistake. They find men, perverted by a false philosophy, rejecting the Gospel because they will not believe what is not intrinsically evident to their natural reason; and, instead of undertaking to prove to them that God has really revealed these mysteries which they refuse to believe, and that nothing is more reasonable than to believe God, who can neither deceive nor be deceived, they foolishly, not to say impiously, set to work to prove that these mysteries are at bottom no mysteries; and that the Gospel contains nothing which transcends reason, or whose internal reasonableness and truth are not obvious even to an ordinary understanding. They may, indeed, in this way, adapt Christianity to the age, but not to the *wants* of the age. They conform to the infidelity and corruptions of the age, instead of resisting them. They deceive themselves if they think they are promoting faith in our holy religion by laboring to bring its teachings within the scope of human philosophy. They but lessen the matter to be believed without augmenting faith.

The monstrous error so clearly explained in this brief passage is more general than would be supposed. We once heard a Christian preacher declare that, in sermons to mixed congregations, he studiously avoided the subject of hell! The statement took our breath away, but we managed to ask why. "Oh, well, the thought of eternal reprobation is so abhorrent to the modern mind!"

The three delusions most to be dreaded nowadays seem to be these—that the doctrines of the Church can be rendered more acceptable to outsiders by minimizing; that the profession of the Catholic Faith will atone for failure to practise it; and that the cause of religion is promoted by the mere multiplication of priests. A hardy declaration, but we know no way to mince it.

LET every man be occupied, and occupied in the highest employment of which his nature is capable, and die with the consciousness that he has done his best.

—Sydney Smith.

Notes and Remarks.

A singularly triumphant confutation of the theory that the Blessed Virgin played a very insignificant rôle in the devotion of the early ages of Christianity is contained in a work recently published by the Rev. Père Delattre, the distinguished scientist of the White Fathers of Africa. The book deals with the cultus of the Blessed Virgin in Africa as revealed by archæological monuments. Father Delattre has been pursuing his scientific researches for the past thirty years, and he has collected a large mass of evidence testifying to the Carthaginian cult of Mary,—bas-reliefs of marble and terra cotta, statuettes, leaden images, inscriptions, medals, coins, seals, etc. From these it is shown conclusively that, while the Council of Ephesus in 431 solemnly proclaimed the Divine Maternity of Our Lady, a dogma reiterated twenty years later by the Council of Chalcedon (451), and again confirmed a century later by that of Constantinople (553), the Christians of Africa were multiplying their images of the Blessed Virgin and their invocations to Mary, the Mother of God. Archæology is held in such respect nowadays that Father Delattre's book will probably prove to many non-Catholics a more effective vindication of Our Lady's cult than would a dozen tomes of theological argument.

As there is likely to be much talk about pragmatism in future, it is well to know exactly what meaning is attached to this word by those who employ it—writers and lecturers like Prof. William James, of Harvard University. He defines it in general terms as "a new name for some old ways of thinking." The word means two things: first, a method of settling disputes; and, second, a theory of truth. This second part of pragmatism is called humanism, and is recommended as a way

by which empiricists, or lovers of facts, may discover eternal veracities; and rationalists, or lovers of principles, may be brought nearer to actualities. Pragmatism, according to the learned professor, mollifies oppositions, and should help to reconcile antagonistic thinkers. It is the new cure for prejudice, which is simply intellectual dyspepsia. He shows further how what we call common-sense—which has become very uncommon—may have resulted from a series of discoveries by prehistoric philosophers.

So one mustn't lose one's temper when called a pragmatist or an empiricist or a humanist or even a rationalist by any of Prof. James' disciples. They mean well, and will probably give you the gratifying assurance that the theistic type of religion is unquestionably more pragmatistic than the pantheistic type. Prof. James' new book tells all about pragmatism; it is said to be untechnical in style and very concrete, illuminative and ennobling; at least Bostonians have found it so. Others—well, people should try to be reconciled to their intellectual limitations.

Archbishop Ireland's answer to a question propounded by *Everybody's Magazine*, "What is a good man?" contains two paragraphs especially worth reproduction at this time. The first has to do with money, which, by the way, is *not*, though the inordinate love of it is, said in Holy Writ to be "the root of all evil":

The good man's relations with his fellowmen within the social organism will be characterized by absolute justice and charity. "Avoid evil." Do no harm to rich or to poor. Be honest and honorable. The acquisition of wealth, be it of one dollar or of a million dollars, is praiseworthy when it follows upon industry, the use of high talent, the vigilant observation of opportunity. To be poor through slothfulness, wastefulness, or wilful ignorance, is a sin and a disgrace. But, throughout, justice must prevail: nothing must be taken that belongs legitimately to others; no methods must be employed that law and equity reprove. "Avoid evil; do good." When acquired, wealth must be put to good use. The

miserly rich man is not the good man; neither is he the good man who is ever searching for opportunities to lavish wealth in subserviency to mad whims and fancies; who in his wild extravagances irritates the poorer into class hatred and social anarchism. America is the land of great fortunes; what saves and honors it is that it is the land of great social benefactions on the part of its wealthy citizens.

Mgr. Ireland's second notable paragraph deals with a good man's civic duties, the importance of which we have frequently insisted upon in these columns. Says the St. Paul prelate:

Finally, there is a man's duty to his country,—his country, which, especially where democracy reigns, needs the active and earnest service of all its citizens. The good man is the good citizen, who votes on every election day, who votes after due counsel with conscience, who does not shirk public office when public office is in need of his brain and his industry; who, when in public office, remembers that the norma of his acts must ever be the welfare and the honor of country. The good citizen is he whose money and whose blood are poured out without stint when the country is in peril. The citizen who gathers into his hand the favors of fortune of which the country is prodigal, who basks in repose beneath the sunlight of its banner, and yet, through civic indolence, refuses to do a yeoman's share for its welfare and honor, merits disfranchisement and exile: neither God nor men will declare him to be a good man.

A hard book to read because there is so little in it that one would be disposed to "skip" is "The Lower Niger and its Tribes," by Major Arthur Glyn Leonard. The religion of the natives is discussed at length. "It is not merely an independent idea or conception of the brain, but the result of instinct,—an outcome of Nature itself, of the ideal inspired by her." The emblemism of these tribes, we are told, is merely an external formula of an inner cult of worship, and in early times was nothing less than a ritual of adoration toward the unknown and unseen Creator. In the course of a general explanation of emblemism, our author says:

These objects, material and senseless although they be, are looked on by these Delta natives as vehicles of spiritual influence, as something

sacred, as relics or mementos to be venerated, because of their actual association with some familiar and powerful spirit; and not as objects which in themselves have, or carry with them, any so-called supernatural powers. It is not the object itself, but what is in the object, that is the power for good or for evil. Hence it is that, although they venerate the object itself, they do so only because of the spirit which resides in or is associated with it. The object, accordingly, becomes nothing more or less than a sacred receptacle, and its holiness is merely a question of association. Association, in fact, combined with practice, as we have seen, from beginning to end of this natural religion of a natural people, is the principal and the connecting element. The thing itself is helpless and powerless; it can do no harm, just as it can do no good. The spirit it is (invariably ancestral even when deified) that does the mischief, and wreaks the vengeance in the event of neglect and impiety, or which confers the benefits and the blessings when the ancestral rites are performed with due piety by the household. The object is inspired, therefore, because of the possessing spirit which sanctifies it; and thus reverence and homage are paid to it, and sacrifices, generally propitiatory, are laid before it.

Major Leonard declares that he has studied the subject of Delta religion "in all sincerity," and arrived at his conclusions only after a personal experience of ten years. What a blessed thing it would be if all outside the Church were moved to investigate her claims in the same spirit and with like thoroughness!

The charming canzoni with which Mr. T. A. Daly enriches the columns of the *Catholic Standard and Times* are replete not merely with grace and wit but with excellent philosophy as well. A pretty effective reply, for instance, to a stereotyped criticism of some of our foreign-born citizens is found in a late poem, "The Laborer and His Hire." An American whose deals in stocks have been lucky, and who has returned from a European trip, takes occasion to denounce to a "Dagoman" the meanness of foreigners who come to this country to make money and then go home with it. The Italian very adequately retorts that the foreigners in question give good value

for the money they make—in hard toil, in good roads and streets, in labor on the field and in the vineyards,—yes, in their blood on the railroads and in the mines; whereas the critic gave for the money *he* made in stocks

Not wan good theeng for all you tak',—

Not wan, Signor, but steell.

The point is a good one. After all, the money a man makes by honest toil belongs to him, to do with as he pleases, in a far truer sense than the wealth which comes to him through chicanery and deceit belongs to many a dishonest, though legally immune, speculator.

A scientist of the same spirit as the late Lord Kelvin is Mr. Walter W. Bryant, superintendent of the magnetical and meteorological department of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich. In the concluding chapter of his highly interesting *History of Astronomy*, devoted to stellar systems and celestial evolution, he dwells upon the limits of human knowledge, and points out how we are led by our scientific studies "to marvel at the mighty works of a Supreme Intelligence, and to convince ourselves of our 'colossal insignificance.'"

Among other features of the celebration, this year, of the centenary of Cardinal Manning's birth will be the erection in Westminster Cathedral of a monument to his memory. Such a memorial will be all the more congruous in the great Cathedral from the fact that, while the edifice was built by Cardinal Vaughan and is being perfected by Archbishop Bourne, its erection, as well as the purchase of its site, originated with Cardinal Manning.

The editor of the *Messenger* records a literary and historico-critical item that will be of interest to many others besides members of the medical profession:

The Dean of the higher critics, Prof. Adolf Harnack, in his recent book, "*Lukas der Arzt*," which has lately been translated under the title of "*Luke the Physician, the Author of the Third*

Gospel and the Acts of the Apostles," has not only thrown no doubt on the fact that the author of these portions of the New Testament was a member of the medical profession of the time, but has even confirmed it in so complete a way as to leave it practically beyond all doubt. It has long been recognized that the writer of the Third Gospel and of the Acts was apparently very well acquainted with the language and the methods of the Greek medicine of his time. Prof. Harnack has treated this part of the subject very skilfully. As his earlier historical writing included some distinct contributions to the ancient history of medicine, he is a thoroughly competent authority to treat this question. It is true that an argument founded on philology is always a little suspicious because it requires such technical treatment, yet Prof. Harnack has seemed not to push technicalities to a limit beyond endurance in order to reach his conclusions.

To the everyday unscholarly, or at least uncritical, reader of Holy Writ, the question of St. Luke's profession is of course definitely settled by verse fourteen in the fourth chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Colossians: "Luke, the most dear physician, saluteth you."

Under the caption "Conditional Morality," the *Irish Educational Review* discounts somewhat effectively a warning which British Ministers of the Crown are fond of uttering in connection with the English Education Bill of next session,—a warning that, if the Bill be rejected, Secularism in the schools will surely follow. It is by no means easy, says the *Review*, to follow the logic of their position.

"We are convinced advocates of religious education; we look upon Secularism as 'a disaster and a calamity'; but we warn Denominationalists that if they refuse to give to Nonconformity an exclusive endowment from the rates, they will be crushed beneath the 'disaster and calamity' of naked Secularism." It may be suggested that these are words of regretful warning of an inevitable calamity as hateful to Mr. McKenna and his colleagues as to the Denominationalists. But the suggestion does not stand the most cursory examination. The secularist amendment to the Bill of 1906 was defeated in a two-thirds' House by seven to one; and the figures made it quite clear that, in a full House, more than 600 of the 670 mem-

bers would promptly repudiate it. It is not usual to regard as a very threatening danger a policy which Parliament rejects by a majority of ten to one. The recent municipal elections in England do not point to a growth of Socialism, yet Socialism is the only force that makes for Secularism in the schools. It is an awkward dilemma for Mr. McKenna and other Ministers of the Crown. If they are true to principle—to their declared conviction that religion must be maintained in the schools, and that Secularism would be a "disaster and calamity" to the nation,—there is no more fear of religion in the schools than there is of King Edward's Crown.

The *Review* concludes that the Ministers are either playing a game of bluff, or that they are men of conditional morality, ready themselves to fight for that Secularism which they brand as a "disaster and calamity."

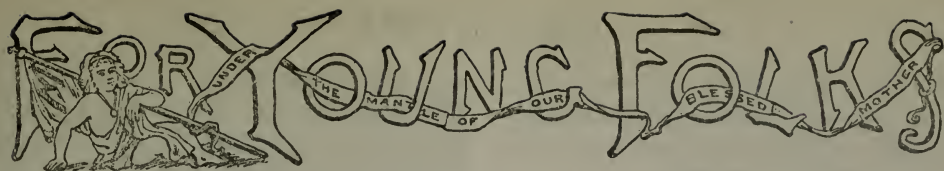
An interesting comparative survey of Catholicism in Scotland three-quarters of a century ago and to-day is afforded by a little "Historical Sketch of the Perth Mission," written to commemorate the Golden Jubilee of St. John's Church. When St. John's was first opened in 1832, all Scotland contained only 32 missions (including chaplaincies); 56 priests attended to the wants of the people; and convents, religious houses, or Catholic institutions of any kind were conspicuous by their absence. In 1907 the country has 236 missions, 211 congregational schools, 65 religious establishments, and more than 500 priests in active service. So far as Perth in particular is concerned, it is noteworthy that the first pastor of St. John's, the Rev. John Geddes, found there in 1830 no chapel and no priest's residence, but a congregation "consisting of several hundred destitute Catholics, almost exclusively Irish." As in England, so in Scotland, the Church owes much of her growth and prosperity to the ever-faithful children of St. Patrick.

Discussing, in the *Fortnightly Review*, "The Human Factor in Railway Accidents," Mr. Keighley Snowden seems to

be of the opinion that the driver of an express train needs an assistant other than his fireman. "What remains, however," he writes, "is to ask whether an express driver's work has not come to be too much for him. Is the modern express engine adequately manned? Eighty years ago, when engines ran on the Stockton and Darlington line at ten miles an hour, there was a driver and a fireman. Is there any good reason why that equipment should be accepted as sufficient now? Would it be safer and cheaper to employ a third man? There is, at all events, nothing so dangerous as to accept an old state of things without thought, in any walk of life whatever; and the time gave this proof when, at Grantham, a driver was found to have been assisted, not by a fireman who had had years' experience and knew the road as well as he did, but by a premium apprentice."

In view of the tremendous importance of the matter, and of the apparent multiplication of accidents *not* unavoidable, it does appear, as Mr. Snowden concludes, "especially unwise to make one man responsible for both safety and speed, dividing his mind between duties each of which is urgent and absorbing."

The latest sensation in Protestant circles was caused by the Rev. Dr. Newman Smyth, a member of the Yale Corporation and pastor of what is said to be the largest and most conservative Congregational church in New Haven. He declared that the age of Protestantism has passed, that it is no longer needed. "The churches are all split up, and are becoming more so every day. They no longer have power over the people or the State." These be hard sayings, Dr. Smyth. But Mr. Bernard Shaw is sterner still. He once said that the Protestant sects ought, every one of them, to erect a statue to Voltaire; for he represents the logical issue of the assumptions on which Protestantism as a distinct system proceeds.



A Ballad of the Three Kings.

BY E. S.

THERE went three monarchs o'er the snow,

To Bethlehem, so long ago;
And one was brown and one was white,
And one his brow was black as night.

There shone a glory in the sky,
Like to a pearl a-hung on high;
And evermore, as on they went,
It guided them, full well content.

Now suddenly beheld those three
A hill-cave, where, all fair to see,
A Maiden with a Child there sat,—
The Star had lighted down thereat.

They enter'd in, they bowed them low,
Those monarchs in their purple's glow;
And in their wealth, before the Child
Rich incense, myrrh and gold were pil'd.

And with His kiss upon their brow,
They travell'd back, fulfilled their vow,—
Three Kings, three saints, three martyrs bright,
They shine in everlasting light.

Ruth's Day of Reckoning.

(Told by her Brother.)

BY FLORA HAINES LOUGHEAD.

I.—A THOUSAND-DOLLAR CHECK AND WHAT WAS DONE WITH IT.

I MAY not be able to tell it as it should be told, but I am going to make a try at it, with a little help in tinkering the grammar, and in the parts I could not be expected to know. On the other hand, some of the things that happened were known only to Ruth and me; and as she will never have a word to say about them, I feel as if I owed it to her to speak out.

Ruth was all alone in the house that

April day when the postman brought the letter,—the letter that seems, somehow, to have changed everything in our lives. Having been born and lived in the same place always—our home is in Santa Barbara, the very prettiest town in Southern California,—she didn't need to write to the folks she knew, for they were all about her, near by; and it was only when some schoolmate went away, or our down East cousins took a notion to write, that the mail ever brought her anything. In all her life before she had never had a letter from a man; and when she saw the big, bold handwriting, she looked it over very carefully, and made out the postmark of a town away up in Nevada, before she thought of opening it to see what was inside. When she did so, this was what she read:

LITTLE CRESCENT MINE,
WASHOE CO., NEVADA,
April 26, 1900.

MY DEAR NIECE:—Do you know that across the continent and beyond the sea a great exposition is in progress, which every young person should see who can possibly contrive to do so? Your Aunt Lucinda, of Boston, and your cousin Juliet are going, and will sail about May 14. I can not be there myself, so I want you to go and enjoy it for me. You can make your own arrangements to travel with your aunt, unless you happen to have some one going from your own place with whom you would like to be. The only condition I make is that you shall let me see the big fair through your eyes, and write me a letter every week, telling me as much as possible of the grand sights over there. Lucinda herself is a wretched correspondent, and Juliet isn't much better; so you see how badly I should fare if I depended upon them.

I enclose a check which I hope will be

sufficient to cover your expenses, and to provide you with whatever is needful. Wishing you every enjoyment, with love to all the family, I remain

Your affectionate uncle,

EDWARD SHERWOOD.

And there, in her lap, lay a slip of blue paper, telling the First National Bank to pay one thousand dollars to the order of Miss Ruth Sherwood.

Can you imagine what it is for a girl who never in her life has had over five dollars at a time that she could call her own, and that earned five and ten cents at a time, by all sorts of little tasks, when she's saving up to buy presents for Christmas, to have a whole thousand dollars tumble into her lap, as if it dropped from the sky? If you can, you may have some idea of how my sister Ruth felt, as she sat smoothing out that slip of blue paper, reading it over and over to make sure there wasn't any mistake. If I'd been the one to get it, I'd have yelled and hurrahed, and rushed into the yard, and turned cart-wheels; and I guess there wouldn't have been a boy in Santa Barbara who wouldn't have known of my good luck inside of forty minutes. Yes, and I'd have had it put in the paper.

But Ruth sat there solemn and still, and dreamed of the beautiful journey she was going to take, and the sights she would see, and the difference it would make with all the girls at home, and the way they'd treat her when she came back. They would look up to her just as they did to Eleanor Cameron, who had travelled over Europe two whole years with her mother and a governess. Perhaps Eleanor Cameron herself might come to see her when she came back!

And then she happened to think she ought to write to Uncle Ned right away and thank him. So she got out her little writing desk, and the pink paper and envelopes I gave her at Christmas, and she wrote the gayest kind of a letter, telling him it seemed so wonderful she could scarcely believe in it yet; and she prom-

ised him faithfully she'd begin writing the letters as soon as she got to Paris. And she sealed and addressed the envelope, hunted up a stamp, and ran out and dropped it in the mail box. Then she hung around the front door, watching for mother to come home; for she wanted to tell her all about it, the very first one. There wasn't any question in her mind but father and mother would let her go. She knew they never would let her miss such a splendid chance.

Mother had only gone down town for one little errand, so she said when she went out; but it did seem as if she never would come. Ruth had run to look at the clock for the fiftieth time, when she got back to the front door and saw mother coming in the gate. She flew to meet her; for it is quite a long way from the gate to the house, between tall hedges of pink roses, that were all in bloom. But before Ruth had gone far she saw there was something strange about mother's walk and actions.

She was coming slowly along, as if the ground was not firm beneath her feet; and once she caught at a rosebush, thorns and all, as if she needed something to hold to. When Ruth came up to her she was frightened; for mother's face was all white and pinched, as if she had suddenly grown very old. And my mother was such a pretty, merry, bright-eyed woman!

"O mother, what is it?" asked Ruth; for mother, on seeing her, had put out her arms to her like a little child that wants a leading hand. And Ruth drew her down on the halfway bench, under the pepper tree, where the geraniums and the heliotrope are.

"Ruth dear, you will have to know," said mother, very quietly, steadying her voice. "I have been to see the doctor. The cuts and bruises I received in that runaway last fall were not all: there was an internal hurt."

Ruth put her hand to her throat. Something seemed to be choking her. All the light suddenly died out of the world,—

the world that the moment before had been so bright and beautiful to her. Now all at once she understood the meaning of mother's growing weakness and clumsiness, the quiet ways she had been falling into, and her queer forgetfulness.

"I have suspected it all along," mother went on; "but I had the courage to learn the truth only to-day. Girlie" (that's what mother often called my sister), "we shall have to look for the end—before the year is out."

"Mother!" cried Ruth. "You don't mean—it can't be! O mother!"

Ruth did not cry easily, but she was a whirlwind of tears and sobs then. She forgot everything but her own grief, as I guess people in trouble generally do, until something mother said brought her out of it.

"Girlie! girlie!" she begged, "I've cared for you and helped you all the time till now. Help me to be strong. I need your help now."

Billy Staples' big brother once said my sister Ruth was the happiest, jolliest, selfishest girl he ever saw; and I guess he was about right, up to that time. But in that moment Ruth seemed to herself to grow straight and tall and strong. She stood up and put her arms around mother, and drew her poor head against her.

"I will,—I will!" she said earnestly. "Poor little mother! And you've been keeping it to yourself all this time!"

"We must keep it from father as long as possible," mother answered. "You know he is easily unnerved, and he is already carrying too heavy a burden in his business cares."

"Mother dear, is there no hope?" asked Ruth after a little while.

"There might be a bare chance in an operation; but Dr. Belknap said he would not undertake it himself, and the only man on the Coast he would trust to perform it is Dr. Percy, of San Francisco. He never touches a case for less than five hundred dollars, and there would be other expenses; and even then it would not be

sure. But, dear, it might as well be five millions; for all your father has is tied up in business, and his stock is not half paid for. It is entirely out of the question."

"No, it *isn't*, mother," said Ruth, joyfully, "so long as you have a daughter who is a capitalist in her own right. O mother dear, I'll pay for the operation, and you'll get well, and be your old self, and we'll be happy ever after!"

There isn't a bit of doubt but mother thought Ruth had taken leave of her senses, she looked at her so strangely.

"I've got a thousand dollars of my own. Uncle Ned sent it to me. The letter came while you were away."

And Ruth drew out the slip of blue paper, and showed it to her, but not the letter.

"Ruth, I must not take it from you. It would pay for your musical education, and the piano you've wanted so much."

"Bother a piano and a musical education! As if my mother wasn't worth all the pianos and all the music in creation!"

"Girlie," observed mother, solemnly, "it does seem almost providential, doesn't it?"

"Of course it's a special providence," said my sister; and she believes it to this day, although she's never been quite sure about her own part in it.

(To be continued.)

Useful Palms.

The Palmyra palm has as many as eight hundred uses. A few of these are here enumerated. It supplies paper for writing upon, an exhilarating drink called "toddy," a certain kind of sweet fruit, and, when the leaves are young, an edible vegetable for the table. From the sago-palm is procured a fine wine, and a juice which when boiled makes excellent candy. The pith of the trunk forms a large part of the food of the natives in certain parts of India. The fibre of the leaf stalks is no less useful, as from it are made ropes, brushes, fans, brooms, and many other articles in constant domestic use.

She Said her Grace.

Great ladies may have titles without the money to keep them up, and the Duchess of X was one of these. Her seamstress had long importuned her by post and messenger, but the Duchess simply ignored the fact that she owed the poor woman a large bill. At last the seamstress thought of a new plan: she would send her sweet little daughter Fanny with a verbal message concerning the money so much needed. So she polished the child's face until it shone, and went with her to the ducal gates. "And be sure and say 'Your Grace,'" warned the mother, intending to inform Fanny as to the proper way to address a duchess.

Now, Fanny, trotting off, knew of but one meaning to the expression. To say one's grace was to offer up a thankful petition before eating; so when she met the great lady she very composedly said:

"Are you the Duchess?"

"Yes, my child. And who are you?"

"I am Fanny, and you owe my mother money for sewing." Then, clasping her little hands together, she went on: "For what we are to receive from Thy bounty, O Lord, make us truly thankful!"

She had said "her Grace," as she understood it; and the Duchess was conquered and paid the bill. What is more, she told her friends. And that is how the world learned that the pauper Duchess of X for once in her life settled a debt, and settled it cheerfully.

Land of the Holy Cross.

It may be interesting to some little students of United States history to hear that the hemisphere discovered by Columbus was first called Land of the Holy Cross, and was so named on maps drawn in the early part of the sixteenth century. The name America is first found on an old map of 1522.

The Christ-Child's Rose.

In England they call the black hellebore the Christmas Rose, because, they quaintly say, "it bloweth about the birth-time of Our Lord." It has a large wax-like flower, and its white petals have a delicate tinge of pink. The pretty legend connected with this Yuletide blossom runs in this wise.

When the Three Kings came with their gifts to the Holy Babe, a little shepherdess stood without, weeping bitterly; for, although she, too, loved the Christ-Child, she had no gift to offer to Him. "If I only had a flower!" she cried. But it was winter, and the fields were bare, except for a light snow blanket. No blossom could she find. Then an angel, hastening to the Manger, hearing her weep, stopped and brushed away the snow, and beneath it found a white blossom with a blush upon its fair cheek. "No gold or frankincense or myrrh," he said, "is more precious than a flower, if it is given with a loving heart." So the little maid laid the winter rose upon the covering of the Manger, and was comforted.

A Puzzled Tailor.

Once there was a tailor who, wishing to order two smoothing-irons, wrote at first as follows: "Please send me two tailor's geese." Thinking this did not sound correct, he wrote a second order, after this fashion: "Please send me two tailor's geeses." This expression, however, seemed no more to the point than the other; so he finally put it this way: "Please send me a tailor's goose. P. S.: Make it two." It is to be hoped that he received his smoothing-irons.

ALL tasks seem dry when we put them by
And hesitate to begin;
But once begun, there's a lot of fun
In the thought of the prize to win.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—All of Francis Thompson's books will henceforth be issued by Messrs. Burns & Oates. The death of this "poet of high thinking" has roused general interest in his work. Alas that there should be so little of it!

—A posthumous novel by Jules Verne ("L'Agence Thompson & Co.") is among new French books. It is said that he left several completed MSS., which is a surprising statement in view of the large number of his published works.

—"Folklore of the Holy Land," by J. E. Hanauer, is among the new books issued by Duckworth & Co., London. Some correspondent lately made inquiries of us about a work of this kind, but we could think of nothing to recommend.

—Sir F. C. Burnand's "Catholic Who's Who" is remarkable for the relatively large number of names familiar to readers of contemporary literature and journalism. As we have already stated, the book includes only subjects of King Edward VII.

—Some hitherto unpublished letters of St. Catherine of Siena are included in a recently published work by Edmund G. Gardner, M. A., the full title of which is "St. Catherine of Siena. A Study in Italian Religion, Literature, and History of the Fourteenth Century." J. M. Dent & Co., publishers.

—Admirers of "Rab and his Friends," the number of whom must be legion, will find much to interest them in the Letters of Dr. John Brown, just issued by Messrs. A. & C. Black. The "good physician," as his humble patients called him, was deeply religious. At twenty-eight he wrote: "There can be no religion without dogma, which is just another word for doctrine,—a thing to be taught."

—Librarians and students of English should be interested in the catalogue of "Early English Printed Books in the University Library, Cambridge (1475-1640)," lately completed by Mr. Sayle, who spent twelve years upon it. There are four volumes to the work, the last being the index. It is proposed to issue a catalogue of the early-printed books of the world, and materials for it are being collected by leading bibliographers.

—It is worth while to correct the statement that the relics bequeathed to Catholic Oxford by the late Mr. Grissell include a copy of the poems of Jacopone da Todi, with his name,

in his own hand, on the fly-leaf. Father Paschal Robinson, who is an authority on all matters Franciscan, informs us that, though Jacopone died in 1306, his poems were not published before 1490. The volume in question belonged to St. Philip Neri, and it is his precious autograph that appears on the fly-leaf.

—A compact duodecimo volume of 711 pages is "Haapiiraa no te Vikariorka apotora i Tahiti," which lengthy title means "The Catechism (Explained) of the Apostolic Vicariate of Tahiti." The work is due to the collaboration of most of the missionaries of the Society Islands, much of the materials having been contributed by the late Father George Eich. The book is practically a theology for the laity, and will prove of inestimable benefit to the Catholic natives of Tahiti.

—Among the good things incidentally scattered through Marion Crawford's charming "Arethusa" is this bright bit of psychological criticism:

In all that belongs to the instinctive side of life, women are much more alike than men are; whereas, because they are not led, pushed, or dragged through one average course of teaching, as most men are, but are left to think and above all, to guess at truth for themselves, they are much more unlike in their way of looking at things. This is also the reason why many gifted men and a good many really learned ones would rather talk to women than to men; for among men they hear the same things everlastingly, but women always have something new to say, which is flattering, pleasant, amusing, or irritating perhaps, as they choose.

—Dr. Henry Charles Lea, the well-known author of a partisan history of the Inquisition in Spain, is now eighty-two years old. He deserves a rest, and so, we venture to suggest, do his readers. Dr. Lea is not "downright dishonest," but he is unconsciously prejudiced against the Church. Even non-Catholic literary critics have warned the inexperienced against accepting as final the verdicts of any such investigators. An open mind is now regarded as the prime requisite in an historian. Prescott and Motley and Bancroft and Lea are to be classed among partisans; Froude and his ilk, among falsifiers.

—A recent work of Joseph Kern, S. J., "De Sacramento Extremæ Unctionis," issued by Fr. Pustet & Co., is of exceptional interest and importance. The author says in his preface: "Experience shows that not only the laity but even the clergy would be greatly surprised to learn that by the aid of the sacrament of Extreme Unction which Christ gave to His Church, the faithful after death can be preserved from the pains of purgatory and be admitted imme-

diately into their heavenly home." The principal aim of the work is to prove the truth of the words quoted. As the writer justly remarks, Christians should have a greater reverence for this great gift of God than is usually found; and they should not fail to use this wondrous help in the proper manner, and in sufficient time before death to enable the soul to pass into the inheritance so mercifully offered her by her Judge and Saviour.

—Anecdotes of Whittier, the hundredth anniversary of whose birth was celebrated last month, are the order of the day. Here is one contributed by Miss Caroline Ticknor, who writes charmingly of the author of "Snowbound" in *Harper's Weekly*. Whittier came to New York some eighty years ago for a brief sojourn, and his opinion of the metropolis of that day was voiced in a characteristic letter addressed to a friend shortly after his return to Haverhill. "My health," he wrote, "has suffered from my residence in New York, a place which, with all deference to thyself, I must consider unfit for Christian or heathen ever to dwell in." In 1833, when twenty-six years old, he wrote naïvely to his friend Mrs. Sigourney, another New England poet: "I have found that my political reputation is more influential than my poetical, so I try to make myself a man of the world,—and the public are deceived; but I am not." It is impossible for any one who knew the Quaker Poet to imagine him in the rôle of a "man of the world." In every way he was the very opposite. Mrs. Sigourney must have smiled when she read that letter.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

"The Return of Mary O'Murrough." Rosa Mulholland. \$1.25.

"The Life of Christ." Mgr. E. Le Camus. Vol. II. \$1.50, net.

"The Immortality of the Human Soul." George Fell, S. J. \$1.35, net.

"Véra's Charge." Christian Reid. \$1.50.

"Arethusa." F. Marion Crawford. \$1.50

"In the Harbor of Hope." Mary Elizabeth Blake. \$1.25.

"Madame Rose Lummis." Delia Gleeson. \$1.25, net.

"The School of Death: Outlines of Meditations." Rt. Rev. Luigi Lanzoni. 70 cts., net.

"Thoughts on the Religious Life." Rev. F. X. Lasance. \$1.50, net.

"Arabella." Anna T. Sadlier. 80 cts.

"The Way of the Cross of the Sacred Heart." Very Rev. Fr. de Prats-de-Mollo, O. M. Cap. 90 cts., net.

"Handbook of Ceremonies." Rev. J. B. Müller. \$1.

"The Church in English History." J. M. Stone. \$1.

"Melor of the Silver Hand." Rev. David Bearne, S. J. 85 cts.

"Eucharistic Soul Elevations." Rev. W. F. Stadelman, C. S. Sp. 50 cts., net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. William Bermingham, of the diocese of Wilmington; Rev. Hugh Mulligan, archdiocese of Boston; Very Rev. John Farran, diocese of Altoona; Rev. Patrick Kenny, diocese of Sioux City; and Rev. Henry King, diocese of Northampton.

Mother M. Augusta and Sister M. Bernard, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross; Sister Corinne, Sisters of the Precious Blood; and Sister M. Helen, Little Sisters of the Poor.

Mr. A. G. Ringling, Mrs. Elizabeth Bergin, Miss Ethel Somers, Mr. Michael Kelly, Mr. Herman Endress, Mr. John Corcoran, Mrs. Mary Hammond, Dr. J. S. Barrett, Mr. F. C. Schmidt, Mr. Frank McLoughlin, Mr. Leopold Vilsack, Mr. John Keisel, Mrs. Mary Slaney, Miss Josie Farrell, and Mr. Henry Taylor

Requiescant in pace!

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the Gotemba lepers:

J. R., \$10; Miss J. H., \$5; in honor of St. Ignatius, \$10; Mrs. G., 50 cts.; Mrs. J. F. C., \$1; Mrs. P. G., \$1.

Bishop Berlioz, Japan:

J. R., \$10; Mrs. G., 50 cts.

The Franciscan Sisters, Jamaica:

Presentation Sisters, \$2; Mrs. G., 50 cts.

Two poor missionaries:

B. J. M., \$11.50; E. A. D., \$1.10.

The Filipino student fund:

Mrs. G. \$1.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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NO. 2.

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"Now, and at the Hour of Our Death."

BY DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

③ MOTHER of God, by the glories on high
that surround thee,
By the crown wherewith Jesus, thy Son and thy
Saviour, hath crowned thee,—
Forget not the dwellers in exile, thy sons and
thy daughters,
Who wander and weep and are weary by
Babylon's waters!

O Mother of God, by the innocent joy that
possessed thee
When the soft, clinging hands of the sweet Infant
Jesus caressed thee,—
From sullyng pleasures of earth that in evil
would steep us,
O Mother of God, we invoke thee to save us and
keep us!

O Mother of God, by the measureless grief that
was sent thee,
By the burden of bitterest sorrows that bowed
thee and bent thee
On Calvary's height when thou sawest thy Son's
dereliction,—
Forget not, O Mother of Sorrows, our every
affliction!

O Mother of God, by the gifts wherewith Heaven
has dowered thee,
By the favors and graces and powers that the
Godhead has showered thee, —
Be near us when death from all human affection
shall reave us,
And over eternity's threshold, O Mother, receive
us!

Theosophy.

BY THE REV. EDMUND HILL, C. P.



HAT first called my serious
attention to Theosophy was the
painful fact of a near relative
having become infatuated with
it. I procured a work called
"Theosophy and Christianity," by the
Rev. Ernest R. Hull, S. J.; and a friend
gave me a smaller treatise—which, I
regret to say, is out of print at present—
by another distinguished Jesuit, the late
Father Clarke. The former book deals
with the philosophical and religious
pretensions of Theosophy; the latter,
more particularly with the occultism sur-
rounding it, and with its connection with
Spiritualism.

I am writing for the benefit of those
who have not read the above-mentioned
books; for it is well for Catholics, and
for other professing Christians, to know
the "true inwardness" of Theosophy.

I.

Father Hull wrote originally a series of
articles in the *Bombay Catholic Examiner*,
in answer to two articles which had
appeared in the magazine named *East and
West* from the pen of a Mr. Beaman, an ad-
vocate of Theosophy,—articles "addressed
to Indian readers, especially to Parsees,
some of whom took a great deal of interest
in them." Father Hull, who is chivalrously
fair to his opponent, pronounces Mr.
Beaman's articles much more deserving

of attention than "the bulk of current literature on the same subject." "Theosophy," he says, "in the hands of its most popular exponents, has been so surrounded by a veil of mystery, occultism, mysticism, or esotericism—call it by whatever name you will—as to excite the suspicion of sober and common-sense minds, and to appeal only to those temperaments which delight in the mysterious and the weird for its own sake." Whereas the articles by Mr. Beaman "represent a type of serious thinking, with which one may absolutely disagree, but which one feels bound to respect. They represent Theosophy as a definite code of thought or belief, with a definite claim to credence, with a definite purpose and a definite result. Taken as it stands," he adds, "this view may be only the view of an individual exponent. But it is at least tangible, and, as it seems, a fairly representative view, and therefore one which can profitably be discussed."

Again, Father Hull gathers from Mr. Beaman's articles that "Theosophy, as a formulated creed or code, is especially *eclectic*. . . . Its elements are found scattered here and there among the religions of the past and of the present. For these elements a divine origin is claimed *only in the sense that they are the best thought-products of the human mind*." And as to its aim, it is nothing more or less than "to construct a system of thought which will meet the demand of the human mind for a satisfactory solution of the deepest problems of human life and destiny." So that Theosophy "claims to be not only a philosophy but also a religion,—a religion, however, without ceremonial or cult, priesthood or sacred machinery."

After thus summarizing Mr. Beaman's conclusions about Theosophy, Father Hull proceeds to give his own; or certain impressions as to the relation in which Theosophy, thus expounded, stands to Christianity.

(1) That Theosophy, "regarded *ethically*, is a reflection of Christianity in its purest

ground principles;* and, thus viewed, is not antagonistic to Christianity." That "a Christian may claim all that Theosophy holds out to him, since he inherits by his Christian birthright all that is good in Theosophy."

(2) But that quite the opposite judgment must be formed of Theosophy "taken as a *creed* or collection of doctrines explanatory of the religious and theological relations of God with man and of human destiny." Thus viewed, it is so antagonistic to Christianity that it is impossible for any one to maintain the profession of a Christian and at the same time to be a Theosophist.

This second conclusion is abundantly justified by Father Hull in the course of his book. But before dealing with the dogmas of Theosophy he devotes a chapter to Mr. Beaman's argument about *ideals*, and another to the question "Will Theosophy work?"

As to ideals, the Theosophist "maintains this incomparable advantage over the Christian, that his ideals *must* be verified in his life before he can be a Theosophist at all." Whereas the "lofty ideals" preached by Christianity "have been," as Mr. Beaman says, "crowded out and practically thrust aside," in a way which "makes the history of Christianity one of the saddest inconsistencies in the world." Father Hull admits the plausibility of this argument, but shows that the comparison between Theosophy and Christianity is "invidious"—for "the terms are unequal." "The Church," he says, "is not a society of the perfect," which Theosophy claims to be. "It is not a club for the aggregation of the *élite* of humanity. It is essentially a training-school for mankind,—a school for raising imperfection toward perfection. Christianity takes in the raw material of humanity, and works upon it; getting

* This must mean "the purest ground principles" of *Theosophy*. The sentence should have been printed, "is, in its purest ground principles, a reflection of Christianity."

as much out of it as can be got, and counting as a success any amelioration, however small, it is able to effect. The history of the Church is a history of the struggle between the deep-rooted depravity of unrestrained humanity and the elevating principles of the Gospel. Christianity had to do what civilization, what refinement, what philosophy had failed to achieve."

Then, after a glance at the "gradual progress" of Christianity, Father Hull continues: "If, in the records of the past, the successes are modestly written and mostly unnoticed, the failures blazoned large and clear, it is only an illustration of the disadvantage of having a history,* when, as we see, the point of that history is missed, and Christianity is accused of embodying an imperfect ideal,—just, forsooth, because its ideals have not been realized in a manner commensurate with the number of its professing members. It is all very well for Theosophists to claim superiority of ideals and of their realization. The history of Theosophy, not more than one generation long, is already dubious enough. What would it have been had it endured for the last nineteen hundred years?" And, coming to "the high ethical ideal which the modern Theosophist finds himself capable of appreciating," our author says it is, historically speaking, a *result* of nineteen hundred years of work laboriously carried on by the Catholic Church. "We have already insisted on the fact that Catholics have labored, and Protestants have entered into their labors; that now, when belief in Christianity as a dogmatic and organized system is in many parts on the wane, and the *naturalistic gentleman* is taking the place of the Christian—even now the naturalistic gentleman owes his existence to the Christian Church; and what is the ideal Theosophist but the naturalistic gentleman under another name?"

* Father Joseph Rickaby remarks that "the Catholic Church suffers the disadvantages of *having a history*." Quoted by Father Hull.

As to the question "Will Theosophy work?"—with its boasted superiority to ceremonial and worship and to formulated creeds—Father Hull is certainly in a position to reply that it will *not* work; for such has been the continuous experience of the Church. It may work with the *élite* few, but never with the masses.

II.

We now come to what Mr. Beaman calls "the three great dogmas" of Theosophy: first, the oneness in essence of the spirit in man with God; second, re-incarnation; third, Karma, or "the law of justice." Father Hull deals with these very ably indeed; showing that the first and second depend upon the truth of the third, *which claims to solve the problem of evil*.

But, as Father Clarke says, the first question we ask of Theosophy is what it has to tell us about God. We do not, then, encounter the absurdity of blind force evolving into intelligence, as materialistic pantheism maintains. As if, forsooth, any being could produce another of a higher order than itself! Common-sense sees that blind force, if capable of causing at all, will cause nothing higher than blind force. Neither are we asked to set at defiance the old axiom *ex nihilo nihil fit*, as Shelley does in his "Revolt of Islam"—that very shallow and unintelligible tangle of musical verbiage:

Life and Thought,

Twin beings, burst the womb of inessential Nought [!]

But while Theosophy talks of a "Supreme Essence," and designates it "Mind" because man has mind, at the same time it denies a *personal* God in the Christian sense of that term. And why? Because, if we separate God from the world, says Mr. Beaman, and make Him into the Creator, Preserver, and Governor of the world, and regard Him as one who bears to us the love which a human father bears his children, then He "must be the conscious and responsible agent inflicting on those children not only frightful punishments for grave faults, but equally frightful sufferings for no faults at all. . . .

If God is a personal Ruler of the world, the conclusion is that He is either wanting in wisdom and goodness or wanting in power. . . . From this dilemma there is no escape. Either the Christian God is not omnipotent or He is not all-loving."

Again, according to another Theosophist, Mr. Vimadalal, from whose article in *East and West*, for January, 1904, Father Hull quotes an important passage, "Theosophy postulates an eternal principle as the root and source of all that exists. That principle is spoken of as the *Causeless Cause*, the *Rootless Root* of all, the One that knows no second. It is that wherefrom both spirit, or life, or consciousness, on the one hand, and matter, form, or body, on the other, proceed. . . . It can only be described by *negations*. It is not consciousness (as we know consciousness), nor is it *unconsciousness*. It is not ego, nor is it non-ego. It is neither spirit nor matter, neither existence nor non-existence. It is not any of these pairs of opposites, but their Eternal Root."

Is not this enough to show that Theosophy is a system of pantheism, though Mr. Beaman repudiates that name? "With the *thing* so clearly before our view," says Father Hull, "we need not trouble about names. In scholastic terminology we should call this theory 'Emanative Pantheism,' in which God is the One and the Manifold and the All." He adds: "A Sanscrit scholar of our acquaintance thinks he recognizes in Mr. Beaman's view the modified Vedanta of Ramanuja"; and, again, that "Mrs. Besant has made her position clear by saying that Theosophy is Hinduism in modern dress."

It is plain, then, that the claim which Theosophists make, that a man can remain a Christian and still be one of them, is utterly untrue. To say nothing of the doctrines of the Trinity and the Incarnation, which he would have to give up to become a Theosophist, his belief in a *personal* God would have to be abandoned too. And Father Hull goes on to

show that, as religion is essentially a *personal* relation, and can not subsist without a personal being as its basis and term, the consistent Theosophist must perforce be an *atheist*; for, "in depriving us of our relations to a personal God, he makes us morally as if *no* God exists; and what is an atheist but one who is as if no God existed?"

Next comes the problem of evil and the Theosophist solution of it by reincarnation and "Karma."

"Theosophists," says Father Hull, "show a certain hesitation in admitting the existence of evil in any exact sense of the word. They prefer to speak of 'opposing tendencies.'" They are driven to this by their pantheism; since they make these "opposing tendencies" to come from *within* what they call God, instead of from an outside cause. And here our author scores heavily against his opponent. "If," says he, "the Theosophist gets rid of his difficulties about apparent evil in the world by saying that the world must be right because it is the *necessary* output of the divine nature, he must go further and admit that, even if the world is a product of the divine *free-will*, it must be equally right; and this for the reason given—namely, that whatever the divine will produces, the divine mind must approve; and whatever the divine mind approves must be right in itself, because there is no other standard of right except the divine mind. Hence the problem of evil gives no ground for denying the freedom of the divine will. And the Theosophist, in resorting to a necessary will, is only increasing instead of diminishing his difficulties."

In answer, again, to the objection that, if the world be the product of God's free will, He ought to have produced a much better world, a perfect world, Father Hull shows that the Creator designed the world as it is *for a state of probation*; that it is the best kind of world for that end.

Then, after treating lucidly of the "Fatherhood of God," and of the "scope

of justice" and the "scope of mercy," our author comes to "Karma," for which the Theosophist quotes Scripture—"As a man sows, so shall he reap." Here, of course, the Christian and the Theosophist agree. "Karma, in this general and abstract sense, is a principle common to Christianity and Theosophy. The Theosophist can not accuse the Christian of repudiating or abandoning this principle of retributive justice in the cosmic scheme. Therefore, beginning with this principle as common ground, the dispute falls on the actual method by which the principle is carried out." "The Christian holds," continues Father Hull, "that the whole system is worked out by one earthly life of probation, with a final reckoning and adjustment at and after the close of this one life. The Theosophist, on the contrary, holds that the whole system is worked out by an indefinite series of lives similar to this one; and that the reckoning and adjustment made at the end of one life determines a fresh starting-point for the next; and so on *ad infinitum*."

But here let me remark that Father Clarke, in his pamphlet, gives an important addition to Theosophist doctrine, about which Mr. Beaman appears to have said nothing,—namely, that there is a *limit* to this series of lives; that those which progress steadily upward will eventually become absorbed into the divine being,—a termination very like the Buddhist "Nirvana"; while those lives which keep on perversely tending downward will end in *annihilation*.

With this addition, however, to Theosophical doctrine—which would certainly be incomplete without it—the "ethical difference," as Father Hull says, between the Christian and the Theosophical positions is "enormous." By "ethical" difference he means, of course, the practical result of either system upon human conduct. Obviously, if convinced that we can afford to "have a good time" in the present life because we shall be re-incarnated by and by, and then can—

not merely pay the penalty, but—set things right for the future, we should find the temptation to indulge ourselves freely a very strong one indeed. And, surely, the prospect of ultimate annihilation would rather encourage than restrain the recklessness of a downward career.

Then, again, the awkward question of *fact* obtrudes itself first and last. If Theosophists maintain this series of earthly lives to be a fact, we ask them for proof. We Christians rest upon divine revelation our belief in only one life of probation, and can prove the fact of that revelation to all whose minds are open to conviction; but how is the Theosophist to prove *his* assertion? "We can not accept," says Father Hull, "a statement of such magnitude without evidence. A Theosophist may accept the belief simply because it appeals to him as an attractive idea. But so long as it is a mere attractive idea, it would be folly for him to pin faith upon it and act on it, seeing that in the end he may find out that the idea of a series of lives is a delusion, and that this life was his total chance."

But although the Theosophist can not *prove* his theory of re-incarnation or re-birth, he can make of it what seems to him a very plausible hypothesis. "Take the case," he says, "of two infants born about the same time,—one to a life of health, education, and affluence; the other to a life of poverty, ignorance, and wretchedness. How would you Christians explain this extreme inequality of conditions?" "Well," answers our author, "the Christian explanation will satisfy one who already believes in Christianity. But it is not very much of an explanation. It rather assumes that the case *must be* all right; and merely suggests some considerations showing how the justice and goodness of God may work themselves out to equality in the final results. That is all." "But to me," rejoins the Theosophist, "the matter is as simple as the multiplication table. The condition of those two children is the mathematical

outcome of a former life. The one is born thus in proportional reward for virtue. The other is born thus in proportional punishment for vice. What can be simpler?"

"But you do not, of course, consider that your easy explanation amounts to demonstration?" asks Father Hull. "It furnishes an argument in favor of your belief, I concede. But it is not always a good sign that a theory sweeps difficulties away. As I said before, materialism sweeps away difficulties which are common to both the Christian and the Theosophist. For if everything is the product of matter and force—if there is no God, no eternal laws of justice and right, but whatever happens is the outcome of material causation,—then we may reasonably become materialists and atheists. But this is not the whole case, nor even half of it. Those who are enthusiastic over the disappearance of old difficulties will find a host of other difficulties cropping up from places where they never found any before. This is really the whole gist of the arguments against materialistic theories of life by Mr. Mallock in 'Is Life Worth Living?' and by Mr. Balfour in 'Foundations of Belief.' Neither author essays to answer the difficulties involved in belief, but to expose those from which belief is free and which arise from unbelief. They say, in substance: 'Unbelief empties life of its eternal meaning. We can not with our best instincts allow life to be thus emptied. Belief in God, the soul, free-will, and a future life must be true, because without them life itself loses its meaning in all that is noblest and best in it.'"

Father Hull next proceeds to show how unsatisfactory is the re-birth theory, except in a very "few and selected cases," such as that of the two infants. Look at the "fluctuations of life," he says. "There are souls born in the most favorable conditions, who, without any known demerit of their own, fall in later life into frightful calamities, and, in spite of conduct full of merit, have still to suffer misfortune in a notable degree. There are

others, born in the worst of conditions, who, through no apparent merit of their own, rise by good fortune to high well-being. There are catastrophes . . . which involve in ruin a miscellaneous collection of people, good, bad and indifferent, of all ages, and under all conditions. What light does Karma throw on this complicated problem? . . . If Karma is to afford an intelligible explanation of our states of life, it must work with mathematical regularity in a way which enables us to infer the Karmic state of the individual from his condition of well-being or ill-being. An erratic fluctuation of good and bad fortune, such as is so common in life, simply throws such calculations to the winds. If there is no ascertained uniform relation between the actual distribution of well-being and ill-being and the actual merits or demerits of the individual, then Karma fails to stand the test as a detailed explanation of life."

Then our author goes on to charge Karma with "depriving reward and punishment of their proper meaning and value." For Theosophists must acknowledge that "ordinary people possess not the slightest *consciousness* of their former existences"; and "it is repugnant to reason and common-sense to transfer merit and demerit from one life to another, unless those lives have between them a full continuity and unity of consciousness."

To be sure some Theosophists "claim," he says, "that by the practice of 'Yog,' or some other peculiar exercise, individuals can arrive at some conscious memory of their past career and identity in previous lives." Mrs. Besant, for instance, is said to have "discovered that she was formerly a Brahmin of Benares." (!) But Father Hull very justly remarks that, whatever we may think of the efficiency of "Yog" (which is intense mental concentration), "it requires a tremendous horse-power of Yog to get even the first glimmerings of pre-existence at all. And it is certain that the overwhelming bulk of mankind have never practised Yog, and never will

practise it; and that, in consequence, the human race, as a whole, has been, and is, and will remain absolutely devoid of consciousness of any pre-existence at all."

To this let me add that here we get a glimpse of the *occult* side of Theosophy. The practice of Yog is a dangerous mysticism, which may soon put its votaries under the power of evil spirits. How easy for those cunning enemies of a soul to persuade it that it has really lived before, and even to show it first one of its previous lives and then another! I mean, of course, if these spirits are allowed so to delude those who play into their hands. And such delusion *is* allowed as a punishment for presumption and pride, and especially for deliberate rejection of Christianity.

But I must leave to another article the subject of Spiritualism in its connection with Theosophy.

Exiled from Erin.

II.—THE LETTER.

THE mother and daughter had hardly ended their simple meal when Willie and Joe returned from the hunt.

"You are starved!" said Ellie, taking the vessel of potatoes and pouring them out on the table.

"Old Grady got a great tumble," began Joe, the younger of the two boys and the more communicative.

"How?" asked mother and daughter in the same breath.

"He was within *that* of being killed," replied their informant, putting his thumb within a quarter-inch of the top of the knife.

"Little loss!" said the mother in an inaudible tone, while she lubricated the knitting-needle in her fast whitening hair.

"Skewer to him!" said the elder brother, who evidently knew and remembered old wrongs.

"How was it, Joe?" asked Ellie, her face betraying curiosity, not unmingled with womanly alarm and sorrow.

"Going down off the point of the hill, you know," said Joe. "The horse jumped out over the fence; there was a small *clichau** outside. The horse struck it and stumbled. Grady lost his hold, the spurs caught in the horse, and the horse dashed away down the hill. It was the luck of God that Grady's feet got out of the stirrups, because the horse was kicking like mad."

"And was he much hurt?" said Ellie.

"He *was* hurt," replied Willie, dropping into the conversation; 'and hurt well, too!'

"I was near him, mother," said Joe. "And don't you know, when you'd blow a sod of turf on the hearth, how it would get red? Well, one time his face would blaze that way; and then it would get black, as if the fire was dying out."

"Was he in pain?" asked Ellie.

"He *was*, then, in pain; and it's the price of him," said Willie. "Little he thought of other people's pains. Maybe he knows what pain is now himself."

"I suppose they all gathered about him?" said his sister, with concern in her voice.

"Gathered about him!" laughed Joe. "They did *inagh*! Not one of them. They just scampered away, high-tallyho! Gather about him! Not a mother's soul of them! One lady in a tall hat said: 'Oh, Grady has had a nawsty occident!' My oh! It was like Paddy the clerk's bell to hear her sweet accent!" And Joe mimicked the "nawsty occident."

"And what did they do to him?" asked Ellie. "Surely they did not leave him lying on the field?"

"He got up, you know; and he was holding up one hand this way with the other. And some one driving on the road came in for him. But if you were to see the tall hat when it was put on him! It got a battering and was all bulged; and when it was on him, you'd swear you were at a show."

With such and other details of the

* An abrupt jutting of earth.

hunt, the potatoes and "dip" disappeared. Joe cast a wistful look at the teapot. His mother did not approve of tea in the middle of the day, especially for boys. She said nothing, however. Joe gave an imploring look at his sister Ellie and then at the teapot.

"You're throwing sheep's eyes at it, *sheelah*," said she in a tone of raillery; "are you?"

"Why, then, I have news," said he, putting his hand into his pocket. "And I'll tell you by and by who I got it from."

"What news have you?" And the sister, in fun, rushed at his pocket. But he slipped from her grasp.

"I have, then, news there, and big news too, and maybe dollars, and the President's green head. So hurry on!"

"You haven't anything at all there."

"Haven't I?" And he showed the corner of the envelope.

"Show it! It is only a bit of paper."

But Joe was not to be twitted into showing it.

"All right," he said, taking his cap. "I'll go and do my job, and put in hay to the cows," and he walked to the door.

When he was outside in the yard, he took the letter out of his pocket, concealing all except the American stamp.

"Well, will I get it?" he said. "And 't isn't one cup I'll take now: I must get two; that's for your niggardliness! 'To Mrs. *Johannah Mick Mahon*,'" he went on, reading the address. "'M-i-c-k, Mick!' They were powerful scholars when he was going to school! 'M-i-c-k, Mick,—Mick Mahon.'" And he burst out laughing, in which his sister joined.

Seeing her in good humor, he pressed his suit:

"Well, am I to get the two?"

Come in, Joe, and you will."

'You're very soft now, Nell, when you want to know. But you'll have to wait till I put in the hay for the cows. Bellows up the old kettle. I like a cup of tea fresh and smart, and I'll be back while a cat would be licking her ear."

"'Fresh and smart!'" re-echoed the mother, with a sigh. "Hard to please you, my lad!"

But Joe knew his mother, and knew too that he was the Benjamin of the family; so he replied:

"Fresh and smart, then, Mrs. *Johannah Mick*." And they heard his boyish laugh round the gable end of the house, as he repeated to himself: "M-i-c-k, Mick,—Mrs. *Johannah Mick*!"

Ellie willingly put on the kettle, for Joe and she were "cronies"; and, having everything ready, she stole out to know about the letter. The elder brother in the meantime pored over last Saturday's weekly paper, and the mother continued her knitting in silence.

But the silence was broken by a merry peal of laughter. Joe had pulled off his coat to cut a "bench" of hay, and then take it into the cowhouse, setting a separate share at each cow's stall. While he was busy at the hay, Ellie came to his coat, put her hand into the pocket and was stealing back to the house with the letter in her hand, when Joe spied her. He immediately gave chase, overtaking her at the door. There, holding her, he endeavored to get the letter from her. But she withstood him stoutly; and Joe was only too ready to come to terms, on condition that he would get two cups of tea.

The letter proved to be from the uncle in America, and ran as follows:

THE RED EAGLE.

New York, March 8, 1891.

MY DEAR SISTER:—Not writing to you for such a long time, I doubt you will think I have forgotten you all, or maybe dead. But for a good while after I came I was in hard luck, and had no heart to write; though now I am in a fair way to become a wealthy man. There's no small man in the ward has more influence with his fellow-countrymen.

I heard from the Ruddy boys, that I met at the Jersey City station one day, on their way West—though what they

want to be leaving a fine big city like this for, to bury themselves, I don't know,—I heard from them that you were not doing very well any of you. Now I can lend you a helping hand, if you like.

To make a long story short, I married a fine, handsome girl a while ago, but she left me last fall with two children. Now I have no one to care for them but an old woman, who is threatening to go back to the old country to her granddaughter. If you will let Ellie come to me, I'll give her good wages, and she'll have a fine home. If she's the pretty creature she promised to be, she'll have no trouble at all finding a good husband any day she pleases. If you say the word, and she's willing, I'll send her passage money. She will have a servant to help her here. She won't have to turn her hand to any heavy work. And maybe one of the boys—the younger one—might come out later. If all goes well, you'll all come, the three of you.

Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain

Your affectionate brother,

TIM MALONE.

Little was said by any of them during the reading of the letter, it is true; but it was not little they thought. The silent but suggestive way in which Mrs. McMahon thrust a knitting-needle every now and then into her hair showed that she was not wholly in sympathy with the contents. The elder brother turned uneasily in his chair, took off his hat, looked out of the window, and manifested in various ways that there was a "rubbing against the fur." Ellie read the letter to the end; while Joe gave open-mouthed, breathless attention till she had finished, expecting every minute (though if asked, he could not say why) that some tremendous wonder would be related, according to the fashion of the Yankee Land,—somewhat as if Niagara Falls might burst into the yard outside.

When the reading ended, Ellie still continued to stand against the "dresser," keeping her eyes on the handwriting, but

no one said a word till Joe broke the silence:

"I say, Ellie, you'll be rolling in riches one of these fine days."

"Hold your tongue, you foolish boy!" said his mother, imperatively.

Joe stole behind his mother, and so little frightened of her seeming anger was he that, putting his hands on her two shoulders, he cooed into her ear:

"Poor old mom!"

She wanted to turn round, but he held her gently.

"When your lovely daughter will be driving in her carriage to see you, and your fine boy Joe in a tall hat, and—"

But the mother laughed outright at the idea of her "fine boy Joe in a tall hat"; and, shaking him from her, she stood up from where she had been sitting looking through the open door, and took a chair by the fire. She gave the pleasant turf a stir with the tongs; it sparkled and blazed up, throwing a welcome glow about the kitchen, which now wanted some light in the fading winter afternoon. Joe took a chair opposite.

"That's just it now, mom! What on earth do Ellie and I want here? Would you rather we'd stay on and see us in rags?" And he drew up the leg of his trousers, which had unmistakably come in contact with a furze bush.

"Oh, 'tis an iron trousers you'd want!" said his mother. "There's no *ho* to you."

"And a few American dollars will buy that," he said. "But now, mom, I know you'd rather see me in broadcloth and a tall hat. Would you not?"

"There's many a one in broadcloth and a tall hat that hasn't an easy mind," said the widow.

"And how many a one milking cows like Ellie at four o'clock in the morning, or down to his ankles in mud in an old drain all the day long like Willie or me, is very happy? Eh, mom?"

She was nonplussed, and began to stir the fire.

"Will you let me say what's in my

mind, mom? There's no use in hiding it. Wouldn't it be better for Ellie and me to try to have some kind of a comfortable life in a free country than to be struggling on here at the mercy of a tyrant—"

"Hush! hush!" said the mother. "Do whatever you like. When youngsters grow up now, there's nothing in their head but America. And maybe many that promised themselves peace and plenty once they got across, would be glad to be back again in the Land of the Cross and the Shamrock. But go, if you wish. All I know is, it wasn't the way when I was young: the father and mother knew they'd have their children to bury them when they'd get old."

This evidently touched Joe; for he turned toward the wall, and put his cap before his face.

In the meantime, just when the mother had risen from her seat near the door to come to the fire, Willie had gone out into the yard, and Ellie had followed him.

"Well, Willie, what do *you* say to the letter?" inquired the sister.

"Burn it!" was the short and impetuous answer.

She drew back. He took a few rapid, passionate steps, and then, relenting, said in a soft tone:

"Ellie, come on!"

When she had overtaken him, he took her by the hand and continued:

"How could you trust him? I, for one, would not trust him from this to the rosebush. That was one reason why I was mad. And I was mad, too, on account of mother. She kept the roof over us, wore herself off her feet working for us. I myself saw her cutting oats there in that garden, by the moonlight. Do you see the way she is broken down? And is it I that should nurse her in her old age, or is it you, Ellie?"

"Then I won't go at all," said the girl. "But I had been thinking of it."

She burst out crying, and she lifted her apron to her eyes. Her brother

was greatly moved; but, restraining his emotion, as indeed was his custom, he patted her hand as it still lay in his, and said:

"O Ellie, the one sad thing would be to make a mistake! Don't keep from me what is in your mind; and if I can do anything, I will."

"Don't you see," she blurted in confession, "the way Grady's son is hanging after me? I know," she went on hesitatingly, "that he'll get his father's place; but I don't want *him* or his father's place, either."

"There is a curse on his father's place and him," said the brother with vehemence. "Never did a man prosper, or his seed or breed, that was hard on the poor. Here, poor little Nell,—here!"

He made a saucer of his hands and held them up, while she put her tear-stained face within them. It was the way they used to do ever since they were children. Then she laid her head on his shoulder, and he stroked her soothingly.

"There, Nell dear!" he went on affectionately. "Go in now, poor little sister, and we'll talk it over again." And, as if he were afraid of himself, he strode with long strides rapidly away from her.

Then his thoughts dwelt on the flow of emigration, and the consequent loss to the country. If put into words, they would amount to this:

"A sheep gives me a lamb: I tend it, rear it, feed it, care for it; and when it is reared and cared for, I give it over to a man to whom I owe nothing, and who will not thank me. A cow calves for me: I have the calf; I tend it, nurse it, feed it, let it out on grass; and when it is two years old, give it to the man to whom I owe absolutely nothing, and who will not thank me. I have a foal: I rear it, care for it, give it oats with its grass, take it in when it is four or five, train it; and when it is trained, give it over to a man who will hardly thank me. That is what England is doing with our peasantry. Gracious heavens!" he cried,

"what a stock of grievances the men of '67 had to urge them on! People starved to death, and corn in plenty leaving the land; the surplus population sent across the ocean in coffin-ships; fever, famine, eviction, death!" But, suddenly checking himself, he exclaimed: "O God help me and give me grace to say 'Thy will be done!' Then taking out his Rosary, the beads slipped through his fingers as he went down the field to open the gap and let the cows come home.

(To be continued.)

When Seumas Mac-an-Ree* played "The Coolun." †

BY CAHAL O'BYRNE.

SECRET silver sighing stirred the naked trees

That leaned to listen there in Cushendall;
Sharp and woe-laden was the wet sea breeze,
Like slender arrows whistling in their fall.
And as about the strings the bow was curled,
Love sobbed its woe out in a dirge of pain,—
A woe that held the weight of all the world,
Of love that had been spilt in golden rain.

And in it was the cry of every Gael

That ever yearned, the sund'ring sea between,
With outstretched arms to raise the misty veil
That hung between him and "Dark Rosaleen."
The singing waters mingled with the strain,

Tumbling afar down steep Lurgaidan's side;
And soft as southwinds through the ripened grain,
Low through Glengariff's glens a banshee cried.

"'Tis the last glimpse of Erin," sigh the strings;
The foam-fringed wave turns back to kiss the shore;

A swift, unbidden teardrop smarts and stings;
A silence long and deep,—the song is o'er.

'Twas Ireland's sad fate was in its wailing,—

A chain of melody that holds her soul,—

A song, a tear, and exile ships a-sailing—

A wan face, patient-eyed, seeking the promised goal.

A Pilgrim Convert in Italy.

BY JOHANNES JÖRGENSEN.

II.

I WAS awake the next morning at a little before six o'clock. There was a knock at the door, and a voice said: "*E tempo di Messa!*" (It is time for Mass.) I heard the birds twittering outside the window; and, on looking at my bed, I saw that the counterpane was covered with cotton of a yellow flowery pattern,—what excessive elegance! The room itself was floored with flagstones, not with boards, like the rest of the monastery.

I began to dress; but in a few moments the cook, who had called me, came back and said: "Signor Giovanni, the Mass is beginning." I hastily thrust my arms into my coat and hurried to the door, which Brother Humilitas pointed out to me. I found that my room was very near the church; I did not notice that the evening before. I had only to go through the little library; close to the library door was the entrance to the church,—to that section of it at least which was in front of the altar; the choir, where prayers were said the previous evening, was behind it.

I entered. Father Silverio was standing before the altar. Brother Secondo was kneeling in one of the ancient stalls. Behind the choir screen, some of the gay handkerchiefs which Italian peasant women are wont to wear on their heads were dimly discernible in the half-light. After the priest's Communion, two of the peasant girls came forward to receive Holy Communion; they remained for a long time kneeling on the lowest step of the altar, motionless, in an attitude of recollection and devotion; not a shadow of change passed over their strongly-marked, regular features.

On returning to my room, I opened the window which Brother Humilitas had shut when he came to tidy the apartment. The wind blew in cold; the sky was overcast;

* A traditional fiddler of Cushendall, County Antrim.

† Moore's "Though the last glimpse of Erin with sorrow I see."

heavy clouds hung over the lofty mountains, whose grey flanks were planted with olive trees and vines, leafless as yet. The town of Grecio lay far off on the other side of the valley. Walking along the road which led thither, I could see three brown-clad figures; they were the three Fathers on their way to the village, where some one had died during the night.

In the refectory a cup of black coffee was served to me, with some slices of toast. Brother Humilitas, who waited on me, in his haste accidentally let the bread fall to the ground. On putting it away, he kissed it, as if to ask its forgiveness. Later on I noticed that before every meal the young novices always kissed the piece of bread which was placed under their serviette. This reverence for our daily bread, and indeed for all that appertains to our earthly existence, or promotes or benefits life, is truly Franciscan. The spirit of the Order is essentially one of reverence; the veneration and love due to God is extended to all His creatures for His sake.

I soon left the refectory and adjourned to the library, next to my bed-chamber. There in simple presses, behind wire netting, were hundreds of volumes, both Latin and Italian, bound in parchment. I took down several of them, amongst others a small, beautifully printed collection of St. Bonaventure's lesser writings. I opened it at random, and read an edifying description of "The Different Grades and Works of Humility."

After replacing the little volume in the press, I went again to the window. The clouds had come down on the grey mountains, and would soon hide the town of Grecio from view. The country looked bare and deserted; no one was to be seen save a solitary peasant down in the valley, walking slowly along under a huge green umbrella. The fog was quite dense outside the window where I was standing. Not a sound was to be heard except the heavy downpour of the rain. I was a prisoner in my monastic solitude.

I looked at my watch: it was only half-past nine. It was cold in my room, so I put on my overcoat and began to walk up and down. But there was no space to move about in the narrow apartment; and finally, with ice-cold feet and benumbed fingers, I seated myself in front of the small, rickety writing-table in the library. Before me various books and pamphlets were lying; among them was one which excited my interest,—a work by Padre Benedetto Spila, entitled, "The Reformed Franciscan Monasteries in the Roman Province."

By reform in the Franciscan Order, a reform of discipline, not of doctrine, is, of course, to be understood. Each century has witnessed such reforms, necessitated by the constant propensity of fallen man to fix a lower standard for himself. Even during the lifetime of St. Francis there were some of his younger disciples who desired the austerity of the Rule to be relaxed, particularly in respect to the strict evangelical poverty which the saint required his followers to observe. After his death the Order was divided into two camps: the Conventuals, or relaxed; and the Spirituals, or the monks of the strict observance. These latter rallied round the senior friars—the *compagni* of the saint,—and most of all round Brother Leo, the confessor, secretary, confidant and intimate friend of Francis, the living fount of pure and genuine Franciscan traditions; and to them, at their petition, were handed over the oldest and poorest houses of the Order—*loca paupercula, nec minus devota*,—poor little places, but for that none the less sacred. Life here at Grecio is restricted to the simplest wants; there is little to mark the days as they pass: prayer, work, such refreshment of the body as is absolutely necessary,—this is all, besides the pure, quiet happiness of living together in brotherly love; or, as an old Franciscan writer expresses it, "through Francis to be one in Christ."

Several hours passed quickly by whilst I was studying Padre Spila's book. One

has abundance of time for work in a religious house: first, the long morning and forenoon, from eight o'clock, when one has had coffee, until a quarter to twelve, when the bell rings for prayers in the choir and afterward for the midday meal; then the whole afternoon, until the Angelus rings at about a quarter-past seven, when all assemble for prayers in the church. And after supper, and recreation in the common room, there is still time that can be made use of before going to bed. No wonder, then, that voluminous works like those of the Benedictine monks, or the "Annals of the Friars Minor," have been compiled in the cloister.

After dinner I lay down to sleep awhile. A siesta forms part of the daily routine of a well-ordered monastery. Moreover, the weather was still inclement and rough; the wind had risen and was driving the rain in sheets across the deserted plain. Towering above the cultivated mountain sides, clothed with verdant fields, still leafless oaks, and poplars in their fresh young green, the naked mountain ridge rose bleak and grey, washed clean by heavy rains and furrowed by many a small watercourse.

On awaking from my midday slumber, I found that the rain had ceased. It had made a vast lake of the meadows in the valley. There were now gleams of bright sunshine, which gilded the distant towers of Rieti or illumined the reddish-brown hills that shut in the valley on the south.

I left my room and went into the chapel, where I found Brother Secondo on his knees, with a cat reposing at his feet. The cat purred contentedly, while Fra Secondo occasionally whispered a word to her.

I slipped out again noiselessly, and stepped onto the terrace before the chapel. Going down a few steps, I came to the little chapel erected on the spot where the Crib once stood. It was so dark inside that at first I could see nothing; but when my eyes became accustomed to the dark-

ness, I perceived that I was in a small, vaulted room, and that facing the door, and close to it, was an altar, above which was a Madonna of fourteenth-century work, with the Divine Child and St. Joseph. To the left, in the darkest corner of all, was a highly interesting fresco, representing the Christmas night in Greccio when, at St. Francis' desire, Our Lord's Nativity was solemnly celebrated in the forest in as realistic a manner as possible, in the presence of a great crowd of devout worshippers. I examined the fresco closely by the light of a candle, and was much charmed with the countenance of the saint; the happy smile, the almost lamb-like expression resting on it, agrees well with what Thomas of Celano says in the familiar legend.

Another work of art, still more remarkable than the fresco, is preserved in the monastery of Greccio. It is a portrait of St. Francis painted in his lifetime, by command of the Lady Giacomina dei Settecoli. The Father Guardian took me to see it. It is placed above the altar of a small chapel opening out of the entrance hall of the monastery, and concealed by a curtain. The figure of the saint is short and slight, the countenance emaciated and worn; all the stigmata are plainly marked, excepting that of the left hand, which holds a handkerchief to the face. In this same chapel are preserved a few relics of St. Francis. A small devotional picture, which he was in the habit of carrying about with him, is interesting as testifying to his love for the Christmas festival. It is an enamel painting of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph adoring the new-born Infant Jesus. Beside it stands a small, extremely simple brass crucifix, as well as two equally unpretentious brass candlesticks which were used whenever Brother Leo, or any other priest of the Order, said Mass for Brother Francis.

While visiting the curiosities of the monastery, the Father Guardian took me to the cell formerly inhabited by the

saint,—a room now perfectly dark, a wall having been built before it; originally it was a cavern in the rock. In order to give me a better idea of what the cell was, my guide led me up above the convent, through a narrow path that ran along the face of the rock. There he opened a trapdoor in the ground, gathered his brown habit closely round him, and descended some rough steps hewn in the live rock. I followed him, and we found ourselves standing in the cave where Blessed John of Parma shut himself up for thirty-two years, to pray, fast, and do penance. It is a kind of gigantic, cup-like shell, formed by Nature's hand, set upright and built into the rock. It is not high enough for a man to stand up in, and how any one could contrive to sleep there is incomprehensible, as it would be impossible to stretch oneself out in it. Seeing this grotto, I understood why Giotto always represents the disciples of St. Francis in such strange postures when sleeping,—crouched down, their back bent, their knees drawn up. May we not conclude that the artist, himself a Franciscan Tertiary, visited these lowly hermitages, and carefully observed the manner of life of those brethren who kept up the traditions of the heroic age of the Order?

In front of the cell, on a projection of the rock, stands a tiny chapel, or rather a short, narrow, open portico, with an altar at one end and a stone bench at the other, and above a scanty roof resting on wooden pillars. From this spot one has a most magnificent and extensive view over the vale of Rieti. At the moment of which I speak, it was wrapped in a light, warm haze of ethereal blue. There, at that altar, Father Pacifico told me, Blessed John of Parma said Mass daily. A lay-brother used to come down to minister to him. One day when the brother failed to make his appearance, an angel took his place, and served the Mass.

At my request, Father Pacifico left me

alone in the tiny chapel. A bit of wall with a low door in it shuts it off from the grotto, into which I returned, to gaze once more with amazement and almost horror at the bare, rugged rock which for thirty-two years formed the bed of the sainted friar. And when I emerged again into the light—that wondrous light wherein the setting sun of Italy bathes mountain and valley,—I tried to realize what was the life led by Blessed John, and many other solitaries both in earlier and later times.

That very morning, while it was raining, my time had hung heavy on my hands, and I had thought it a grievance to sit shut up in a small, unheated room, and read hour after hour, shivering with cold. How should I have relished being, not in the sheltered cell of a convent, surrounded by books, but in an open grotto, exposed to the rage of the elements, myself bare-foot, clad in a tattered habit, my library consisting of a Breviary and a crucifix? And, then, to live there not for a few days or weeks, but year after year, for a whole lifetime! It is almost impossible for the ordinary Christian to imagine a life of such self-mortification, such extraordinary fervor.

While we were sitting round the fire on the evening of that day, Father Pacifico brought in a relic which I had heard was in his possession: the much-talked-of iron for making Hosts which St. Francis gave to the monastery of Greccio. It consists of two round plates of iron, somewhat resembling tongs, with a long handle on each side, and is considered a curiosity as well as a precious relic of the saint. It was passed from hand to hand as we sat there, and I closely examined the stamp on one of the two circular plates. The design on the upper surface of the altar breads is now usually either a crucifix, an *Agnus Dei*, or the monogram I. H. S. But neither of these is on this thirteenth-century mould: only flourishes and some letters, which none of those present seemed able to explain. So far as

I could discern in the fitful firelight, the letters appeared to be the first three letters of the name of Jesus in Greek—I. H. C.,—the bar of the H having been omitted, it would seem, for the sake of the ornamental flourishes.

My time at Grecio was now almost at an end. I had been there three days, and on the morrow I must move on. The evening meal was finished, and we had been in the chapel to give thanks. Before supper I heard for the last time the cheery voices of the three Fathers call to me across the table, after the friendly Franciscan custom: "*Buona sera, Signor Giovanni, e buon appetito!*" And while in the chapel I heard for the last time the curfew bell ring out over the valley,—the bell whose iron tongue was afterward silent until it rang out next morning to call us to the early Mass.

This was the last evening that Fra Giuseppe would shovel up the glowing embers from the hearth for my warming-pan; and I fancied he conducted me to my room and brought me hot water more ceremoniously than before. Then he went away; and I opened my window as on my first night at Grecio, and leaned out. No stars were to be seen: all was shrouded in darkness; only in the far distance I could discern a glimpse of the electric light in Rieti.

On the following morning I was awakened by the sound of the bell ringing for first Mass. It was a quarter-past five. I rose at once. It had rained during the night, but the clouds were clearing off; the sun shone brightly over the verdant plain below, and the birds were singing in the convent garden. Through the library, the door of which Fra Giuseppe must have left open the night before, the Father Guardian's voice reached my ear: "*Gloria in excelsis Deo!*" I hastened into the chapel.

After Mass I bade farewell to my little room, to the library, and to the lovely view of the town of Rieti and the undulating hills beyond, seen from its two small

windows. The Father Guardian came to the refectory to say good-bye, and I took leave of Brother Humilitas. I did not see the others. Then down I regretfully went by the same steps, on the same path up which I had come only three days before,—could it possibly not have been longer ago! On my way I met peasants going up to hear Mass,—boys and young men, with handsome, innocent-looking faces, clear olive complexions, black eyes and hair; sturdy, well-set-up, well-mannered young fellows. I could not help thinking it would be no bad exchange for me were I as good a man, as good a Catholic as these simple sons of the soil.

Presently I came down into the valley, past the spring where the women were washing linen three days ago. Again and again I turned to look back at the monastery, at its olive-tinted walls, and the new part which is white. At last, as I got farther down the ravine, it disappeared behind the wood of oak and laurel. Out beyond in the wide plain the rain of last night had left big expanses of water; their surface gleamed like burnished silver. The air began to feel warm. I had to quicken my pace in order to reach Rieti in time for the train. As I went on I heard once more from afar the strangely solemn sound of the Grecio bells.

(To be continued.)

WERE the Church a mere human institution, and were her theology the outcome of human ideas and feelings, it is very probable that the confessional would never have been instituted, seeing how intensely repugnant the whole thing is to the natural man. But, being what she is, and possessing the knowledge, the truer and deeper knowledge, of human nature which she does, the institution of the confessional became an inevitable necessity; seeing that it is by its means alone that the full benefits of the divine work of redemption could be applied to the human soul, and that man could be saved from himself.—*J. Godfrey Raupert.*

The Mayflower at the Gulch.

BY JENNIE MAY.

I.

RUTH MASON descended from the roof of the Claremont Flats—the “loggia” she called it when in a facetious mood,—with her arms full of freshly dried linen. On entering the combination kitchen and dining-room of the fourth floor back, she found her mother engaged in a frantic search for her spectacles.

“Another letter from Dick!” cried Mrs. Mason. “Land’s sakes, where can those pesky glasses be?”

“Let me have the letter, mother,” said Ruth, who was calm and dignified, a great contrast to her fussy little parent. “It is from Uncle Cal, not from Dick.”—looking at the superscription. “And, O mother, listen to what he says!

“MY DEAR HESTER:—Dick tells me that Niece Ruth has obtained a certificate as teacher in York State, but that she can not find a situation. Now, we have built a fine little school-house here this summer, and we are looking for a sensible schoolma’am to train the young hopefuls of Copper Gulch in the way they should go. Society at the Gulch is still in a crude state, and the schoolma’am aforesaid will miss the tea meetings, gossiping bees, and other social diversions of the effete East. However, if Niece Ruth accepts the job which I am authorized by the other trustees to offer her, the pay is sixty-five dollars a month, and she can board with her old uncle free, gratis, and for nothing. As for yourself, you could go and visit at the old homestead back in Vermont till we see how things pan out. Take time to think over it,—say a week or ten days.

“Your affectionate brother,

“CALVIN BENTLEY.

“P. S.—Dick is as fit as a fiddle; he has gone into the foothills with a party of prospectors.”

Both women were silent for several minutes after the perusal of this characteristic epistle. Mrs. Mason, who had discovered the truant spectacles between the leaves of her Testament, sat in the rocking-chair, polishing their already brilliant lenses on her gingham apron. As for Ruth, she stood by the table, thinking rapidly.

Their stock of money was getting low; and, although she obtained an occasional week’s employment as a substitute, a permanent engagement seemed no nearer now than it did six months ago. Then there was Dick, the delicate young brother whom, on the doctor’s advice, they had sent out to kind Uncle Calvin some two months before. He was outgrowing his strength, and his lungs were not up to the mark, the professional gentleman had said. A trip to the West would do him a world of good. So the two loving women had let him go, though with many misgivings. He needed a sister’s care, thought Ruth; and her dear mother would be all right for a time with Aunt Mehitabel, visiting among the friends of her youth.

“I have decided to accept, mother,” she said at last, breaking the silence.

Mrs. Mason acquiesced. She, too, rejoiced that her beloved Dick would have some one to look after him.

“But what will Thornton Best say to your going West, Ruthie?” she asked.

The girl reddened. Thornton Best was her fiancé, and she knew very well that her leaving New York would be regarded by him with disfavor.

“I can not help what he thinks, mother,” she replied. “My mind is quite made up.”

Miss Mason was not a person to let the grass grow under her feet, once she had taken a decision. She replied to her uncle at once, accepting his offer, and set about disposing of their scanty stock of furniture,—not a very difficult task.

She had a rather stormy interview with her betrothed, a slim, fair, goody-

goody young man, who affected a drawling manner of speaking because he fancied that it gave his words more weight. He taught a class in the Sabbath school of the First Church, as also did Ruth; and the two were members of various societies for the distribution of free Bibles and tracts to the South Sea Islanders and other amiable heathens. Their friends thought that they seemed well fitted for each other, as both took an interest in such serious matters. Ruth, however, did not allow her fancé's representations to alter her decision in the matter of going West, so perhaps there was a slight coolness between the pair when they bade each other good-bye.

Ruth saw her mother comfortably domiciled with her aunt before setting out to 'seek her fortune,' as she laughingly called it. Five days later she felt little inclined to laugh when she stepped off the train at Copper Gulch, and noted the one long street, with its array of wooden houses and shacks. Some were altogether devoid of paint; others appeared as if the artist responsible for their decoration had been on the lookout for the most startling combinations of color. To the girl's eye everything seemed flat, stale, and unprofitable. Dick was still away in the foothills; and, though her uncle gave her a warm welcome, she was utterly heartsick and miserable when they arrived at the nondescript structure which its owner dignified by the name of "Bentley's Bower."

"Here we are!" exclaimed Uncle Cal, in his bluff fashion. "And here is Mrs. Luke with tea waiting for us, I'll be bound,—Mrs. Luke Dillon, my dear, who runs the general store and bosses every man, woman, and child in the Gulch."

"Don't mind him, Miss Mason," said a soft, laughing voice; and Ruth found herself drawn gently into a pleasant, airy little nest of a room, with snow-white hangings on bed and windows.

"Uncle Cal must be joking," thought the girl; for certainly the little lady

whom he called Mrs. Luke looked anything but masterful. She was fairylike as Titania; and, as she removed Ruth's hat and assisted her with her toilet, she chatted away gaily, chiefly about Dick and the great improvement in his health. She felt very sorry for her companion; for she well remembered her own feelings of utter desolation when she and Luke had landed at Copper Gulch, some eight years previously.

By the time tea had been disposed of, Ruth felt a little less homesick. She noticed that the table appointments, though plain, were clean and homelike, and the living-room fairly comfortable. Inwardly she gave the credit for this to the little lady sitting opposite to her.

Ruth was not to know for a long time how much she really was indebted to Mrs. Dillon. When that good Samaritan had heard from Uncle Cal of his niece's pending arrival, she had laid down the law to her easy-going old friend in a very positive fashion. The result was that the chief decorations of the "Bower," consisting mainly of empty tin cans of various sizes and patterns, were dumped into a neighboring ravine. The services of a Chinaman were called into requisition, and Wung Lee used whitewash and scrub brush with an unsparing hand. Then a couch, bookcase, bedroom furniture, dishes, linen, draperies and carpet, besides many other things which Mrs. Luke considered the necessities of life, were bought. Uncle Cal protested outwardly that the little lady was ruining him; inwardly he rejoiced at the prospect of living in civilized fashion once more.

Now, Mrs. Luke Dillon did all these things partly out of regard for genial, boyish Dick, who was a universal favorite, but mostly from the kindly impulse of a Christian heart.

The school term started in the following week, and our heroine soon discovered that she would have little time to indulge in *mal de pays*. Her pupils were of assorted sizes, nationalities, and disposi-

tions. There were dark-haired, soft-eyed Mexicans, golden-haired Swedes, children from all parts of the British Isles, together with a fair sprinkling of native Americans. Copper Gulch possessed no church of any denomination. On Sundays, the Dillons and a few Irish families, besides all the Mexicans, drove seven miles to hear Mass at Tuscon.

Ruth, who was very conscientious, assembled all the Protestant children whom she could coax or bribe at the Bower on Sabbath afternoons, when she read Bible stories or instructed them in a few elementary Christian truths. She wrote about this to Thornton Best in New York; and that gentleman responded, in a rather pompous manner, that he had placed the spiritual needs of Copper Gulch before the mission board of the First Church.

Miss Mason was a favorite with both parents and pupils, and the cowboys regarded her with something akin to reverence. Her fair, gentle prettiness, a certain prim neatness of dress and appearance, together with her New-England origin, caused them to bestow upon her the sobriquet of the "Mayflower." She was the pride of old Calvin Bentley's heart. It was wonderful to see "Careless Cal" hang up his soft felt in the little entry and scrape his shoes on the mat when he entered the precincts of the Bower, which was now beginning to grow worthy of its name.

Ruth's friendship with Mrs. Luke grew apace, and many of her evenings were spent in the pleasant sitting-room behind the general store. The little lady had been a convent graduate in the East, and she was as cultivated in mind as she was amiable in disposition. The girl felt many of her old prejudices against Catholics disappear as she became more intimate with that refined family circle. There were two little girls of whom she became very fond; but the pupil that occupied the first place in her heart was a little Mexican—Carmela Diaz.

Carmela had come to the neighborhood

with her father two years before, and they had taken possession of a miserable, half-ruined adobe on the trail to Las Nivas. Prospero Diaz had a rather shady reputation. It was whispered that he had left his country—old Mexico—for his country's good, and that his wife had died of a broken heart. She had belonged to a most respectable family, and had fallen in love with the handsome face of Prospero Diaz, and married him against her parents' wishes. The poor soul had a very bitter awakening. Her husband made a precarious living in underhand ways; and, though he was never actively unkind to her, it was worry and privation that gradually undermined her health. After her death her people came forward and proposed that they should take charge of the little Carmela. The father insolently refused their offer, for he loved the child with a fierce, passionate love; though he often left her for twenty-four hours at a time, while indulging his appetite for gambling at the faro rooms of the Gulch. Everyone pitied Carmela, who had a sweet, gentle disposition and the face of an angel. It was her beauty that first attracted Ruth. She often took the poor waif home with her after school hours, and taught her how to mend her clothes and do simple household tasks. It was characteristic of her high sense of honor that she never tried to tamper with the child's simple faith.

"Are you never afraid, Carmela," she asked her one day, "at night when your father does not come home?"

"No, *Señorita*," was the reply. "I have my two mothers in heaven, you know. They always watch over me."

"Your two mothers?" said Ruth, in a puzzled voice.

"Yes, *Señorita*: my own dear mamma who died, and Mary, the Mother of Our Lord."

"Would you like to go to heaven yourself, Carmela?"

"Well, you know, I could not leave poor *papacito*. And, then, it is like heaven in your house, *Señorita*."

II.

Bob Dillon left the San Patricio Ranch at daybreak one fine morning in early summer, and rode along the trail around the hills toward Copper Gulch. He had not seen his brother Luke for almost a year; for it had been a busy time in the cattle country, and all the ranches were short-handed. Old Sol was climbing the heavens slowly, and Bob's thoughts were in harmony with the glorious promise of the fair June day. Dear old Luke! how pleased he would be, and Margaret too, to say nothing of Gracie and Nellie, his "fairy goddaughters," as he called them! But it was Luke principally whom he longed to see; for there had been only the two brothers in the family. Their mother had died in their infancy, and at their father's death they had decided to go West. Luke, who was not very strong and hardly fitted for a life on the plains, opened a general store at the Gulch, where he prospered. But Robert was a born ranchman, and never so happy as when in the saddle.

It was early afternoon when he slackened rein at the "Dutchman's," the euphonious name of Copper Gulch's largest hostelry. Walter Lindsay, "Whoop-up-Watt," whose antipathy for "biled shirts" was notorious, actually stood out in front of the hotel, in store clothes and a stand-up collar. Presently he was joined by three other cowboys, all dressed in the same fashion. The four looked exceedingly uncomfortable.

"What's up, Watt?" inquired Bob, curiously, as he dismounted.

"That you, Babe?"—in that land of nicknames, Bob's length of limb and width of shoulder had earned for him the sobriquet of "Babe." "We are going to the closing exercises at the schoolhouse," continued Watt, with dignity.

"Closing exercises?" Bob repeated, in astonishment.

Mr. Lindsay explained that Miss Mason, the new school-teacher, was responsible

for the innovation. For weeks she had toiled in order to bring her pupils to the proper pitch of perfection, so the Gulch felt bound to turn out *en masse* to do honor to the occasion. The cowboys, to a man, were arrayed like Solomon in all his glory.

"Here's Miss Mason now!" he said, as a bewildering vision in white muslin with fluttering ribbons came rapidly down the street and passed them with a smile and a nod. "What do you think of the new addition to our scenery, Babe?"

But Babe was just then speechless. Miss Mason had given the little group a second swift glance, and it was directed at him. Most feminine eyes regarded with approval his fine, sunburned face and six inches of brawn and muscle; so there was no reason why he should be "knocked all of a heap by a glint of the little schoolma'am's e'en," as Scotty, the other cowboy, expressed it afterward.

"Cheer up, old fellow," said Whoop-up, encouragingly. "You have every chance to go in and win; for she and Mrs. Luke are as thick as—as flies on a molasses barrel,"—the graphic, if homely simile, having been inspired by the sight of an empty keg standing near.

Just then there was a quick scurry of little feet, and two fairies in white jumped into Robert Dillon's arms.

"Uncle Bob!—it is Uncle Bob!" cried Nellie.

"Our giant godfather!" said Gracie, with a loving hug.

"Where are you going, midgets?" he inquired.

"We are going to the closin' exercises," answered Gracie, composedly. "Me and Nellie—no, Nellie and I—are going to sing a quartette—I mean a duet, the 'Birdies' Wedding.'"

"You come and hear us, Uncle Bob!" begged Nellie.

"Uncle Bob is not dressed," demurred Gracie, who was a bit of a coquette.

"Never mind! Uncle Bob is just lovely,

no matter how he is dressed," said Nellie, staunchly.

Bob kissed the true-hearted little flatterer, and then marched up to the schoolhouse with one small niece perched on each shoulder. It was in this fashion he made the acquaintance of "Teacher."

The entertainment passed off very well. The children sang in chorus something about "the bees and birds and flowers in leafy, sylvan bowers"; and "gay vacation time in this most favored clime." The Dillon twins acquitted themselves creditably, and a big boy recited a comic selection that greatly pleased the audience, not a critical one, it must be allowed. Then a little Mexican girl sang a pretty song, to her youthful brother's accompaniment on the guitar. A tall girl of fourteen read an essay on some abstruse subject, which nobody understood, but everybody considered fine. Marches and drills were interspersed here and there; and, after another chorus in which the word "Good-bye" was repeated in every cadence from *forte* to *pianissimo*, the young performers prepared to leave the stage.

Then the sheriff of San Bruno County rose to his feet. He congratulated the children on their histrionic ability, but especially did he congratulate their teacher, Miss Mason, who had given up brilliant prospects in the East in order to devote her energies to the welfare of Copper Gulch's future citizens. (Loud cheering at this.) And as Ruth, her cheeks flushed with nervousness and pleasure, her eyes shining like stars, bowed her acknowledgments, there was a burst of applause that almost brought down the roof.

Mrs. Luke captured her and carried her home to spend the evening. Her uncle and brother Dick were both away in the mountains, prospecting. Dick had made up his mind that he was going to make his home in the West. He had grown from a puny stripling to a vigorous young man. His presence had been a great comfort to his sister through the long winter months, and the two wrote many

cheerful letters to Mrs. Mason at the old homestead in Vermont. The girl had saved most of her salary; and as Dick had been taken into partnership by his uncle, there was talk of his going back East to bring out the little mother.

It was a happy party that gathered around Mrs. Luke's cosy supper table that night. That hospitable lady was worried because her brother-in-law Bob displayed so poor an appetite after his long ride; although his devoted nieces, one on each side, heaped his plate with dainties.

After tea there was music. Mrs. Luke possessed a piano of which the Gulch was inordinately proud, and Bob's mellow tenor joined in with her clear soprano as they sang song after song. Presently, as Ruth sat gazing dreamily out at the moonlit garden, two soft little voices reached her ear:

As the dewy shades of even
Gather o'er the balmy air,
Listen, gentle Queen of Heaven,—
Listen to our vesper prayer!

She looked over at the singers. Their innocent eyes were raised as if in prayer, their small hands folded. What a beautiful idea it was to teach young hearts to place themselves under the protection of Mary, that model of all purity! The words of Ellen's petition in "The Lady of the Lake" came to her mind:

Maiden, hear a maiden's prayer!
Mother, hear a suppliant child!

She glanced at Robert Dillon, and noticed with wonder that his eyes were full of tears, and—he was looking directly at her.

The mother retiring presently to put her little ones to bed, the two were left alone. Luke looked in upon them occasionally, but he was busy in the store. They conversed upon various subjects; and Ruth had to admit to herself that she had seldom met a young man so well informed, though he laughingly told her that as a boy he had shown more affinity for baseball than for his studies. She blushed at finding herself comparing his

lively, pleasant conversation with the stilted platitudes of Thornton Best.

Mrs. Luke, returning, found them apparently such good friends that she could not help saying to herself: "What a couple they would make, if only Ruth were a Catholic!" I am afraid the little lady was a matchmaker at heart; but, then, what happy wife is not?

(Conclusion next week.)

Catholic Interests at the Antipodes.

NOT the least interesting contribution to the special number of the *Austral Light* magazine, issued in connection with the episcopal Silver Jubilee of Archbishop Carr, of Melbourne, is Mr. Benjamin Hoare's "Twenty Years of Catholic Education." Of particular interest we have found the writer's quotations from a Protestant prelate of Australia. Our readers have so often seen appreciative non-Catholic opinions of the Catholic educational idea cited in these pages, that we should feel diffident about reproducing these latest testimonies were it not for the geographical circumstance. Mr. Hoare's paper emphasizes the fact that, the world over, "from China to Peru," fair-minded men recognize the correctness of the Church's stand on the subject of education, and admit, moreover, the constructive injustice which forces, as in this free country, conscientious Catholics to support public schools from which they derive no benefit, their children being trained in the parochial schools which the paramount interest of their lives makes absolutely indispensable.

Speaking of Archbishop Carr's abundantly blessed labors in the educational field, the *Austral Light* contributor says:

We must not suppose that these labors have been disregarded by those outside of our pale. The spectacle of our growth is one upon which non-Catholics look, sometimes with envy, sometimes with admiration, always with wonder. Many times has our Catholic zeal been met with

petulant complaints against a Church whose members "refused to fall into line with their fellow-citizens, standing isolated and apart." At other times, as in the case of Bishop Moorhouse, the Catholic example was quoted as one which others should follow. His Lordship said:

"I will not join in the howls against Rome. . . . Can I forget that Roman Catholics, with all their errors, love my Redeemer; and that, having such love, they are nearer to my heart than the most enlightened Secularist who reviles or disowns Him? Let others do as they please; I will never unite with the Secularist against Rome to keep Christ out of the schools of this colony. I still advocate, therefore, the making, in some form, a grant to Roman Catholics for secular results. I seek this change, not as a churchman but as a Christian and a citizen."

On another occasion, when before the Royal Commission, the same prelate said:

"When I came to this colony, as the gentlemen of this board must remember, I proposed that a separate grant should be made to Roman Catholics. I did that upon this ground: I thought they felt the conscientious objection to secular or undenominational religious teaching more strongly than all other citizens of this land. I was asked: 'Why do you say that?' And I am afraid that my answer was a very practical one. I said: 'I measure a man's convictions by the depth to which he will thrust his hands into his pockets.' I find the other denominations have given up their schools. I find the Catholics have kept theirs on, and are paying twice over for the education of their children. They pay their share of the education rate, which ought to free their children; and, after paying that, they pay all which the education of their children costs in their separate schools. And I think that men who do that prove that there is a great stress upon their conscience; and I said: 'If this stress is exceptional, the indulgence should be so, too.'"

Some thirty-five years ago, the Protestants of Australia were so far from partaking of these generous sentiments of Dr. Moorhouse, that the secularization of the State schools was advocated on this ground, among others, that it would "rend the Catholics asunder." As a matter of historical fact, the directly contrary purpose has been achieved: Catholics are far more unified than they formerly were, and their own schools are in a splendidly flourishing condition. Mr. Hoare is human, so the conclusion of his paper is intelligible enough:

But what of the Protestant churches and churchmen who leagued themselves together in 1872 to "rend Catholics asunder"? How do they fare after thirty-five years of secular teaching? What sort of a generation have they produced for themselves? Do we not hear from every non-Catholic pulpit sad wailings over empty pews and non-church-goers? Are we not told by these very people that their churches are empty, and their parishioners indifferent to all religious doctrine? With such a concurrence of testimony, can we doubt of its truth? And if things be so, is it not the very crop that would be naturally expected out of a generation of secular education? If you teach a boy five days a week that this world is of supreme consequence, and that the other can take its chance, what right have you to hope that he will develop into a fervent Christian?

The non-Catholic denominations sold themselves to Secularism over thirty years ago. They sowed then a crop in a blighting spite against Catholics. They are reaping it now in a generation which refuses to listen to their preaching. They cursed "Rome," and their curses, like young chickens, have come home to roost.

We cherish no animosities. Our non-Catholic friends acted according to their lights and their guidance. We directed our sure steps according to the direction of an infallible Church. That we have reaped success through many sacrifices is a purely natural result. That they have encountered failure and disappointment is just what was foreseen. They simply sowed the wind of paganism amongst their young, and have reaped the whirlwind of irreligious indifference. We have given of our substance for the maintenance of our faith, and that faith is dearer to us than ever before. The battle is far from ended. The warfare is continued. They who once clamored for Secularism in order to destroy us, are now equally claimant for their own religious teaching, to be given at our expense. But we are as sure of our way as ever, and just as certain of the futility of that of our opponents. What we have done and paid and suffered in the past has invigorated us to face the future. We do it with cheerfulness, confidence and courage.

The world is comparatively small, after all; and human nature with its multiplex problems is much the same in Southern as in Northern latitudes. This Australian writer indeed might be discussing educational matters in Milwaukee instead of Melbourne, so true is it that the paramount interests of humanity are everywhere identical.

Notes and Remarks.

There is encouragement and inspiration for Belgian American Catholics in every word of the sermon delivered at the dedication, last month, of a new Belgian church in Chicago, by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Maes, of Covington, Ky., himself a copatriot of De Smet, Seghers, and many other priests and prelates whose names are "writ large" in the history of the Church in the United States. After referring to the great opportunities here presented, the Bishop dwelt upon the responsibilities resting upon Catholics in general and Belgian Catholics in particular. He exhorted his hearers to preserve the faith as a most precious inheritance, and to propagate it by the example of a fervent Christian life. There was incentive for them in the history of their native land, and in contemplating the blessings now showered upon it they would find abundant encouragement:

Your faith is an unbroken inheritance of sixteen hundred years. Your forefathers have never forfeited the faith once delivered to the saints. Whilst they shared the common lot of all Catholics, and had to carry the cross in the wake of our crucified Redeemer; whilst they were at times persecuted for justice' sake, they remained ever true to the indefectible Church of Christ. And look at the glory of Belgium to-day! Your fatherland in this enlightened century presents the unique position of a thoroughly Catholic land, proud of its faith and practising it, the government of which is true to Catholic principles and acting on Catholic lines. Its agricultural, industrial, and commercial prosperity eclipses, when you take its size into account, the modern progress of every other nation on earth. . . . There is not a national hero in your history who has not been a faithful son of Mother Church. There is not a halo of greatness surrounding the head of Fleming man or woman that is not made the brighter for the light of the divine faith which they loved and practised, from Breydel and DeConinck and Artevelde to Kaiser Karel; from Justus Lipsius to Vader David and Conscience and Gezelle.

As was to be expected, the German Centre Party and the German Catholic

papers unequivocally condemn the proposal of Prince Bülow, at the opening of the Prussian Diet, to extend the persecution of the Poles,—to assail their social and political rights, their language, and their right to the ownership of the soil. The attitude of German Catholics on the subject is adequately portrayed in this extract from the *Kölnische Volkszeitung*:

We shall see what success will attend Prussia's latest plans. We believe they will all fail as former measures have failed. It is well, upon an occasion of this kind, to bear in mind that there is such a thing as Divine Justice. In our time and in a civilized State during peace, never has such an outrage on justice been attempted by any nation. An outrage so gross will assuredly be punished, for God's justice is distinctly provoked by such a legislative proposal. Let the Prussian statesmen think of this,—men who oftentimes put people to death as if they were commissioners of the Almighty and justly had the right to represent the God of Heaven.

We agree with our German contemporary. Poland, the "Knight-Errant of Chivalry," as Wendell Phillips characterized her, will not be successfully despoiled by this latest project of her insatiable oppressor.

Considering that, in his Encyclical on Modernism and his more recent Allocution, Pius X. commends errors which are fundamentally opposed to Christianity, it is hard to understand how any one calling himself a Christian could be found to criticise, much less to condemn, the Pope. "Plain men, if they happen to be Christians, whether Catholic or Protestant," says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "should be grateful to Pius X. for his outspoken condemnation of views which are incompatible with belief in the historical truth of the fundamental doctrines of the Christian faith."

An opinion which will probably run counter to the belief of a good many surface-readers of a trio of nineteenth-century English litterateurs is expressed by Mr. Thomas Dale, who discusses, in the *Month*, "Latent Catholicism in Certain

Oxford Writers." Mr. Dale clearly believes that the underlying ethos, the habitual character and disposition, of many an Oxonian has been and is undeniably Catholic. Speaking of himself and his fellow-undergraduates, he says:

Three writers greatly influenced our minds in the direction of the Catholic faith. These were Ruskin, Matthew Arnold, two of Oxford's representative products; and Browning, an adopted son of Oxford. It is notable that these writers were obviously influenced by that Catholic ethos of Oxford of which I have written. We often see with what ease Oxford converts breathe the atmosphere of the Church and enter into her system. It seems to me that as the artist dealing with objects that suggest or connote religious ideas seems obliged to assume the Catholic faith as an axiom, so do those writers in reality start from Catholic philosophy, and thus unconsciously guide thoughtful readers back to Catholic truth and faith. Although of the three writers mentioned there is more of a Catholic atmosphere in Browning and Ruskin, yet I think that Matthew Arnold was, as a guide to the Church, at once the most unconscious and the most effective of them all.

It would be comparatively easy for any reader familiar with the writers mentioned to quote specific passages militating against the view held by Mr. Dale; but this does not necessarily imply that the general trend of their written message did not help rather than injure the cause of Catholicism. Scott was not consciously prejudiced in favor of the Church, yet Newman averred that his historical novels did her excellent service, notwithstanding.

Socialism, and the proper attitude of Catholics toward the economic theories which the word connotes, continue to occupy considerable space in our British contemporaries. As a summary of very much that has been written on the subject, the following statement of the *Glasgow Observer* impresses us as being safe and sane:

There is always the risk that Catholics advocating social reforms, under the name of Socialism, are giving the impact of their advocacy to the furtherance of a system which literally, and in its full extension, is an anti-

Catholic and irreligious movement, and one which would, if it came to prevail, undoubtedly penalize, and probably endeavor to extirpate, Catholic teaching in these countries.

The position, then, seems to be that the Catholic who joins the quasi-Socialistic movement in Great Britain is turning a wheel which may help to bring him some desirable and just social reforms, but which undoubtedly—if it should run the full circle—will bring about disadvantages and disabilities to the Church, which no loyal Catholic could assist in encompassing. The proper course, we think, is for Catholics to work for every legitimate social reform by every available legitimate means; but to keep themselves free of the entanglements of the Socialist name so long as Socialism means Secularism, or implies the even worse attributes that have been justly imputed (indeed proved) to be the inherent, inseparable, integral components of a full-blooded Socialist campaign.

Social reforms—multiplied and multifarious—are desirable in many lands; Socialism, as a specific civil polity, is condemnable in all of them.

While it is entirely unnecessary to attribute major importance to foreign estimates of American conditions and tendencies, it is none the less interesting occasionally to see ourselves through the glasses of outside and more or less impartial critics. Mr. Sydney Brooks, for instance, is at least readable if not exactly accurate in this pen-picture of the state of things now prevailing in our Republic. It appears in the *Fortnightly Review*, in a paper entitled "The Significance of Mr. Hearst":

The inadequacies of an eighteenth-century Constitution in the face of twentieth-century problems are daily impressing themselves on the national comprehension. Economic and industrial developments, it is felt, have taken an intricacy and a varied sweep that are slowly bringing the Constitution to a confusion of helplessness. More and more, people are asking themselves whether the United States can any longer be called a democracy. More and more, people are coming to see that, under the forms of popular self-government, political equality has become the sport of "bosses," and economic equality the jest of a voracious plutocracy. The courts to an alarming degree are losing the confidence of the masses; the Senate has already lost it. The old parties, the old catchwords, are

ceasing to attract. The people perceive their emptiness and are palpably tiring of them. Republicans and Democrats, with their obsolete mummeries, will soon mean less than nothing to a nation that is girding itself to wrest its liberties from the grip of organized wealth.

A wave of social protest is sweeping across the country, over all sections, and with an utter heedlessness of the traditional party divisions. Federated Labor, fired by the example of England, is abandoning its timid non-partisanship, and preparing to plunge into politics as a class with distinct interests of its own to serve. In city, State, and nation there is now but one issue—the struggle between equality and privilege. Great masses of Americans are growing up with an angry feeling that they have been cheated out of their inheritance. They see, or think they see, that the millionaire and the boss rule and own America; that together they control all the functions of government; that the courts and the ballot-box are merely instruments of their power, and the Constitution a handmaid to their iniquities; that all legislation is conceived in their interests, drafted and voted by their henchmen; and that, as a consequence, where there is one law for the protection of human life, there are a thousand for the protection of property.

Making every allowance for such distortion as may be attributable to Mr. Brooks' peculiar angle of vision, a good many readers will admit that the foregoing paragraphs, nevertheless, contain not a little truth.

The inconsistency of certain Jewish residents of New York in their attempt to have the name of Christ excluded from all poems, carols and readings in the routine work of the public schools, is thus happily hit off in the January number of the *Bookman*:

That there should be no sectarian teaching in these schools, pretty nearly everyone is quite agreed. But we are inclined to think that some of the Jewish element are pushing this matter beyond the bounds of ordinary common-sense, not to say of decorum and propriety. A certain amount of fame, such as it is, has been gained by one Jewish teacher, a Miss Hirschberg. When her class was reading Longfellow's poem, "The Wreck of the Hesperus," and came to the line,

Christ save us all from a death like this!

Miss Hirschberg sat up straight and exclaimed: "Oh, cut that out!" Now let us see just what this sort of thing would mean if logically pushed.

But suppose that Longfellow had been writing a poem about a Roman mariner, and that the line had read,

Jove save us all from a death like this!

would it ever have occurred to her to say "Cut that out"? Will the Jewish teachers of the ancient classics desire to have the works of Homer and Virgil and Xenophon expurgated because they mention strange gods in whom none of them believe?

Carry the thing a little further still. Do these Jewish objectors refrain from using the word "Christmas" and from speaking of the "Christmas" holidays? If they do not, then they are grossly inconsistent. Still another point. The Jewish children in the public schools are excused from attendance on all their very numerous holidays and fasts, and they are not required to make up the work which they have lost during these days. Is not this terribly "sectarian"? Ought these children not be compelled to work on Yom Kippur and Rosh Hoshannah, and the other times and seasons when they are now excused? And ought not the Jewish teachers to be forced to do the same? A little more logic and a little less bigotry would seem to be in order among our Semitic population.

Our Jewish brethren should know that the United States is a Christian country in the sense that our civilization is Christian. But a little more logic and a little less bigotry would be in order among others besides Jews.

The explaining to the ordinary everyday Catholic just what constitutes Modernism, and just why the Sovereign Pontiff has condemned it and excommunicated its devotees, is still being continued in all parts of Christendom. Perhaps as succinct and intelligible a summary of the condemned system as any one need ask for is furnished by Monsignor Canon Moyes in the *Nineteenth Century and After* for December:

To the plain question, Why has the Pope condemned the Modernists? an answer sufficiently plain and substantial may be given on the fingers of one hand:

(1) Because the Modernists have denied that the divine facts related in the Gospel are historically true.

(2) Because they have denied that Christ for most of His life knew that He was God, and

that He ever knew that He was the Saviour of the world.

(3) Because they have denied the divine sanction, and the perpetuity of the great dogmas which enter into the Christian creed.

(4) Because they have denied that Christ Himself personally ever founded the Church or instituted the Sacraments.

(5) Because they deny and subvert the divine constitution of the Church, by teaching that the Pope and the bishops derive their powers not directly from Christ and His Apostles, but from the Christian people.

This is surely explicit enough for even the least scholarly. Those who do not belong to that class will find Monsignor Moyes' whole paper worth while, and will do well to note this other paragraph:

In conclusion, it may be observed that one of the plainest features of the Encyclical is that the doctrinal teaching which Pius the Tenth opposes to these Modernist denials is one which rests upon the teaching of St. Paul and the Evangelists, and was the common property of the Fathers and the Councils long centuries before the Scholastics came into existence. Nothing, therefore, can be more puerile than any attempt to discount it as mere Scholasticism.

In view of the not particularly friendly rôle played by our country as a whole in its historical treatment of the Red Man, it is gratifying to record that individuals sometimes deserve well of the Indians, and that the latter are not slow to recognize the fact. The following letter accompanied a set of eulogistic resolutions forwarded to the Rev. Director of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions. They were passed at a great convention of Choctaw and Chickasaw Indians, recently held in Oklahoma. The letter was written by the secretary of the convention:

MY DEAR FATHER KETCHAM:—I enclose you resolutions passed by our conference just closed and held at Hugo. I thought perhaps you would like some expression from the people to whom you have dedicated your life's work, and I regret that I can not do more. We "Injuns" can only say "Thank you!" and then deep down in our hearts remember our friends. Our people enthusiastically passed these resolutions. You will notice two of the signers are Presbyterian preachers. One of them remarked that "Father Ketcham will know me when he sees my name."

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

Letters of Advice.

BY CASCIA.

GOOD children should be like the B's
That round the flower-beds one C's;
And not be fond of too much E's,
Which will their loving parents T's.
And if they've hopes of growing Y's,
They must learn how to use their I's;
Then if they mind their P's and Q's,
And every moment rightly U's,
They surely must—now mark it well—
Both in and out of school, XL.

A New-Year Episode.

BY HOPE WILLIS.



It was New Year's morning. The elevator boy in the Westcott Building was in bad humor. He had not been employed there long, and had expected a whole holiday, which had not been granted him. The best that could be done for him, the janitor said, was to let him off for the afternoon, when a "sub" would take his place. But this promise had not mollified James Jarvis, otherwise known as "Jim," who had anticipated a long day with some of his chums. He was not by nature an amiable youth, and the disappointment had not tended to increase his amiability.

As he stood waiting for passengers, his nose pressed against the grating of "the cage," a scowl upon his forehead, an old gentleman who entered the vestibule at that moment, followed by a beautiful little spaniel, thought he bore a disagreeable resemblance to a convicted murderer whom he had lately seen peering through the bars of his cell in the county jail.

"Goin' up?" asked Jim, shortly.

"Yes," was the reply. "Come, Nig!"

The dog hesitated. Evidently he was not accustomed to elevators.

"Come, Nig! Don't be afraid," said his master, extending his hand.

"Get in or get out, either one; and mighty quick too!" growled the boy, lifting the little animal on the edge of his shoe as he pushed him roughly into the car.

"You don't like dogs?" inquired the old gentleman, as the elevator began to shoot up.

"Not very much; I ain't no dog carrier, neither, Mister. They ain't got no business in elevators. Where d'ye want to get out?"

He did not look at the passenger as he spoke; his tone was rude, his whole attitude boorish.

"Fifth floor," was the terse answer.

When they reached his destination, the boy again helped the dog to alight with the toe of his heavy shoe. The gentleman made no further remark, but pursued his way to the door of the janitor's room, where he knocked.

There were three elevators in the large building. After he had left the janitor, he went to one of the others. It was closed. The same thing occurred with the other; then he returned to the first. The boy was reading a magazine, perched on a stool in the car. He glanced at the old gentleman with indifference, making no effort to start the elevator.

"Anything wrong?" asked the old gentleman.

"Nothin' as I know of," answered the boy, carelessly, still regarding the pages of the magazine.

"Why don't you start, then?"

"Don't have to. Rule is, wait till box is full."

"I don't think that rule applies to office buildings."

"Well, I ain't a-goin' to be runnin' this here elevator up and down every minute New Year's Day, when I'm imposed on like this."

"How?"

"Other fellers let off. This is the only one runnin'."

"Oh! I'm afraid you'll have to wait some time for a full car this morning. I think you had better start."

"I think not," was the reply. "I'm a-goin' to show them."

"Show whom?"

"Any one that wants to find out."

At this moment another boy appeared. He had come from an office at the end of the hall. He looked sad.

"What's up, Lucius?" asked the young tyrant of the elevator, who had a sharpeye.

"I've lost my job," said the other, a respectable looking-boy, neatly attired.

"How come?"

"Mr. Ballard is getting another stenographer, and he won't need an office boy any longer."

"Better job somewheres. I wouldn't be no man's Nigger waiter."

"I can't see that yours is any less that kind of job than mine was, Jim. You're waiting on people in a different way."

"No, sir. I can make them wait for me whenever I want to. I'm doin' it now."

He glanced at the old gentleman, who was engaged in reading a small book he had taken from his pocket. The situation was beginning to amuse him; he closed the book.

"I am not in a very great hurry," he said mildly. "Are you, my boy?" he asked, turning to the new arrival.

"Not much, sir," was the answer. "I'd like to be home in time for dinner, that's all."

"Live with your parents?"

"Yes, sir."

"Large family?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are you the oldest?"

"Yes, sir."

"Father able to work?"

"Yes, sir."

"What is his trade?"

"He's a porter at Stone's."

"I see. Ah, there comes my dog! I had forgotten him, and probably he has been looking for me. Here, Nig!"

The spaniel came bounding along the hallway.

"Come, doggie, doggie!" said the late office boy, stooping to help the dog as it hesitated to enter. "What a nice little fellow!" he continued, patting it on the head. It began at once to share its caresses between him and its master.

"A dog knows its friend as well as a man does," said the old gentleman, inwardly contrasting the treatment given his pet by the two boys.

By way of showing his disapproval and contempt, the elevator boy gave the dog a slight push with his foot. It crouched close to its master.

"Young man," said the old gentleman, after replacing the book in his pocket and buttoning his overcoat, "if you are ready, I would like to descend now."

There was something in his tone that caused the elevator "boss" to lay his hand upon the lever. In spite of his disaffection, he had a good position, and was aware of it; it would not do to assume too high a hand, even with "an old codger," as in his small mind he characterized his aged passenger.

When they reached the first floor, the old gentleman turned to the other boy and inquired:

"Do you know anything about elevators?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply. "I ran one three months in the Scott Building, just before it was burned."

"Better wages than you were getting as office boy, wasn't it?"

"Yes, sir. Twenty-five dollars."

"They pay thirty here, I believe," said the gentleman, turning to Jim.

"Yes. How d'ye know?"

He did not answer, but turned to the other boy.

"Would you like a place here?"

"Running elevator? Yes, sir."

"There ain't none to be had," said Jim. "What you talkin' about, old man? Better get out. I can't stand waitin' all day."

"I thought you wanted to wait for a full car," rejoined the old gentleman, with a smile.

"You're *too* fresh," said Jim, putting his hand on the lever once more.

The other boy had stepped outside. But the old gentleman made an imperative gesture, which the operator could not disregard.

"Wait, my boy!" he said. Then he took out a card-case, wrote something on the back of a card and placed it in the hand of the discharged office boy.

The other, as curious as he was impolite, leaned over his shoulder to read, with amazement:

"Martin L. Westcott." It was the name of the owner of the building, a wealthy man, who lived for the greater part of his time abroad.

"Present that to the janitor of this building to-morrow morning," he said. "*This* boy's place is vacant from to-day. It is yours, if you want it."

Then, stepping from the car, he lifted a warning finger to his late tyrant as he said:

"I will instruct the janitor, by telephone, to give you your wages when your duties for the day are over. And I advise you to cultivate a more accommodating disposition, unless you wish to be continually on the move. I doubt very much, young man, whether you are destined to make a success in any sphere of life whatever. I wish you both as happy a New Year as you deserve."

So saying, he walked rapidly away, before Lucius could utter a word of gratitude, or the discomfited Jim one of protest,—something of which he would have been quite capable, even in his inglorious defeat and sudden though not unmerited downfall.

Ruth's Day of Reckoning.

(Told by her Brother.)

BY FLORA HAINES LOUGHEAD.

II.—MRS. SHERWOOD TAKES A JOURNEY.

"But how can we keep it from father? Whatever we do, he must be kept from worry," said my mother. She had been so used to smoothing the way for my father always, so far as she herself and the home were concerned, that she could not get out of the habit even then.

Now, Ruth has since owned that at first she had nearly gone wild over mother and her danger. She was steadying her brain from the shock that had sent it whirling; and it helped her, to put all her wits to planning, quickly and sensibly.

"I'll tell you how we'll manage it, mother. You are going to pay that visit to Aunt Hetty in San Francisco, that you and father have been talking about making together for the last five years. You'll ask him to go with you, of course; and when he says he can't, because he's too busy (as he always is when you're ready to go), you'll say you will go anyhow. Father will never be the wiser until—until"—here her voice broke, thinking of the awful thing that might happen; but she braced up and went on cheerfully,—“until the operation is over, and you are mending. And now we'll go into the house, and I'll make you a cup of chocolate; and then we'll make a list of all the pretty things you'll need, to travel in and be a lovely convalescent.”

Ruth says mother actually laughed softly, as they went on to the house together, Ruth's arm around her.

There was one stumbling-block in the way of carrying out their plan, over which they almost fell down. When Ruth went to the First National Bank in our town to cash the check the next morning, the teller looked at her rather sharply.

"Do you want to deposit this or to cash it?" he asked.

"I would like the money, please," said Ruth.

"And how old are you, Miss Sherwood?"

"Sixteen."

The man fumbled about a little, and looked queer.

"It's against our rules to pay out money to the order of minors. Suppose you get your father's endorsement?"

"Oh, not for the world!" said Ruth.

The man looked queerer still, and Ruth thought perhaps he was going to have her arrested; but she held her head up—for she's a plucky girl, if she is my sister,—and she said, cool as ice:

"May I see Mr. Cameron?"

Mr. Cameron was the president of the bank, and the richest man in our town.

"Oh, certainly! I'll see if he's in. Please wait a minute," said the teller, much more politely. And he went through a glass door at the back, while Ruth stood and waited at the window. In another minute or two he was back, and showed her around to a pleasant room in the rear of the bank, where Mr. Cameron, a large gray-haired man, was sitting at his private desk.

"Mr. Cameron," exclaimed Ruth, "my mother is in a very bad way. The only chance of saving her life is medical treatment at a San Francisco hospital. I have a check for a thousand dollars that my Uncle Ned, up in Nevada, sent me as a present, and I want it all used to—save her. We don't want to worry father, and upset him in his business—mother and I,—so we're keeping all this from him. That's the reason I can't ask him to endorse the check. That's the reason I've come to cash it now myself."

And then, because she couldn't hold out all the time, Ruth cried a little into her handkerchief; and Mr. Cameron got her a drink of water, and patted her hand, and told her not to worry, but to trust in God always; for he was sure it would come out all right. And he said of course he would cash the check, although he'd advise her to take but a few hundreds then—just what was needed to spend

before mother went away,—and to deposit the rest in mother's name, and take out a bank-book, as it would be much safer and handier to carry that to San Francisco, and draw checks as she needed the money, than to be carrying so much gold around. And Ruth, of course, thought that would be the best plan.

My, but Ruth did spend her money royally the next week or two! The ribbons and laces and cambrics and fleecy things that came into the house were a caution. Mother couldn't help but brighten up and take an interest; and they were like two girls planning a wedding outfit, with old Miss Delaney to help them, and Ruth sewing like a Trojan before and after school and on Saturdays.

Father, who hadn't thought mother would be willing to go away for such a visit without him, didn't quite know how to take it; and he'd come in sometimes and stand around and smile in a half-hearted way, or kiss mother quickly and go off, after Ruth had held some piece of cloth or ribbon up against her face and asked him how it became her. He must have thought the money he gave her went a long way, or else that she'd been saving out of the house-money without telling him; for of course they couldn't let him know about the big check. He didn't know; and I never guessed that most of the things they were making were gowns and dressing sacks and wrappers for hospital wear, and that they were sewing away at them with breaking hearts.

Nobody paid much attention to me in those days, but it suited me well enough. For one thing, it gave me a chance to play all I wanted to with Billy Staples, whose backyard joins ours. I never could see what the folks had against Billy, that they should try so hard to keep us apart.

When Billy found mother was going away, he asked me who was going to be my boss while she was away. When I said I supposed my sister would, he said: "Gee-whiz! won't we have dandy times, if you work it right!"

Women are queer. With all their hurry and worry, it took three weeks of cutting and fitting and sewing and trimming before they could get mother fitted out, according to their notions, so she could go away. The day she started, everything went criss-cross. One of the books in our school library tells a foolish yarn about how the ancients believed the world was held up on the broad shoulders of a giant of a fellow called Atlas. Every boy knows the foundations of the world are the mothers; and when your own mother goes away, you feel as if the whole thing was toppling down about your ears.

A chill fog had come up from the sea that morning, and the sun was lost somewhere behind it. Mother had been up late, packing, the night before, and was all tired out. For the first time father noticed there was something wrong with her, when we were at the Victoria Street Station, with the ticket all bought. Not even her fine new travelling dress nor her smart hat could cover up the fact that she was a very sick woman, and he waked up to it all at once.

"Mary," he said, "you're worn to a shadow and white as a ghost. You're not fit for this visit. I've a mind not to let you go."

"Nonsense!" replied mother, brightly, smiling up at him in a way that afterward, when I knew, seemed to me the most pitiful thing I ever saw. "I only need a little rest and change. You'll be surprised at the roses I shall bring back to you, Henry."

"Of course she's looking finely!" chimed in Ruth. "You are not used to seeing her in her new travelling suit, that's all, father."

She set her teeth on her lower lip in the oddest way when she stopped speaking, and there was a spot of blood on her handkerchief when she took it away from her lips.

"Wouldn't it be well to check this small grip, dear?" mother asked father.

Then, when he had hurried off to the baggage room, she turned quickly to Ruth.

"Try to manage everything without bothering father, dear," she said. Then she threw her arms around Ruth's neck and whispered something that I did not hear. It was: "Pray for me and be strong,—O Ruth, be strong and have faith! I am going to get well, dear. Never for one moment forget: I am going to get well."

She turned to me.

"Robbie,—O my darling boy! If anything should happen to mother while she is away, don't forget her, or what she has told you."

She stooped down, but I saw what was coming, and turned my cheek; for Billy Staples was grinning round the corner of the depot. She just touched it with her lips, then drew her veil over her face; for father was coming from the baggage room with the checks in his hand. There came a day, not long after, when I would have given the world and all if I had kissed her.

We stood and watched the train till it looked like a worm wriggling along the track; then father went on to his store, and Ruth and I walked home.

"Come in, Robbie, and help me clean up the house and make it pleasant for papa when he comes to dinner," coaxed Ruth, when she saw I was hanging off about coming in the gate.

I saw the time had come to take my stand, and I fixed her with my eye, the way Billy Staples says will conquer snakes and mad dogs and crazy people and girls.

"Don't you think you're going to boss me round, missie, just because mother's gone!" I said, without once dropping my eyelids. "I'm going to be my own master this summer, and don't you forget it!"

"O Rob!" was all she said; but I knew I'd got the upper-hand of her, and I meant to keep it.

And all the while it was the same as if our mother had gone to her death, and Ruthie was the only one who knew it.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The Dun Emer Press, Dundrum, has in preparation "Poetry and Ireland," essays by Mr. W. B. Yeats and the late Lionel Johnson.

—A timely issue of the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland is a penny pamphlet containing two excellent short stories: "A Christmas Gift," and "The Lesson that Christmas Eve Taught Mr. Bertram." A. C. Clarke is the author of both.

—No. 3, Vol. III., of the St. Louis University Bulletin is a sixteen-page reprint of "College Work and Life Work," a thoughtful and suggestive paper read at a recent College Union by the Rev. Joseph P. Conroy, S. J.

—A translation, under the name of "The Nun," of M. René Bazin's latest novel, "L'Isolée," is among the new publications of Mr. Eveleigh Nash. It is the poignant story of a community of teaching nuns dispersed by the French Government. The book has already passed through a multitude of editions in France, and created a profound impression.

—The next addition to the New Mediæval Library (Chatto & Windus) will be the well-known fourteenth-century MS. of Fra Giovanni da Cappel, entitled "The Legend of the Holy Fina, Virgin of Santo Geminiano." The book will be appropriately illustrated with reproductions of the Ghirlandajo frescoes in the Sta. Fina Chapel of the collegiate church of San Geminiano, and other old masters. The rare Italian original is preserved in the Biblioteca Nazionale at Florence.

—Musical dramas, specifically prepared for presentation by convent pupils, Catholic church societies and clubs, are not so numerous that one need be hypercritical in examining the merits or ferreting out the demerits of the few that come under one's notice. Not that the demerits are glaring in the most recent work of this kind, "In the Palace of the Polish Prince," by a member of the Presentation Order, New York. The play is good, and the music better. "Heart of France," from the same source, deals with Lourdes, and is accordingly well fitted for presentation during this, Lourdes' Golden Jubilee year.

—A new edition of George H. Miles' careful review of Hamlet will, no doubt, win for it a larger and more appreciative clientele than was enjoyed by the first edition in 1870. The author of this monograph was a lover of Shakespeare, and shows the insight of love as he analyzes the master's great drama. The hero, according to Mr. Miles, is not a weak, vacillating young

nobleman, but a strong, manly youth, tried to the soul by what he finds in the Court of Denmark,—his father's court. There is much of interest in this review, and not a few passages are marked by noble eloquence,—an eloquence born of sincerity. "A Review of Hamlet." Longmans, Green & Co.

—"Character-Treatment in the Mediæval Drama," by the Rev. Timothy J. Crowley, C.S.C., is a thesis offered for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in the Catholic University of America. Besides being notably free from the faults found in most theses, Dr. Crowley's book possesses, in addition to this negative virtue, a goodly number of commendable features, both as to matter and stylistic form. The work appeals, of course, to the student or the cultured person of leisure rather than to the general reader; but even he will find in its well co-ordinated chapters very much to hold his interest and increase his store of useful knowledge.

—If the study of geography presents difficulties to both teachers and pupils, it is not because of a lack of text-books on the subject. Their name is legion. Among the latest in the field is a new series of "Natural Geographies," by Redway and Hinman. (The American Book Co.) The Introductory Geography, which opens the series, according to the compilers, "develops the subject in accordance with the child's comprehension." The importance given to the political, industrial and commercial aspects of geography certainly marks an advance over the "memory method," so long the only one followed by the majority of teachers.

—"The Bond of Perfection," by the Rev. P. M. Northcote, O. S. M. (Benziger Brothers), is dedicated "To the Virg'n Mary, Mother of Fair Love"; and as one reads page after page, on the excellence of charity, on its divine origin—for God is Love,—on its outward evidence in service to one's neighbor, the appropriateness of the dedication becomes more and more apparent. Although the supernatural quality of the virtue of charity is especially insisted upon in this book, there is no absence of the practical in the development of the subject. It is concrete enough to give one pause, as the multifold sins against charity are set forth in all their grievousness.

—"To the list of genuine historical students," says the *Athenæum*, "may now be added the name of Dom Henry Norbert Birt," whose new book, "The Elizabethan Settlement of Religion"

(Bell & Sons), is reviewed at length in a recent issue of our leading literary journal. "After a careful study of the sources to which Dom Birt has gone for information, and after a particular and severe testing of the originals of the authorities cited, there need be no hesitation in saying that the author has aimed at candid statement of fact, and that we are ready to believe that he started to write with no preconceived notion of proving a thesis already held." Though not in entire accord with all of the learned Benedictine's conclusions or inferences, the reviewer recommends those who desire to know the truth with regard to that memorable period "to place this volume on their shelves by the side of those of Bishop Creighton and of Dr. Gee, and to use all three of them as correctives to Froude's glowing but untrustworthy volumes"; adding: "The extraordinary failures of that historian to present accurate views of various important Elizabethan transactions arise from the fact—as all who have any thorough acquaintance with the Elizabethan Domestic State Papers are bound to admit—that, in several places, he entirely ignores not a few papers which directly contravene the conclusions that he advocates."

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

- "A Review of Hamlet." George H. Miles. \$1.10.
 "The Bond of Perfection." Rev. P.M. Northcote, O. S. M. 60 cts., net.
 "A Colonel from Wyoming." J. A. H. Cameron. \$1.35.
 "The Return of Mary O'Murrough." Rosa Mulholland. \$1.25.
 "The Life of Christ." Mgr. E. Le Camus. Vol. II. \$1.50, net.
 "The Immortality of the Human Soul." George Fell, S. J. \$1.35, net.
 "Véra's Charge." Christian Reid. \$1.50.
 "Arethusa." F. Marion Crawford. \$1.50.
 "In the Harbor of Hope." Mary Elizabeth Blake. \$1.25.

- "Madame Rose Lummis." Delia Gleeson. \$1.25, net.
 "The School of Death: Outlines of Meditations." Rt. Rev. Luigi Lanzoni. 70 cts., net.
 "Thoughts on the Religious Life." Rev. F. X. Lasance. \$1.50, net.
 "Arabella." Anna T. Sadlier. 80 cts.
 "The Way of the Cross of the Sacred Heart." Very Rev. Fr. de Prats-de-Mollo, O. M. Cap. 90 cts., net.
 "Handbook of Ceremonies." Rev. J. B. Müller. \$1.
 "The Church in English History." J. M. Stone. \$1.
 "Melor of the Silver Hand." Rev. David Bearne, S. J. 85 cts.
 "Eucharistic Soul Elevations." Rev. W. F. Stadelman, C. S. Sp. 50 cts., net.
 "The Little City of Hope." Marion Crawford. \$1.25.
 "The Dialogue of the Seraphic Virgin, Catherine of Siena." Algar Thorold. \$1.80, net.
 "The Love of Books (Philobiblon)." Richard de Bury. 60 cts., net.
 "Meditations for Monthly Retreats." \$1.25, net.
 "Delecta Biblica." A Sister of Notre Dame. 30 cts.
 "Ecclesiastical Diary, Ordo and Note-Book." \$1.
 "The Iliad for Boys and Girls." Rev. Alfred Church. \$1.50.
 "The 'New Theology'; or, The Rev. R. J. Campbell's Main Conclusions Refuted." Rev. W. Lieber. 30 cts., net.
 "Sursum Corda." Baron Leopold de Fisher. \$2, net.
 "Penance in the Early Church." Rev. M. J. O'Donnell, D. D. \$1, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. John Burwinkel, of the archdiocese of Cincinnati; Rev. D. J. Stafford, D. D., archdiocese of Baltimore; and Rev. Agatho Clifford, C. P.

Mr. Francis Hill, Mr. William Goddard, Mr. Thomas Howard, Miss Ann Cleary, Mrs. Margaret Reynolds, Mr. Daniel Murphy, Mr. Charles Kellenlaers, Mr. Edward Conway, Mrs. Caroline Claren, Miss Catherine Hyland, Mr. Frank Brown, Mrs. Irene Welch, Mr. Samuel Nash, Miss Katherine Maloney, Mr. Charles Brunner, Mrs. Frances Casey, Mrs. Anna Hopkins, Miss Joanna Lyman, Mrs. Eva Eichenlaub, Mrs. E. Cudahy, Capt. James Lindsay, Mrs. Hugh McHugh, Mr. William Eifel, Mr. Maurice O'Connor, and Mrs. Charles Houck.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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The Saving Mark.

BY S. M. R.

CHRIST'S Blood is writ across the opening year
In signs that spell His ever-blessed name;
And through the season's warp and woof, the
same

Bright traceries in living red appear.
It gleams in springtide's every smile and tear,
Its splendor all the summer flowers proclaim,
It kindles death-chilled autumn into flame,
And seals with pledge of life December's bier.

Ah, what were life without the saving mark
Of Christ's own Blood upon each fleeting day!
Nor faith nor hope would linger long on earth
To guide our footsteps through the shadows dark,
Had love not taught our faltering lips to say
That Name low whispered as the year had
birth.

Theosophy and Spiritualism.

BY THE REV. EDMUND HILL, C. P.

SINCE writing the preceding article I have been fortunate in securing a copy of Father Clarke's "Theosophy." It deals, as I said, with the occult side of Theosophy, and shows its connection with Spiritualism.

After a masterly "Introduction," Father Clarke divides his essay into three chapters: the first dealing with the "Teaching" of Theosophy; the second, with its "Marvels"; the third, with its "True Character."

His account of its doctrines, taken

from the writings of its ablest exponents, tallies, of course, with that given by Father Hull; but goes further, and tells us of the "Mahatmas" and "Nirmanakayas"—personages of great importance. And he leads us up to the subject of Theosophy by sketching the tactics of the evil spirits, the false divinities of paganism, from the time of their dethronement by the world's Redeemer. "Henceforward," he says, "the efforts of the invisible enemies of God were turned in a different direction. Christ had thrust them from their thrones; and their policy now was not to try to regain them (for that was a hopeless task), but to do everything within their power to undermine the authority and dispute the claims of their Conqueror. The central motive of every false religion, that has sought during the last eighteen hundred years to supersede the true, has been by direct or indirect means to dishonor the Son of God made Man."

Then he traces these efforts from Arianism to Protestantism; and continues: "But these false religions fail to satisfy the hungry intelligence of thinking men. Their adherents either subside into an unprogressive apathy, like the Turks; or else carry out the teaching of the mother that has trained them; and having learned from her the lesson of rebellion, employ it as a weapon against her authority. Or perhaps it is more correct to say that they find she has no authority, and that her so-called dogmas are but expressions of opinion, to be modified at pleasure; and that her commands are directive rather than pre-

ceptive. She has none of the exclusiveness of the Catholic Church; and so encourages, or rather forces, them to seek for their real code of belief elsewhere. Hence, then, have sprung up under the shadow of the various forms of non-Catholic Christianity (sometimes remaining under her protection, sometimes emancipating themselves from her control) a series of philosophical and religious systems which *cut at the root of all belief in the Divinity of Christ, and undermine faith in a personal God by their covert or overt pantheism. . . .*

"One of the latest developments of this sort of progressive belief, which is really *unbelief* under a decent guise, is the set of opinions known by the name of Theosophy. It is at present the fashion both in England and America. Its Oriental origin throws over it a charm of mystery; and its veiled prophets in the valleys of Thibet are too far away to allow of their real character's being inquired into; to say nothing of the impenetrable seclusion in which they bury themselves in order to study that occult wisdom which raises them altogether above the level of ordinary mortals; and to practise that rigorous asceticism by which the nobler natures among them earn their mysterious power over the material world and enjoy a share in the prerogatives of the Deity."

Father Clarke next tells us what Theosophy is, according to its accredited exponents. "It is a body of 'Hidden Wisdom,' contained in a *primeval Revelation* made in the beginning of time to certain chosen persons who were fitted to receive it. This Revelation, comprised in a book which is called 'The Book of All Truth,' is guarded in secret libraries far removed from any possibility of access on the part of the vulgar crowd. It is, in the safe custody of certain 'initiates,' who act as custodians to the sacred books and depositaries of the store of occult wisdom written in their pages. These 'initiates' are called 'Mahatmas,' or 'Great Spirits.' They have to be men of 'light and learning,' who have undergone a long training

and passed successfully through the most severe ordeals. They 'must have developed the spiritual nature, and mastered the physical and the passional'; and this not in one incarnation but in several."

The number of re-incarnations depends upon the free choice of the individual who, as "a spark of the one Eternal Existence," has to work out his final perfection until he attains to Nirvana,— "absorption into the Eternal Reality from which he originally proceeded." But "this absorption does not involve the loss of individuality"; for the happy soul which is "on the very brink of the blissful Nirvana may postpone its final happiness for the good of others." By "a noble and generous act of self-sacrifice," it may choose to become again incarnate, and belong to "the Sacred College of Mahatmas," whose office it is not only to guard the "Book of All Truth," but to "communicate from time to time to the world some portions of the store of hidden wisdom and secret power which they themselves possess," and even to add to it occasionally "such new truths as they may themselves discover." Theosophy claims, indeed, that all the great religions of the world "are the result of the discovery, by the Brotherhood or some member of it, of a fragment of the Primitive Revelation which has been entrusted to them." But it is only the most perfect Mahatmas who are the founders of new religions which introduce into the world a higher type of morality than existed previously. These are termed "Nirmanakayas." Thus Buddha, Confucius, and the divine Founder of Christianity were Nirmanakayas. "Each of them deliberately sacrificed himself for the good of men, and deliberately chose to become incarnate, and to live and suffer here on earth, instead of enjoying that perfect bliss to which they had a right in the bosom of the Deity."

Father Clarke then takes a brief notice of Theosophist Psychology. He says it holds that man is composed not only of

two parts—soul and body,—but of seven. And that, of these, “four are transitory and perishable; three eternal and imperishable.” “The perishable elements are: (1) the physical body; (2) the vital principle, or life; (3) the astral body, which is united to the physical during life, but consists of a subtler matter, imperceptible to the senses of ordinary men; and (4) the animal soul, the seat of the lower desires and passions. The three imperishable principles are: (1) the spirit, which is a direct emanation of the Universal Spirit, or Great Reality; (2) the spiritual soul, which is the medium of communication between the spiritual consciousness and the human intelligence; and (3) the mind, or intelligence. The four perishable principles form the *personality* of man; the three eternal principles, his individuality.”

And what about death? “At death,” says Theosophy, “the lower principles disintegrate, with the exception of the animal soul, which often [*sic*] continues in existence after physical death, in a sort of disembodied state; in which it can communicate with the living under certain circumstances, and can make itself perceptible to the senses. *It can also occupy the body, and even the intelligence, of living persons, who thus act as its medium of communication with others.* It is thus that the phenomena of Spiritualism and witchcraft are to be explained. In some cases, where during earthly existence the lower nature and passions have been indulged, this animal soul remains for a long time before it is disintegrated. *This is why the spirits evoked by mediums and witches are not as a rule of a high moral type.*”

We shall see presently how Spiritualists explain the fact of *low* spirits *sometimes* possessing mediums. They are far, however, from admitting this to be the case “as a rule.” And here comes in another divergence of doctrine. “After death,” says Theosophy, “and before the next incarnation of the higher and eternal part

of man, there is a certain space during which the three eternal principles in man pass into a state of repose, called Devachan. During its sojourn there, the higher part of man is brought into close contact with the Great Reality; and thus renews its energies previous to its re-incarnation and to the fresh period of probation to which it is destined.” Now, it is not easy to see why, according to this teaching, the re-incarnated soul finds so much difficulty in combating the abiding “thought-forms” with which it has surrounded itself in each previous existence. And it is still less easy to see why any soul after an experience of Devachan should persist in going downward and tending to ultimate annihilation. Spiritualism, on the contrary, while sharing with Theosophy the doctrine of Karma, maintains that degenerate souls are punished after death by being forced to wait a long while for the re-incarnation which alone can enable them to expiate the past; but guarantees the realization of the poet’s fond hope,

That good shall fall,
At last, far off, at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

At first Theosophy treated Spiritualism contemptuously, but afterward took to patronizing it, though itself the younger system of the two. The connection between them is most striking when we come to what Father Clarke calls the “marvels” of Theosophy. These marvels are of what is commonly called a miraculous character; though both Theosophy and Spiritualism repudiate belief in miracles, contending that the wonders they exhibit are purely natural effects, produced by Mahatmas, in the one case, and by disembodied spirits in the other; both agents knowing laws and secrets of nature quite hidden from mortal eyes.

“All the wonders of modern science,” writes Father Clarke; “all the strange phenomena of Spiritualism, hypnotism, thought-reading, mesmerism, and the other agencies that Western investigators can

not explain, . . . are the very A, B, C of the knowledge of the fully trained Mahatma. He has the power of seeing that which is invisible to the eyes of ordinary men. He can read the thoughts of men, and that at a distance. Space is no barrier to his activity. He can transport himself hither and thither with the instantaneous speed which Christianity ascribes to the angels. If he can not create, he has such power over existing matter that he can in a moment produce from it any material object he chooses; can bring it from one end of the earth to the other; can introduce it, quite independently of the ordinary laws of matter, into a chest securely closed, or into unbroken earth, or any other place not naturally accessible."

Now, extraordinary feats of this kind were the boast of Spiritualism before Theosophy was heard of; and while Theosophy reproduces them, and professes to account for them by a very different agency, it is plain to common-sense that they came from the same superhuman and preternatural source. For "Spiritualism is, by the general verdict of educated men," says Father Clarke, "quite inexplicable by any already discovered or even possible laws of nature. Either we must give it up altogether, or else confess that there are about us certain invisible beings, possessed of powers we do not possess, and of a nature altogether different from our own. Amid a good deal of imposture and many curious facts that may possibly be explained naturally, we are compelled to confess that there is an inexplicable residuum, which is not merely accidental but forms the very essence of what we know as Spiritual phenomena."

And again: "The general opinion respecting the character of Spiritualistic agency is in no way interfered with by the discovery of an instance, or of a dozen instances, in which the mysterious raps are traced to some mechanical device or to some concealed confederate. The clever illusions of Messieurs Maskelyne

and Cook do not shake our conviction that the well-authenticated instances of very similar phenomena elsewhere are due to the action of preternatural beings." And regarding the tricks by which many pretended "mediums" make money out of the credulous, Father Clarke very pertinently says: "We must not forget that if into any system preternatural agencies do enter, we should naturally expect them to make it their object to mingle together truth and falsehood, reality and imposture, in a way that will most effectually throw dust in the eyes of those who are under their influence."

Theosophy, again, differs from Spiritualism in "*not appealing to these marvels as the basis of its system.*" "It rather seeks," says Father Clarke, "to keep them in the background as not suitable for communication to the exoteric crowd even of those who are friends of Theosophy. They are merely subsidiary to it, somewhat as Christian miracles are subsidiary to Christianity. Theosophy appeals to the loftiness and consistency of its doctrines, and to its power of explaining all possible phenomena, including the miracles of all other religions whatsoever." Nevertheless, its miracles "*are the motives of its credibility.*" Without them we should never have seen it take the root it has done." Then Father Clarke gives three instances of these phenomena, selected, he says, from many narrated by a Mr. Sinnett, of India, "whose honesty and personal belief in the marvels of which he tells can scarcely be doubted by any one who reads his interesting book, 'The Occult World.'" Moreover, the truth of these mysterious facts is attested by a number of disinterested witnesses who give their names.

With regard, then, to Spiritualism, Father Clarke observes that "the general attitude of Theosophy toward it is that of a dignified friendship. While recognizing the reality of Spiritualistic phenomena, it gives an explanation of some of them from a higher platform than that of the

Spiritualists themselves." It also hopes "that the spiritual world will eventually consent to revise its conclusions by occult doctrines." But, in point of fact, it is the older system which furnishes the "true interpretation of the more recent philosophy of occultism." The same invisible beings act through both. In Theosophist *séances* it is not spirits of the dead who possess the mediums and speak through them, but living members of the Sacred Brotherhood, the Mahatmas. These, too, can drop beautiful flowers from the ceiling, or carry a medium through the air, or hide things in cushions or in other imperceptible receptacles where no confederate conjuror could have placed them. But the agency is the same: not supernatural, but preternatural,—the agency of evil spirits, enemies of God, and allowed to dupe those who are willing to be deceived.

That such is the real nature of occultism in either guise is abundantly clear not only from that very important book, "The Dangers of Spiritualism," but still more from a work called "Christianity and Spiritualism," translated from the French of "Leon Denis" by Helen Draper Speakman. This latter volume claims to give the *true* "History of the Gospels," and "The Secret Doctrine of Christianity"; and to show that intercourse with the spirits of the dead is "*The New Revelation*." Mark these claims, dear reader; and particularly the last. St. Paul, we know, warns us that "if even an angel from heaven preach to us another gospel than the one we have received, he is to be held accursed." No angel from heaven could do such a thing, of course; but angels from hell will, if they can get an audience. And the same Apostle tells us: "The Spirit saith that in the last times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to *spirits of error and doctrines of devils*." *

The author of "Christianity and Spiritualism" was originally a Catholic. He is now, very evidently, under the control

of at least one lying spirit. It would be difficult to find a book more daringly impious, or anything equal to the effrontery he displays in dealing with the Sacred Scriptures of both Testaments, with the origin of Christianity, with the Church and her dogmas; and in making the most extravagant assumptions without the least pretence of proof.

Of course, we find in his pages borrowed arguments of heretics and infidels—quite stale, and often refuted,—together with inexcusably false theories of the early Church. But his main contention throughout is that *all* revelation *has* come and *must* come *through the souls of the departed*; that all so-called miracles have been wrought by them, or by mediums under their control; that "nearly [*sic*] all the great missionaries, the founders of sects and religions, have been inspired mediums"; and that "a permanent communion exists and unites the two humanities, that of this earth and that of space." Moses and the prophets were simply remarkable mediums; our Divine Lord, the greatest of all. (!) The prophets, though, were often inspired "by less enlightened spirits," hence their errors; Christ was guided by the highest spirits always. "St. Paul was not only helped by spirits of light, of whom he was the interpreter; [but] he was sometimes *obsessed by inferior* spirits; and obliged to resist their influence." (!)

"It is thus," continues this author, "under all circumstances, for the education and development of man, light and shade, truth and error, are mixed. It is the same in *modern* Spiritualism, where all orders of manifestations are met with, from messages of the highest character to the vulgarst phenomena produced by backward spirits. But even these have their use—from the point of view of the elements of observation which they furnish and the many cases of identity supplied by them to science." These last sentences are obscure, but the writer has the courage to add: "St. Paul knew these things. Taught by experience, he

* I. Timothy, iv, 1.

warned his brethren, the 'prophets' (as mediums were then called), to be on their guard against these ambushes. . . . In the same connection, St. John says: 'Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they be of God.'"

Leon Denis next presses into his service passages from Origen, St. Augustine, and other Fathers, about spirits of the dead being sent to the living with revelations of divine truth. But he is careful to be silent on what was the *doctrine* of these teachers; as where he cites the case of St. Gregory Thaumaturgus declaring that he had received from St. John the Evangelist, in a vision, the symbol of his faith preached by him to his Church. Was that faith in accordance with the doctrine of modern Spiritualism?

He rejects the existence of angels either good or bad. Satan is "a myth," of course. It has been truly said that Satan's greatest triumph in the nineteenth century was *getting his own existence denied*. As to possessions or obsessions, our author admits the fact of them; but says the spirits are merely human souls that have lived a bad life on earth and are now angry and revengeful; and that the proper way of dealing with them is to try to convert them to a better mind by kindness, instead of irritating them with useless exorcisms. Here let me remark that authentic histories of possession and exorcism are ample refutation of this Spiritualistic doctrine; such, for instance, as the case of Nicola Aubray, the Swiss girl, related in Father Müller's work, "The Blessed Sacrament our Greatest Treasure"; or that of the little French girl in Indiana, recorded so carefully in "Glimpses of the Supernatural."

The tenth chapter of "Christianity and Spiritualism," headed "The New Revelation: the Doctrine of the Spirits," is worth reading patiently for the information it gives. Here is a passage: "The revelations of past centuries have done their work. Each has been an advance on the one before, marking the successive stages

of humanity; but they fail to answer to the need of to-day; for the law of progress is constantly in operation, and, as man advances and raises himself, his horizons must be enlarged. That is why a dispensation greater than those before is to-day given to the world."

Another passage: "The Christian revelation succeeded the Mosaic. That of the spirits *completes both*. Christ Himself announced it, and *we may say that He Himself presides over this new development of thought.*" (!) Here are blasphemously quoted Our Lord's words, "I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, even the Spirit of Truth."*

It is obvious to remark here that, instead of *completing* the Christian revelation, Spiritualism *flatly contradicts it*. For Spiritualism denies the Redemption and the doctrine of grace.

Again, we learn from the "new revelation" that beside our material body we have a "fluidic" one, or "perispirit." It was in *this* that Christ rose from the dead and appeared, and so forth. We are told, too, that "there are for the human spirit *three states*: (a) life in the flesh; (b) the state of disengagement or partial separation during sleep; and (c) the life of space. These states correspond to three worlds in which the soul must work out its constant progress—the material world, the fluidic world, and the higher world."

Re-incarnation is a matter of course. Yet, strange to say, "*in Anglo-Saxon countries* a certain number of spirits have seemed to *deny* the re-incarnation of souls on earth." "*But,*" contends Leon Denis, "*the spirits everywhere affirm the principle of successive existences, with the single reservation that, in the limited area we have mentioned, re-incarnation takes place not on earth but in other worlds. There is, therefore, but a difference of place. The principle remains intact.*" What, we wonder, can exempt souls in "Anglo-Saxon countries" from being re-incarnated here on earth?

* St. John, xiv, 16, 17.

So is this very ridiculous: "It is true that *obscure* and *backward* spirits abound around us; but we must not lose sight of the fact that the *high* spirits, descending from the spheres of light, *also* come to bring to earth those sublime teachings, which, once heard, are never forgotten. It is impossible to mistake them. Those who have been fortunate enough to hear their instruction can not forget the impression received. It is easy to perceive that their language is not of this earth, but comes from a higher sphere."

The efficacy of prayer is insisted on; but, as we have just said, there is no such thing as *grace*. We have our free will and our natural powers, and must work out our elevation for ourselves. Man's self-sufficiency is equally insisted on.

We are told, again, that "all the *higher* spirits affirm the existence of God"; that "God, in His pure essence, is an ocean of flame" (just what Theosophy says); that He "has no form, yet can make Himself visible to the higher spirits." Yet, two or three pages before this, we read: "Until now, materialists have sought for the secret of universal life where it is not—namely, in *effects*; Christians, on the other hand, have sought for it outside Nature. *We* understand to-day that the cause of the world is *not exterior* to the world, but interior: it is *the very soul, life, and essence of it*; as our soul is the life or centre in us." What is this but the "immanent pantheism" of Theosophy?

And now let me ask: Is it not a very serious matter indeed that such "doctrines of devils" are making headway in Europe and America? Is it not a preparation for the reign of the final Antichrist? The Theosophists say that "a great teacher may be expected to arise in the present century, who will offer to the Western natives a new revelation; and on their reception or rejection of his message will depend their future lot." The Spiritualists boast that they *have* this new revelation, and that it can not fail to conquer little by little. We may smile at these vain

boasts and expectations; but ought we not to pity profoundly all who are dupes of these false doctrines, and to do all we can to hinder and thwart the spread of such infernal mischief? The author of "The Dangers of Spiritualism" complains that little or no notice is taken of it by Catholic authority; yet surely there is danger of Catholics being deceived. The case of Florence Marryatt, the gifted daughter of the famous novelist, was a very sad instance in point. She was allowed by her director to attend *séances* merely as a *reporter*; and, though a well-instructed convert to the Catholic faith, became a victim to Spiritualism. I knew personally, some years ago, an American lady, highly intelligent, who had received a superior Catholic education, and yet had been for years one of the most noted mediums in the United States. She fell away from the faith because her director would have it that her experiences of Spiritualistic influence were all imagination. By the mercy of God she came back to the faith eventually, but her case is a warning against making light of what is so perilous in itself.


It has even been said that Spiritualism has a good side: that it counteracts materialism. Men who have long denied the existence of the soul as an immortal principle have been convinced by Spiritualistic phenomena that there *is* an after life. But is this conviction a real good, coming from such a source? The "father of lies" offers Spiritualism with one hand and materialism with the other. Whichever we choose, he is satisfied.

We Catholics know that God allows the fallen angels—the "powers of the air," as St. Paul calls them—to punish the pride and sensuality which lead men to reject divine Truth. "God shall send them the operation of error [or a *strong delusion*, as the Greek text has it] *to believe lying*; that all may be judged *who have not believed the truth*." * Is not this prophecy of St. Paul being fulfilled before our eyes?

* II. Thess., ii, 11.

Exiled from Erin.

III.—SHALL SHE GO?

 UPPER over that evening, and "the prayers" having been said (Mrs. McMahon made it an invariable practice to say the Rosary every night), the members of the household retired to rest. The elder brother, however, before doing so, went, as was his custom, to look at the cows and see how everything was outside. Ellie, as usual, remained to tidy up the house and rake the fire. This last duty consisted in covering red sods (the burning turf) with ashes, to such an extent, and no more, as would keep "the seed" for to-morrow,—that is to say, as much as would "light" the morning's fire; thus holding to the old custom that had lasted centuries upon centuries, rather than falling in with the new one of beginning the day's work by striking a lucifer match.

When she had done, she stood listening for Willie's step to come in. Not hearing it, she went out to the yard, wondering what was keeping him; and to her surprise found him surrounded by their little flock of about half a dozen sheep, all standing silent in the moonlight. He had been thinking of the letter, but did not wish to tell her.

"Listen, Ellie!" he said.

A dog's cry was heard; it sounded weird and mournful beyond expression in the stillness.

"Grady is dead! Oh, surely he's dead!" she said.

"That's not for Grady," he replied. "Listen again!"

And from another quarter came an answering howl, as pitiable, as wailing, and as prolonged. The girl shivered in the moonlight, and instinctively laid her hand on her brother's arm.

"O Willie dear, isn't it terrible? What can it be?"

"It is calling to each other they are."

Suddenly from a farther quarter came a third cry.

"I suspected something by the sheep when the hunt passed to-day. The dogs must have been out last night, and these must have been hunted. Look, and you'll see."

He went to the yard gate, and beckoned at the sheep as if he wanted to drive them out; but they only drew closer to him. He went to the other side of the yard: they followed him; and the first note of the distant cry made them crowd still more closely to him.

"Oh, thank God!" the girl said, in surprise.

"That's fear!" answered her brother. "Oh, how blessed the saying of the Saviour, 'I know My sheep, and My sheep know Me'! In the Eastern lands, you know, the wild beasts go about at night roaring that way,—'the lion seeking whom he may devour.' Wait! There is a dog coming across the fields over there!"

"How do you know?" she asked.

"Don't you hear plover after plover? Wait now! He ought to be near the watercourse. Wait till we hear a *soupe!*"

At that instant, sure enough, they heard the loud, rapid whine and the startled cry of the long-beaked visitant of the winter brook.

"Hush!" he whispered. "Shep" (the dog) "hears him. The sheep hear him. I can hear his canter myself now."

And in a moment a sharp-pointed muzzle appeared over the wall, and a malodorous smell declared the quarry they had discovered.

"That's the fox!" she said. "Wasn't it well I had the geese in?"

"The poor fellow is returning from his hunt to-day. But what shall I do with the sheep? There's no place to put them. I couldn't put them into the cowhouse: it wouldn't do; dogs could get in there. I'm afraid the old mare might kick them if I put them into the stable. And there is no other place. I suppose I'll have to stay outside with them and sleep in the hay."

"Oh, don't do that, Willie! I'll go in and ask mother if they might stay in the old storeroom. It won't be used for ever so long."

"Oh, no, Ellie! It would be better that I'd—"

But she was gone, to return soon. The sheep followed her into the storeroom where they had never been. The door was open, the moonlight poured in, and sister and brother stood just at the line where the illumination stopped.

"Ellie!" Willie said, and paused. In the pause he took his sister's hand. "If it is young Grady is sending you to America, he won't be long annoying you."

"O Willie, Willie!"

"I don't mean to quarrel or anything like it. You needn't fear it. That would make people talk, and we know what people can say. But I can stop him in another way."

"No, it is not he that is sending me away," she said. "But what can I do here? All I ask of my mother and you is to give me one or two years to try my hand. If I fail, I can come home again. You won't turn me out."

The brother felt the roughness of the fingers and hand he was holding. That coarseness meant work,—hard, hard work; and it appealed to him more forcibly than words.

"Let me think it over a little," he said, "and we will talk with mother about it to-morrow. Go to bed now, and I'll run out for just one other look."

And as she entered the house, she heard him humming:

"Good-morrow, fox!"

"Good-morrow, sir!"

"Pray what's that you're eating?"

"A fine fat goose I stole from you."

Pray would you come and taste him?"

But while his lips were repeating this old hunting doggerel of the eighteenth century, to the air of which Moore has written his beautiful song, "Let Erin remember the days of old," his mind was intent on the letter from the uncle, and

busy considering what answer should be given to it.

"There is that bit of land," he said, waving his hand over their own little farm, which was miserable indeed, "the remains of a cutaway bog that would hardly feed a snipe. If Ellie marries and settles down here, what can we give her or what can she expect but such another miserable spot, and to live in poverty and distress? Heigho!" He drew a long breath. "For two or three years I have been shouting with the rest of them, 'The Land for the People!' and now when it comes to my own case, I advise my sister to go, and my brother with her. We have the land, and we tell the people to go! That's a nice way to act, isn't it? But what can be done?"

Next day, he consulted with his mother, and it was agreed that an answer should be sent, asking money for an outfit from the uncle to "take out" Ellie. That was done in order to try him. The project was first to be submitted to Father Kearney for consultation and approval.

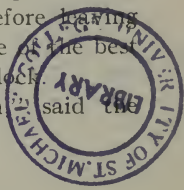
On the following Saturday, Mrs. McMahon, having gone to the chapel, opened her mind to the parish priest. She was a rather small, elderly woman, but tidy and neat. Her face had a pinched look, the result of a life of continual labor and of not a little anxiety.

"May I trouble your reverence?" she said, with the accustomed courtesy of respect.

"I hope there isn't anything wrong, Mrs. McMahon," answered the priest, holding out his hand kindly and sympathetically to greet her; for he suspected there was some sorrow in her mind.

"I'm come to ask your advice, Father. That little girl of mine has been talking for a long time of going to America, and the other day we received a letter from her uncle." She looked at the priest. She knew well that the uncle, before leaving for America, had not been one of the best sheep in Father Kearney's flock.

"Continue, Mrs. McMahon," said the



priest. "And what did the uncle say in the letter?"

"That he would pay her passage out; that he had a hotel, but that his wife died last fall, and he had no one to take care of his young children or look after the house—"

"And what did you think of the proposal yourself," interposed the priest.

"'Tis far away, you know, Father; and, then, he wasn't a person that I very much liked."

"It's true. The ocean is broad enough and dangerous enough, dear knows," he said in soliloquy rather than in reply; "but it is only at the landing stage the danger begins. I have been there, Mrs. McMahon, begging for the cathedral." He lifted his beretta and lowered his eyes, as if there were remembrances of things that depressed him. "But we must think of it all around," he continued. "And now I'd like to hear what the two boys (for you have two good boys) think of it, and then what the child herself says."

"As to the boys, Father, you know that simple Joe has no sense. He's bent on going if he can, and says he'll come home one day—wisha God help us, the thoughts of youth!—with a tall hat and a carriage and pair. He has no more sense, Father, than the baby in the cradle."

"Well, but Willie, Mrs. McMahon?"

"Willie is strongly opposed to it. He couldn't sit quiet while the letter was reading. But I'm sure Ellie must have had a talk with him, for the two of them are on the one word now."

"And what is that?"

"To let Ellie go for a year or two and try her luck. But, Father, what should I do at all without her? Oh!" And the deep sigh told she was grieved.

Father Kearney, being slow and careful in giving advice, paused for a moment.

"How old is she?" he said, resuming.

"Twenty next John's Eve, Father."

"The only thing here for her is, in the course of time, to settle down in some farmer's place, and get married to a

boy of her own standing," said the priest.

"And sure there's no need of a hurry, Father."

"Well, no, Mrs. McMahon, there is not. But now what age were you yourself when you got married?"

"I was born the 'night of the big wind,' and I was the first that was married in the new chapel. I wasn't fully twenty-four, I think."

"And you don't see any chance of 'settling down' your daughter in three or four years more?"

She shook her head for answer.

"Nor in six or seven years, maybe, Mrs. McMahon?"

"'Tis God's truth, there isn't a penny there, Father, to give her a fortune till Willie gets married."

"'Tis the case all over the country, Mrs. McMahon; 'tisn't your case alone, poor woman!" he said feelingly. "Now, think of it! After your thirty years of married life, laboring and toiling, wet and dry,—if, after all that, you have not what would settle your little girl down in the world, doesn't it look hard of you and me to be willing to condemn her to a like miserable span of thirty years, and at the end be, as they say, not a penny above a beggar? Oh, I wish to God," he went on, growing solemn, "I could keep our young people at home,—our boys as well as our girls; for, of the two, I am sure that more boys than girls go to the wall. But if I keep them at home—Oh, the pity of it,—the pity of it! God of our fathers, hear Thou our groaning, and remember the covenant made with the martyrs of other days! You will give me a little time for reflection, Mrs. McMahon; and in a few days I'll call."

He thought it over. It was all the same. No thinking would alter the dead facts that were against him. Turn to the right hand or turn to the left, where was there a way out? Industries? Industries came into his mind; could he establish industries? He could not, for he had no capital. But supposing he had the Lamp

of Aladdin, and could establish industries in the morning, what training had this simple country girl received to fit her to take advantage of them? Shop? How could she get a shop? Sew? Who would buy? Knit? Who would wear? Work? Yes, work: that was all,—work in coarse, unhealthy and oftentimes squalid surroundings; and at the end of thirty years be not “a penny above a beggar.” Against all his convictions and all his experience he was forced to advise that she take the chance for two or three years to try her luck.

As Father Kearney was thinking it over in his little parlor, his eye fell on the latest returns of the Board of Trade:

“According to British Government returns, there were imported into Ireland from abroad during the year 1904 (the only year for which figures are available) the following items amongst others, to take but a few:

£27,184	worth of aerated and mineral waters.
£62,213	“ “ biscuits.
£54,611	“ “ beds and bedsteads.
£1,723,509	“ “ boots and shoes.
£61,516	“ “ brushes and brooms.
£90,231	“ “ candles.
£250,000	“ “ cycles.
£88,546	“ “ jams and preserves.
£99,961	“ “ organs and pianos.
£81,292	“ “ matches.
£1,476,893	“ “ bacon
£16,648	“ “ blacking and blacklead.
£207,808	“ “ confectionery.
£433,276	“ “ linen goods.
£975,290	“ “ woollen goods.
£3,840,620	“ “ drapery.
£1,000,000	“ “ paper, etc.

“Altogether there were imported during that year £25,025,754 worth of manufactured, or partly manufactured, goods alone; and the imports exceeded the exports by £8,500,000.”

Having finished the reading, Father Kearney said aloud:

“Every single item of these can not only be produced in Ireland, but is actually produced; and our people are too uninstructed to purchase their own; or, being too poor, are forced to buy

the cheap shoddy of England; and so £25,000,000 are flung out of the country.”

The next day but one he called at the cottage and gave it as his opinion that, much as his wishes were against it, he felt compelled to admit that the family was not justified in refusing what appeared to be a good offer from America. His word was the deciding weight in the scale of uncertainty. All were agreed that Ellie should go.

(To be continued.)

A Pilgrim Convert in Italy.

BY JOHANNES JÖRGENSEN.

III.—FONTE COLOMBO.

IN the afternoon of the day on which my visit to Greccio ended, I started on a fresh pilgrimage, my destination being the monastery of Monte, or Fonte Colombo. The mountain was originally known as Monte Rainerio, on account of the many clear, cold springs that take their rise there; but St. Francis, foreseeing that a great number of his sons would draw water from those springs, called the place Fons Columbarum (Fount of Doves); and the monastery he founded there bears that name to this day.

It was two o'clock when I passed out of the Porta Romana, in Rieti. At a short distance from the town I turned off to the right, following a road which led me first along the foot of high, barren, precipitous limestone rocks; then upward, over wooded heights, where blue anemones and purple violets grew in profusion between the tree trunks. I asked my way of different people, and gradually got higher up among the mountains. Soon I left hamlets and fields behind me. The way led over a barren space of pebbles and flint stones, and over wide, rough, rugged places; tiny rivulets, clear as crystal, welled out of the ground. The narrow, stony path ran along the verge of a deep gorge, at the bottom of which

a mountain stream, swollen by the rain, was rushing noisily. On the other side of the gorge rose another mountain, clothed with forest; on its summit were buildings and a small bell tower. It was Fonte Colombo.

I walked on, following the path mechanically. The whole mountain overflowed now with clear, trickling streams. There was nothing for it but to wade through them. This was in very truth a mount of springs,—Fonte Colombo!

I paused a moment and looked back. From the crest which I had reached I could see, far down below, the lesser crags, the verdure-clad plain intersected by white roads, the grey towers of Rieti; and behind Rieti, the lofty Abruzzi, partly shrouded in indigo-colored clouds, partly glinting in sharply defined sunbeams. In the vast solitude, not a sound was to be heard except the gurgling of the stream at the foot of the declivity.

The road descended all the way to that stream, and then ascended again on the other side. A flight of steps cut in the mountain-side somewhat facilitated the last steep ascent; and, after having walked continuously for two hours, I at last found myself standing before the convent, on a wide green space hedged round with box, in the centre of which was a wooden cross painted red,—the Franciscan cross, such as one always sees in front of the houses of the Grey Friars.

I stood still for a few minutes to take breath and look about me. At the left of the monastery I descried a closed gate, which apparently takes to the rear of the building; over it is a Latin inscription—the words which Jehovah spoke to Moses out of the burning bush: "Put off the shoes from thy feet; for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." The impression made by the sight of these words was so forcible, so solemn, in the midst of this wild, desolate solitude, high up between the vast mountains, that I felt as if I must obey the command. Those who have travelled in mountainous

regions will understand me; for there is something about the grandeur of the mountains which impresses one with a sense of the majesty and greatness of God more strongly than anything else in nature. No wonder that Francis of Assisi returned ever and anon to the mountain solitudes, to hold converse with the Almighty.

I had ample leisure to make these reflections; for although I rang the monastery bell repeatedly, I could not gain admittance. The Brothers must surely have been taking their siesta. At length, however, I heard the familiar sound of the wooden sandals on the flagstones. I rang again,—rang loudly. In a few minutes I was seated in the refectory, taking some refreshment which the vivacious, smiling, young Father Guardian, Padre Giovanni da Greccio, offered me.

As soon as I had appeased my hunger, the Father Guardian proposed that we should visit the Sanctuarium, the hallowed spot where Francis prayed, fasted, and wrote the Rule. We passed through the door over which I had seen the inscription; a narrow path led alongside the monastery walk, on which the Stations of the Cross were erected; on the side overlooking the declivity, the path is protected by a low parapet.

We stopped first at a small Gothic chapel, said to be the oratory dedicated in honor of the Blessed Virgin, mentioned in the old chronicle; within it are the remains of some fresco paintings. We then descended, by some zigzag steps, to the hallowed spot itself. The steep rock hangs over the abyss. On a level with the tops of the trees—evergreen oaks, elms and maples—which grow in the chasm below, are the entrances to two grottos (the one inhabited formerly by Brother Leo, the other by St. Francis), which reach into the interior of the rock.

A wooden balcony projecting over the abyss leads into St. Francis' hermitage. First comes a small chapel, one side of

which is the live rock. A strong stone wall of rough masonry protects the narrow ledge of rock which constituted the saint's sleeping place. A trapdoor in the ground conducts down to his oratory,—his most private, secret chamber. It is simply a chasm in the rock, open at both ends, and so narrow that one touches both walls at every movement. The farther end opens out upon the valley; the declivity is abrupt and precipitous, till the mountain-side is lost to sight in the depths of the forest below. Almost involuntarily one keeps still in this place, the solemn silence of the solitude is so impressive. We stood there motionless for some time. Outside, the wind roared in the forest; one heard the river rushing below, and the splash of the falling rain,—the same three voices which Francis heard during the nights and days he spent there in solitary prayer, nearly seven hundred years ago.

We ascended again to the convent, and the Father Guardian locked the door through which we passed. Pointing to the words above it, he said with a smile: "Pope Sixtus IV. obeyed that admonition literally. He was a Franciscan himself, so to go barefoot was no novelty to him."

Our visit to the grottos in the rock took rather a long time; the afternoon sun, nearing the horizon, poured its golden light on the space before the house. Two white goats were feeding there; one of them went up to the Father Guardian, bleating gently, to be caressed.

After night prayers and supper, I took my seat with the four Fathers of the monastery for the accustomed hour of recreation. It seems not to be the custom here, as at Greccio, to assemble round the fire, but in the Father Guardian's cell. It was a good-sized room, and there was space for us all. The monastery of Fonte Colombo is on a much larger scale than that of Greccio; for it is one of the novitiates of the Order. I saw the novices while we were at supper, sitting by the old brown walls of the refectory, in two long rows, their eyes piously cast down. What nice

faces they had! I looked at them well as they passed out, two and two together, close to where I was sitting. What youthful purity and innocence!

The evening passed in conversation with the Fathers. When ten o'clock struck, I was alone in my room. It was a dark night; white, lustreless clouds hung over the mountains. Not a sound was heard but the gurgle of the stream in the ravine below.

Part of the following morning was passed indoors, studying one of the vellum-bound books in which Sabatier writes of the "Poverello," the Poor Man of Assisi. Later on, I was out of doors, under the fairest of skies, enjoying the bright sunshine, watching the shadows of the clouds as they flitted over the limestone rocks, deepening the already dark shades of the woods on the mountain-side,—the only sombre spots in the landscape. In the far distance, I could descry the belfry of the town of Greccio; and yet farther away, the white walls of its solitary monastery. Meanwhile I was sitting with my back against a huge block of moss-grown rock. About me forget-me-nots and anemones rose out of the moss and turf. On the summits of the mountains was the glitter of freshly-fallen snow, yet where I was sitting the sun was almost hot.

In the afternoon I again visited St. Francis' Grotto in the company of all the inmates of the monastery. It was Saturday, and it is the custom at Fonte Colombo on that day, shortly before sunset, to commemorate "the passing away of St. Francis."

In remembrance of his last hour, we all—old and young, Fathers and novices, lay-brothers, and myself, a stranger,—went from the church to the little chapel over St. Francis' rocky cell. Two and two the long line of brown-habited figures filed along the path beside the monastery wall, and descended the long flight of steps. The Father Guardian was immediately in front of me; with his clear, powerful voice he led the singing, which was taken

up by the strong young voices. The melody was a peculiar one—at the same time mournful and jubilant. The Latin words were very simple.

At length we reached the sanctuary. It was completely filled, as was also the wooden gallery before it. Everyone knelt. Presently, amid dead silence, while the wind whispered in the tops of the trees in the glen below, the Father Guardian raised his voice, pronouncing every word distinctly and carefully, as if no syllable must be lost: "*Voce mea ad Dominum clamavi.*" It was the same psalm that Francis recited on his deathbed. The Brothers responded, reciting the verses alternately with the Guardian. After the last verse, "*Me expectant justi,*" solemn, impressive silence again prevailed, until the voices of all present joined in chanting the beautiful antiphon in honor of St. Francis:

"Hail, holy Father, light of thy country, pattern of the Friars Minor, mirror of virtue, path of justice, rule of life, lead us from the exile of the body unto the kingdom of heaven!"

Then the procession filed back to the church, in the tranquil eventide, up the steps, alongside the wall, across the greensward, the whole scene flooded with the golden radiance of the setting sun. In the twilight of the church, where all knelt, the Litany of the Blessed Virgin was sung, concluding with the hymn of praise which long centuries ago the Franciscans were wont to recite in honor of the Immaculate Mother of God:

"*Tota pulchra es, Maria,*" chanted the deep voices from one side of the choir.

"*Tota pulchra es, Maria,*" responded the clear boyish voices on the other side. Thus each versicle is chanted to the end:

"*Intercede pro nobis ad Dominum Jesum Christum.*"

The next morning, which was Sunday, I arose at a very early hour. As I crossed the courtyard of the monastery on my way to the church, the paving-stones were still wet with the dew of night. I heard

Mass amongst a crowd of peasants, whose countenances were like rough sketches, carved in wood, of the Fathers and novices, before the master-hand had begun to finish his work, to idealize and refine the features and expression.

At half-past nine, after standing for some time on the balcony before my room, gazing on the lovely view, I took my departure from Fonte Colombo. On the greensward outside the church and monastery, groups of peasants, who had come up for a later Mass, were sitting or standing about and chatting. The Father Guardian accompanied me a little way beyond the gate, and pointed out the distant goals of my next pilgrimages on the other side of the valley,—there the Convent of La Foresta; and yonder, high up in the mountains, the lonely hermitage of Poggio Buscone.

Then I bade him farewell, and went on my way down the steep, stony paths into the valley, and up again on the opposite side. All around me the grey mountains rose; in the foreground was the glittering crest of Monte Terminillo, almost the highest in Italy. At a turn in the road, I looked back and cast a last glance at Fonte Colombo, with its monastery, which I had just left, perched on the highest peak of the thickly wooded mountain. The little bell turret stood out sharply against the sky. In the glen, the river flowed at the foot of the wood which surrounds the sanctuary, Il Bosco Sacro,—"*The Holy Wood,*" as the people call it. The atmosphere was warm and soft. I was once more down in the valley, amongst the habitations of men.

(To be continued.)

For a Sun-Dial outside a Lady Chapel.

BY L. I. G.

I LEARN beneath the wing

Of clouds a use how bright!

Thine "overshadowing"

Brought man's all-blessèd Light.

The Mayflower at the Gulch.

BY JENNIE MAY.

III.

IT was late, and Bob Dillon had many miles to cover before reaching the San Patricio Ranch. That ride in the moonlight will live in his memory forever. The white trail winding in and out around the *mesa*; here and there a clump of sage or a blotch of blackness, where the cattle were huddled together in the hollows,—those familiar sights, which he had thought so monotonous, took on in his eyes a new beauty, glamourised over as they were with the moon's silvery radiance and the witchery of love.

But the days that followed! If each were a century in length, they could not seem to our hero to drag more slowly.

"Bossee, he sickee," said Wah Lung, the cook. "He no eattee slo muchee,"—with a gesture of the fingers illustrative of the utter insignificance of his master's meals.

"I bet you he's sickening for a fever," put in Doleful Desmond, who always looked on the dark side of things.

"Ay tank," remarked Lief Oleson, slowly,—"*ay tank mebbe he meet one pretty girl down at the Gulch.*"

The others were inclined to be of the Swede's opinion when, a week later, the boss started off for the Gulch again, on some insignificant errand. It was evening when he reached his brother's home, and there a disappointment awaited him. Ruth was in the little parlor, 'tis true; but near her, and with an air of proprietorship for which Bob would have liked to kick him, sat Thornton Best. He had stepped off the train unexpectedly a few days before, as a surprise for Ruth, so he said. Truth to tell, his coming had given her more surprise than pleasure. He took up his headquarters at the "Dutchman's"; for he wanted to show the cowboys how a Christian gentleman should *live*, so he told his fiancée. Were it not for their

regard for Miss Mason, he would soon have shown them how a Christian gentleman should *die*; for his patronizing airs had maddened everyone of them.

"What queer critters women are!" said Whoop-up-Watt, in a disgusted voice. "How a girl like Miss Mason can care for that stuck-up tenderfoot passes my understanding. Now if she would only take a shine to Babe Dillon! There's a *man* for you!"

Babe Dillon, though a "man," was not a very happy one on that particular evening. Mrs. Luke, her pretty face troubled, exerted herself to be agreeable; and Luke himself stepped nobly into the breach. But after a time conversation languished. Thornton Best, conscious of his immaculate attire and metropolitan polish (as he fondly believed), could not help but adopt a patronizing tone toward the cow-punchers, as he mentally called the brothers.

Bob was moody and silent. The poor fellow was intensely, fiercely, jealous. Ruth, too, was very quiet. In her heart, she bitterly resented her betrothed's attitude to these her beloved friends. She leaned back in her chair, and calmly, dispassionately, compared him with the men sitting opposite—not to his advantage.

Soon she pleaded fatigue, and bade her friends good-night. From behind an acacia tree in the garden, Bob watched her walking up the street, escorted by Thornton Best. He noticed with satisfaction that there was no lingering leave-taking at the door of Bentley's Bower. The girl seemed to be cold—a brisk wind was blowing down from the foothills,—and she went in at once, while Best kept on his self-satisfied way to the hotel.

"He walks like a turkey cock!" thought Bob, disgustingly. "If it were any one else, I should not care; but that tailor's block!"

He lit a cigar and puffed away moodily. In front of Doctor Stewart's "office," across the road, a horse was standing, pawing the earth restlessly. "Doc" was an elderly man, reputed very skilful on those rare occasions when he was sober.

People said that he was destroying himself with opiates and drink; but it was a case of Hobson's choice with them, for he was the only physician within ten miles.

The Doctor's door opened suddenly, and a man, evidently a Mexican, with a little girl in his arms, sprang down the steps, leaped on the horse's back, and was gone up the street like a whirlwind. Bob stared after this apparition.

"Who rideth so late through the night wind wild?" he murmured, the quaint old legend of the Erlking recurring to his mind.

"It is really a father and child," replied Mrs. Luke, who had come out unnoticed and now stood at his elbow. "That is Prospero Diaz and little Carmela. I wonder what can be the matter?"

She shivered, although a fleecy shawl covered her shoulders. There was an unmistakable air of tragedy in the figure of the reckless rider with his spurs sunk deeply into the horse's flanks, and the child's long hair streaming in the wind.

"Let us go in," said Luke, who was standing beside his wife. "You had better stay with us for a few days, Bob. You are beginning to look seedy."

Ruth went about her household tasks the next morning with less than her usual sprightliness. Had Thornton Best changed or had she? In New York, one short year ago, he had seemed to her the beau-ideal of everything manly and good; now she found herself criticising his every move and speech. It was puzzling certainly, but his very presence seemed to irritate her.

There was a knock at the door, and Mrs. Luke Dillon walked in quickly.

"My dear," she began, "do you know that little Carmela Diaz has smallpox? Luke was told of it in the store a few minutes ago. After you had left us last night, we saw the father ride away with her from Doctor Stewart's house, like one possessed."

"But where could she have caught it?" asked Ruth, very much startled.

"That is hard to say. It seems that an Indian once died of smallpox in that filthy old adobe where they live. But that was a long time ago."

"Poor little Carmela!" Ruth said, with a sigh.

"God help her! The worst of it is that there is no one to care for her except that half-insane father of hers," continued Mrs. Luke. "Old Tia Dolores is on the other side of Las Nivas, attending the mother of a large family who is down with typhoid. Everyone else seems afraid of smallpox."

"I am going to her," said Ruth, calmly. "I never take any disease, and I was vaccinated a year ago."

"You, Ruth? Nonsense! Your uncle and your brother would never forgive me if anything happened to you during this absence."

"But nothing is going to happen to me, dear Mrs. Luke; for I shall take proper precautions. I must go and get ready at once."

She went hurriedly to her bedroom, where she made up a parcel of bed linen, soap, towels, and so forth. Then she took from the pantry some Liebig's extract, condensed milk, and other delicacies.

In the meantime Mrs. Luke had noticed Thornton Best approaching the house, and half opened the door for him. In some trepidation, she had told him the story of his fiancée's projected errand of mercy.

"What! go to a plague-stricken hut in order to nurse her favorite pupil through smallpox? I shall soon see about that. Are you coming, Ruth?" he called sharply.

Miss Mason came in, looking in nowise ashamed of her delinquency.

"It is useless to raise any objections, Thornton," she said composedly. "The child will die if she is not properly cared for, and I intend to nurse her."

"I should have thought you had better sense than to risk your health and good looks for the sake of a miserable little Papist," declared Thornton Best angrily, forgetting Mrs. Dillon's presence.

Ruth had plenty of spirit, in spite of her gentleness.

"I should have thought," was her prompt rejoinder, "that a man like you, professing to be a Christian, would have more charity than to allow any one to die for want of attention."

Mrs. Luke, keenly distressed, essayed to pour oil upon the troubled waters; but Mr. Best's authority was not to be ignored in this fashion.

"Very well, then," said he. "Since you have so little regard for my wishes, perhaps it would be better for our engagement to end here and now."

"The sooner the better," answered the young lady calmly, drawing off the ring which she had worn for the past eighteen months and placing it on the table in front of him.

Mr. Thornton Best left the precincts of the Bower with his dignity sadly ruffled.

"I hate to see you go alone, Ruth," said Mrs. Luke a few minutes later, as the two women said good-bye to each other at the head of the trail. "Heaven knows that I should go with you were it not for Luke and the children."

"I know, dear," answered the girl. "Dick and uncle are away, and my pupils on their holidays; so, you see, it seems as if Providence meant me to look after that poor friendless child."

Ruth had need of all her faith and courage in the next two hours. She found poor Carmela lying on a pile of ragged quilts in a corner of the adobe, muttering deliriously in Spanish. Her father sat in a chair, his head bowed in his hands, his attitude one of utter despondency. He looked up as Ruth entered, but did not speak.

"I have come to take care of Carmela," she said softly.

"Yes," as if he did not understand.

"I want you to get me some good clean water, and then there are other things you must help me with," she said authoritatively, for she thought the man needed rousing.

He rose obediently, and, taking the pail, went out. Ruth looked around in despair. The veriest necessities of life seemed lacking. If she only had Dick's camp bed and a few comfortable chairs!

There was a knock at the door.

"Come in!" she responded, thinking Señor Diaz had returned.

The knock was repeated. She opened the door, and stood face to face with Robert Dillon. He had a large bundle in his arms. Placing it in her hands, he said hurriedly, while his keen eyes took in the poverty of the room:

"Here are some children's garments and bedding that Margaret sent for your patient, Miss Mason."

Without waiting for a reply, he bounded down the trail, and was gone out of sight before she had time to shut the door.

"Well," said the girl to herself, "one would think that a man of his splendid physique would not be afraid of such a thing as smallpox. But they are all alike, I suppose,"—with deep disgust.

Carmela's father having returned with the water, she got him to build a fire in the cracked stove standing in a dilapidated shed close to the adobe; then she prepared some beef tea, which was eagerly drunk by the fevered child. A bath and change of linen seemed further to refresh the little one, and she presently grew quieter under the soothing ministrations of her gentle nurse.

An hour or more passed in this manner, and then there was the sound of wheels outside. Laboring up the trail came the delivery wagon from Dillon's general store. Beside the driver, old Con Reardon—a well-known figure at the Gulch,—sat Robert Dillon. He jumped nimbly to the ground, and, with Con's assistance, deposited thereon a couch, a camp bed, some chairs, and various boxes and packages. From the open door Prospero Diaz watched him in wonder. Bob approached, courteously lifting his hat to the Mexican.

"Will you kindly help me to move these

things inside?" he said. "I am a friend of the señorita, and have come to help you and her take care of the sick child,—if you will permit me, señor."

"I thank you very much, señor! But that is for the señorita to decide," Diaz replied, with equal politeness.

"No, no, Mr. Dillon!" said Ruth, coming forward. "You must not think of coming in. It was very good of you to bring these things, and I shall never forget your kindness; but Señor Diaz and myself can easily move them inside."

Dillon's reply was to lift one end of the couch, signalling to Diaz to lift the other. Then, when everything had been carried into the adobe, he turned to the girl rather shamefacedly:

"If you will not allow me inside, I can stay in the shed; but I can not go away now, either to Luke's place or the ranch."

For once in her life Miss Mason found nothing to say. It was too late to protest, and in her heart she rejoiced that she had been mistaken in her former estimate of the man before her. Unconsciously he had grown to be her hero, and she could not suppress a certain elation of spirit at the thought that it was for *her* sake also he was braving contagion and discomfort. True, the primness inherited from a long line of Puritan ancestors caused her to demur a little at the unconventionality of the whole proceeding; but, then, her common-sense told her that here was a case where *les convenances* must yield to grim necessity.

All these thoughts passed through her mind while Dillon assisted her in moving the little patient onto the camp bed, and setting the room to rights with the deft touch of a ranchman accustomed to do for himself. Prospero Diaz, now that he could see that something was being done for his child, roused himself to help; and it was the two men who prepared supper in the outhouse, while Ruth sat beside her patient.

Thus the night began,—the longest night that our heroine had ever spent.

She noticed with alarm that the little sufferer's breathing seemed to grow more difficult every minute, though she was less feverish; and her pitiful cries of "*Mama! mamaita!*" had ceased. Once Robert Dillon stood beside the bed and looked down long and earnestly at the flushed face upon the pillow.

"As soon as it is daylight," he said in a low voice, "I am going over to Tuscon to fetch Doctor Ybara. He is said to be very clever, and at least he will be sober."

Ruth nodded without speaking.

Soon after midnight Diaz came to her.

"If the señorita will lie down on the couch for an hour, the Señor Dillon and myself can watch Carmela," he said.

She shook her head. "I am not sleepy, believe me, señor," she replied; and indeed she was too uneasy about her charge to feel any desire for repose just then. A few minutes later Dillon brought her a cup of strong black coffee.

At the first lightening of the eastern sky he left the adobe quietly, and walked swiftly down the trail to Copper Gulch, where he had left his mount tethered in his brother's stable. The hours that followed seemed interminable to Ruth. She could not conceal from herself the fact that her patient was growing weaker, although she faithfully administered both nourishment and stimulants.

Shortly after noon there was a sound of horse's hoofs outside, and Robert Dillon entered, accompanied by two gentlemen. In one of these Ruth recognized Padre Miguel, the mission priest at Tuscon, who occasionally visited the Gulch to look after the spiritual needs of his flock. She colored nervously as Dillon introduced the Father. She had never before spoken to a Catholic priest.

Doctor Ybara—a stout, fussy little man, with large gold-rimmed glasses, and thick, rumpled hair as white as John Anderson's "pow,"—was bending over Carmela, taking her temperature in a business-like manner. He straightened himself up presently.

"What foolishness to talk of smallpox!" he exclaimed sarcastically. "The little one has congestion of the lungs, complicated with chicken-pox. She is a very sick child, but she has not smallpox."

Then, seating himself without ceremony, he lifted a capacious black satchel on his knee and began to prepare some powders. In the meantime he addressed himself to Ruth:

"You are the nurse, señorita? It is well. Your face looks reliable. But you have watched all last night and you must have sleep, else we shall have a second patient here. Is there not some motherly woman who would stay with the child while you go home to-night and rest?"

Then the priest spoke:

"Yes: there is Tia Magdalena at José Hiera's. They will let her come, now they know it is not smallpox." (Ruth noticed how kind were his eyes, how refined his voice.) "I am going there now and shall send her over."

He was as good as his word, and Tia Magdalena proved to be a most capable woman; so Ruth put on her hat that evening and prepared to return to the Bower for a good night's rest. Robert Dillon had lingered around the outhouse on various pretexts all the afternoon, and now stood at the door of the adobe waiting to escort her down the trail. She took a last look at her charge, who was now sleeping quietly.

"I shall be here early in the morning to relieve you," she said to the Mexican woman. "Good-night!"

"Good-night, señorita!" was the soft reply.

As the girl stepped out into the sunset, Prospero Diaz advanced toward her. She held out her hand to him, saying a few encouraging words. He raised it respectfully to his lips.

"I can not thank you, señorita," he said brokenly. "But if I should ever be able to show my gratitude—"

"There is nothing to be grateful for, señor," she interrupted kindly. "I love

the child, and could not do otherwise. But I am going to ask you to promise me one thing."

"Anything—anything in my power!" he replied eagerly.

"Then, as soon as Carmela recovers, I beg that you will take her back to her mother's people."

"I promise faithfully, señorita; and I, too, shall begin a new life in my own country."

Dillon watched the scene with moist eyes. What a girl she was! What a pity she was not a daughter of Peter, a child of Mary!

Very little was said as the two walked down the trail side by side. Ruth, her heart full of womanly pity, was thinking hopefully of the black sheep they had just left, and did not at first notice her companion's silence. When they had covered about half the distance to the Gulch, she remarked facetiously:

"A penny for your thoughts, Señor Dillon!"

"Eh!" exclaimed Bob, startled. His thoughts,—what were they? "Ruth," he said—his earnest nature was stirred to the depths and the words came haltingly,—“you must know what I think of you. I am only a rough fellow, and life in a ranch house is hardly the thing for a dainty child like you. And”—becoming miserably conscious that he should not have spoken at all—"we are not of the same faith."

Ruth glanced up at him shyly. What an humble opinion he had of himself, this king among men! His muscular shoulders were stooped forward despondingly, his eyes bent moodily upon the ground. Suddenly a small hand was slipped into his and the softest voice in all the world murmured:

"Thy country shall be my country, and thy God shall be my God. I have learned to love your faith, and I long to profess it."

The little hand was detained; and slowly they pursued their homeward way,

with the golden glory of the sunset all about them.

Whoop-up-Watt and Scotty were walking up the main street of Copper Gulch about an hour later, a little the worse for a prolonged stay at the Dutchman's. As they passed the miniature garden of the Bower, they became aware of two rustic chairs placed in close proximity, and occupied respectively by Miss Ruth Mason and Mr. Robert Dillon.

"Aweel!" said Scotty in a lugubrious tone of voice. "That looks bad for the tenderfoot that was here."

"You may bet your last lone peso it does!" assented Mr. Lindsay. "I thought there was something in the wind when he hit the trail for Chicago last night. Good for old Babe! Let us go back to Dutchy's and drink their health?"

"Aye, mon," rejoined Scotty.

(The End.)

Gratifying and Reassuring.

THE average Catholic in this country is probably not optimistic as to Church affairs in France. Reading, in the press dispatches, of continued parliamentary victories won by the anti-clericals, and of much apparent indifference on the part of France's millions, he is rather inclined to think that in the notable struggle across the water between Church and State, the Church has come out second best. Competent observers nearer the seat of war are of a different opinion. The London *Saturday Review*, for instance, expresses this view:

The Church is still in a perilous position; but the thing which has suffered most in the fight has been the conception of the omnipotent State. When it essayed its last attempt to rob the Church of her divine constitution, it had behind it the prestige of centuries of triumph, the support of a democratic legislature, and the forces of a great bureaucracy and a great army. Moreover, it knew well that French Catholics are the most law-abiding of French citizens; and it counted, not altogether without reason, alike on their loyalty and their fears. So Messrs.

Clemenceau and Briand blew their trumpets and proclaimed their ultimatum. Let the Church refuse to commit the act of apostasy which the acceptance of the *Associations Cultuelles* would have involved, and she should, they vowed, be driven from those cathedrals and churches which for many centuries had been her heritage....

For Pius X., with no physical force or diplomatic influence behind him, to take up the gantlet that French Jacobinism had thrown down, seemed to the ordinary man the height of folly. It was an act of the highest heroism. Pius VI. when he flung the Civil Constitution of the Clergy in the face of the National Assembly, Pius VII. when he defied Napoleon, did no braver thing. But the brave thing was also the right and the wise thing. It brought home to French Catholics, clergy and laity alike, that French Christianity was at stake.

French Catholicism made a noble response. For the first time in the history of France, the French Church stood solid for the Pope against the rulers of the State. In a moment it was apparent that French chauvinism had been beaten. The very *préfets* warned M. Clemenceau that France would not allow her shrines to be desecrated. The Jacobin Ministry consequently collapsed, and with a bad grace abandoned the churches to their rightful owners. And then the true heart of France spoke in the voice of the local communes, offering to give to the priests of the Church the free use of the *presbytères* from which they had gone forth for the sake of the faith, and in the generous gifts that in every diocese from Normandy to the Pyrenees flowed freely into the treasury of the persecuted Church, to the amazement even of the most faithful. To-day the cathedrals and churches of France hold larger and more earnest congregations than ever they held in the days of the Second Empire.

Coming from a source so eminent and so impartial as is the *Review*, the foregoing paragraphs are both gratifying and reassuring. No Catholic, of course, ever doubted that France would ultimately become again a Catholic nation, in deed as well as name; but many have thought the transformation far more distant than it now appears to be.

If religion were small enough for our intellects, it could not be great enough for our souls' requirements.

—Father Benson.

Notes and Remarks.

The German Government is a powerful one, but we venture to predict that the efforts it is making to deprive its Polish subjects of their language will prove futile. Besides being intense patriots, the Poles are loyal Catholics, and they realize the importance of opposing the policy of Germanizing them. The Kaiser has the reputation of being very wise, but there is one lesson which he might learn from England. The French-Canadians are loyal to the ruling dynasty, because they have always been allowed to practise their religion and to use their racial language. A prominent man among them who died recently left as a final message to his sons: "Remain French and Catholic, but remain loyal to Queen and Empire." "This message," says the *St. John (N. B.) Sun*, "was written while Queen Victoria was on the throne; but it expresses correctly the writer's attitude, not merely to the end of his life, but through his whole public career. Moreover, it expresses accurately the general attitude of the French-Canadian people. Their racial feeling is a passion; they are devoted to their Church, but they have been British by allegiance for nearly a century and a half. The tolerant treatment extended to them has resulted in a long period of political peace, broken only by the brief rebellion of 1837-38."

A noteworthy contribution to the discussion, in the *London Nation*, as to the cause of the decline of the Oxford Movement, is from the pen of Mr. G. K. Chesterton. We are not informed regarding his religion, but he writes like a Catholic, and shows a thorough understanding of the trend of religious thought in England. He contends that the Oxford Movement has declined, not because the Oxford Movement has ceased, but because the English people have largely ceased to

object to it. Of any ten objections to it in the time of Pusey, at least six had been silently dropped by the time "*Lux Mundi*" was published. As an illustration of the truth of this assertion, Mr. Chesterton takes the tenets of Protestants two or three generations ago, and compares them with the tenets of the present-day Protestant. Rome is no longer regarded as Antichrist. She is not held to be wrong because she believes in Purgatory and a progress for the soul. She is not thought to insult the Deity because she is favorable to art and music and symbolism. And so on. Mr. Chesterton reduces all the Protestant objections to one—the objection to a collective authority in religion,—and adds: "But the more pathetically you cling to this one last Protestant doctrine, the more we shall be reminded that you have openly abandoned all the others."

We have frequently remarked that charitable benefactions, and stipends for Requiem Masses to be celebrated after one's death, had much better be arranged for by deed of gift during one's lifetime than bequeathed for similar purposes in one's last will and testament. At the same time it is of interest to know that the Supreme Court of California has recently handed down a decision to the effect that bequests for the saying of Masses for the repose of the soul do not come within the "charitable uses" against which there is a statute limiting such devising to one-third of the estate.

The decision is quite intelligible, and to a Catholic the reason therefor is self-evident. Giving money for Masses to be said for one's self is not the "charity" of which statute law takes cognizance; if it can be called charity at all, it is of that well-ordered variety which begins at home.

The late Archbishop of Hobart, New Zealand, the Most Rev. Daniel Murphy, who passed to his reward in that city on the 29th ult., was the oldest prelate in

Christendoni, having received his episcopal appointment from Pius IX.'s predecessor, Gregory XVI.! Born in Ireland on June 15, 1815, Archbishop Murphy was ordained in 1838, and soon afterward went as a missionary to India, where he remained for more than a quarter of a century, becoming a bishop in 1846. His incessant labors (the period of which includes the famous Indian Mutiny), and the terrible climate, finally undermined his health, and he returned home to die. Contrary to all expectations, however, he soon recovered his strength, and was appointed Bishop of Hobart. The Tasmanian climate completely restored his health; and his missionary career in the Southern Continent was destined to be much more extended than that in India, where it was thought he had completed his life work. Archbishop Murphy was a man of truly apostolic faith, zeal, simplicity, and piety. He was consecrated on the feast of the Maternity of the Blessed Virgin, and that tender Mother seemed to have him under her special protection all through his life. *R. I. P.*

The variety in the tempers of good men is happily illustrated in the contributions of the Rev. George Angus to the *London Tablet*. He can be grave and gay in the same paragraph. Writing in a recent number of the variety to be found in the observance of our feasts, he says, in his delightfully discursive way:

This reminds me that, if not sure of the music or other accompaniments of a function, it is well to sit near the entrance to the church: first, because distance lends enchantment to the view,—or, as Father Benson's "Pariah" piously puts it, things far away look more respectable; next, because if one has heard an early Mass ("They that seek me early shall find me"), and therefore is not bound to hear another, a way of escape, as Scripture has it, is provided, should the music happen to be what is church music, and not the music of the Church; lastly, because it is more easy to get out of the way of the "money changers in the temple," who are generally occupied with the reserved or first and second class seats, and so have no

time to bother and bore, with plates or bags, the humble occupant of a free chair near the door. Sometimes, however, they catch a Christian.

Many years ago, I remember coming up from Gloucestershire by a night train and arriving at Paddington at 4 a. m. I walked to a remotely situated church, enjoying London in the very early morning,—and those who have never walked about town in the early morning have missed one of the delights of London. Eve has its spell of calmness and consolation, Dawn brings hope and joy. (This is not *me*—forgive the grammar!—I frankly avow, but Lord Beaconsfield.) Well, I found a Mass about 7 o'clock, but was not permitted to hear it in peace. I knelt humbly near the door—strong was the odor of sanctity,—but was at once pounced upon by some dreadful person with a plate, who wanted 2d., which he did not get, as I moved elsewhere, only to be confronted with a your-money-or-your-life sort of request for 3d. After another change of position, and another invitation to pay, I got up, went away, and heard Mass elsewhere (and some people affect to be surprised at the Catholic leakage, as it is called). Pecuniary experiences similar to mine were once retailed with great gusto to the late Cardinal Manning; and Manning listened quietly, and then observed grimly: "Such things are the bane of my life."

A story, too beautiful not to be true, of the former Queen Regent of Holland, mother of Wilhelmina, is related by the *Catholic Watchman* (Madras, India). The King had bought a fine service of Sèvres porcelain for the use of the royal family, and announced that immediate dismissal would be the punishment for any servant who should break one of the costly pieces. A man who had been in the royal household for many years came to the Queen one day in great distress, and confessed that he had broken one of the delicate cups. Queen Emma spoke words of comfort to him, and proposed that he should mend the cup with cement. The man sorrowfully answered that the King's sharp eye would at once detect the cracks. Nevertheless, the Queen insisted that he should mend the cup as neatly as he could, and should be sure to give it to her that afternoon at tea-time, when the King would be present. This was done; and the Queen, after drinking her tea from

the mended cup, rose suddenly, and let it fall to the floor, breaking it into fragments. "Think of me as one of the most awkward of your Majesty's servants," she said. "I have broken one of your precious Sèvres cups. You must discharge me at once. I don't deserve to remain in your service." The arbitrary old King was amused at her speech and manner, and considered the accident a good joke. The poor servant, standing behind the tray, cast a grateful look in the direction of the Queen. The King never learned the truth about the broken cup.

The critics among us who complain that in large cities the very poor are shamefully neglected, especially in the winter months, when they have most to suffer, seem to have no idea of how much is done for their relief by such organizations as the St. Vincent de Paul Society,—of which, by the way, every Catholic man, young and old, should be a member, active or honorary. Catholic ladies who are prevented from giving alms directly can not do better than to make the Sisters their almoners. The poor recognize them as friends, and instinctively turn to them when in distress. A London paper reports that fully one thousand poor people received bread and alms at Nazareth House on Christmas Eve.

A view of the subsiding panic that will commend itself to many sober citizens, and will impress religious teachers as being worth emphasizing, is thus given by Mr. J. W. Cross in the *Nineteenth Century and After*:

In my view, the whole financial trouble all over the world is due to extravagance,—governmental extravagance, business extravagance, personal extravagance. And these are all interdependent: three in one and one in three, if I may so phrase it. There is no mystery about it; and it is not due to Mr. Roosevelt or to the present government in England; although they have both said things which would much better have been left unsaid, if the speakers had realized that the rapids were swirling just

beneath their canoe. There is a time for everything, and this is not the time to tell people to "eat, drink and be merry, because everything in English trade is on the topmost pinnacle of prosperity." Irrational optimism is even more to be deprecated than irrational pessimism, because the great majority of people always wish to dwell on the pleasant aspect of affairs.

Individual readers may each do his part in restoring things to a saner and safer basis by checking one of the three contributing causes of the trouble,—his personal extravagance.

That excellent organ of the Propagation of the Faith, the *Missions Catholiques* of Lyons, expressed the hope, a few months ago, that the Catholics of China would soon number a million. A correspondent at Zi-ka-wei now informs our contemporary that the number has been attained. The Catholic population of the Empire at the close of 1907 was not less than one million and forty thousand. Sixty-seven thousand of this number were added since 1906. The needs of these Catholics are looked after by eighteen hundred priests, two-thirds of whom are Europeans.

Interesting light is thrown on the genesis of the public-school system of this country by an extract from the works of Dr. Brownson, quoted in the St. Paul *Dispatch* by Mr. William F. Markoe. Writing in 1853, the great American reviewer said:

It is not without design that I have mentioned the name of Frances Wright, the favorite pupil of Jeremy Bentham, and famous infidel lecturer;... for I happen to know what may not be known to you all,—that she and her friends were the great movers in the scheme of godless education now the fashion in our country. . . . I was for a brief time in her confidence, and one of those selected to carry into execution her plans. The great object was to get rid of Christianity, and to convert our churches into halls of science. The plan was not to make open attacks on religion, although we might belabor the clergy and bring them into contempt where we could; but to establish a system of State—we said national—schools, from which all religion was to be excluded, in which nothing was to be taught but such knowledge as is veri-

fiable by the senses, and to which all parents were to be compelled by law to send their children. . . . We were to have godless schools for all the children of the country. . . . The first thing to be done was to get this system of schools established. For this purpose a secret society was formed, and the whole country was to be organized somewhat on the plan of the Carbonari of Italy.

This organization was begun in 1829, in the city of New York, and, to my own knowledge, was effected throughout a considerable part of New York State. How far it was extended in other States I know not, for I abandoned it in the latter part of the year 1830; but this much I can say: the plan has been successfully pursued, the plans we put forth have gained great popularity, and the whole action of the country on the subject has taken the direction we sought to give it. It would be worth inquiring, if there were any means of ascertaining, how large a share this secret infidel society, with its members all through the country—unsuspected by the public, and unknown to one another, yet all known to a central committee, and moved by it,—has had in giving the extraordinary impulse to godless education which all must have remarked since 1830,—an impulse which seems too strong for any human power to resist.

In the half century since Brownson wrote, the plan has been worked, or has worked itself, out to its logical conclusion; and the disciples of Frances Wright have cause for rejoicing in the results of her anti-religious scheme. But there are indications of a reaction in the near future.

Our attention has been called to a notable editorial in a recent issue of the San Luis Obispo (Cal.) *Telegram*, entitled "The Church and Its Right to Discipline." We agree that it is an article of extraordinary interest considering its source, and are pleased to quote it almost entire:

It has come to pass that every time a priest or minister is disciplined for his open hostility or covert attacks on the creed by which he was frocked, the secular editors rise up and begin to talk about the "Middle Ages," "heresy," and the "fires of persecution." As most of the editors know little about theology, less about history, and still less about the principles upon which church work is conducted, their tirades offend men of sense, although catering to the prejudices of the opponents of all religion.

If a lodge has a right to enforce its discipline,

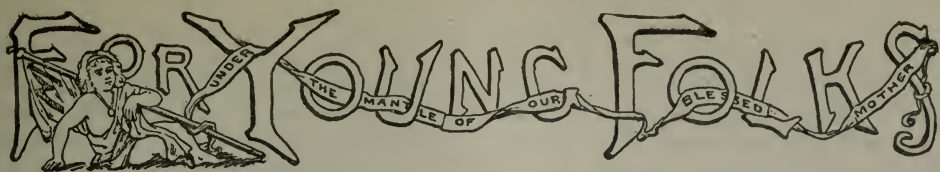
remove officers for unfraternal conduct, expel members for failure to live up to the rules of the order, why has not a church the right to cut off those persons who remain in it only falsely to represent its doctrines and create trouble within the fold?

Surely the Church, with its divine organization, contains within its powers that of self-preservation, and is entitled to have its affairs administered by its faithful children.

When a priest or a minister refuses to preach and abide by the faith to which he is ordained, he ought to be cut off from the communion, especially if he has not the good judgment voluntarily to retire. No church is formed to be a debating society or to be the assembling place for jangling voices. To do its work it must have harmony, and it has a right to take measures to preserve that harmony.

An interesting relic of Mary Stuart when Queen of France is the Chapel of St. Ninian, built by her in the little town of Roscoff in Brittany. This historic building commemorates the landing of the Queen in France. It is sadly dilapidated; and the Bretons, with their inherent love of national traditions, are anxious that it should be repaired. Some persons in Scotland and France are doing their utmost to raise funds in order that operations may be begun at once. As a monument reminiscent of the great Queen whose fate was so closely allied to these two countries—her fatherland, and France which she loved so well,—it is astonishing that until now the matter has received so little attention.

A grateful note of acknowledgment from Father Bertrand, of the Gotemba (Japan) leper establishment, informs us that, thanks to the generosity of our readers, he was able last year to meet his current expenses without touching the modest capital at his disposition. Those of our readers who contributed of their superfluity to this worthy charity will be gratified to learn that both Father Bertrand and his unfortunate charges are constant in their prayers for all who come to their assistance.



Little Lady Lou.

BY ALICE DEASE.

LITTLE Pen-se opened her brown, almond-shaped eyes, and stretched her small yellow hands above her head. It was no wonder that she was awakened; for there was such a quacking going on outside the little bedroom where she and her family slept that the wonder was that any one could remain asleep.

But only Pen-se awoke. The others paid no attention to the ducks, because it was not part of their day's work to look after them. Pen-se helped her father to do this; and every morning almost as soon as it was light her task began by letting her charges out into the river. This little Chinese girl, instead of living in a house on land, had her home in a square, flat-bottomed boat that swung lazily on the tide of the Pearl River; and the ducks' bedroom was built of bamboo against the side of this boat, just above the high-water mark.

As soon as the door of this sleeping apartment was opened, the big drake, that Pen-se was a little afraid of, pushed his way into the water with a splash; and all the ducks followed him, tumbling out together, and swam away to find their day's feeding, only to come home again when Pen-se called shrilly for them at night.

The house-boat belonging to Pen-se's father was one of a veritable fleet of boats, large and small. Some of them were already moving about as the little girl looked out across the river; others were still at anchor. But everyone's ducks were clamoring for liberty; and flocks of birds were being freed, and were

swimming in ever-increasing numbers toward the shore.

Whole families of Chinese lived in the boats; but it was curious to note that, as the inhabitants of the bamboo cabins began to swarm out on the decks, very few little girls were to be seen compared to the number of boys. The sad explanation of this fact could have been learned by any one who sailed down the river at night or in the early morning. When all else was quiet, it was nothing uncommon to hear a splash at the side of one of the house-boats, and maybe a feeble cry. Then, when daylight broke, a small bundle caught in the grasses that grow along the riverside, would attract attention; and if the stranger drew nearer to it, he would see the dead body of a tiny infant,—one of many hundred baby girls, gifts of God, unwanted by their heathen parents, and so thrown with careless hand into a watery grave.

Pen-se, as a baby, had run no risk of sharing such a fate, because her parents were Christians; and although the days of the week, even for the children, were filled with toil, the little girl and her brother Lin spent every Sunday at the Sisters' school, in the convent on the shore; and they were both so bright and so eager to learn that week after week they added to their store of knowledge without forgetting anything they had been taught before. Kang-lo, the head of this little Christian household, was a fisherman; and what he and the boy Lin caught in the river, little Pen-se and her mother, Faw, sold in the city markets and at the houses of the rich merchants who lived in beautiful villas high up above the business part of the town.

Pen-se had sometimes gone alone with Lin to the market, but she had never gone without her mother to the houses

on the hill; and when, on the morning that she had got up so early to let out the ducks, she found that Faw was ill and that she would have to go by herself to all their customers, she felt proud and pleased, yet at the same time a little frightened of what she had to do.

There was a whole street in the town where nothing but food was sold; and here, in her mother's usual place, the child managed to sell all the coarse fish she had. And as soon as the big basket that Lin had carried up from the river for her was empty, she took the smaller basket which contained the merchants' supply, and turned from the little narrow crowded alleys of the town to the big houses, surrounded by gardens that formed a suburb to the city.

In one of these houses lived a little girl who was not much bigger than Pen-se, although she was two or three years older. The life that she led was very different from that of the little fisher girl. In the first place, her parents were heathens; and before the baby Lou was able to walk, her feet had been bound so tightly that they could not grow; and, instead of running about and playing like other children, Lou could only hobble round the garden and through the rooms of her father's house. She had never been out in the streets: all her life had been passed inside the walls of her home. Sometimes her mother was carried in a closed-in box-chair to pay visits to other ladies; but until Lou was grown up and married, there was no reason why she should ever go out.

The first time that Pen-se saw little Lady Lou she thought her very much to be envied. It was a dreadfully hot day, and the baskets of fish that Pen-se carried were heavy for such young shoulders. They were slung one at each end of a long pole; and in going up the steep steps leading to the rich men's houses, they had kept swinging downward until their poor bearer was hot and weary and a little cross.

Lou's house was one of the last Pen-se had to visit; and when the cook, seeing her tired little face, told her to sit and rest in the shady courtyard, where the fountains splashed and dripped so coolly, the fisher girl was grateful to squat down on her heels and wait for her baskets to be emptied, away in the kitchen. There were flowers bright and gay around her; and in the basins where the fountains played, shoals of gold and silver and beautifully mottled fish swam and jumped, glittering in the sunlight as they rose up and then disappeared again under the water. On the walls were hanging cages filled with many-colored birds; and stately peacocks, white and blue, swept the court with their gaudy plumes, and then strutted out into the garden beyond.

Pen-se gazed on all these beautiful things with wondering eyes. It was a veritable fairyland to her; and when there appeared amongst the peacocks a little figure with roses in her hair, and dressed in a lovely embroidered coat, with full silken knickerbockers, and tiny shoes not three inches long, and worked with golden thread, Pen-se hardly thought that it was a human child.

"Who are you?" said the little newcomer, stopping short, almost as much amazed at seeing Pen-se as Pen-se was at seeing her.

"I am Pen-se," replied the fisher girl; "and are you the fairy of the garden?"

"Oh, no!" said the child, with a very natural human laugh. "I am only little Lady Lou."

"And do you always live in this beautiful garden?" questioned Pen-se in awestruck tones.

"Yes," replied Lady Lou. "And it is so stupid here! There is nothing to do and no one to play with. Where do you live, fisher girl?"

"I live down there." And Pen-se pointed to where the river gleamed far below them.

"On the river? Show me just where?" said Lady Lou.

Pen-se got up off the floor and walked across toward the garden wall; but, finding that Lou was not beside her, she turned and saw the little much-bedecked figure hobbling painfully after her.

"Why do you bind up your feet so that you can't walk?" she asked.

"Everyone does," replied Lady Lou. "Of course it would not do for me to have big feet; but, oh, I do envy you the way you walk!"

Pen-se looked thoughtfully down at her own pink feet, protected to-day, because of the roughness of the city streets, by plain leather boots; and she wondered whether, after all, she was not better off than little Lady Lou, in spite of her beautiful clothes and gardens and varied possessions.

Pen-se pointed out her home,—one amongst the many boats that thronged the Whampoa; and the little lady questioned her eagerly about the life she led. Pen-se told of her father and mother, of her brother Lin, of the ducks and the boats; and then, quite simply, she spoke of the Sisters and their classes, and of the prayers and hymns that the children were taught.

Poor little Lou, notwithstanding the life she had led, so dull and monotonous, one would think, as to deaden all thought or understanding, listened eagerly to Pen-se's talk. She had never heard of Christians, never heard of Our Lord; and it was amusing to listen to the dialogue between those two little Chinese maidens.

All too soon for the children, the cook came back with the empty baskets; but Little Lady Lou would not let Pen-se go away until she had promised over and over again to come back the very next day that there was fish to bring, and to stay as long as ever she was allowed.

That night, on the house-boat, Pen-se had so much to tell that the rest of the family had finished their supper whilst the little chatterer's bowl was still half full of boiled rice and tiny bits of fried mice which Lin had caught on the river-

bank, and brought home as a great treat for the evening meal.

Faw listened with interest to her daughter's story. Christianity had widened the sympathy of her mother heart, and she yearned toward the little solitary lady, whose own mother seldom troubled herself about her, who was of no importance in the pagan household, and who would be neglected, if not ill-treated, until she was old enough to make a good marriage, and thus increase her family's greatness.

"I may go again, mother, please?" said Pen-se, holding to her mother's gown.

"Yes, child," replied Faw. "It shall be your task from this forward to carry the fish to the house of the little lady's parents. But if you want to help this lonely child to be happy, you must show her how to look beyond this world to the great Father whom the Sisters have taught us to know and to love."

Pen-se looked very serious as her mother spoke. In asking to go again to see Lady Lou, she had thought only of the pleasant garden and the pretty things.

"Mother," she said at last, "I think I had better go over in my mind all the catechism that the Sisters have taught me, and then I shall know how to do as you say."

(Conclusion next week.)

The First Omnibus.

The first London omnibus was a gorgeous vehicle, brightly painted, with accommodation for twenty-two passengers inside, and was drawn by three handsome bay horses. The coachman and conductor were dressed in livery that matched the fine coach; the conductor being so fine a French scholar that many persons took passage merely for the purpose of chatting with him in order to improve their French accent. Newspapers and books were provided for the passengers, so one could travel and improve his education at the same time at small expense.

Ruth's Day of Reckoning.

(Told by her Brother.)

BY FLORA HAINES LOUGHEAD.

III.—RUTH FINDS A NEW FRIEND.

It was like going into a house after there's been a funeral, when Ruth came back from seeing mother off for San Francisco; but she wouldn't let herself think of that, and set herself to work to put everything to rights,—picking up threads and scraps of cloth and ribbons all over the lower rooms, and putting back in their places things that had been left in a mess by the packing up. I filled up the wood-box that night without her asking me, when I found what a nice dinner she had for father and me, on top of all her work, with fresh flowers on the table, just the same as when mother was at home.

I never like to think of that first month after mother went away. For one thing, I never had such bad luck in my life. Half the time I didn't get up early enough in the morning, and was late to school; and once the teacher made me bring a basin of water into the school-room and wash my face before the whole class. It was war at home, and war at school, and war with the boys on the street. I couldn't pull through the examinations, and didn't get promoted, but had to stick in the same grade for another year,—something that never happened to me before or since. I was my own master, except for nights and Sundays; and that counted for something. But as this story is about Ruth and not about me, I think I had better pass over this part, only saying I believe I made her every sort of trouble a boy could during that first six weeks. And there was worse to come.

Mother left home the third week in May. Ruth was promoted honorary, to the junior class in the high school, so she didn't have to take the exams; and soon she was out of school; and because she had never done any housework before,

she sailed in cooking to beat the band. Mother had a California cookbook, which she had bought but hardly ever used; and Ruth began at the beginning, intending to cook straight through it. The book was alphabetical, so she began with the A's; and the first day we had abalone stew, a salad of abagado pears, which some folks call "alligator" pears; and ambrosia, made of sliced oranges, sugar, and grated cocoanut; with alder tea. The abalone must have been an old fellow, with his shell grown into meat; for he was so tough we couldn't chew him; but the other things were all right. The next night we had anchovies, artichoke salad, and baked artichokes,—the other kind, with anise seed cookies, almond cake, and creamed apples. And so it went on. It gave us funny meals sonietimes; for often they would be mostly desserts; at other times they would be mostly meats or vegetables; but she would let us have potatoes with our cakes and puddings now and then, even when she wasn't in that letter; and we got on pretty well. Father said it was decidedly interesting, anyhow.

Ruth had a trouble of her own that nobody but herself knew about,—a trouble that kept growing bigger and bigger, and that worried her even more than I did. That was the promise she had made to Uncle Ned to write him letters from Paris, telling him all about the beautiful sights there and the wonders of the great fair.

Of course those who read this will wonder why she didn't write to him at once, and explain why she wasn't going to the Exposition, and tell him the use she was making of the money he had sent. But if you will think a moment, perhaps it may not be hard to understand why she did not do so. We had never seen Uncle Ned, either of us; but we knew he was father's elder brother, and Ruth imagined him an old man, gray and grizzled, and grim as the hills where he had worked for so many years. It certainly had been kind of him to send the money; but he had sent it to her to use for a

certain purpose, not given it to her out and out; and how was she to know he mightn't claim it all back, if he found she intended using it for anything else? He would have a perfect right to of course. Mother wasn't saved yet, and Ruth couldn't take any chances on having trouble about the money then. And think as hard as she might, the only plan she could hit on, to keep Uncle Ned from so much as guessing that she had not gone away, and was doing anything different with his money, was to write those Paris letters, and somehow to get them mailed to him from Paris, so he would think she was over there.

And how was a girl to write letters from Paris, about Paris, who had never been in Paris in her life? Ruth read all that was said about Paris in the Cyclopedia, and she went to the School Library, and couldn't find anything more. She went to the Public Library, and they brought out what they had there; but the most of it had been written years before, and she feared there might have been changes in the streets and buildings, and didn't dare depend on the books, for fear she might make some bad mistake. She found a map of Paris, and studied it over and over until she could almost have gone about there by herself, if she had been set down in the city; and how she did wish she could fly there, if only for a single day!

And then Eleanor Cameron came, just in the nick of time,—Eleanor, who had spent two years travelling over Europe, with her mother and her governess, and who had been months in Paris. Things rarely go as we expect they will in this world, and it was because Ruth did *not* go to Paris that she came to have Eleanor Cameron for a friend.

After Ruth had left the bank that day, Mr. Cameron sat and thought about her, and her eagerness to turn over every dollar of the handsome gift she had received, to bring our mother back to health, without seeming to think she was

giving up anything in doing so; and he thought of her wish to take all the burden of worry on her own shoulders, without letting father even share it. Talking with father about it since, he said he didn't know as he had ever come across such another case, in all his experience. The upshot of it was that when he went home that night he said to his daughter:

"Eleanor, I've seen a girl to-day that I think is worth knowing. She is Sherwood's daughter; Ruth I believe her name is. Her mother is going to be gone all summer, on a visit to San Francisco, and I wish you would call on her when she is left alone. She's a little younger than you, but a fine girl, in my opinion."

"Very well, father," said the girl, wondering that he should have taken such a sudden interest in Ruth, whom she'd seen a good many times a little ways off, and thought rather pretty, but nothing uncommon about her. This made her curious to know what she was really like. Mr. Cameron had pretty stiff ideas about honor, and wouldn't even tell his own girl what Ruth had told him in secret.

Funny how two girls go about getting acquainted and finding out if they're going to like each other. I was on the front steps, waiting for Billy Staples to take a bath and have his hair cut—his mother does it herself; and it's a burning shame, for he looks like a sheep for days after!—and I saw the whole thing. Ruth was on the porch, for it was a warm day, when Eleanor Cameron came up and introduced herself, stiff as a poker and as proper. They bowed and scraped to each other; and Ruth asked her wouldn't she walk into the parlor, and the young lady said if Ruth didn't mind she'd quite as lief stay outside, the day being so warm; and she said hadn't the summer been warmer than usual; and so they went on, polite as could be, all the while looking out of the corners of their eyes at each other, without pretending to, and noticing everything each other had on, and how they did their hair. Why,

if it had been two boys, they would have had it out of each other in a jiffy how old they were, and when was their next birthday, and did they play baseball or football; and they'd have seen which had the biggest muscle; and, like as not, inside of five minutes they'd have been wrestling; and when one had got the other down, they'd have known where they stood. But those girls acted as if they were afraid of each other.

I believe they'd never have got any further, but somehow it happened that Eleanor spoke of Paris. Perhaps Ruth led her on to it. The only sure thing is that it loosed both their tongues. Eleanor told about the fine broad streets, and the lovely shops where you can buy things so cheap, and the great gallery filled with pictures, and the palace and the park around it; and just then Billy Staples yoy-ee-hooed to me, and I yoy-ee-hooed back to him, and cut off down the walk, and didn't hear any more.

It seems that Ruth asked question after question, and was so keen to learn everything she could that Miss Cameron asked her if she wouldn't like to see some books they had telling all about the city; and Ruth said she'd be only too glad to, for—here she turned red and stammered—she was making a special study of Paris that summer for something she was going to write. Miss Cameron, of course, supposed it was some school work, given out for vacation study, and wanted to help her all she could. And she not only brought over a lot of books, big and little, one of them a guide to Paris, but she offered to help her out by explaining anything Ruth couldn't understand from the books. Ruth paid back her call very soon, and from that time on they were together about half the time, I should say; for there was hardly a day that she wasn't down to our house some of the time, or Ruth up to hers.

Then the San Francisco papers advertised picture portfolios of the Paris

Exposition, one a week for a coupon and a dime; and father ordered two whole sets from different newspapers, so that our house fairly swarmed with pictures of the fair and books about Paris.

Even then it wasn't easy to write the letters, but Ruth went about it and stuck to it; and a few days after Aunt Lucinda and her daughter reached Paris, Juliet had a letter from Ruth, and in it was another letter in a smaller envelope, sealed and addressed to Uncle Edward in Nevada, and a nickel on a card; and she asked Juliet to be kind enough to mail it for her there in Paris, with the Exposition stamp on it; and Ruth said she would take it as a great kindness if Juliet would mail one for her every week that summer.

So many people everywhere are collecting stamps and postmarks that Cousin Juliet didn't think anything strange of this; but did as she was asked, scarcely giving it a second thought except to remark it was a rather roundabout way of getting them. And every week afterward a letter came, which she stamped and sent back to Nevada; for Ruth, no matter how busy she was or behindhand with other things, never once failed with her Paris letter. She honestly tried, too, to write about the things she thought would most interest Uncle Ned; so she made a study of all she could find about the mining exhibit, and the machinery building, and a good many things girls don't usually care for.

But although Ruth stood right up to the part she had made up her mind to play, and told herself it was all right, and she wasn't going to mind facing Uncle Ned with it after it was all over, she couldn't face God with it, she has confessed since. And she got so she could hardly say her prayers at all, but as soon as she began would choke up and just say: "Dear Lord, save mother! I'll take all the punishment I deserve, but take mother safely through her suffering, and bring her back to us."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A thoroughly readable and eminently satisfactory reply to the genuine, or the assumed, carelessness that is perpetually inquiring, "What's the use?" is to be found in "Indifference; or, What is Most Worth Caring About," a booklet of some sixty well-printed pages, written by L. J. Walker, S. J., and for sale in this country by B. Herder.

—John Bach McMaster is an undoubted authority on the history of our country; hence his new "Brief History of the United States," published by the American Book Co., will be sure to receive attention on the part of educators and all interested in text-books. The work is attractive in form, seems well-proportioned in its summary of events, and is fully supplied with references, footnotes, and maps.

—From the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, the *Rosary Press*, and the Society of the Divine Word, we have received the "Almanac of Catholic Missions" (40 pp.), the "Dominican Year-Book" (110 pp.), and "St. Michael's Almanac," in English and German (120 pp.). All three contain useful statistical information and numerous illustrations; and the last two have in addition a generous supply of reading matter.

—The Knights of Columbus at Emporia, Kansas (Leo Council No. 727), have set an example which we hope will be followed by their confrères all over the United States. At a meeting held last month, it was ordered that a set of the Catholic Encyclopædia be presented to the State Normal Library. Thus a treasury of information concerning Catholic doctrine, disputed points of history, etc., is opened to young men and women from all parts of the State attending this institution of learning.

—"Maryland, the Land of Sanctuary: A History of Religious Toleration in Maryland from the First Settlement until the American Revolution," is the title of a valuable work by the Rev. William T. Russell, of the archdiocese of Baltimore, just published by J. H. Furst Co. Pending a review of this important book, we may say that it is the fullest and fairest presentation of the subject that we know of. Marylanders have reason to be grateful to Father Russell and proud of his performance.

—"The Secret of the Green Vase," by Frances Cooke, is a story of intrigue. There is a weirdness about the setting which adds to the effectiveness of the tale; and Hildegard and Irma are very real in their struggles with what life

brings to each. The sadness of the story, as well as its complications, and the *dénouement*, which, we are glad to say, is not altogether sad, are inextricably wound around the green vase, as is also the gold thread of love that shines here and there through this narrative of checkered life. Published by Benziger Bros.

—A rather notable volume of poems, "Quivira," by Harrison Conard, comes to us from the Gorham Press (Richard G. Badger), Boston. We say "notable," because, so far as we know, it is a first volume of a Catholic writer who is much more than a correct and melodious versifier. Not every reader may be able to differentiate poetry from verse; but no competent critic will deny that "Quivira" contains not merely occasional lines, but whole pages, that are essentially poetical. The author loves the great West and Southwest, with their wide-spreading deserts, riven cañons, mighty hills and silent plains; and he sings his love in fitting measures. His religious and domestic lyrics are also above the average of what is conventionally styled "poetry"; and the book, as a whole, is a welcome addition to Catholic literature. The volume is enriched with a number of illustrations, and is artistically printed and bound.

—A portly volume of nearly seven hundred pages, well printed and handsomely bound, is "The Life of St. Jerome," by Fray José de Sigüenza, translated by Mariano Monteiro. At first sight it is apt to impress one favorably; the impression is modified, however, when one has examined the work. Fray José, the sixteenth-century monk who wrote the original work, may have been, as it is claimed, "one of the most brilliant classical writers of Spain"; but, if so, he has been unfortunate in his translator. Of the substance of the book much might be said in well-merited praise; of the literary form, we shall let two extracts speak for themselves. In the "Author's Preface" we find: "From this [God's foreseeing] proceeds that He equally calls by their name, and is replied to, by all things which are, and by those which are not." And on page 160 we have this: "... For the lives of the saints are nothing else but looking-glasses for us to cleanse our own lives." B. Herder, publisher.

—The requirements that will be demanded of the next generation of editor men are calculated to discourage any but the most ambitious. Conclusive proof of literary skill will be a *sine qua non*. Mr. George Herbert Clarke, writing in the current issue of *Harper's Weekly*, proposes

the immediate establishment of a "correspondence course for editors," as an agreeable and refreshing means by which the routine of returning the manuscripts of unsuccessful authors might be varied. The usual methods, he holds, are tiresomely antiquated. Editorial rejection slips are notoriously humdrum; and "even in written correspondence, the autocrats of the periodicals show nothing like the versatility and *bonhomie* of their contributors." Why, he suggests, should the editors not undertake to decline, *in kind*, limericks with limericks, sonnets with sonnets, etc.? Here, for instance, are models for the return of a limerick and a sonnet. It is suggested that these forms, varied and adorned, be printed in that nicely deceptive typewritten fashion that looks so convincingly personal:

Sir (or Madam), your versified trick
Is brilliant and witty and quick;
And yet we are under
(With heart torn asunder)
A bond to print no lim-er-ick.

Dear Friend, your sonnet is the neatest thing
That we have seen in sonnets for—a week;
We shall to-night with fervor of it speak
When to our Harlem flat we've taken wing.
(The Missus likes to hear us have our fling
At all the wishy washy woful, weak
And weary verses that our suffrage seek).—
Oh yes, we'll chortle of your work and sing!

Nevertheless, to our immense regret,
We find that at the moment we've on hand
So many contributions of this kind
That we can't use one single fresh sonnet:
With sorrow you can scarcely understand
We send you back, then, yours "With thanks
declined."

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

- "What is Most Worth Caring About." L. J. Walker, S. J. 30 cts.
"The Secret of the Green Vase." Frances Cooke. \$1.25.
"The Life of St. Jerome." Fray José de Sigüenza. \$3.50.
"Quivira." Harrison Conrard. \$1.50.
"The Bond of Perfection." Rev. P. M. Northcote, O. S. M. 60 cts., net.

- "A Review of Hamlet." George H. Miles. \$1.10.
"A Colonel from Wyoming." J. A. H. Cameron. \$1.35.
"The Return of Mary O'Murrough." Rosa Mulholland. \$1.25.
"The Life of Christ." Mgr. E. Le Camus. Vol. II. \$1.50, net.
"The Immortality of the Human Soul." George Fell, S. J. \$1.35, net.
"Véra's Charge." Christian Reid. \$1.50.
"Arethusa." F. Marion Crawford. \$1.50.
"In the Harbor of Hope." Mary Elizabeth Blake. \$1.25.
"Madame Rose Lummis." Delia Gleeson. \$1.25, net.
"The School of Death: Outlines of Meditations." Rt. Rev. Luigi Lanzoni. 70 cts., net.
"Thoughts on the Religious Life." Rev. F. X. Lasance. \$1.50, net.
"Arabella." Anna T. Sadlier. 80 cts.
"The Way of the Cross of the Sacred Heart." Very Rev. Fr. de Prats-de-Mollo, O. M. Cap. 90 cts., net.
"Handbook of Ceremonies." Rev. J. B. Müller. \$1.
"The Church in English History." J. M. Stone. \$1.
"Melor of the Silver Hand." Rev. David Bearne, S. J. 85 cts.
"Eucharistic Soul Elevations." Rev. W. F. Stadelman, C. S. Sp. 50 cts., net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Gerard Funke, of the diocese of Newark; Rev. Julius Rhode, diocese of Green Bay; Rev. George Mahoney, diocese of Providence; Rev. Joseph Maguire, archdiocese of Baltimore; and Rev. Louis Tracy, diocese of Harrisburg.

Sister Mary Virginia, of the Sisters of St. Joseph.

Mr. Louis Hosette, Mr. J. F. Heinsworth, Mrs. Mary Finn, Mrs. E. J. Russell, Mr. T. R. Howard, Mr. Jeremiah Foley, Mrs. Catherine Lumley, Mr. Frank Shepperd, Miss Mary Morrissey, Mrs. M. A. Crosson, Mr. W. F. Wilson, Mrs. Margaret Hughes, Mrs. V. P. Orrilla, Mr. Frank Kernan, Mr. William Lamb, Mr. Daniel Britton, Mrs. Robert O'Reilly, Mr. William Malone, Mr. Victor Dubois, Mrs. Michael McDermott, Mrs. Agnes Twiss, Mr. Bernard Doyle, Mr. Charles Brassard, Mrs. Patrick Gillespie, Mr. Henry Brown, Miss Margaret Costello, Mr. and Mrs. George Sillery, Mr. J. J. Rodgers, Mr. and Mrs. James Maginn, and Mrs. Mary Sice.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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NO. 4.

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Prayer to Mary for the New Year.

BY THE REV. H. G. HUGHES.

SWEET Mother, pray for me,
Now New Year doth begin,
That in the coming time
I may be pure from sin.

Dear Mother, pray for me,
That God's grace in me dwell;
Of Jesu ask this boon:
That I may love Him well,—

That I may love Him well;
And, to Him ever true,
Through all this coming year
No deed of mine may rue.

God's Mother, pray for me,
This year and all my days;
So I may come to heav'n,
And thee and Jesu praise.

Socialism Anti-Christian.

IN a previous article published in THE AVE MARIA of October 19 last, I dealt with some of the more obvious fallacies upon which are based the general principles of modern Socialism. In this paper I propose to show that Socialism in its modern form is *per se* anti-Christian. It is very easy to be blinded to the true nature of this vehement agitation; for the Socialist orator has too much wisdom to propose in all their nakedness the ultimate aims of his profession before a mixed audience. His utterances in public,

at least before a cultured assembly whose sympathies firstly and then their practical support he desires to enlist, are tinged with enthusiasm for brotherly love, for the amelioration of the lot of the down-trodden, for the rectification of social and economic inequalities,—all worthy objects held in esteem by all practising Christians. He will appeal to the teaching and example of Christ in support of his contention. And his audience will separate at the end of the discourse with a comforting conviction that this Socialism, of which so much is heard nowadays, is not, after all, entirely bad, and has many points to commend it.

Many advocates of what I may call this extended philanthropy, into which their charitable instincts interpret the plausible professions of Socialism, are in strictly good faith. They honestly desire to aid a movement which they believe to be a disinterested attempt to solve the economic difficulties attending a more equal distribution of wealth; they see in it only a practical application of the lessons of the New Testament to the needs of the age; and in this latter view they are strengthened in many cases by the sermons and writings of well-meaning clergymen of Protestant denominations, who in all good faith repudiate, as foreign to Socialism proper, the extreme views advocated by the revolutionary section. They would shrink in horror from the noisy and violent denunciations of the more advanced exponents of Socialism,—of those who, by progressive taxation, would tax away all capital until it ceased to be, who

would abolish all private holding of land and other property, who would invade the sanctity of the home and substitute State officialism for parental responsibility.

"No," they may say; "thank God, these are not the aims of Socialism! Our Socialism is lofty, disinterested, discriminating; instinct with true charity, craving only the right to extend to all the blessings of light and food and air; to secure that all shall share alike in the enjoyment of the produce of God's beautiful earth, which He intended for the use of all, and not for that of only a favored few. These are the true aims of Socialism; let all others be anathema!" With such and similar moral anæsthetics are many worthy humanitarians beguiled in all good faith, and the leaders of this essentially anti-Christian movement know well how to take advantage of such trusting optimism.

But it is well to remove these borrowed plumes of Christian sentiment in which Socialism, as occasion suits, prefers to pose; and to see what in reality are the tenets of this creed, which is not new, but as old as the strife between good and evil, between natural and supernatural, between Christ and the world which He overcame. I will take a few extracts from the book of Mr. E. Belfort Bax, first published, under the title of "The Religion of Socialism," in 1886, and now in a fifth edition. In some respects this work may be regarded as an authoritative exposition of the more connected aspirations of Socialism. It shows in an unmistakable manner the anti-Christian sentiments which animate the leaders of the movement.

On page 96, after calling Our Lord "a weak but impulsive personality," Mr. Bax states that genuine Socialists have every right to resent with indignation "the continual reference of ideal perfection to a semi-mythical Syrian of the first century, when they see higher types even in some now walking this upper earth, but in vulgar flesh and blood, and without the atmosphere of nineteen centuries to lend enchantment to them."

His views on the notion and fact of personal holiness are expressed on the following page in these words: "Christian morality sets up a forced, to the vast majority an impossible, standard of 'personal holiness,' which, when realized, has seldom resulted in anything but (1) an apotheosized priggism (e. g., the Puritan type), or (2) in an epileptic hysteria (e. g., the Catholic saint type), and which at the best is a *tour de force*, involving an amount of concentrated energy that may excite our wonder perhaps, like the concentrated physical energy of the tight-rope dancer, but which we feel to be just as useless." Note the use of "we," the conscious acknowledgment of one speaking for his fellows. To this some *bona fide* sympathizers may object that the book was written over twenty years ago, and that such sentiments are not entertained at the present time. In the preface to the edition of 1901 Mr. Belfort Bax remarks: "If I were to rewrite it, I might perhaps shift the emphasis in certain passages and on certain points; but of substantive alterations there would be few, if any."

But perhaps Mr. Belfort Bax advances only his own personal views, and is not entitled to speak with authority? Let us see what is said by Mr. Bernard Shaw, the leader of the Fabian Society, amongst the members of which, it is extraordinary to note, are some clergymen of Protestant denominations, who, at any rate, whatever their divergence from the true Faith, profess the broad principles of Christianity. Mr. Shaw has stated that "popular Christianity has for its emblem a gibbet, for its chief sensation a sanguinary execution after torture, for its central mystery an insane vengeance bought off by a trumpety expiation." It seems almost blasphemy to write these words, even in condemnation. Elsewhere Mr. Shaw has given it as his opinion that "at present there is not a credible established religion in the world." Is there not in these proud and shameless words

something very familiar to the student of the history of the Church? Do we not recall the finding of the rude drawing scratched with a knife on the wall of one of the old imperial palaces of Rome representing a Christian Roman soldier worshipping the "Ass's Head"? And yet Mr. Bernard Shaw and others of his calibre state what they think to be a new discovery, and believe themselves to be evolving from their own intellectual conceit some new thought! The Church knows of old the lengths to which intellectual pride and undisciplined thought may bring a man.

But to return to Mr. Belfort Bax. In his volume of "Essays on Socialism: New and Old," page 27, he writes: "The infamous doctrine of the Atonement is based upon the notion of suffering as something good in itself." And on page 51, speaking of the gulf which he frankly acknowledges lies between the ideals of Christianity and of Socialism, which many, who have not studied the question, deny to exist, he says: "Paganism remained paganism and not Christianity, just as Christianity to-day, in spite of every effort, remains Christianity and not Socialism. There is an unbridgeable gulf in both cases between the two theories of life, the decaying theory and the growing theory." Could anything be more explicit, coming as it does from one who speaks with authority? And can any one be longer deluded into an optimistic sense of security in the comforting belief that Socialism is but the practical application of Christian principles?

One more quotation and I will pass on from Mr. Bax. His view of the inception of Christianity is advanced with that astonishing ignorance which is so marked a characteristic of all who take upon themselves to controvert fact. On page 38 of the same volume of essays he declares: "The theory that Christianity was a doctrine that burst upon the world with a new light is directly contradicted by history, which discloses it as simply

the popular and democratic formularization of tendencies and dogmas already present in the paganism and Judaism of the time." But enough of Mr. Bax.

As the special purpose of this article is to emphasize as strongly as possible the substantial repudiation of Christianity on the part of those who inspire the literature and direct the organizing forces of Socialism, it is necessary to be somewhat lavish of quotation from their speeches and writings, even at the risk of being burdensome. For, in seeking to promote the spread of their pernicious doctrines, they are careful to prepare the ground by professions of humanitarian zeal and often use the language consecrated by brotherly love, so that many are dazzled and attracted by the unfolding of such schemes of universal detachment.

In reality, the Socialists laugh at their dupes, and regard them as useful only inasmuch as they are often ready to render aid from mistaken motives. In a book entitled "Was Jesus a Socialist?" by Mr. Leatham, who often contributes to an avowed Socialist newspaper, the *Clarion*, published in London, the following passage occurs: "To fall back upon Christianity for aid and confirmation to Socialism is like turning to the sonnets of Shakespeare or the roundels of Swinburne for confirmation of the science of mathematics. Socialism is grand enough and strong enough to stand without Christian props. It is about as reasonable to speak of Christian Socialism as it would be to speak of Christian arithmetic or Christian geometry." He is prepared, however, to take "what help on the emotional side we can get from Christianity." Elsewhere he writes: "Personally, I feel called upon to attack Christianity as I should any other harmful delusion. I do not believe in the theology of Christ any more than I do in His sociology. It is no use pretending that Socialism will not profoundly revolutionize religion. . . . If the triumph of the Socialist ideal does not crush supernatural religion, we shall still have a

gigantic fabric of falsity and convention upon which to wage war. Happily, Christianity becomes less and less of a power every day. So far, indeed, from Christianity being able to support Socialism, it goes hard with Christianity to stand by itself. As a support to Socialism, it would surely prove a broken reed."

Another contributor to the *Clarion*, writing under the name of "Nunquam," in an issue of that paper during the past autumn wrote: "I do not believe that Christianity or Buddhism or Judaism or Mahometanism is true. I do not believe that any one of these religions is necessary. I do not believe that any one of them affords a perfect rule of life. I deny the existence of a Heavenly Father. I deny the efficacy of prayer. I deny the Providence of God. I deny the truth of the Old Testament and the New Testament. I deny the truth of the Gospels. I do not believe that any miracle ever was performed. I do not believe that Christ was divine. I do not believe that He died for man. I do not believe that He ever rose from the dead. I am strongly inclined to believe that He never existed at all."

How is it possible, in face of the increasing propaganda of Socialism, to shut one's eyes to the responsibility that lies on all, and especially on Catholics, to combat its advance with every legitimate means at our disposal? In the foregoing passages which I have quoted—and they might be multiplied *ad infinitum*—we see stated the avowed principles which animate the publicists of Socialism: direct and scornful denial of the Christian religion. We note in the public press on all sides a tacit acquiescence in the views of materialism; and Bentham's most misleading dictum of "the greatest happiness of the greatest number" as the *summum bonum*, apart from all considerations that must necessarily militate against its attainment in this life, is generally accepted as final. Now, how can these things be? We know from the continuous history

of the human race that "man is born to sorrow," and it is not in the power of man to alter the conditions in which he makes his appearance on the earth. No man is the author of his own being; he may not elect his parents; he has no voice in the choice of his first environment; he is a helpless morsel of humanity, dependent for his very life on the loving care of his mother. He has nothing of himself in his first beginning; he can take nothing with him after his journey is over, save his good and bad deeds. His work in this life is to preserve it; to struggle hard to eradicate the seeds of moral death sown in the garden of which he is the possessor by the gift of God; and at his life's end to render back the little plot of ground to the Giver, with some bright flowers here and there, and the ugly growth of weeds stunted and cut back.

Does the Socialist reck of these things? Does he know his own nature from which he can not by any stretch of imagination get away? Does he know himself so little as to imagine that were all the possessions of the world at his feet he would be content, he would be happier? It is not in the nature of man to be happy only with material possessions, unless he would turn away his face from God—his ultimate end, whether he will or no.

It is not the Socialist, undisciplined in thought and action, rebellious against God, struggling with merely human effort against the sadness of life's inequalities, that has the power to alter the conditions of human life. They are fixed, immutable in regard to essentials; for man's nature is the same always; under any conceivable conditions, he will always have the same battle to wage. But the Socialist, in endeavoring to set the world straight again by scornfully thrusting aside the only means he has at his disposal, the principles and support of the holy Christian dispensation, is foredoomed to failure. Does he not know that Christ came to give hope to mankind, to give man the

supernatural means whereby to bear these inequalities with fortitude, that it is charity and love that is to soften the intercourse between classes, between employer and employed, between those who have and those who have not? Because the majority of men have always chosen to follow the world, neglecting the means by which they may overcome the world, are the *means* to be despised and accounted nugatory?

But with the Church there are no class distinctions, there is no difference between rich and poor,—all are equal in the sight of God. And it was to the poor that Christ preached the Gospel, and it has always been the work and glory of His Church to care for the sorrows of the poor and downtrodden; and in the Days of Faith, when the laws for the betterment of mankind were framed on the principles of our holy religion, and men accepted the guiding hand of the Church, she ever waged war against powerful oppressors in the interests of the poor. And now, as always, her mission is to seek to aid the wretched and distressed, and to mitigate the ills under which so many all over the world groan and labor. She alone is disinterested; she alone has no temporal aims: her rewards are not in this life, but in a harvest of souls gained for the next.

What strange blindness is cast over the eyes of these would-be reformers, to reject and deny the fact and force of Christianity as shown in the constant action of the Church throughout the Christian dispensation! The endeavor to dispense with the Church in any movement to better mankind is like the act of a man who would try to measure rays of light by any other medium than light itself. It can not be done; and who is there that will not pray that men will come to see by the grace of God that these things are so?

“ARGO.”

SALVATION is shown to Faith, prepared for Hope, but given only to Charity.

—St. Francis de Sales,

Exiled from Erin.

IV.—A NEW WORLD.

SWIFTLY sped the days until the time of Ellie McMahon's departure. On the receipt of the letter announcing her determination to go, her uncle in America wrote immediately, sending money to pay her passage, and sufficient besides to purchase some clothing. There was little to spare, however; but the poor creatures, accustomed to poverty, made the most of what they received, without commenting on the smallness of the gift.

At last she was ready. The priest had seen to the purchase of the ticket; and so great was his regard for the family that he offered to accompany the girl and her brother to Queenstown, from which port she was to sail for America,—that El Dorado, from whose golden shores she fully hoped to return in two or three years with enough money to rent more land, stock it, and establish her poor mother in comfort for the rest of her life. Especially was this to come to pass if her younger brother followed her, as he now intended to do. It was this thought, this hope, that enabled her to tear herself from her mother's loving arms, to find courage to face the unknown seas, the unknown country, the unknown prospect before her.

Simple, innocent, untried soul that she was, it seemed a miracle that she could nerve herself to such a parting, such an ordeal. Yes, a miracle indeed; yet one that has been wrought thousands—nay, millions—of times in the ever-pathetic story of the Irish emigrant; one that is based on the eternal foundation of religion; that owes its repetition again and again to the overwhelming love of kindred, the unbounded trust in God and His promises, that are at once the sad and glorious inheritance of the sons and daughters of Ireland.

As the day for her departure drew

nearer, Ellie McMahon longed for it to be over, fearful that if the agony of separation were prolonged she should be unable to undergo the trial. Many a time during the night of that last week she would start from her sleep with the feeling that something dreadful was in store for her. Sitting up in her bed, and throwing back the long waves of her beautiful hair, she would realize what that something meant; and, with clasped hands, falling on her knees beside her little couch, she would beg God and His Holy Mother to give her strength and courage. Only a thin partition separated the closet which was her room from that of her mother; and if poor little Ellie could have looked beyond it, she would have beheld the heart-broken woman also on her knees, where she now spent the greater part of the night.

But why prolong a description so harrowing,—one that must find an echo in thousands of hearts who have experienced the same throes of agony, the same pangs of loneliness, and who, whether prosperity has blessed their sacrifice, or adversity intensified it, must have wondered many times during the years that have worn the edge off its keenness without altogether blunting it, how it was given them in that day of sorrow to put their hand to the heavy plough without halting or looking back?

On a beautiful morning in the month of May, when every tree was in blossom and every hedge a mass of green, when the thrushes, abroad in the sky, were singing with the joy of the upspringing life everywhere around them, Ellie McMahon unfolded her mother's clinging arms from about her neck, and, leaving her to the care of kind neighbors and the younger boy, walked out of the door, leaning on Willie's arm, dry-eyed and wordless. All the day before she had gone about the house silently weeping; all the previous night her pillow had been wet with scalding tears; but when morning came the fountains of grief had grown

dry. Nevertheless, the heavy lids, swollen with past weeping, the pallid cheeks and tightly closed lips betrayed the agony of her soul.

Father Kearney was already in the side-car waiting. He could not have borne to enter the house during the last sad moments; for he knew that, unlike many of his people, mother and daughter would keep a certain composure to the very last; that he would not be needed to put an end to their leave-taking, and hurry the agonized parting.

"My mother has fainted, Father," said Ellie, as she took her place in the car. "Do you think there is any danger in it?"

"No danger, Ellie," replied the priest. "The women will take care of her, and Joe is with her. Be in peace about her, my good girl; it was her bravery in striving to hold up to the last that caused it. Have courage. Are you comfortable, Ellie?"

"Yes, Father."

"And you have all your parcels?"

"Yes, Father. There are not many. Most of the things are in my box. I have only this bag; there is another small one inside it."

"Very well; it is better not to be much encumbered with bags and bundles," said the priest.

Some one in the village who had been in America had advised Mrs. McMahon to add a veil to the list of Ellie's purchases.

"'Twill save her from the dust of the road and the train," said the woman; "and she can wrap it about her head on deck, when she's aboard ship, ma'am. She can tie it on her ears, and 'twill be warm and comfortable. Be sure and get a woollen tissue, Mrs. McMahon. She'll find it as good as new when she gets to New York, if you do. And I tell you, ma'am, she can make it do great service out there when she's going to Mass cold, windy mornings."

So the veil was bought,—a dark blue to match the serge suit they had pur-

chased, ready made, in the town. Poor Ellie thought but little either of the new gown and jacket, or the trim blue hat with a red wing, or the kid gloves that would have so delighted her at any other time. Her mother had insisted on giving her a soft grey and black woollen shawl of her own,—a relic of better days, of which Ellie had been loath to deprive her. But the neighbor who had sojourned for some time in America advised her to take it, as it would be a fine thing to wrap around her while on deck during the voyage.

The day was to come when Ellie would regard that shawl as her most treasured possession; when the feeling of it about her shoulders would seem to transport her to the loved home she had left; when the sight of its grey and black squares would recall her mother's face and form on the frostiest Sundays on their way to Mass, when Mrs. McMahon was accustomed to wrap it around her as an extra precaution against unusual cold or heavy rain.

From time to time Father Kearney would glance at the girl sitting beside him, but little was said; he thought it better so. The short drive was soon over; then followed the railway journey, also short. We shall not linger on the parting between the brother and sister. It had the dignity of proud though sensitive hearts striving to preserve outward composure under heart-breaking pressure of grief. Until the last glimpse of Ireland receded from her view, long, long after the groups on the pier faded into nothingness, Ellie McMahon stood gazing at the land she had left behind.

The voyage was not an unpleasant one. The Irish poor are always kind to one another; and her companions pitied the lonely girl, who in turn caressed the little children, helped the overburdened mothers, and comforted the aged and infirm. If blessings and kindly wishes could have insured prosperity and every good fortune in her new home, the young

Irish girl would have been rich indeed. At least this much she had gained by her gentle kindness: respite from brooding over her own sorrow, and comfort in her loneliness.

On the tenth day, after an exceedingly smooth and prosperous voyage, the steamer sighted land. Then began the hurry and bustle of preparations. In cabin and steerage the commotion was the same, except for the fact that in the humbler portion of the vessel there was more uncertainty as to the future than above stairs. There also every sight and sound was of thrilling interest, every new feature in the scene of vital import. Behind them, against the background of floating white clouds trailed long streamers of black smoke from the vessels in the bay. Ferryboats, tugs, lighters, and shabby excursion steamers whistled, tooted and puffed,—a discordant volume of sound floating upward and outward to the huge passenger ship just entering the harbor.

And now, in the dim distance, through the half-fog that obscured their outlines, loomed out a pile of buildings, solid, substantial and compact, but entirely unattractive; they were of red brick with grey stone trimmings.

"That is Ellis Island," said a man standing beside Ellie,—an Irishman, who had been taking a vacation in the old country.

"The place my uncle will be waiting for me?" inquired the girl. "But what if he should not be there?" she continued. "Then what should I do?"

"They would detain you at the Island until he came. It is a fine place, Miss McMahon. You will be well cared for and well fed."

"But what if something happened him, Mr. O'Brien, and he never came?"

"Oh, we won't think of anything of the kind! He'll be there."

"But—"

"Oh, well, if he wasn't—unless you had a certain sum of money with you,

and could prove that you had friends in America,—you'd be sent back."

"God forgive me," murmured the girl with a sigh, "but sometimes I wish I'd never come."

"'Tis natural to feel so," answered her friend. "But you'll get over that. You tell me your uncle is in a good way of living, that he has a hotel. In what part of the city is it?"

"I haven't the least idea," was the reply. "He didn't tell us the place at all. He's not really my uncle, only my mother's sister's husband."

"And she's not living?"

"No: she's dead this long time, poor creature! But he married again, and he's a widower again. That's why he wrote me to come out to help him with the house and children. He has another girl to do the work."

"He should, if he has a hotel."

"I was thinking of coming to America, anyway; so I didn't need much persuasion. And if all goes well, my eighteen-year-old brother will follow me shortly. But what is that queer thing over there?"

Ellie pointed to the gigantic statue, now fully in view; separated only by a narrow channel from Ellis Island, it stood upon another island, towering above the Immigration Buildings. Indifferent to storm and stress, calm alike in floodtide and ebb, stained by the fog and rain, and scorched by the sun, the Statue of Liberty bade welcome to the home-seeking emigrant and the returning traveller.

"That is Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty, presented by France to America," replied her fellow-passenger. "Isn't it grand?"

Ellie shuddered.

"Somehow it frightens me," she said. "It looks so big!"

Slowly they made their way to the shore. Finally the immigrants were placed on barges, and thus landed on Ellis Island. Ellie's companion did not desert her, though he might have gone on with the steamer, as he was a citizen of the United States. But from the first

the young girl had interested him, she was so sweet, so pure, so unexperienced; and he wondered what fate had in store for her in this strange land. He himself was not a resident of New York, living much farther West; but he felt that he must see the girl safely with her relative before pursuing his homeward journey. And Ellie McMahon, appreciating his kindness, was glad to know that he would not leave her until her uncle came.

After the customary medical examination, they were among the first to pass down one of the numerous gangways, twenty-two in number, divided by high iron fences. The place was spotlessly clean, and the air fresh, but the Babel of tongues was both confusing and deafening. Ellie's companion glanced about him. Swaying from side to side as he came, whether from constitutional awkwardness or the effect of liquor, he saw a tall, stoop-shouldered man approaching them. He was of middle age, but there was about him an affectation of youth not favorable to his appearance. His hat was shoved far back on his head; he wore garments of a loud check pattern cheaply made, a waistcoat striped in red and blue, with a bright green necktie, surmounted by a flashy pin. His bleary eyes roved from face to face as he neared the descending group. His mouth wore a set smile, meant, the observer judged, to be pleasant, but which, with two large projecting upper teeth, imparted a sinister effect to his already forbidding countenance. The outward appearance of the man did not augur well for the future happiness of the young girl beside him, thought the returning American; for he had no manner of doubt but that this was the expected uncle, being the only Irishman in sight.

Mutual recognition occurred at once.

"Is this Uncle Tim?" asked Ellie.

"The very man," was the prompt reply. "Welcome to America, my girl," he continued. "But who's your friend?"—at the same time casting a suspicious glance at her companion.

Explanations followed. Not very cordially on the part of either of the men, a few remarks were exchanged. Ellie's trunk was located, and Mr. O'Brien had no longer any excuse for remaining with the party. Ellie had hoped her uncle would invite him to his house because of the great kindness he had shown her; but no invitation was forthcoming. To O'Brien the fact was not without its significance. Taking advantage of a moment when Malone stepped aside to speak to the Inspector, he said to the girl:

"I must leave you now, Miss McMahon, with every good wish for your health and prosperity in God's blessed country. If ever you should tire of New York and might think of turning your face Westward, you will always be welcome in my mother's home. With that possible chance in view, I will give you my address."

He placed a card in her hand, and Ellie slipped it into her pocketbook in a hurried manner, which did not escape the notice of her late fellow-passenger. Could it be possible that she, too, was unfavorably impressed by her relative, and wished to keep her affairs to herself? So it would appear.

"God reward you for your kindness, sir!" said the girl. "Who knows but that some day I *may* find my way out there where you live, or you will be in New York again, perhaps?"

She turned to her uncle, who was again by her side, hoping he would now extend the omitted invitation. But he only said:

"Good-bye, sir,—good-bye!"

With a silent pressure of the young girl's hand, O'Brien left them, and Ellie McMahon was alone with the only friend she could claim in America. A chill passed over her. His face repelled her: his eyes were bloodshot, his nose purple-tipped; his whole appearance as forbidding as could well be imagined. But the sun shone, the sky was blue, the air balmily soft and gentle. As the ferryboat on which they were being conveyed to the great city

ploughed through the waves, Ellie gazed at the huge buildings, the numerous spires, pointing heavenward, that stretched out before them, and hope rose anew in her young heart.

As she leaned thoughtfully over the rail, unconscious of any charm about her that could engage or attract, the man beside her was regarding her closely and critically, a gratified expression upon his smug countenance. And indeed she was a pleasant object to look upon, in her neat blue suit and becoming hat, her trim figure giving evidence of perfect health and youthful strength; her girlish face, with its pink and white coloring, the personification of pleasant loveliness. The white forehead, the long, modest lashes, shading eyes as modest, the well-shaped nose and sweetly curved lips, made a picture fair and delightful to look upon. So thought her more sophisticated relative, who in this fresh, innocent beauty saw capital for his own base interests, as with a grin and chuckle he murmured under his breath, but louder than he had intended:

"By ganneys, I've drawn a prize in the lottery this time, and no mistake!"

(To be continued.)

To Saint Agnes, Virgin and Martyr.

BY T. A. M.

☞ CHILD in years, but in thy wondrous share
Of innocence a venerable sage!

For "spotless life is counted as old age
And understanding equal to grey hair."
Thy Spouse embellished thee with jewels rare,
And gave thee to an angel's tutelage,
That undefiled thou mightst escape the rage
Of pagan lust, and keep forever fair
Thy virgin troth. Dear nursling of the fold,
Saint Agnes sweet! by nature and by name
A gentle lamb, yet as a lion bold,
And strong to die for Christ; we, who are old
In sin, appeal to thee with grief and shame,
To teach us wisdom and our souls reclaim.

A Pilgrim Convert in Italy.

BY JOHANNES JÖRGENSEN.

III.—LA FORESTA. A SABINE FESTIVAL.

THE next goal of my pilgrimage was La Foresta, which is about five miles from Rieti, and situated in the midst of a beautiful, extensive forest of oaks and chestnuts. This hallowed spot was the scene of the famous miracle of the multiplication of the grapes. Thither I now directed my steps.

It was noontide; the sun was scorching; a hot haze rested on the mountains. I left the highroad and took a side-path, following the course of a mountain stream which had hollowed out a bed for itself deep down between high earth-banks. Then I went through a valley exposed to the full blaze of the noonday sun; in it were leafless oaks, and great masses of bluish rock projecting out of the red earth and green grass; the path was a continual ascent. Thinking I must have nearly reached my destination, I inquired of some laborers, and heard that it was still distant. The road winds round a mountain, affording extensive views over the plain. At last I met a kindly peasant who undertook to act as my guide.

The way now led through a forest of oak trees by the side of a sheltered, grass-grown slope. At a turn in the road my companion pointed out Poggio Buscone, a dark spot among the distant mountains. Presently the path grew less steep, and before long we came in sight of a low, much-dilapidated wall, behind which was the monastery of La Foresta.

Under the monastery porch I took leave of my guide, and soon the door was opened to me. While the porter took in my letter of introduction, I stood awaiting his return out in the courtyard. It consisted of four covered corridors surrounding a yard flagged with stone, on a somewhat higher level, having a well in the centre. Stretching upward above the

corridors were four long, high roofs, their red tiles almost bleached by the hot sun, while over them was the deep-blue, cloudless vault of heaven.

Whilst I waited there—whether it was owing to the fatigue of my long uphill walk, or the effect of the burning midday-sun, I know not,—a miserable feeling of depression took possession of me. Doubt and despondency filled my mind; all my life, past and present, seemed a hopeless failure, the pursuit of a phantom,—an *ignis fatuus*. And yet how great a responsibility rested on me! All grew dark before my eyes; I no longer saw the sunshine that flooded the courtyard of La Foresta.

Some one touched me on the shoulder. I started. An old friar was standing beside me. Although the silvery hue of his thick hair and full beard bespoke old age, his strongly-marked, weather-beaten features were lighted up by large, singularly youthful eyes. Those clear brown eyes rested on my countenance with an expression of truly paternal kindness, and a pleasant smile played about his lips. He raised his scullcap. "Father Angelo, at your service," he said. I grasped the hand he held out to me—a strong, kind, fatherly hand—as a shipwrecked mariner might grasp the hand stretched out to him over the edge of the boat that had come to rescue him.

Father Angelo inspired me at once with the greatest confidence; and when, a little later, I was sitting alone with him, I felt no hesitation in pouring out my heart to him, certain that I should find in him a friend, a father who would listen to my woes and direct me aright. Nor was I mistaken. When I had finished my confession, and listened to his kindly, wise exhortation, peace, confidence and courage had returned to my soul. Doubt and difficulty were banished; and when we stepped out again into the courtyard, the sun shone brightly, and above the roofs the sky was blue.

We passed into the garden, Father Angelo and I, and stood looking out over

the valley. The monastery garden is laid out in terraces on the mountain-side,—wide, grass-grown terraces, in which red roses and purple rosemary bloom, and where olives, pines and cypresses raise their crests to the sky. Involuntarily I lingered in the garden, enjoying the pure air and fresh breeze; but Father Angelo insisted on taking me into the vineyard to show me the old, half-dead vine which is said to date from the time that St. Francis was there. This year it had sent out three small, tender shoots.

From the garden we proceeded to the church, where beneath the altar was the vessel, *la vasca*,—the press in which the miraculous grapes were pressed. "The priest could hardly have made his wine in the church," the old Franciscan said smilingly. "We must suppose that the presbytery stood here originally, and later on it formed part of the church. The legend asserts," he added, "that Pope Gregory IX. himself came from Rieti to witness the miracle."

We then went out into the sunshine again. The old friar escorted me through the garden, down one terrace after the other. I plucked a few wild flowers which were growing in the grass; and when he saw this, he gathered a bunch of roses and rosemary for me. At the lowest garden gate he bade me farewell, and I went on alone down the stony path. When I had gone a little distance, I turned and looked up: he was standing at the gate looking after me. I took off my hat and waved a greeting; then I saw him returning slowly to the monastery. On getting quite up to the door, he turned once more; I sent him a last salutation, which he returned; then he went into the house. Farewell, good Father Angelo!—my kind, fatherly friend, farewell!

As I pursued my solitary way down the mountain, I soon lost sight of La Foresta, and found myself in a wild ravine, between massive rocks. A new and curious scene presented itself. Before me lay a small village in festive garb; I saw a gay

crowd, and heard the hum of voices. I made my way to the square before the church, where I was surrounded by the white headgear, trimmed with lace, and the many-colored kerchiefs and dresses of the peasant women and girls. I had come in for a Sabine popular festival.

I naturally attracted some attention, with my black hat, my eyeglasses, and my travelling-bag. But there was no vulgar, open-mouthed staring; the good people certainly looked at the stranger, exchanged a remark with a neighbor, laughed a little, and then turned their faces again in the direction of the church, whence they evidently expected something to issue. And, in fact, I soon heard the voice of singing, and out of the semi-darkness of the sacred edifice a banner of Our Lady emerged into the sunlight. It was borne aloft by a stalwart priest, and followed by a troop of young girls dressed in white, and then by a crowd of women in the costume of the countryside, looking like a bed of tulips. The men—some tall and slim, others short and thickset,—who had been standing somewhat apart, now fell into the ranks, and a procession was formed.

I was just hesitating whether I should join them when the crowd fell back to make way for a sturdy, rosy-faced young man, wearing spectacles and town habiliments. He came up to me, and, raising his hat, inquired courteously, with a glance at my bag, whether I was perhaps wishing to take some photographs. I answered in the negative. "Ah, then," he said, a gleam of intelligence lighting up his features, "you have come for the sake of St. Francis!" I assented, and a conversation ensued. He introduced himself to me as the son of the syndic, or mayor of Poggio Buscone.

"Poggio Buscone is the very place to which I am going!" I exclaimed.

"In that case, I advise you to join the procession here. These people come from Poggio Buscone; they have made a pilgrimage here, and now are returning

home. Thus you shall have travelling companions, and will be sure not to lose your way. If you will allow me, I shall see that your bag is carried for you."

He took the bag out of my hand and disappeared. In a moment he returned, but now mounted on a magnificent horse, with my bag strapped across his shoulders. The mayor's son was, himself, actually going to take charge of the strange gentleman's property! He gave me a patronizing nod; then, with a wave of the hand, made the signal to start, and the procession moved on. It was then past three o'clock.

We now proceeded by a narrow, stony path alongside the mountain. I wondered how it was possible to ride on such a road; but the large, well-groomed horse stepped cautiously and surely over the loose stones and masses of rock.

The banner of the Madonna led the way, followed by the girls in white; then came a crucifix, after which the men walked; next a brass band composed of twelve musicians, and finally a long retinue of both sexes. When the music stopped, the girls sang a monotonous, unvarying strain, in which the same refrain came over and over again:

Evviva Maria e chi la credè!

Evviva Maria e chi la credè!

All the forenoon they had sung in this same fashion on the way thither, and they would continue to do so until we reached Poggio Buscone at a late hour in the evening. The distance was thirteen kilometres* there, and as many back.

When we had covered a good part of the way, the mayor's son brought his horse to my side. "Every year," he told me, "when the young girls of the parish make their First Communion, the inhabitants of Poggio Buscone perform this pilgrimage to San Felice. It is not so much a religious festival as a popular festivity, and the municipal authorities provide the music. Consequently, not the clergy but the municipality is represented in it. It is a festival to which the people

look forward all the year; and to-day it has been especially joyous, for it may be that St. Felix has wrought a miracle for us." Thus the young man concluded, and then rode forward to give orders to the musicians.

The rough path led us over hill and vale, between the gnarled stems of silver-grey olives, beneath the oak forest which clothes the slope; across big, barren, stony fields; then suddenly through fertile valleys where the apple trees were in blossom. As the road sank, the procession displayed itself before me in all its many-colored splendor.

Gradually I made acquaintance with a few of the pilgrims. Now and again one came up to me and began to talk, as we walked along the mountain-side. Far down at our feet lay the vale of Rieti half shrouded in blue haze. Some lakes could be seen glittering in the sunlight through the mist; I was told the names of them, but I have forgotten all except one—the Lake of Piediluco.

Soon we came in sight of a town that was built on successive stages of the mountain-side. The church steeples rose up above the grey roofs of the houses. I asked one of my new friends what was the name of the town. He answered: "Cantalice!"—"Not Poggio Buscone, then?"—"It is a long way still to Poggio Buscone," he said, with a smile. "One can not even see it yet." Then he began to tell me about Cantalice.

"It is a very ancient town, built on the declivity of the mountain. From one row of houses you can step onto the roof of another. That old massive tower* on the height is the fortress in which the inhabitants used to take refuge in former times on the approach of an enemy. Over the gateway is this inscription, *Fides Cantalica me construxit*. ('Cantalice's fidelity built me.') All the inhabitants joined in the work of building. And the big church on the top of the mountain, with the square before it, is San Felice, where St. Felix of Cantalice is interred."

* About eight miles.

I remembered having seen a picture of that saint,—an old man with a white beard, carrying on his back a mendicant's wallet. On the wallet were the words, *Deo gratias*, which were frequently on his lips. And now I had come quite unexpectedly to the birthplace of that remarkable man,—to Cantalice. We were soon in its streets, and, traversing the square, entered the church, where I witnessed a scene that I shall never forget.

The mayor's son had hinted, while talking on the way, at a miracle which it was thought San Felice might perform that day. The case was that of a young woman in poor circumstances, who had been lame for several years, and whom her father and her husband had taken with them on the pilgrimage, in the hope that she might obtain a cure. While on the spot where I first came upon the procession, she imagined that she felt better, and now she was being carried to the saint's burial place, in order to complete the cure that appeared to have begun.

In a niche behind the altar, over St. Felix's grave, is a gigantic statue of the saint, hung all over with glittering votive hearts. Between the statue and the wall of the choir there is a space about seven feet wide by five feet long. Thither the sick woman had been brought; and a dense crowd of people had flocked in after her, so that the building was literally packed. Two wax tapers had been lighted before the image,—that of an old white-bearded man, with a kindly smile, tenderly holding in his arms the Infant Jesus. Before the statue the invalid was half-sitting, half-kneeling, supported by her grey-haired father and black-haired husband, all three having their eyes fixed entreatingly on the saint. Their prayers were audible, and found an echo and response in the multitude.

At first I did not quite understand it all. I thought that something wonderful had already happened; for just as I came up, I heard the people cry aloud: *Grazie*,

San Felice! ("Thanks, St. Felix!") This expression of thanks was repeated again and again, interrupted by long prayers which the sick woman's old father recited, and which all ended with a fervent, heartfelt: *Grazie, grazie, San Felice!*

After I had been standing there a little while, I began to have a clearer notion of what was going on. They were not thanking the saint for what he had already done, but for that which they hoped and expected him to do. A moral compulsion, so to speak, was being laid on him, by giving thanks to him beforehand. He could not well do otherwise than grant their petition.

I pushed my way as far forward as I could,—far enough, at any rate, to see the patient. Her eyes had a feverish look; there was a hectic flush on her cheeks; ever and anon she bent forward and pressed her burning lips to the feet of the saint; the kiss being followed by the supplicating, sorrowful cry: "*O San Felice mio!*" At last the bystanders began to shake their heads. It was evident that San Felice was not to be persuaded. There was nothing more to be done: he was inexorable. So the vast crowd gradually dispersed; almost all went to join the procession, which was being formed again to proceed on its way.

But the patient, her father and her husband, did not give up all hope. They left the statue and knelt on the steps of the altar, the old peasant reciting with a trembling voice the *Salve Regina*,—"Hail, holy Queen, Mother of mercy!" After this he said the Litany of Loreto, then a litany to all the saints whose names he knew; and, when he had exhausted his repertoire, winding up with one last, bitter cry, in which the flame of hope seemed once more to flare up as he called upon San Felice.

At length we left Cantalice, after having passed through it from top to bottom; it then rose above and behind us like a pile of architecture. Just outside the town we halted again. On a bridge over a river,

whose bed was at that time dry, refreshment was offered us in the shape of cool, rather acid red wine, which was served out as we sat on the stone balustrade of the bridge.

While the pilgrims were resting, I was introduced to the chief personages in Cantalice,—the mayor, who gave an audience seated in a kind of gig, in which he had driven out to see the procession; and also to the two parish priests of the place, one of whom proved to be well read in Franciscan literature. Later I made the acquaintance of the leader of the procession,—the stalwart priest whom I saw in San Felice carrying the banner of the Madonna; he was Don Severino, the archpriest of Poggio Buscone. Finally up came a broad-shouldered, ruddy-faced countryman, who bowed, and introduced himself to me as Nazareno Matteucci. "You must let me put you up for the night," he said; "for I can tell you there is not a single hotel in Poggio Buscone, and the convent is closed; so I always entertain the Brothers when they come over to us, from La Foresta, for instance, as well as any strangers who chance to pass this way."

I thanked him for his kind offer, but took occasion to ask the son of the mayor who my new friend was. He gave him an excellent character. "Nazareno is one of the most prominent peasant proprietors in Poggio Buscone, a respectable and God-fearing man. Two of his sons are Franciscans, one a Capuchin; a fourth, who is still quite young, is in the seminary. He has two daughters who are Poor Clares, and one other son who is married and lives with his parents."

The road now began to ascend up a steep and rugged mountain. Again and again I turned to look back at Cantalice, whose grey houses had assumed a roseate hue in the evening light, while the windows began to glow brightly in the rays of the setting sun. The girls were singing the same strain with renewed energy:

Fivva Maria chila creò!

Nazareno Matteucci again came up to me and gave me an account of his household; remarking that I should not feel the want of refined society there, as he had a brother, Benedetto by name, who had formerly studied for the priesthood,—“he knows how to talk to a gentleman like you.”

The sun had set when we left San Liberato, and in the plain the mist was rising. In the growing darkness we pursued our weary way between stone ramparts, through olive groves, past houses whose inmates came out to look at us; and at last, after five hours, the girls in the van of the procession ceased their monotonous song, and we came out on a wide road bordered by houses. This was Borgo San Pietro, a suburb of Poggio Buscone.

Before long we were sitting at supper in Nazareno's house. Beside me sat my host, in his shirt sleeves, with his little granddaughter on his knee. Opposite me was his brother Benedetto, a tall, thin man with a white beard; last of all, the married son, a man of about twenty, with small, well-cut features. There were no women at table with us. The mistress of the house, Pasqua, waited on us herself. A big, stout woman, she went to and fro, heavy gold earrings dangling from her ears, her brown wrinkled neck half hidden by the ample collar of her white bodice.

Pasqua was angry because Nazareno had brought home a guest without letting her know beforehand. He might have sent some one on ahead—*somarescando*, riding on a donkey. Now she had nothing to set before the strange gentleman! What would he think of her? And Pasqua threw the horn-handled knives down on the tablecloth with such force that they literally danced. Neither of the men, however, seemed to take the least notice of her wrath. Pasqua Matteucci was a good woman, an excellent housewife, a kind mother and grandmother toward her numerous progeny. What matter it if she did bluster a bit? In the meantime

we sat quietly, drinking some good wine with our bread.

Benedetto was the chief talker. He took possession of me immediately, and monopolized my attention during the whole evening. His nephew was not allowed to interpose a word. All at once Benedetto stopped speaking and pointed to his brother. The worthy man, overcome by fatigue, and the unusual amount of wine he had drunk on the way, was fast asleep, his ruddy face bent on his chest. His little granddaughter had slipped off his knee long ago, and run to her grandmother in the kitchen. Benedetto shrugged his shoulders. "That is always the way with Nazareno!" he said. "As soon as one begins to talk about sensible subjects, he drops off to sleep. May blessed Mary—her name be praised forever—protect the man!"

While we were talking, we did ample justice to the good fare Pasqua had set before us; and now I, regardless of the scorn Benedetto expressed for sleepy people, expressed a wish to go to bed. Accordingly I was conducted into the guest chamber, which opened out of the room in which we had been sitting. It was a spacious apartment, with two very high beds, chests of drawers with crochet-work covers, a three-legged washstand, a stand with pegs for coats, and scraps of carpet scattered about the stone floor. The windows were fastened inside with a wooden bar; and young Matteucci, who accompanied me, carrying a candle, directed my attention to a gun standing by the bedside. "It is loaded," he said, laying an emphasis on the "is."—"Is there any need for that?" I asked. He smiled, said nothing, but shrugged his shoulders, as if to say it was well to be prepared for any emergency.

(To be continued.)

How the Church was Built.

BY B. D. L. F.

IT was in the little town of Séez, in Normandy, during the winter of 1818. Before the door of the Bishop's mansion stood an elderly farmer, clad in a long coat trimmed with large gilt buttons, and in a waistcoat of so unusual a length that it overlapped in part the short trousers he wore fastened at the knee. As he waited, a large three-cornered hat in his hand, the door opened and a servant in livery appeared on the threshold.

"What do you want, my good man?" asked this dignitary, very amiably.

"A few minutes' interview with his Lordship," was the prompt rejoinder.

"Your name and who sent you here?"

"My name is Jacotin Delangle, at your service; and I have come on business of my own."

Uncertain what to make of this strange caller and his answers, the servant re-entered the house, informed the Bishop of the farmer's request for an interview, and received orders to admit him.

Ushered into the prelate's chamber, the old man seemed at a loss how to proceed, until the Bishop's kindly questioning loosened his tongue.

"This is the trouble, your Lordship. The way is so long from Andrieux, where we live, to St. Maurice, that our old women can scarcely get to church of a Sunday. My poor mother nearly died on the way last Christmas morning. Things can not remain as they are, Monseigneur; something must be done."

"But, my good man, what can I do? I can not bring your village to St. Maurice, can I?"

"Oh, no, Monseigneur! But you could turn our village into a parish. It wouldn't make such a bad one, either."

"Have you no church in your village?"

"No, Monseigneur; but it would not be difficult to build one."

THE way seems long to the twilight west

As we follow the road afar;

But the thought of a friend gives courage to wait

For the gleam of life's evening star.

"Indeed! Who would build it?"

"Who but old Jacotin Delangle and his neighbors? In two or three years it could be done."

"You must be well-to-do, my good friend."

"Oh, no! But I have several hundred crowns put by, and more than one five-franc piece in my pocket."

"But you will require more than that to build a church."

"That is true, Monseigneur; but with good friends, good courage, and good-will, a little money goes a long way. Besides, there are stone quarries in our part of the country; and what I say I stand by: we shall manage if you, Monseigneur, will give your consent and your blessing to the undertaking; for, as I said before, something must be done."

"And where will you find the land for your church?"

"I have a large field which will do for the purpose."

"And, then, the churchyard and the presbytery?"

"My field is large enough for all three, with something to spare into the bargain."

"But, my friend, do you understand the difficulty of the undertaking? Remember the man in the parable, who set to work to build a tower, but was unable to finish it, and was laughed at for his pains."

"If I get laughed at, Monseigneur, that is my business, — meaning no disrespect to your Lordship."

"I grant you that; but how about your children, Père Jacotin — for I suppose you have some? Are they willing that you should spend all you have in this attempt to build a church?"

"Begging your pardon, Monseigneur, but you have got things by the wrong end!"

"What do you mean?"

"In my young days we were taught to ask advice of our fathers but not of our sons, and I suppose things have not altered much since then."

"True again, my friend. But your duty as a father should make you think of your

children's welfare. If you spend all you have, how will you provide for them?"

"Oh, as to that, Monseigneur, my first duty, as I take it, is to keep my old mother from dying by the wayside. Besides, if I spend all I have, my children can but do as I did: work their way up in the world. I started in life, Monseigneur, with a five-franc piece in my pocket. We own our land, and the good God has given us all the best health."

Having thus satisfactorily answered every objection raised by the Bishop, the farmer once more came back to the object of his visit.

"Monseigneur, if I build the church, will you provide us with a *curé*?"

On receiving an affirmative answer, the old man prepared to depart.

"That is all I want, Monseigneur," he said as he reached the door. "I have your word, and you have mine. Between honest folk there is no need for anything more."

A year and a half had passed, and nothing further had been heard of Père Jacotin and his church, when one day the old farmer was again ushered into the room where the Bishop was seated. It was the latter who spoke first.

"How about your church?" he inquired, with a slight smile. "Are you still thinking of building one?"

"Oh, that was settled long ago, Monseigneur! We are getting on apace, for the worst is over; we have the materials now ready to hand. We had to carry them all the way on our shoulders, or on the backs of our horses, as there are no cart-roads round our way. It was a job, I can tell you; but, I repeat, we are getting on. The foundations are laid, and the church is only waiting for a patron saint. I thought of calling it St. Alexis, after you, Monseigneur; but I should much prefer to leave it to you to choose the name. I will be father to the church; and if you will stand godfather, I think the child will do well."

The Bishop smilingly accepted this proposal.

"To-day is the feast of St. Michael," he said; "he shall be your patron saint, and your church shall be known under the name of St. Michel des Ardennes. If you ever succeed in finishing it, I will come down and consecrate it."

Delighted with this promise, the farmer took his departure. He had obtained what he wanted: his church now possessed both a name and a patron saint.

Two years and a half passed, during which Père Jacotin and his sons worked with the masons. The walls rose rapidly, and in the spring of 1823 the roof was added, and the final touches given: the church was finished.

Père Jacotin once more sought an interview with the Bishop of Séz.

"Monseigneur," he began—and he may be forgiven if a slight air of triumph was perceptible in his manner,—"Monseigneur, the church is built."

"And you have come to remind me of my promise," replied the Bishop, with a smile. "I have not forgotten it. When I go my rounds, I shall begin by you."

But the old man seemed waiting for something more.

"Monseigneur," he stammered at last, "on the day of the consecration you will say Mass in my church?"

"Certainly."

"And, Monseigneur, it will have to be a long Mass; for the folks over our way are not thinking of—a short one."

"Very well. It shall be a High Mass."

"And—and one can't breakfast before Mass, of course; and it will be very late for Monseigneur; Andrieux is a long way from anywhere, and Monseigneur will be tired and—" Here the old man stopped short, unable to bring out what he so much wanted to say.

"And what, then?" queried the Bishop.

"Then the only way would be for Monseigneur to dine with Père Jacotin; that would please everybody, and Monseigneur would not be tired."

"Very well. I shall dine with Père Jacotin."

"But, Monseigneur, you see it will be a sort of family feast, and the whole parish will wish to be present."

"In that case, my friend, I shall dine with the whole parish."

"Oh, thank you, Monseigneur! Then that affair is settled." And, with a sigh of relief, the sturdy farmer started on his homeward journey.

The 9th of August, the date fixed for the ceremony, was drawing near, when a large box arrived for Père Jacotin. It contained church ornaments and sacred vessels, and had been sent by the Duchess of Angoulême, who, having heard the story of the old farmer and his church, had taken this means of showing her sympathy with him and his undertaking.

This was not the only contribution received about that time by Père Jacotin. Some of the inhabitants of the district had spent their hard-earned savings in the purchase of a beautiful bell for their church. Besides their savings, they had endured much labor before the bell reached its destination; for it had to be carried all the way from the highroad to the church, up the steep paths and rocky ways which render that part of Normandy almost inaccessible.

The great day came at last. The ceremony was performed with much pomp by the Bishop and his clergy, who then proceeded to the roomy barn, where a snow-white table lay spread for the expected guests.

"Monseigneur," observed the farmer, toward the end of the repast, "I have kept my word, it is your turn now to keep yours. I promised the church: there it stands. You promised the *curé*: we claim him now. A church without Mass, that would be as bad as in '93."

"You shall have your *curé*," said the Bishop. "But how about a presbytery for him?"

"Monseigneur, we will build one in time, but we want the *curé* at once."

"That is all very well, but he must sleep somewhere."

"There is my house, Monseigneur. It is not very big; but with a flooring laid down and a new chimney, it will be quite comfortable."

"But you and your family?"

"Oh, the barn is good enough for us! I Monseigneur can dine in it, old Père Jacotin can live and die in it too, if God calls him before he returns to his own fireside."

Everything was carried out as agreed upon. The Bishop was as true to his word as Père Jacotin had been to his. A *curé* was sent to St. Michel, and two years later there arose in the old farmer's field a neat white building—the new presbytery.

Père Jacotin was often complimented on the success of his undertaking; he would then invariably reply:

"I could not have done it alone, but everybody helped me. It was really too far from here to St. Maurice; something had to be done."

An Artist's Devotion to Our Lady.

THE most beautiful object among the works of art in the Eberhardskirche at Stuttgart—which is not particularly rich in such—is the great oil-painting over the Epistle side-altar. It represents Our Lady, the Holy Mother of God, coming forth from heaven, leading the Child Jesus by the hand. Many have stood before it and allowed its lovable beauty to work its effect upon them. Thousands have knelt and poured out their hearts with responsive devotion before it. The writer once had the opportunity to examine it more closely, and to learn besides something of the pious artist to whom it owes its origin.

Marie Ellenrieder was born at Constance in 1791, and died there in 1863. She painted in Munich, where a place was assigned her in the School of Art,—an advantage not usually enjoyed by women in those days. The director of the school was Professor Lange, who was succeeded

by Cornelius. In Lange's house Marie Ellenrieder found a friendly welcome. Later on she went to Rome, where she attached herself to Overbeck, whose footsteps she followed, and indeed excelled the master himself in her grasp of coloring. The most beautiful fruit of this, her first sojourn in the Eternal City, is this very picture of Our Lady at Stuttgart, "The great Madonna."

In her diary there is a passage which refers to it, and which gives us a glimpse into the pious labors of the artist. While working at the picture, she felt herself one day much depressed in spirit; she was keenly sensible of a strange weakness and powerlessness to put her hand to so exalted a subject. She sank on her knees in her studio, and, with the picture that seemed so impossible before her, Marie Ellenrieder besought Heaven's aid: "Holy Mary, Mother of our Redeemer! thou knowest the troubles of this world, thou knowest the weakness of my sorrowing heart! Stoop down, come to my help, and let the blessing of thy Divine Child give rest to my spirit. Most high Mother, bowed down to the dust, I look to thee, beseeching thy protection. And so will I begin the day's work which is appointed me, in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

Was her prayer heard? The picture gives us the best answer. It was, and remains, the favorite creation of the artist. She would not be parted from it. And when she was approached with a view to the sale of the picture, she resolved to send a replica—namely, the picture which came to the Eberhardskirche at Stuttgart—instead of the original.

Soon after this the artist painted another picture of Our Lady, which she named "Mary in the Rose Court" (*Maria in Rosenhag*), in which Mary carries the Child on her arm, and stands beneath an arch of roses, which is held by two angels. This picture hangs in the grand-ducal castle at Karlsruhe. The Grand Duchess of Baden was a great patroness

of Marie Ellenrieder. She caused the artist to visit her every year at her summer residence, the island of Mainau, and gave her the title of Court Painter. With the exception of the two pictures already named, the chief work of Marie Ellenrieder is "The Stoning of St. Stephen," in the Catholic church at Karlsruhe.

These three pictures, like the earlier work of Marie Ellenrieder generally, show powerful lines, as compared with the later, which criticism charges with too great softness and sweetness. But the painter was not only a distinguished artist: she was also, which is worth even more, a pious artist. She was everywhere beloved and honored; people called her "the Angel of Constance." The price she received for her pictures in great part left her hands again in the form of alms. Every day she recited the Rosary; labor and prayer made up her day's work. Every morning saw her at Holy Mass in the cathedral, and at Corpus Christi it was her delight to prepare and tastefully deck an altar in front of her house.

In her youth a man of good birth had asked her hand in marriage. A hard conflict arose in her heart. On the one side was Art, her beloved Art; on the other the world, and a happy family life. To combine the two, to fulfil the duty and responsibility of both, Marie Ellenrieder held herself unable. She chose Art. But, if we read through her diaries, and contemplate the inner life of her soul, she appears to have had another higher reason, like her contemporary, Louise Hensel:

I love a great King's Son,
I love but Him alone.

Then we do not wonder if something supernatural hovers about her pictures. They are, so to speak, pictured prayers; they are like the breath of a pure soul.

It is the greatest of all mistakes to do nothing because one can only do little.

—*Sydney Smith.*

Notes and Remarks.

Congratulating the new French Cardinals (of Rheims and Marseilles) on their promotion to the Sacred Purple, the Holy Father spoke in part as follows:

"I yearned to offer the Catholics of your country a fresh proof of my special care, and to give this testimony there rose before my mind all those distinguished prelates who, obedient to my words, with wonderful unity and calm but firm resistance, faced the persecution of which they were victims; and to the treacherous offerings of a government which, in flagrant opposition to all laws divine and human, had sacrilegiously usurped the most sacred things, preferred trials and straits and poverty,—a fact which not only inspires confidence in the good but is at the same time a pledge of victory. Thus they who wished to destroy have succeeded only in building up; they who sought in every way to banish the religion of Jesus Christ from France have only put new vigor into the faith by stimulating all the faithful to repeat with the Bishops the words of Judas Machabæus: 'It is better that we should die in battle than live to see the evils of our nation and of the saints.' To all these champions, who deserve the applause and the admiration of the world, it is a happiness for me to be able to express my gratitude once more on this occasion. And if I can not, as I would wish, offer to all of them a pledge of my gratitude, I am sure that all will applaud, apart from your special merits, the thought that has induced me to prefer you to the rest."

It is always well for a speaker who delivers himself publicly as to the conditions, ways, and customs of peoples in other countries, to be sure of his facts; or, in default of any desire to be accurate, to be reasonably certain that none of his auditors is better informed on the subject than is the ordinary "man on the street." The Rt. Rev. L. L. Kinsolving,

Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Brazil, neglected this precaution on a recent Sunday in New Orleans, and his smug complacency has been more or less disturbed ever since. In the course of a somewhat intemperate harangue against Catholicism in Brazil, the Bishop had the misfortune to couple Porto Rico with that country and to include it in his vituperative denunciation. He forgot, or ignored, the fact that the Archbishop of New Orleans, the Most Rev. Dr. Blenk, had spent seven years in Porto Rico, and is accordingly in a position to speak with first-hand knowledge of conditions there existing. Dr. Blenk wrote to the daily press anent the tirade of Bishop Kinsolving, concluding his article with this not uncalled-for paragraph:

It is with regret that I repeat what the actual Governor of Porto Rico said a few months ago, that the greatest harm done to Porto Rico is inflicted by the missionaries. Perhaps the same is true, proportionately to their numbers, of the missionaries that go to Brazil. Not a few contributors to missionary funds of different Protestant denominations express their determination, after seeing the bad use these funds were put to in Porto Rico, not to give another cent for the same purpose. It is my honest and deliberate opinion that calumnies such as Bishop Kinsolving is now spreading in the United States against Brazil have the one sole purpose of increasing the contributions for the support of missionaries who seem to leave their country for their country's good.

The true story of the conversion of Mr. John Mitchell, president of the United Mine Workers—there have been many false reports of this event,—is told in the *Catholic Columbian-Record* of Indianapolis, where he was received into the Church during a serious illness, from which he has since happily recovered. "He did not become a Catholic simply to 'please his wife, who is of that faith,' as some of the dailies in Indianapolis and elsewhere put it. His embracing of the Catholic faith was the result of deep thought and careful investigation. This was Mr. Mitchell's own statement after he had perused some of the stories printed in

the Indianapolis papers. 'Of course,' he said, 'it pleased Mrs. Mitchell very much, but that was not the motive that guided me in the matter. I had carefully investigated the subject, and had long since made up my mind that I wanted to die in the Catholic faith.'

"Turning to Mr. Justi after he was baptized, Mr. Mitchell said: 'Justi, I am going to do my utmost to be a good Catholic, and not one of whom there are many in the world, who use the Church only when they are in sore distress. I want to be a consistent Catholic and a useful one. I have given much thought to this subject for a long time.'"

We learn from the *Columbian-Record* that Mr. Herman Justi, who was one of the sponsors for Mr. Mitchell, is himself a convert. He is a leading member of the Illinois Operators' Association.

Reviewing the progress made during the past seven years in the movement toward Church unity, or, more specifically, the movement of the Ritualists toward Rome, the *Lamp* publishes this interesting paragraph:

An *Ecclesia Anglicana* independent of the Holy See in spirituals was a phenomenon unknown to history prior to the Reformation. The old tradition to the contrary has been driven from the field. Even the *Church Standard* now concedes as a historical fact the jurisdiction of Rome over England until Henry's revolt. The editor of that weekly, on July 20, 1907, said: "Although as late as the sixth century Gregory's claim to be the ecumenical bishop was criticised and contested, it was eventually made good, and was practically admitted in England until 1535. Too much has been made of the independence of the English Church during the intervening centuries. Whatever the origin of English Christianity, for the greater part of that time England was truly, though not quite as abjectly, submissive to the authority of Rome as any other national church."

So the "Continuity" theory is being abandoned, even by the Anglicans. That, at the least, is something. As for the main object striven for by the *Lamp*, corporate reunion of the Church of England to Rome, one may doubt its ever occurring,

without at all impugning the good faith and excellent works of its promoters. We hope to see the editors of the *Lamp* and most of their readers *individually* united to Rome before they die; and, after all, that will be for them the greatest grace they may consistently hope for.

The funeral of the late Dr. Denis J. Stafford, rector of St. Patrick's Church, Washington, D. C., widely known as a preacher and lecturer, was one of the most imposing and perhaps the most impressive ever held in the National Capital. Men of all creeds and of no creed, rich and poor, representatives of every class and of many nationalities, united in honoring his memory. Generous tributes were paid by all the newspapers of the city and District; and from numerous Protestant pulpits were heard touching references to the good life and devoted labors of the deceased. The Rev. Dr. Van Schaick (Universalist) declared that the funeral signalized a distinct movement toward Christian unity,—that “the boundaries of intolerance were forever narrowed by the sorrow that brought us all together. . . . There were the followers of John Knox and of Martin Luther; there were the Jewish rabbi and the bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church; Presbyterian elders sat with Catholic laymen; Protestant business men walked side by side with followers of St. Vincent de Paul.”

The grief of Dr. Stafford's parishioners, every one of whom regarded him as the best of friends and the tenderest of fathers, was mitigated by these beautiful tributes, which have been a source of gratification to Catholics all over the United States.

Apropos of some recent terrible “accidents” in different parts of this country, the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, one of Germany's leading newspapers, moralizes in this unequivocal fashion:

We do not know who is to blame for the recent mining disasters. That is really not important. What *is* important is that the State does not do

its duty,—indeed, does not even know what its duty is. Criminal negligence leads often to terrible catastrophes in Europe; but the difference is that with us the State recognizes the protection of workmen, as well as all the economically weaker elements, as one of its most important duties, and is supported therein by public opinion; while in America much worse things must happen before the government or the ruling classes will become so far advanced. America can not continue indefinitely as she has done. This sort of technical progress over corpses must develop enormously the anarchistic instincts of the public.

A cursory glance at the statistics of accidental deaths, during 1907, in the various departments of our industrial life, suggests that there is not a little truth in that descriptive phrase, “technical progress over corpses.”

As the criticism of the devil's advocate is an invariable adjunct to a process of canonization, it is perhaps natural enough that the approaching Golden Jubilee of Lourdes should elicit renewed vilification of that wondrous shrine, and somewhat vituperative denials of the prodigies there effected. Father Wilfrid Lescher, O. P., in a communication to the London *Catholic Times*, comments on two attacks recently made on the Pyrenean Grotto, one of them by Mr. Baring Gould, the other by a correspondent of the *Church Times*. The following extracts from Father Lescher's article will interest our readers:

I claim a right to speak on a subject which I have made my own. When in Lourdes a few years ago I read the accounts, as most visitors do; and, reading, I saw that Zola's account was so obviously unfair that a service might be rendered to truth and to Our Lady and her honor were the facts at hand, or the original sources, briefly recited, which I did in a little book afterward published—“The Origin of Lourdes” (Washbourne). . . .

When at Lourdes, I interviewed the only surviving member of the little band of three children present at the first apparition—Jeanne Abadie; the other two—Bernadette and her sister Marie—being dead. Let me observe here that Zola professes to base his book on the original sources. One of these is certainly Jeanne Abadie, who told me that Zola called on her,

but she refused to see him. I likewise called on Bernadette's brothers now living, also at the convent where she stayed for some time. What I heard from these witnesses is put down in my book. It is necessary to lay emphasis upon this, because the writer in the *Church Times* says that no one in favor of the Apparition has ever yet examined fully into the original sources. I claim to have done this fully and perfectly and accurately. My book is based upon the unanimous testimony of these witnesses. I do not mention others whose written testimony I read and transferred to my pages. I have the right, then, to express an opinion on the matter; and I now declare that both of the accounts above-named are false, if they can be called accounts at all. . . .

I pass over all the "mistakes" about Bernadette's childhood, etc., etc. These I have already refuted. They are necessary, no doubt, for the bad cause of the assailants of Lourdes. How bad indeed the cause must be which requires such means to support it! Truth is not enough; truth does not support the enemies of Lourdes; truth is against them; fact refutes them. Mr. Baring Gould says no exposure will ever convince the credulous. So likewise we may say nothing will ever convince the incredulous. The superstition of unbelief is the really grinding tyranny. To me the miracle of miracles at Lourdes is its own history. To any one standing on that soil, the thought that all was done by a peasant girl is a marvel that no merely natural cause can explain.

Just so. And it may be added that the greatest strain on the credulity of those Catholics who have visited Lourdes is to believe in the good faith of Zola or any other who investigated the wonders wrought there—and still denied their supernatural character.

The *Musician* mentions the discovery, in the Swedish island of Gothland, of an organ which it is claimed is the oldest in the world. It has been hidden since the Reformation time, when art and music and symbolism were considered an insult to the Deity. The discovery was made when Mr. C. F. Hennerberg, the Director of the Musical Academy of Stockholm, visited the island, having been commissioned by the government of his country to go there and inspect the numerous churches in search of traces of organs whose construction goes back to the Middle

Ages, and to study the arrangement of the various parts of these instruments. The organ in question, or rather what remains of it, was found in a small and unpretentious-looking sanctuary in a little southern township called Sundre. There are still to be seen the places for the manuals and the pedal keyboard, also the place for the air chest, by the empty space where it once stood. On the outside, the organ case is covered with pictures which must certainly go back to the middle of the thirteenth century. When this primitive instrument became useless, the recess in which it stood, and from which it could not conveniently be removed, was turned to some other use; and to this fact is attributed the preservation of the remains of the old organ, which have lasted to our day.

Apropos of the periodical denunciation by the British press of the Roman Congregation of the Index, the *Glasgow Observer* comments on the absence from the critics' intellectual outfit of that quality which the poet declares to be a jewel—consistency. Having pointed out some time ago that the Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury had an Index Expurgatorius of his own, the *Observer* says in a recent issue:

The prosecution in London of a street orator charged with blasphemy is additional evidence that England has nothing to learn from the Pope in the matter of suppressing mischievous or unpalatable opinion. A leading daily paper, writing on the subject, remarks that "prosecutions for blasphemy, such as are going on in London, are so rare nowadays that it is generally forgotten that it is an offence against both common and statute law. By an act of William III., a person was declared a blasphemer who should deny any of the Persons of the Trinity to be God, or assert that there are more Gods than one, or deny the truth of Christianity or the Scriptures. In deference to the opinions of Unitarians and others, the first clause was afterward omitted. In 1841 Mr. Moxon, the publisher, was successfully prosecuted for having published Shelley's 'Queen Mab.'"

Of course we are far from assailing this Blasphemy Law. Our purpose is to point out that so long as this law stands in the Statute Book

of England, it is not consistent in English critics to assail the Vatican for the existence of an Index which does not send men to jail for writing distasteful matter, but simply declares that such matter ought not to be read.

The critics will, of course, keep on criticising; but, in the meantime, there is some little satisfaction in knowing that they don't even practise what they preach.

Concluding, in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, an able summary of the rise, progress, and development of modern Rationalism, Father Skelly, O. P., writes:

During all the time that the war against revealed religion and the authenticity of the Bible was going on in Europe, the Catholic scholars were not behindhand in meeting the attacks of the Church's enemies. More wise, however, than the theologians of the Protestant sects; strong in their Councils, moreover, by the divine solidity of the system which they defended, and protected by their own deep faith, in which they felt secure, they budged not before their enemies. They upheld the authority of religion and belief in the Inspired Word, meeting argument with argument, using the weapons that science put in their hands with a dexterity equal, at least, to that of their opponents. Nay, turning to their advantage the discoveries of the newer sciences, such as geology, biology, Biblical archæology, comparative philology, and others; holding up, moreover, the flimsy arguments of the irreligious writers, they alone stood firm in the old faith in the Scriptures where many of the Protestant doctors were found wanting.

But more than all were they sustained in their belief and cheered by the presence amongst them of the ever-watchful steersman of the "Bark of Peter," who, seeing danger ahead, gave out in time the word of warning, and rode the good ship safe amid the stormy waters, when all around him, to the right hand and to the left, were seen the wreck and ruin of systems and beliefs.

While acknowledging the "immense services" rendered to Biblical studies by the writings and researches of a great body of Protestant scholars, Father Skelly well says: "But, as is ever the case where a strong centre of authority is wanting, their cause was weakened, and their efforts in good part nullified, by the defection of many of their brethren and by the weakness and vacillation of others."

Notable New Books.

History of the Books of the New Testament.

By E. Jacquier. Authorized Translation from the French, by the Rev. J. Duggan. Benziger Brothers.

This presentable book, of some three hundred and thirty pages, is labelled Volume I. of the International Catholic Library. The purpose of the Library is to remedy the evils consequent upon that loss, or lessening, of faith which in our day is being brought about with increasing frequency by the apparent opposition between Faith and Science. Among such evils are estrangement from religious practices, moral unrest, defection from the Church, aimless lives, and unprovided deaths. And the remedy "consists in making clear to all the real harmony between Faith and Science,—that is, between knowledge founded on divine revelation and knowledge drawn from purely natural sources."

The specific purpose of this first volume (of the "History of the Books of the New Testament," as well as of the general Library) is to furnish a narrative of the various circumstances that contributed to the writing of the Epistles of St. Paul. An analysis is given of each epistle, the leading ideas are explained, and the connection of such ideas, one with another, is clearly shown. Preliminary to all this is a statement of the events giving rise to the writings, as also a study of St. Paul's religious and philosophical ideas. Stress is laid on history and dogma rather than on the vexed questions of the higher criticism; and the work as a whole impresses one most favorably. The fact that the original has for some time been in use as a text-book in the Southwark (England) diocesan seminary affords abundant proof of its thorough orthodoxy. We could wish that, in addition to the bibliography furnished, a table of contents and an index had rounded out the volume's symmetry; but, even without these, the book is eminently worth while.

Procedure at the Roman Curia. By the Very Rev. Nicholas Hilling, D. D. Joseph F. Wagner

The translation, and adaptation to American needs, of this concise and practical handbook was a work well worth undertaking, and the resultant volume is a book to be thankful for. The average cultured Catholic, priest or layman, will find in it much that is of special interest, and a good deal of information which upon occasion will prove of considerable importance. Even as a handy book of reference for the proper understanding of ecclesiastical news from Rome, it is worth a place in any public or private library. While the name "Roman Curia" is

used occasionally in a widely extended sense, in which it designates all Papal offices, even those of the Papal household, the ordinary use of the term limits it to those offices and tribunals to which is entrusted the exercise of ecclesiastical jurisdiction in the legislative, judicary, and administrative branches.

It is of the procedure at such Papal offices and tribunals that the present volume treats; and, without being thoroughly exhaustive, the treatment is adequate for all purposes of general information or ordinary practical need. An appendix of one hundred pages contains a number of recent decrees and more than one *Motu Proprio* of Pius X. There is also a good index.

The Catholic Sunday School: Some Suggestions on its Aim, Work, and Management. By the Rev. Bernard Feeney. B. Herder.

This excellent volume contains a series of lectures given within the past year to the students of the Seminary of St. Paul, and is published at the request of Archbishop Ireland, who contributes to it a lengthy and illuminative introduction. While intended primarily for the perusal of actual, or prospective, pastors of souls, the book merits reading by all who have anything to do with the training of Catholic children, and more particularly by those children's parents. In the course of twenty-two brief chapters, the author succinctly discusses the whole subject stated in the title of the volume; and if his discussion contains comparatively little that can be called distinctly new, it is at least a new and effective setting for old truths, some of which are in practice too readily forgotten. The practicality of the book will recommend it to those in charge of Sunday schools, and most readers of that category will probably welcome it as an important addition to catechetical works in English.

The Blind Sisters of St. Paul. By Maurice de la Sizeranne. Translated by L. M. Leggatt. Benziger Brothers.

• The author of this exceptionally interesting book, himself blind, is revered in France as the founder of the Valentin Haüy Association, devoted to the welfare of the blind; and his work, "*Les Aveugles par un Aveugle*," stands crowned by the French Academy. The Blind Sisters of St. Paul could not have had a more sympathetic chronicler; nor could there have been a better introduction to the story of their foundation and progress than the chapters with which M. de la Sizeranne opens his book. The delicacy of psychologic analysis characteristic of the French has a delightful subject of study in the thoughts and emotions of the blind; and, while there is perhaps an over-elaboration of

detail, the unity of impression produced by the book fully justifies the author's method.

The community here set before a selfish world is not made up of the blind alone, but also of those who see, who are devoted to their less fortunate sisters; and this last phrase we use hesitatingly, for one does not feel sure that they are less fortunate. The purpose of the Order, its mode of life, its place in the economy of the Church,—all make very interesting and very edifying reading. An idea of the modernity of the work and its practical philosophy may be gathered from the following extract:

And truly, whilst we are studying statistics, philosophizing on abstract and original causes of distress, and looking for organizations and universal cures, perhaps we are allowing those around us actually to die of cold, starvation, and misery. The learned philanthropist sitting after his good dinner, in his warm, closely-shuttered study, compares his statistics, and seeks a solution for the general problem of starvation; while some wretched man is shivering outside (for though we are always told of sham beggars, we must not forget that real ones exist), or a miserable woman covers in a cotton dress in the winter wind. Would it not be simpler, even at the risk of being deceived, to go down into the street and help some one, or do something, instead of seeking abstract and impossibly complete solutions? Anne Berguion (the foundress of this community) and the Abbé Juge were among those who acted thus, and who will blame them?

The Spiritual Conferences of St. Francis de Sales.

Translated from the Anney Text of 1895, under the Supervision of Abbot Gasquet and Canon Mackey, O. S. B. Burns & Oates; Benziger Brothers.

These Spiritual Conferences contain some of the advices and directions given by St. Francis de Sales, from 1610 to 1612, to the Visitandines. Though written down at the time, they were not printed till 1629; and they were first translated into English only in 1862. This first translation being out of print, the English Sisters of the Convent of the Visitation at Harrow-on-the-Hill, at Abbot Gasquet's suggestion and under his supervision, undertook the present translation from the French edition of St. Francis de Sales' works made by Dom Mackey in 1895. It is preceded by a preface from the pen of Abbot Gasquet, the translation of Dom Mackey's preface to the French edition on the origin and publication of the Conferences, and the fine introduction written by Cardinal Wiseman to the English edition of 1862.

The reader will find in these admirable Conferences, with all their spontaneous freshness, the very characteristics of the "gentle Saint": the sweetness of his direction combined with a strong and clear affirmation of the principles of Christian and religious perfection; his charming simplicity of exposition combined with a deep insight into human nature; his careful avoidance of exaggeration combined

with a firm insistence on religious duties,—all those qualities which make us feel, when we read his treatises and directions, that he was a perfect gentleman as well as a great saint. No one, be he layman, priest or religious, can read these Conferences without finding in them light, consolation, and encouragement.

A Tuscan Penitent. By Father Cuthbert. Burns & Oates.

The psychological truth expressed in the old line, "A fellow-feeling makes one wondrous kind," is not infrequently exemplified in the varying degrees of interest with which the average Catholic peruses the lives of different saints. As a rule, it is not the great servant of God, who from infancy till death grew in virtue and holiness without ever allowing the shadow of sin to darken his spiritual life, that most attracts our attention or excites our sympathy. Conscious of our own innumerable failings and multiplied falls, we turn rather to those of our beatified brethren in the Church Triumphant whose careers on earth were marked with much the same vicissitudes as our own; who owed their entrance into heavenly bliss, not to the preservation of their baptismal innocence, but to the strenuousness of their repentance for committed sin. Father Cuthbert's book will accordingly appeal to the reader with more insistence perhaps than many another hagiologic volume; for its contents is the life and legend of St. Margaret of Cortona.

As for her life, the present author insists that some of the later chronicles err in describing her as an abandoned woman. A beautiful, high-spirited Italian girl of seventeen, she was betrayed, under promise of marriage, by one whom she sincerely loved, lived with him as his mistress, bore him a son, and for nine years hid her remorse under a mask of gaiety and pleasure-seeking. Then came the murder of her lover by assassins, and the beginning of Margaret's penitence, which ended only with her life, twenty-three years later. She was no common woman, in any sense of that phrase. The following passage merits quotation:

To the student of religious psychology, the inner life of Margaret after her conversion will be of no common interest. For in her we have a clear illustration of the Catholic teaching that the religious life is an exaltation of man's being, not a negation; that the saint is one who has indeed turned aside from the ambitions and delights which satisfy the common run of men, but only to find a deeper satisfaction for both mind and heart in what is eternal. To the multitude, eternity is nothing but the negation of time, and heaven the loss of earth; whereas in Catholic teaching we are told that eternity is for man the complete fulfilment of time, and heaven the substance of which earth is the shadow. We are told, too, that man is purified and saved, not so much by what he must needs deny himself, as by living the higher life in which the human becomes more spiritual in desire and achievement, less earthly in

its outlook and ambition, but nevertheless not less human in its mode of thought and in its affections. Man must be man whether in heaven or on earth; but the Incarnation has taught us that our human nature is capable of being wedded even with the Godhead. Not as dehumanized, therefore, can we attain to eternal life; but as purified from all that would debase our humanity below the standard set for us by our Redeemer, Christ.

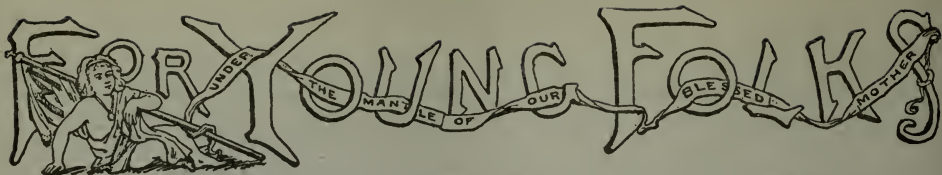
The legend of St. Margaret was written by Fra Giunta Bevegnati, her spiritual director, and contains what he had heard from the saint's own lips and from those who knew her intimately. Concerning the prominent feature of Fra Giunta's narrative, and the criticism which it may evoke, Father Cuthbert very pertinently remarks:

Some there are, doubtless, who would object that the colloquies between Margaret and her Saviour are but a woman's fond imaginings. Even were this so, these self-revelations would be worthy of reverence, as setting forth the aspirations and self-judgments of a soul marvellously simple and intensely human, gifted with a very genius for human expression. But assuredly these colloquies tell us of true spiritual experiences. Only upon the assumption of pure materialism is it possible to deny communication between man and the world invisible. That people are capable of illusions, none will deny. But once you admit a spiritual world, and that man himself is more than flesh and blood, a being spiritual as well, there can be no ground for rejecting absolutely such spiritual phenomena as are set forth in Fra Giunta's "Legend"; and the question of any particular phenomenon must be decided on its own merits.

On the whole, "A Tuscan Penitent" is an excellent volume for spiritual reading, and one that can be unreservedly commended to all Catholic libraries, private or public. The publishers have given the book good typography and neat binding.

The Story of Ellen. By Rosa Mulholland (Lady Gilbert). Benziger Brothers.

This is by no means the best of the author's books, still it is not unworthy of her reputation; and it is good to find, amongst the hordes of loudly advertised tales that now invade the market, a story so interesting and so well told as that of Ellen. The book will be more thoroughly enjoyed if read at one sitting, on account of the large number of characters, all of whom, however, are portrayed with fine touches of kindness and knowledge. There is variety of scene and abundant interest. The hero is almost as noble as the heroine, whose troubles go on increasing until the unexpected happens; and no dull pages intervene before the romance ends in a flood of sunlight or lovelight. It is a very sad story as a whole, opening with a shipwreck on the Irish coast, of which the reader is often reminded, and saturated with sorrow and suffering. But happiness comes to Ellen in such full measure at last that one is willing to remember everything,—everything except the illustrations.



Comrades.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK

I.

IN all weather two together
Wander near and wander far,—
Up the highways, down the byways;
Comrades close indeed they are.
Through the meadows, 'mid the shadows
Of the woodlands brown or green,
O'er the mountain, by the fountain,
These two are together seen.

II.

Oft they dally in the valley,
Oft they loiter on the hill;
By the hedges and the sedges
And the lakes they linger still.
And the masses and the classes
In quaint street or avenue,
'Mid the rustle and the bustle
Of great cities, see the two.

III.

Fond and fonder, these two wander
When the year is in its prime;
Sad and weary, cold and dreary
Is their path in winter time.
Seers and sages of all ages,
Of all countries still agree,
Closest of companions are they—
Idleness and Poverty.

THE Pacific coast is lacking in song birds. "Our forests are desolations of silence, our fields lack the life and song of birds that make other localities charming." Dr. McCutcheon, who is trying to induce English song birds to feel at home in the New World, set loose a number of sk larks from over the sea a year ago. It is pleasant to hear that they have been warbling this past summer, with no note of homesickness perceptible in their tones.

Little Lady Lou.

BY ALICE DEASE.

(CONCLUSION.)

THE cook in the merchant's house had often pitied little Lady Lou, as she saw her passing long, lonely days in the garden; and when Pen-se came again with fish, she told her that she might go into the courtyard and play awhile with the little lady as she had done before. She did not know that Pen-se was a Christian; but she could see that the child was innocent, and that her little mistress could learn no harm from her.

So this chance friendship grew and strengthened, teaching much, as time went on, to both children. Lou learned of life as the fisher girl had seen it; and, above all, she learned of Christianity and of the love of God for us. Pen-se was taught that, although she had to work hard, and her clothes and food and home were poor compared to those of Lady Lou, yet in the rich man's house there were troubles which found no place in the duck boat on the river.

Sometimes the children wove together daydreams of how Lou should get away from her home and go with Pen-se to the Sisters in the town, where the waters of baptism would be poured on her head and she would become by act, instead of by desire alone, a Christian. Childlike, however, they lived mostly in the present, peaceful and happy in each other's company; and neither of them foresaw that anything was likely to come into their lives that would part them again.

One day, more than a year after their first meeting, Pen-se, coming with the fish, found Lou waiting for her as usual, but

with hair so tossed, and eyes so red and swollen from weeping, as to be scarcely recognizable. It was a sad story that she sobbed out to her friend,—sad, but not uncommon in China.

Lady Lou's father, in the eyes of the world a wealthy and prosperous merchant, was in reality a gambler, whose fortune of to-day, double to-morrow, might on the third day all be lost. To keep up appearances in the eyes of the public, he had so far resisted from staking his house or business on the fatal game that swallowed up his time, his interest, and much of his wealth; but, coming to the end of all available resources, he had, in a moment of desperation, staked his little daughter Lou, and lost her to a gambler, a low, opium-soddened wretch, who was leaving Lou in her father's house only because he would not break in upon his run of luck to come and claim her. Any day, at any moment, however, he might make his appearance.

Pen-se found Lou in such a state of desperation that she was terrified at what might happen; for Lou, forgetting all the Christian teachings which she had learned, vowed and protested that, if she was forced to go away with this man, she would poison herself with opium at the very first opportunity. She was barely fifteen, but she knew that many other heathen girls no older than herself had done the same rather than endure the lives that were forced upon them; and all Pen-se's entreaties, all her appeals to think of God, were in vain.

One of the Sisters' works in China is that of finding suitable Christian husbands and wives for the girls and boys of the mission. Pen-se knew that, unless her father found a Christian husband for her, she would be married to some one that the nuns advised; and, in her distress about her unhappy little friend, she went to the convent and told the Sisters all. They had often heard of little Lady Lou from Pen-se, and had sent her messages and words of encouragement; but now it

seemed as though the task of helping her was quite outside their sphere.

"Ma Sœur" listened sadly to Pen-se's story. To advise the boys of the mission about their future wives was a very different thing from speaking to a rich young man upon the same subject without being asked to do so. But Pen-se was insistent. To her the power of the Sisters for good had no limitations; and truly it seemed as though, when the salvation of a soul was in question, nothing was too difficult or too troublesome for the nuns to undertake.

There was a young man, a Christian merchant, who had often helped Ma Sœur in her good works; and now, in this sore need, she determined to apply again to him. Perhaps among his friends there might be some one who would be willing to buy the girl from the wretch whose property she had become. Pen-se's trust in the Sisters was not destined to be shaken. Tchan-se, the young merchant, on being sent for to come to the convent, listened to what Ma Sœur had to tell, and promised to help her all he could.

The following evening, when the children of the orphan asylum were in bed, and the Sisters were saying their last prayers for the night, a knock at the courtyard gate disturbed them. It was Tchan-se, and in his arms was a little bundled figure, that the portress thought was another orphan seeking admittance to the home. It was not an orphan, but worse,—far worse. It was Lou, who, having a father, had been sold by him to a man, who for a few gold pieces had been willing to part with her again. Tchan-se had succeeded in bringing her from the gambler as, more dead than alive, she was being carried away from her father's house.

It was days and weeks before she could bear to let the Sisters out of her sight; though she shrank from seeing any one else, even from seeing Pen-se, the faithful little fisher girl, who came every morning to ask for news of her friend. Anything

that brought back the past was hateful to Lou; and it was only Time, the great healer, that at last enabled her to think of the future which had to be faced.

As soon as she was in a condition to listen and understand, the Sisters began to speak to her of God. They found her so willing to believe, that her further instruction was carried on without much difficulty; and as soon as she was strong enough to go down to the chapel, the priest gave her the Sacrament of Baptism.

After a time it was thought wiser to send Lou away to the Sisters in another town. At home there was always the danger of her pagan father's learning of her whereabouts, and forcing her to return either to him or to the gambler to whom he had given her. It was a sad parting between the two girls, and they were never destined to meet again.

Pen-se's simple life went on the same as before she ever knew little Lady Lou, until the time came for her to make her home in another house-boat down the river, when a Christian girl from the Sisters' orphan asylum took her place in the old home as wife to her brother Lin.

On Sundays, Pen-se and her husband go to Mass at the Sisters' chapel, and afterward Pen-se often asks for news of Lou. The latter also is married to a young Christian. She is not so rich as she would have been had she married from her father's house; but instead of riches, she has happiness; instead of slavery, she has the freedom that Christianity brings in its train. Hers is one more life that the Sisters have been able to save from misery, one more soul that they have placed in the path of salvation.

Ruth's Day of Reckoning.

(Told by her Brother.)

BY FLORA HAINES LOUGHEAD.

IV.—QUEER HAPPENINGS AT A PARTY.



ALL the while we were getting the pleasantest, brightest letters from mother. They came every few days, and sounded as if she was in the best of health and enjoying herself greatly. She spoke of old friends she saw, and messages they sent, and of Aunt Hetty and her home and her cats and parrot; and she told of what plays were put on in the theatres, although she never really said she'd been to see them. Father used to look pretty glum when he read them, as if he wondered how she could be enjoying herself so well without any of us.

This went on so long that Ruth got puzzled. Nowhere in any of the letters was there a word that so much as hinted at her being sick or ailing or with anything to undergo; no mention of doctors or surgeons, no talk that a woman who was perfectly well might not have written.

Then a beautiful thought came to Ruth. Perhaps mother had been to the great surgeon, and he had said Dr. Belnap was mistaken: that there was nothing wrong, and no need of an operation. Every day she grew surer that we were going to have mother home again, with nothing to do but to laugh over the awful scare they two had had all to themselves. It was a happy thought, and Ruth began to think of the whole trip as a delightful joke; and it never so much as came into her mind that if it was, she was paying rather dearly for it.

So light-hearted did she feel that when Eleanor Cameron asked her to come to a Dickens party at their house, she gladly said she would, and went about planning the parts we'd all take; for they didn't dare leave me at home, for fear I'd get

SOME one has said that when one is alone one needs to watch his thoughts; when in company, to watch his tongue. But when one is at home one should watch his temper; for we are more apt to lose our temper at home with those we love than when abroad with strangers.

into mischief. She dressed me up as Oliver Twist, in an old jacket and trousers that were too short for me, and carrying a basin and spoon. Ruth never meant it so, but it gave me the best time of my life; for it was my business to go around poking the basin in people's faces and asking for "more." In the supper room I worked it so I had six dishes of ice-cream and any amount of cakes and candy, until I thought I'd burst and everybody but Ruth and father would die laughing. Father went as Squeers, the cruel school-master, which gave him a chance to rap me with his ruler when he thought I was overdoing my part: but I was careful to keep mostly out of his way. As for Ruth, Eleanor had it all planned that she should go as Florence Dombey, because she insisted Florence must have had just such a sad, appealing face. But Ruth was growing so happy about mother that she didn't act or look the part, at least in the early part of the evening.

One thing that made Ruth want to be there was that Eleanor, when she invited her, had said: "I'm going to have the loveliest surprise for you." But when we got there Ruth couldn't for the life of her tell which was Eleanor, and she went wandering around all the evening, wondering what the surprise could be.

Nobody wore a mask, but it is queer how strange those one knows best will seem when they wear different clothes and hats, and perhaps have a false wig or mustache, or a few lines painted on their faces. Father had such an awful scowl painted on his forehead that I was afraid of him every time I came near him, although I had seen Ruth paint it on. It was only now and then I could tell who any of the people were as I went through the rooms; and the older people felt as if they, too, were among strangers, until little by little they would make out their next-door neighbors, or perhaps members of their own family, in the odd garments and headdresses and hats and bonnets. Eleanor Cameron, in a stiff

black gown, built out straight-backed and square in the shoulders, with spectacles and a dab of paint down each cheek, and a wonderful cap with two dancing butterflies, being the "Old Soldier" in one of Dickens' stories (I forget which one they said), went half the evening before even her own father guessed who she was. Ruth, in a plain black dress, and with an old-fashioned bonnet, and her hair tumbling about her face, was Ruth all the while to those who knew her face. But she hadn't been there half an hour before a tall young man, with a kind and pleasant face, came up and told her he was Walter,—Walter, who had not been drowned, but had come back from the sea alive; and he wondered how she could have the heart to look so bright and happy when she had thought him dead for so long. It gives me a creepy feeling now, and I believe it will all my life, thinking of what happened the very next day: to remember how they joked all through that evening about the lad who had been drowned and had come back. Ruth thought she would be able to think who he was after a while, when she could get used to his face in the English hat and with the mutton-chop whiskers; but she couldn't, and nobody she asked that night could tell her who he was. A mystery he was, and a mystery he kept.

Perhaps, pleasant as he was, she might not have been so friendly with him, and let him go around with her so much, if it had not been that from the time she went into the house she felt that everywhere she went some one was following her. She tried to tell herself it was a fancy of her own, or only an accident; but by and by she began to see that it was really so; and it did not make her feel any easier when she found the one following her was a shocking old man, so fat he could hardly waddle, with long white hair and a red nose. To this day she does not know who he was supposed to be in Dickens' books; but wherever she went he was always close behind her,

like a shadow. Sometimes, when she was left alone, he would almost overtake her, and it was all she could do to dodge around corners and into other rooms away from him.

It was in the supper room that he finally cornered her. She was eating with a relish of the good things there; for Walter took great pains to get her the very best of everything. He had stepped to the end of the long table, to get some dainty, when suddenly a shadow fell upon Ruth's plate, and she looked up to see the terrible old man at her elbow and bending over her.

"Hush-sh!" he said, when he saw she was about to cry out. "I have been trying all the evening to get near you. I came here because I thought it would be a good chance to see you and give you this. Take it quick! I can't stay here all night. I must get away to some patients."

For a minute Ruth wanted to burst out laughing; for the terrible old man, seen close at hand, was no other than good, kind-hearted, cross-spoken Dr. Belknap. Then her eyes fell on the doubled-up piece of paper he had dropped into her lap like a bonbon. It looked as if there was writing on it. She spread it out, and it was a letter, and the writing was in mother's hand.

The man dressed as Walter came back with a dish in his hand, and found her putting her plate on the table, her face as sad and troubled as he could have wished it.

"Take me somewhere,—away from everyone!" she whispered. "I have something I must read at once."

He managed things nicely; and, without anybody's noticing, not even father, got her into the glass breakfast room where the flowers are. Here, with no one to see her but the strange young man, Ruth read mother's letter. She has lent it to me to copy. The handwriting is all trembly, and so blotted in places that I can hardly make it out, but it says:

MY DARLING RUTH:—I can not meet what lies before me without a little explanation and last word to the dear girl who must have been wondering what has been happening to mother all this time.

Soon after my arrival I saw Dr. Percy. He confirmed Dr. Belknap's opinion. But the weariness of the journey brought on an ill turn, which made it impossible to do anything then; and since I recovered from that they have been "building me up," as they call it,—putting me through a course of treatment and diet to make me better able to resist the shock of the operation. I have been at the hospital three weeks now, and the next three or four days will decide everything.

I shall ask Dr. Belknap to hand this to you; and when all danger is over, you may show it to your father. He will forgive our having concealed this from him, when he understands our purpose—to spare him the anxiety he would otherwise have suffered. Whatever comes, remember my heart is filled with love for my husband, my daughter, my little son. Say a prayer for me when this reaches you. God bless my dear, brave daughter, and make her equal to anything she may be called upon to meet! But, Ruth, something tells me I am going to get well,—*I am going to get well.*

Your loving mother,

MARY E. SHERWOOD.

My sister raised her eyes to the young man watching her. If ever sorrow was written on Florence Dombey's face, it was written on Ruth's then. But all she said was:

"Will you please find my father, and say to him that I am very tired and would like to go home. I beg that you will tell him nothing of this letter. But, oh, we ought not to be here!"

(To be continued.)

WHEN Johnnie declared he felt hazy
And unwell in a number of ways, he
Asked his pa for a rest;
But the latter said: "Pest!
You're not sick at all, Jack; you're just lazy."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—According to the *Publishers' Circular*, an annual summary of classified books, new books in 1907 reached 9914, or 1311 more than in 1906. Fiction has slightly decreased, but increase is shown in religious works.

—"Man and the Ape: Are They Cousins?" is a reprint of an excellent chapter from Judge Frank McGloin's valuable book, "The Light of Faith." It is brought out in neat pamphlet form by B. Herder, St. Louis.

—It is gratifying to hear that "Certainty in Religion," a popular manual of Christian apologetics by the Rev. Father Wyman, C. S. P., published by the Columbus Press, has been translated into Flemish. A Catholic book company in Louvain will be the publishers.

—St. John's College, Toledo, Ohio, recently purchased from the Vatican Library a series of 823 Roman coins. Of consular or republican pieces, there are 248, the remaining 575 being imperial coins. The genuineness of the series is unquestionable, being guaranteed by the distinguished Prefect of the Vatican Library, Father Ehrle, S. J. A descriptive pamphlet giving full information as to the coins appears as an issue of the *St. John's College Quarterly*.

—The ever-increasing number of books translated from the French reminds us of some words of Dr. Brownson which translators and publishers would do well to ponder at the beginning of a new year. "In consequence of want of taste and judgment in selecting the works to be translated, and of want of proper qualifications on the part of translators, translations in general, except of purely scientific works, serve little other end than to encumber our bookshelves, corrupt the language, and overload it with foreign idioms and barbarous words and phrases."

—"Modernism: What it is and Why it was Condemned," is a ten-cent pamphlet of ninety-six pages, by C. S. B., published by Sands & Co. It is divided into three parts: Modernism—The Question; Why Modernism has been Condemned; Appendix of Quotations. The Rev. George Tyrrell, the Abbé Loisy, M. Sabatier (non-Catholic), and the Rev. R. J. Campbell, he of "The New Theology," are the Modernists quoted. Who are the other Modernists? it will be asked. The Encyclical *Pascendi*, we notice, is being discussed by Catholics as well as Protestants as though it were a popular document. A sad mistake in our opinion. In his latest pastoral letter, the Bishop of Newport says:

"The greater part of the Papal Letter deals with errors which the vast majority of those whom we are addressing have probably never heard of, and certainly have never been tempted to adopt." The same is true of Catholics generally, and of by far the greater number of church-going Protestants.

—"The considerable throng of "minor poets" owe a debt of gratitude to the Rev. M. Watson, S. J., for this cheering and appreciative word of his in a recent number of *Austral Light*:

I am unable to sympathize with critics who sneer at modern verse, and compare it with the great poems of the past. If it has far less value than the latter, is it just to speak as if it had no value whatever? If the rose and the lily reign supreme among flowers, that fact does not justify contempt for the daisy. It ought to be a pleasure, I think, to welcome any evidence of genuine imagination and poetic *afflatus* in newly-published books of verse, even if it appear only in a line or two here and there, and to reward it with a generous meed of praise.

To which it may be added that, if one takes from a poem or other work of art just what one brings to it, minor poems suit the overwhelming majority of readers much better than do great ones.

—A name of authority lost to science during the past year is Agnes Mary Clerke, Hon. Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society, and author of numerous learned works on the science of astronomy, etc. Her death was mourned as a distinct loss to astronomical science. The Lord Chief Justice once told the Selden Society that Miss Mary Bateson, who died in 1906, knew more about English legal history than nine lawyers out of ten. Miss Clerke's "History of Astronomy during the Nineteenth Century" is proof that her knowledge of astronomy was equally remarkable. She was no less distinguished, however, for her devotion to the Church than for her devotion to science.

—An interesting list of converts to the Church in the United States has been compiled by Mr. D. J. Scannell-O'Neill and published by Mr. B. Herder, under the title "Converts to Rome." The number is 3000, including 372 Protestant clergymen, of whom 142 became priests or prelates in the Church; the medical profession is represented by 115 names, the legal by 126; there are 180 army and navy officers (Federal and Confederate); while the authors, journalists, and painters number 206. The list is by no means exhaustive, though as full as the compiler was able to make it. "Of the revisers to whom he submitted it, not one but was able to furnish from personal knowledge the names of several

converts of prominence." In producing this interesting book, Mr. O'Neill has rendered a distinct service, the value of which, however, would be increased by a few corrections and omissions. The second edition, which we hope to see soon, is sure to be greatly enlarged.

—While the late James Ryder Randall in his early manhood wrote a number of war lyrics, his fame undoubtedly rests upon that one of them which rivalled "Dixie" as a popular Confederate song, "Maryland, My Maryland." That its popularity was not merely ephemeral is due to its intrinsic excellence of thought and expression; for, as the New International Encyclopedia declares: "For sheer poetic merit, it is thought by some to be the best martial lyric composed by any American." Mr. Randall was born in 1839 in Baltimore, and was descended in part from the French-Acadians, the people of Evangeline. A Catholic by birth, he spent the greater part of his life in journalism; and for the past few years was the editor of the New Orleans *Morning Star*, a position which he resigned only a few months ago. A sterling son of the Church and a confiding child of God, he did good work in his day and generation, and leaves an untarnished memory to his children. *R. I. P.*

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

- "Converts to Rome." D. J. Scannell-O'Neill. \$1.
 "History of the Books of the New Testament."
 E. Jacquier. Authorized Translation by the
 Rev. J. Duggan. \$2, net.
 "A Tuscan Penitent." Father Cuthbert. \$1.10,
 net.
 "Procedure at the Roman Curia." Very Rev.
 Nicholas Hilling, D. D. \$1.75.
 "The Catholic Sunday School: Some Sugges-
 tions on its Aim, Work, and Management."
 Rev. Bernard Feeney. \$1.
 "The Spiritual Conferences of St. Francis de
 Sales." \$1.80, net.
 "The Blind Sisters of St. Paul." Maurice de la
 Sizeranne. \$2, net.

- "The Story of Ellen." Rosa Mulholland. \$1.50,
 net.
 "What is Most Worth Caring About." L. J.
 Walker, S. J. 30 cts.
 "The Secret of the Green Vase." Frances
 Cooke. \$1.25.
 "The Life of St. Jerome." Fray José de
 Sigüenza. \$3.50.
 "Quivira." Harrison Conrard. \$1.50.
 "The Bond of Perfection." Rev. P. M. North-
 cote, O. S. M. 60 cts., net.
 "A Review of Hamlet." George H. Miles. \$1.10.
 "A Colonel from Wyoming." J. A. H. Cameron.
 \$1.35.
 "The Return of Mary O'Murrough." Rosa
 Mulholland. \$1.25.
 "The Life of Christ." Mgr. E. Le Camus. Vol.
 II. \$1.50, net.
 "The Immortality of the Human Soul." George
 Fell, S. J. \$1.35, net.
 "Véra's Charge." Christian Reid. \$1.50.
 "Arethusa." F. Marion Crawford. \$1.50.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Very Rev. John Heinrich, of the diocese of
 Baker City; Rev. John Gaffney, S. J.; and
 Very Rev. Thomas Donovan, Josephite Fathers.

Sister M. Teresa, of the Sisters of the Incarnate
 Word.

Mr. John Fletcher, Mr. James Feehan, Mr.
 John Scott, Mr. Richard O'Neill, Mr. James
 Brown, Mr. Bernard Miles, Mrs. Annie Ames,
 Mr. Gregory O'Connell, Mr. John Ritchie, Mr.
 Michael Flood, Mrs. H. J. La Montagne, Mr.
 P. A. Moran, Mrs. Rose Robinson, Mrs. Ellen
 Cummings, Mr. Thomas Howard, Mrs. Thomas
 Connor, Miss Agnes Inglehart, Mr. Patrick Daly,
 and Mr. Jacob Porter.

Requiescant in pace!

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the needy mission at Kumbhakonam,
 Southern India:

E. McH., \$5.10; Mrs. D. H., \$1; A. G. S., \$10;
 M. J. Walsh, \$5.

Two Chinese missions:

M. J. Walsh, \$5; Mrs. John Suess, \$5; Rev.
 T. F., \$5; J. F. G., \$1.

The Gotemba lepers:
 Mrs. L. O. G., \$1.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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The Purification.

BY L. F. MURPHY.

PURE is the light on Horeb's holy height,
But purer thou, Christ's Mother undefiled;
Pure is the soul-light of a little child,
Far purer thou in thy Creator's sight,
Crowned with the glory of the Godhead's light.
Thou white, white Flower blooming in the wild,
Whose beauty earth and heaven reconciled
And changed to day the darkness of our night.
Yet thou didst go that purifying morn
Unto the Temple with thy offering,
Thou Mother of the Holy One—the King,—
Thou blessed amongst women, sinless born!
O Mother of our God, what grace in thee!
How beautiful thy heart's humility!

Among the Catholics of Holland.

BY DUDLEY BAXTER, B. A. OXON.



ANY seem under the impression that Holland is decidedly a Protestant country as contrasted with its Catholic neighbor, Belgium; in reality, Holland is now almost as much Catholic as Calvinist, the actual proportion being two-fifths; and every year this happy change becomes more emphatic. The number and splendor of Dutch Catholic churches afford quite a remarkable surprise; in every town and in many villages, often almost side by side, new edifices arise in place of the old fabrics

taken from us centuries ago. Nothing could be more dreary than the aspect of the latter; as a result of past ferocious iconoclasm, hardly a vestige of old stained glass or a single statue remains of their former glory. The whole edifice is usually whitewashed; the graceful apse, often with its chevet of chapels, is never used; and all around, save on Sundays, reigns a veritable "abomination of desolation."

The central part of each church is occupied by a mass of pews, often constructed somewhat as in a theatre, with galleries, entrance staircases, and so forth, surrounding and all facing a massive "three-decker" pulpit erection. Men walk into church with hats on their head, but remove these, as a rule, for the actual services. These ancient churches are often of magnificent proportions, but merely "beautiful skeletons" now; closed the whole week, their sacristan must always be paid *fivepence* to gain admittance!

In striking contrast, one beholds with admiration the numerous Catholic churches—usually, in north Holland, modern structures glowing with adornments and replete with daily devotion,—temples of the living God. Outside they are generally of red brick, with stone facings and those fantastic belfries beloved by the Dutch; but their internal splendor is quite astonishing, and there seems to be a flourishing school of religious art here once more. Their interiors are nearly always ablaze with color; beautiful frescoes adorn at least the sanctuary, while the altarpieces are often exquisite reconstructions of medieval skill, elaborately

carved, gilded and painted. Above all, "the Holy Rood," with its unsurpassed symbolism, is a common feature of Dutch Catholic churches; sometimes it is erected upon a beam with attendant statues of Our Lady and St. John, sometimes it hangs alone from the chancel roof.

Dutch Catholics are pre-eminent for their zealous devotion as strikingly indicated by their active co-operation in foreign missionary work; thus, the late Cardinal Vaughan's English foundation of Mill Hill has an important branch house in Holland, and not a few devoted Dutch priests have served in England. Out of over half a million Catholics, there are said to be twelve hundred priests or nuns spreading the Gospel in other lands, while seventeen colleges and ten convents train these noble missionaries.

Dutch Catholics are, in common with their Protestant compatriots, most generous to orphans, the blind, or the aged poor; thus in Amsterdam alone there are upward of a hundred charitable institutions, almost entirely supported by voluntary contributions, and about twenty thousand poor persons are therein maintained by their fellow-citizens. One may mention, for example, the great Catholic Hospice of St. James, where hundreds have found a real home for their last days.

Each Catholic parish has its council of four lay representatives to assist its chairman, the priest; they are nominated by him and appointed by the bishop. This council meets quarterly, when the parochial accounts are duly inspected; and no structural or other outlay can be submitted to the bishop without its preliminary consent.

The Metropolitan See is once again, as before the Reformation period, at Utrecht; while its suffragans are the bishoprics of Haarlem, Breda, Roermond and Bois-le-Duc,—the cathedrals of the latter two in southern Holland, moreover, are happily still the splendid edifices of old, saved from Protestant occupation. Until the first Peace Conference insulted

the Catholic world by ignoring the Vicar of Christ, "the Prince of Peace," there used to be a Papal Nuncio at The Hague, but there is now only an Italian *chargé d'affaires*. Dutch Catholics are, in addition, wisely organized politically, so as to defend Catholic interests in matters of education. I understand that twenty-five out of sixty-three members of Holland's second House of Parliament are Catholics, who can thus exercise considerable influence over any ministry.

The traveller enters Holland by the Hook, —a long breakwater of stones over a sandbank, recently rendered notorious by the terrible *Berlin* shipwreck. Thence one reaches the important seaport of Rotterdam, with two great bridges crossing the river Maas and a picturesque array of shipping. The ancient "Groote Kerk" of St. Lawrence has a massive tower and is of fine proportions; there are several beautiful Catholic churches, and an interesting Franciscan monastery. That celebrated humanist "Erasmus" was born at Rotterdam in 1467, and there is a fine bronze statue erected to his memory in 1662; his real name was Gerrit Gerritz.

From Rotterdam I travelled to Utrecht via Gouda, where a few hours' halt is well repaid; for its magnificent Romanesque church contains Holland's most splendid collection of old Dutch glass dating from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Some of the pieces are pre-Reformation, with vested figures of their ecclesiastical donors underneath, and the coloring throughout is truly marvellous. This small town contains two fine Catholic churches; one of them is quite new, with a picturesque "belfrey" central tower and western spirelets in the curious Dutch style; and, inside, one sees a unique china frieze above the black basalt columns. By the way, priests in Holland wear long black coats, knee-breeches and black stockings, buckled shoes and "square" bowler hats. Utrecht is one of the most ancient cities in the Netherlands, the "Trajectum

ad Rhenum" of the Romans, and subsequently occupied by both Frisians and Franks. Its first bishop was our Anglo-Saxon missionary St. Willibrord; while still another monk from old England, the famous St. Boniface, once preached and taught here. Until the Reformation, the Archbishops of Utrecht ranked with the greatest of medieval prelates; and here was born the future Emperor Charles V.'s tutor, surnamed Boeyens, who afterward became Pope Adrian VI. As regards political history, Utrecht is famous for having been the scene of the Netherlands' Union in 1579, the source of Dutch independence, and also for the Peace of 1713, which terminated the Spanish Succession War.

Its ancient cathedral, dedicated to St. Martin, was once among the finest in Europe; but in 1674 the vast nave collapsed and now its lofty western tower stands quite isolated, while electric trams pass over the side from under the tower itself. The choir and transepts soar to a height of 115 feet, but are, of course, "desolated" and whitewashed. The central space is occupied by the customary "cuckoo nest" of reformed Calvinism, with tiers of pews in a kind of hideous amphitheatre. Scarcely anything remains of its former decorative glory save one mutilated episcopal effigy.

Somehow, upon the restoration of their hierarchy, one of the ancient city churches was obtained by the Catholic citizens for their new metropolitan cathedral; it has been beautifully redecorated and contains an elaborate rood-screen. I arrived at Utrecht in time for the Feast of Our Lady's Nativity; but apparently there was no Solemn Mass here, only a "Missa Cantata" with Exposition. In addition to having to pay for one's seat, there are always at least two collections in Holland (one being for the poor); the offerings are collected by means of a long pole with a black velvet bag, having a tinkling bell at its extremity. Then before the sermon there was a clattering

noise, and I found all the pews beyond the pulpit were being reversed, so that everybody might sit facing the preacher. There are several other fine Catholic churches, one being especially beautiful, with a superb rood-beam and exquisite tabernacled altarpieces. Here I saw a funeral, and noted that the mourners communicated between the two Requiem Masses.

Utrecht is the centre of the dwindling Jansenists, whom Baedeker calls "a sect of Roman Catholics." They still have an archbishop. The famous University, founded in 1636, adjoins the old cathedral, and has over five hundred students. The archiepiscopal museum contains the finest collection of ecclesiastical antiquities in Holland, the ancient plate and vestments being especially interesting. My attention was particularly attracted by an elaborate twelfth-century Limoges reliquary, enamelled with pictures of St. Thomas of Canterbury and his martyrdom. Romanesque hanging pyxes and ivories, superbly jewelled Gospels of the eighth and eleventh centuries, and many other treasures enhance this fine collection.

From Utrecht I travelled to Amsterdam, the commercial capital of Holland, and once that of Europe, in the palmy days of its East India Company. This great city has a population of over 400,000, about a quarter of whom are Catholics. The harbor affords evidence of its vast trade, much increased since the opening of the new North Sea Canal. The whole city is built upon wooden piles driven into the muddy sand, and is intersected by over seventy canals, with at least three hundred bridges; ninety islands are formed thereby, and well has Amsterdam been called "the Venice of the North."

The centre of this picturesque, busy city is "the Dam," with a fine royal palace (resting on over 13,000 piles), once occupied by King Louis Napoleon; and the fifteenth-century "Nieuwe Kerk," with splendid pulpit and bronze choir-screens. Here the "girl-queen" Wilhelmina

took her accession oath; and here lies buried the famous Admiral de Ruyter, whose tercentenary has lately been celebrated.

The magnificent "Rijks Museum" would alone well repay a visit to Amsterdam; it contains a superb array of pictures, including Rembrandt's masterpiece, various royal portraits, and other famous paintings; while there are some interesting miniatures of Stuarts, Bourbons, and so forth. In the naval section is the entire stern of the English *Royal Charles* captured by De Ruyter in 1666, when he accomplished the unique feat of invading the Thames almost as far as London itself. Another part contains splendid old plate or glass and very valuable jewelry from India. In the ecclesiastical portion, I noticed a faded and mutilated blue velvet chasuble from pre-Reformation England,—how one wonders whence it came and what its history!

The public buildings of Amsterdam are very imposing; near the medieval St. Anthony's Gate one sees the bustling market. Some of the canals, with picturesque church towers, many barges and ancient houses, are charming, but frequently their odor is the reverse. There is scarcely any street traffic save that of electric trams.

The devotion of Dutch Catholics is very inspiring to behold here, and centres around Amsterdam's unique shrine of the Holy Sacrament, "van Mirakel." As long ago as the year 1345, the Viaticum had been given to a dying man; but, owing to the nature of his illness, the unconsumed Host was accidentally thrown onto the fire afterward. Here, according to the legend, It remained intact; and when taken back by a priest to the parish church, returned of Itself hither again. Consequently a church was built upon the spot; and somehow, during all the subsequent religious troubles, this miraculous Host was saved, and remains intact to this day. It has been enshrined for over two centuries past, I believe, in the

charming old Renaissance chapel of the Beguinage sisterhood, near its former church in the favorite "Kalverstraat" thoroughfare. Upon Thursdays the Host is solemnly exposed in a monstrance glittering with diamonds. I was particularly struck with the number of business men who came for silent adoration, and a peculiar aroma of sweetness seems to fill this treasured northern shrine.

Among the various really magnificent churches—for instance, the huge new edifice dedicated to St. Willibrord, the Jesuits' church with its superb rood-beam, or the Dominicans' with its wonderful frescoes—particularly remarkable is that of the Redemptorist Fathers, one of whom, by the way, speaks English. There is a shrine of Our Lady of Perpetual Succor in this beautiful edifice, all illuminated by electric light; and most of the city churches have some similar shrine,—for example, that of St. Anthony at the Franciscans'. The men sit on one side of the church, and the women on the other; while sometimes even the confessionals are also thus arranged. Unfortunately, there is little congregational singing, even in the evening; but I understand it is being gradually introduced, in accordance with the Pope's desire.

The environs of Amsterdam are very interesting, and several excursions can be made either by steamer or by train. A few miles from the harbor is Zaandam, where the great "sight" is a unique curiosity—the "hut" in which Tsar Peter the Great resided for a time while learning ship-carpentry! In reality a small wooden cottage of rough construction, it is now entirely covered by a brick building erected by a Russian queen consort of Holland; inside, marble tablets commemorate the visits of two Tsars and other monarchs.

This is a typical Dutch village, with its trim little houses of one story, and a fine new Catholic church near its old predecessor. Dozens of windmills, some large and some very small, stud the surrounding

dykes. It is amusing to see the milk-carts drawn by a pair of sturdy dogs, sometimes driven by a man in the cart at a smart trot.

One day, I went by train to Alkmaar, in north Holland, to see its celebrated cheese market, a most picturesque scene. The market-place was covered with piles of the gleaming round cheeses (yellow in color and afterward dyed red for export); these are brought by the local peasantry, and bought by dealers. Over five thousand tons are said to be weighed annually in the great bronze scales of A. D. 1622, under the Renaissance town-hall; the cheeses are subsequently rolled into barges that line the adjacent canal. As merry chimes rang out the midday hour from Alkmaar's fantastic municipal belfry, the busy market afforded a charming spectacle; the old clock itself, with mechanical horses careering round, added a final quaint touch.

Here there is a particularly fine old church of splendid proportions, with several remnants of Catholic days, including the mutilated tomb of Count Florens V. of Holland (ob. 1296). The principal Catholic church is an imposing Romanesque building, and one of its stained glass windows portrays those heroic Martyrs of Gorkum who died for refusing to eat meat on a Friday during the Spanish wars.

But the most interesting trip of all is an expedition by steamer to the wonderful island of Marken in the Zuyder Zee. Here the inhabitants all wear the quaint national costume, now, alas! fast disappearing in other parts. The women and children have pretty Dutch caps, with their hair hanging in plaits on either side, gorgeous blouses and aprons, while the men wear huge baggy knickerbockers. Their houses are mostly full of china and antique furniture, while in their Dutch passion for cleanliness they leave their big wooden *klompen* (shoes) outside the door. Altogether, this remote little island seems like another world of its own.

In each part of Holland the women's caps are of different design; they are fastened by elaborate gold or silver pins, often family heirlooms, on either side. The Frisians in addition wear a gleaming silver or silver-gilt plate under the lace part of the white cap, while a modern bonnet often surmounts the whole.

The return journey from Marken is made by canal, passing through two picturesque villages. One contains a charming old *stadhuis*; and in the second, tourists are conducted over a model farm, where one sees the famous cheeses being made. Here the cows are in winter installed in a long apartment of the house itself, even ornamented with pictures and scrupulously clean.

Haarlem is the next interesting town; and, passing through its ancient "Amsterdam Gate," one soon reaches the central "Groote Markt," with several other medieval buildings. Foremost is the great church of St. Bavo, a fifteenth-century edifice, with a vaulted interior. Its recent restoration revealed some old frescoes under coats of whitewash. A fine Renaissance bronze screen protects its now useless choir stalls. This former cathedral is world-famous for its magnificent organ,—one of the largest in existence, and also perhaps unsurpassed for its exquisite tone; free public recitals take place twice a week.

Opposite is the ancient Town Hall, formerly a palace of the Counts of Holland, with a fine thirteenth-century hall containing pictures of its oldtime lords. In the adjacent museum are the masterpieces of Frans Hals, Haarlem's renowned artist, including several large groups of Guild officers (called "Regent pieces"); his earliest picture here was painted at the age of thirty, and his latest when aged eighty.

But to a Catholic visitor the great attraction of Haarlem is its magnificent new Catholic cathedral, begun in 1895. (Both Amsterdam and The Hague are in this diocese.) It is a strikingly original

structure, quite as large as its predecessor, and outside somewhat resembles an enormous pagoda, with its array of little domes around the central rotunda, and two dwarf western towers.

Inside, the cathedral is very imposing, and almost entirely composed of yellow bricks with rows of glazed tiles and massive columns; apparently it is not completed yet, and workmen were busy setting up an organ. The high altar *mensa* is a solid block of black marble, almost square, as of old the rule; while in front are carved wooden thrones and choir stalls of Renaissance design. There is an effective chevet of chapels in the apse, but these are not all furnished yet. Much of the ornamentation is very original,—for example, the metal Tabernacle fashioned like a small ark. This noble edifice testifies to the zeal of Dutch Catholics; driven from one cathedral, they have now built another, its worthy compeer in every respect.

Haarlem is the centre of Dutch floricultural industry, and its fields of flower bulbs must be a wonderful sight in the spring. During the seventeenth century some of the rarer tulips fetched fabulous prices; and to-day there are acres of hyacinths, tulips, and so forth, around the old city.

En route to The Hague, it is well to alight at Leyden, rendered famous in history by its gallant resistance to the Spaniards during that terrible siege of 1573-4. The civic museums here are splendid, notably the array of Egyptian antiquities and a natural history collection, one of the finest in the world. There are two enormous old churches, grand as regards their architecture, but now a mere desert of pews and whitewash. Affixed to the wall outside St. Peter's is an iron tablet engraved with the following curious inscription: "In memory of Rev. John Robinson, M. A., pastor of the English Church worshipping over against this spot A. D. 1609-1625, whence at his prompting went forth the Pilgrim

Fathers to settle New England in 1620. Buried under this house of worship 4 Mar., 1625, æt. xlix years. *In memoria æterna justus*. Erected by the national council of the Congregational Churches of the United States of America, A. D. 1891." Above is a small representation of the historic *Mayflower*, with the date 1620.

Leyden's celebrated University was founded after the siege, by the citizens' own choice, as a reward for their bravery. Here Grotius, Descartes, and other celebrities wrote and taught, while scholars came from all over Europe. Some of the professors still, according to Baedeker, occasionally lecture in Latin; its library is the finest in Holland, and the ancient *aula* has many portraits; to-day there are about eight hundred students here. Adjacent are charming botanical gardens, with many plants from Java and the Dutch East Indies. The Renaissance Town Hall has a fine stone façade and a typical belfry; above one portal may be seen a curious "chronogram" inscription composed of one hundred and thirty-one letters, the number of days of the siege to which it refers. The principal canals are very picturesque.

At length one reaches The Hague itself, Holland's delightful capital, whose latest fame is having been the scene of both Peace Conferences. No capital in Europe has such magnificent parks—real miniature forests, with lakes and innumerable shady avenues,—while close at hand is the fashionable seaside resort of Scheveningen. The Binnenhof Palace, formerly the residence of counts and stadtholders, and now the seat of government, is partly surrounded by the "Vyver" sheet of water, and forms a most picturesque group of buildings; here once dwelt our exiled royal Stuarts.

In the centre rises the ancient Hall of the Knights, built by Count Florens V., and recently restored with admirable taste. In this splendid hall both Peace Conferences have assembled, and I was fortunate enough to secure admittance

to one of the last plenary sittings. Nearly four hundred representatives of every nation were there, and the scene was one long to be remembered. All the speakers, except, I believe, the American representatives, utilized the French language. At the conclusion of this sitting, several hundred electric lights, outlining the massive timber roof and elsewhere, were turned on, and a photograph taken of the historic assembly. Let us hope their efforts will not have been altogether in vain; at least the glorious *ideal* of universal peace must have been thereby propagated.

Close to the Hall is the renowned "Mauritshuis" picture gallery, installed in another old palace, and containing several masterpieces; one of its gems is an exquisite Madonna by Murillo, and another Rembrandt's "School of Anatomy," painted in 1632. In the opposite direction is the gloomy old gateway which witnessed the tragic fate of the innocent brothers De Witt; while adjacent is the medieval prison, quite intact, with its ghastly torture chamber and a horrible array of cruel implements, including the scaffold frame upon which many a poor wretch's bones have been broken one after the other. In a fashionable millinery shop near here, one day I found a small crowd gazing at a beautiful, faded mantel of purple silk, exquisitely embroidered with gold thread, which once adorned the ill-fated Empress Eugénie of France, and is now American property.

There are several fine museums and private picture galleries at The Hague. In the Royal Library are exhibited the richly illuminated prayer-books of Philippe le Bon of Burgundy and Isabella of Castile, ancient copies of the Gospels, and so forth. Here, too, is a massive Bible bound in red velvet, with the following autograph inscription: "This Bible was given the King and I at our *Crownation*, Aprill ye 11th, 1689. Marie R.,"—Mary II. of England, who dared to usurp her own father's throne. In another room there are thou-

sands of coins and medals, with more than three hundred of the finest Roman cameos still in existence.

There are several Catholic churches at The Hague, two of which, in the Gothic style with lofty spires, are beautifully decorated inside.

Electric cars race through one of the beautiful parks to gay Scheveningen, with its fine Kursaal and large hotels; over 20,000 visitors come here annually. Upon Sunday afternoon one saw the fisher folk arrayed in their national costumes and wearing beautiful old jewelry; even the men have real silver buttons of graceful design. From this beach King Charles II. sailed for England at his triumphant Restoration; and here also William III., his Catholic brother's Calvinist usurper, embarked at the subsequent Revolution.

I saw Holland's beloved young Queen twice, and also her German consort returning with her Majesty in state from the manœuvres. One can perceive traces of that grave national sorrow in her somewhat altered appearance; for, alas! the childless "Koningin Wilhelmina" is the last of Holland's royal Orange line.

From The Hague the interesting and picturesque old town of Delft can be easily visited. In its "Groote Kerk," with a very lofty spire and fine proportions, all the Dutch royal family have been interred during over three centuries past. In the centre of its desolated, whitewashed choir rises the magnificent Renaissance monument of William of Orange, "Father of the Fatherland," and the heroic founder of its liberty. There are only three other monuments, one being the work of Canova. To the left is the monument of Delft's illustrious philosopher Grotius: and I saw the splendid silver wreath deposited here, upon behalf of the United States, by the American delegates to the first Peace Conference on July 4, 1899.

Delft is one-third Catholic, and close to the Royal Pantheon is a fine church with twin western spires; in this direction, too, is the charming medieval Oostpoort

Gateway, itself a perfect picture. The canals here are very clean, and bordered as a rule with lime trees. The town used to be celebrated for its china, but now there is only one manufactory instead of eight.

Finally, just outside the town and in the middle of a small public garden, the visitor's attention is attracted by a curious enclosed portion, with wicket and ivy hedge, flowers and shrubs. Within, four plain tombstones stud the grass; one is that of an officer (1860), another of a Dutch baron, and a third huge slab is engraved "Maas Gesteranus." The fourth and central slab is surrounded by massive iron railings, at each corner of which glitter the Bourbon crown and shield, with huge *fleur-de-lis* of royal France above, also gilt; for underneath rest the mortal remains of that mysterious personage "Naundorff." He died here in 1845; and ever since the Dutch, who accorded him a civic funeral, appear to have believed he really was "the Dauphin of the Temple," *de droit* King Louis XVII. of France,—as engraved upon the stone, and as modern research has shown to be possibly the truth.

From picturesque Delft one can return direct to Rotterdam, and thence, by the excellent English steamers, away home again.

"In contemplating the Catholic Church," writes the great Protestant divine, Monod, "it is impossible not to feel admiration and veneration for an institution, the most weighty in its influence, the most imposing in its duration, that the world has ever seen; by whose side the mightiest empires make but a poor comparison both as to time and place,—an institution which has been from the first ages until now an ever-flowing fountain of devotedness, holiness, and civilization, and whose history has developed itself, through the revolving centuries, with a logical power that at once confounds the reason and ravishes the imagination."

Exiled from Erin.

V.—DISILLUSION.

"DID you speak, uncle?" asked Ellie, rousing from her reverie.

"No," he replied. "I said nothing. There's your friend over yonder; he has a longing eye for you, Ellie."

The girl glanced in the direction indicated by her uncle's index finger. O'Brien was seated on a coil of rope, his back to them.

"I didn't know he was to be over on the ferry with us," answered Ellie, regretfully. "We might have been together while we could."

"While you could!" echoed Tim Malone. "I hope it hasn't got so far along as that, my girl. That man is old enough to be your father; and, besides, you know nothing about him. I saw he was keen to be asked to the house. But I was equal to him. I didn't ask him. Very likely he's some Western sharper out on the 'make.'"

Ellie McMahon was not so unsophisticated, little as she had read or knew of the world, as not to guess at her uncle's meaning. Her eye scanned him from head to foot while he was speaking, and the comparison in her mind between him and the stranger was not in his favor as she replied:

"I don't think he is a sharper at all, Uncle Tim. And it's very little he could make out of me, if he was. All I have in the world—or nearly all—is on my back; and he knew it very well, I am sure. But I don't think he looks like a bad man, uncle; and I'll make bold enough to say that, after all his kindness to me, I should have been pleased if you had asked him to the house. Indeed, I was hoping he'd mention the hotel to you; maybe he'd like it as well as another while he is in New York."

"What hotel are you speaking of?" inquired Tim Malone, with a peculiar lift of the eyebrows.

"Your own hotel."

"My own hotel? Who told you I had one? I haven't."

"Wasn't your letter written from 'The Red Eagle'?" said the girl in surprise.

"Well, what if it was?"

"We thought you had a hotel."

"Ye thought wrong, then."

"You mentioned that you had influence, and we supposed of course that was how it was. Tavern-keepers always do have it, don't they?"

"Now you are a little nearer to the truth. Maybe your folks over in Ireland would call my place a tavern, though I don't entertain travellers except for an occasional glass of beer, or an evening's enjoyment, if they happen to drop in. I keep a barroom."

"A barroom? Isn't that a tavern?"

"No, it isn't. You'll see what I mean when you come to it. I seen that fellow casting an eye over here just now, Ellie. Like as not he'll be trying to speak to you as we leave the boat. But I'll be a match for him, see if I don't!"

"There will be no occasion, Uncle Tim," rejoined the girl. "I've known him only a few days, but he's as gentlemanly a person for his station as ever I saw; and when he said good-bye to me it *was* good-bye."

"And what do you call his station?"

"He is a house painter."

"A house painter! And why can't a house painter be a gentleman as well as another, I'd like to know?"

"A gentleman,—a *real* gentleman?" exclaimed Ellie, in surprise.

"You don't know the meaning of the word over there," answered Tim Malone. "Now, you'd never think of calling me a gentleman at home, would you?" he continued, putting his finger and thumb in the buttonhole of his vest, and throwing his head as far back as he could for the ungainly stoop in his narrow shoulders.

"Nor abroad, either," thought Ellie, surveying him and his attitude. But she only said quietly:

"No, uncle."

"Well, *here* I *am* a gentleman, and so are my friends. We speak of one another as gentlemen, we introduce ourselves as gentlemen. There isn't the slightest reason in the world why I couldn't get to be an alderman, Ellie, if I tried; and I mean to try. In a short time I'm hoping to be able to get away from the place where I am, and move farther up town, to a better stand; and so, step by step, I'll rise. Do you see? Old Vanderbilt was only a canal boatman when he began; and old Astor a fur peddler; and the father of Mrs. Paran Stevens kept a tavern."

"I never heard tell of any of them," said Ellie.

"Well, you'll hear enough about their descendants before you're a great deal older, unless you're very stupid, and don't care to read the papers or take an interest in the like of them. They're richer than Croesus, all of them. It's money and brains that count in America, Ellie, and don't you forget it! And beauty, my girl,—beauty. I tell you what it is, you yourself if you play your cards well may be an alderman's wife some day, and ride in your carriage like the rest of them. There's Mrs. Tom Mallory! She was only a poor servant-girl a while back; and Mrs. Dan Fay sold matches in the Bowery when she was a youngster."

"Is that so?" replied Ellie, indifferently. "I shouldn't think, though, uncle," she added, "that playing cards was a good way to come to anything decent. There is a deal of mischief rises from card-playing."

Malone burst into a loud, discordant laugh. The girl flushed painfully, feeling herself to be the object of his derision, though entirely innocent of the cause. Involuntarily her glance sought the figure on the coil of rope. The man had taken off his hat and was running his hand through his curling black hair, which a few sprinkles of grey had already taken. It was a shapely hand; it reminded Ellie of her brother Willie's, though his was rougher with hard work. His profile

was slightly turned toward her, and she observed for the first time that it was not as old a face as she had thought it. Now that she remembered, she had never really seen it before,—or rather noticed it. She had always known of the grey threads in the black hair, and that had made her think O'Brien much older than she now decided him to be. Her mother was nearly fifty, yet her raven locks were only slightly besprinkled with grey."

"You're letting your thoughts go wool-gathering, Ellie," said her uncle, following her glance, which remained fixed on the stranger.

She turned quickly toward Malone, and replied calmly: "No, Uncle Tim, I wasn't. I was only wondering."

"Never mind wondering at anything. That isn't the way to get on in this country. Come, pick up your bundles and be ready to land."

Malone watched the stranger pass completely out of sight before he started to the gangway of the boat. So far as Ellie was concerned, he had no need to fear. In the confusion and hurry of going ashore, she forgot all about O'Brien, who, however, had not forgotten her. Kindly as he had felt toward her during the few days he had known her, it was at first in an impersonal way; for he would have been kind to any lonely or helpless woman. But after he had left her, with the chances preponderating that they would not meet again, he became aware that he missed something very keenly, and that she impressed him as no woman had ever before done, in his life of five and thirty years.

Ellie followed her uncle in a dull, mechanical way along the crowded sidewalk, till they entered a street car, already so congested that passengers were hanging to the outside like flies. It was a partly open car, but Tim Malone contrived to push the girl inside the door, where she was jammed among a sweltering mass of people; and very dirty people most of them were. If the state of mind in which

she now found herself could be called an impression, it was that she had suddenly been dropped into Babel or Pandemonium. The hurrying crowds upon the streets, jostling, pushing, passing each other, each one intent upon his own business, and that only; the narrowness of the streets themselves, filled with vehicles of all kinds, winding in and out among one another, apparently to the instant destruction of those having them in charge, as well as their own demolition; the shouts, curses and objurgations of the drivers; the peculiar technical calls of the various cartmen; the fetid odor from the garbage barrels lining the sidewalks, and filled with refuse of all kinds, from decayed cabbage to decaying cats,—all seemed so to dull and oppress the girl's brain that she felt as one going through the indescribable horrors of a disagreeable nightmare.

Far different had she imagined New York to be; and, under other circumstances, far different would she have found it. But her way lay in the direction of the tenement district, where all the evil lies on the surface and all the good below; where whatever of beauty or loveliness is left in the lives of its denizens is not visible to the naked eye;—the tenement district, which has become so puzzling and so threatening a problem of municipal life, because it is the source and danger of the fearful epidemics, whether physical or moral, that at certain seasons sweep from their breeding places, laying their deadly fingers alike on rich and poor. Poor Ellie McMahon, who had never been in a crowd in her life, to whom fresh air had been as natural and necessary as meat and drink; whose ears had never listened to profanity, or been attuned to any harsher noises than the lowing of cows, the bleating of sheep, or the songs of the thrush and lark in her native sky,—was to be set down in the midst of shrieking, discordant sounds, enough in themselves to frighten and discourage one whose surroundings had been so utterly dissimilar.

At length they left the tram car for the Elevated Road; and the girl, feeling as though poised in mid-air, clung in terror to her uncle's arm, scarcely daring to open her eyes, and horrified whenever she did so to find how close ran the cars to the windows of the houses they were passing. In these occasional moments she had lightning glimpses of interiors which had abandoned all claim to privacy by the proximity of the monster that flew shrieking and jarring past them from dawn to midnight. A choice it was, indeed, between privacy and glaring publicity, light and darkness; for to close the shutters and windows meant the almost entire exclusion of light and air.

When, arrived at their stopping-place, they alighted, Ellie was still in a state of fright and bewilderment. They traversed a narrow street built up as thickly as it was possible for bricks and mortar to be crowded; and peopled, on the sidewalks at least, it seemed to the young Irish girl, by myriads of children. Discordant noises and stale smells greeted her ears and nostrils; the houses were more dingy, dirty and dilapidated than the dismayed young traveller could have imagined.

Her uncle had taken her heavy bag, and was guiding her through the throng.

"We'll soon be home now, Ellie girl," he said, chafing a little at her silence, which did not augur well for her impressions.

"Do you live near here, Uncle Tim?" she asked in a faint, discouraged voice.

"Yes: just yonder, where you see the Red Eagle on the transparency in front of the door. That's a lamp, you know; it makes a beautiful showing at night. There's not another like it on the block."

"What queer-looking children!" said Ellie. "Why are they all on the streets?"

"They play here."

"Why don't they stay in their houses?"

"Because they like to be out in the fresh air, poor little devils. They don't get a taste of it in the small rooms where they live; besides being a bother to their mothers, that can't have them under

their feet all day. And so they turn the youngsters out into the street."

"Oh!" gasped Ellie.

"This is Saturday, moreover, and a holiday. Some of them go to school, but the schools are closed Saturdays.

"Oh!" Ellie gasped again, but this time for a new reason.

They had reached "The Red Eagle," a narrow four-story building, flimsily constructed, leaning a little sideways, blotched, seamed, cracked, scarred and discolored; appearing altogether repellent and hideous to the horrified eyes of the young girl, who, in her dreams of the home to which she was coming, had pictured to herself a pleasant-looking, whitewashed tavern, with brightly polished window-panes and a gayly swinging signboard, all set in a green enclosure with gravelled paths, a trim flower garden at one side and a flourishing vegetable plot in the rear. Once, in the *Catholic Fireside*, she had read a delightful story of a New England village, and her untried imagination had invested the dwelling of her Uncle Tim with its potency of comfort and beauty. She clutched the soft black and grey shawl with a feverish intensity; it seemed at the moment her last hold on home and happiness.

(To be continued.)

A Thought from the Psalms.

WHEN I behold the heavens, O my God,
How petty seem the things of this brief life!
How weak my heart beneath the chastening rod!
How cowardly my spirit in the strife!

When I behold the heavens, where each star
Is as a seraph's shining heart of flame,
My sins, like myriad hands, press me afar
From Thee, O God, and low I bow in shame.

When I behold the heavens all aglow
With dawnlight from dark shadow-lands made free,
Hope stirs within me, and, somehow, I know
That Thou hast made the stars and heavens
for me.

A Pilgrim Convert in Italy.

BY JOHANNES JÜRGENSEN.

III. — LA FORESTA. A SABINE FESTIVAL.

(CONTINUED.)

I AROSE the next morning at seven. On entering the dining-room, I found Benedetto breakfasting on bread and a glass of wine. Some hot milk was served for me; coffee is not to be had here among the peasants. Benedetto and I soon set off on the field path, between green hedges, each of us carrying a stick. We walked at a good pace, glad to be out in the fresh morning air, under the cloudless sky. "An itinerant life," my companion said, "is the best manner of life. It is the Franciscan life, the Apostolic life."

We crossed the dry bed of a river, in the midst of which a slender rivulet ran rippling between the big boulders; and soon reached the archpriest's house in the main street of the Borgo. We found Don Severino somewhat indisposed in consequence of the long march of the previous day; but he soon made ready to come with us. Outside in the street, the mayor's son joined us; he was then in his everyday clothes, but in all other respects the same as when we saw him last. His blue eyes smiled pleasantly behind his gold-rimmed glasses. He, too, was going with us to Poggio Buscone.

It was still a long way to the goal of my journey. Unaccustomed as I was to mountaineering, I had imagined that I could visit La Foresta and Poggio Buscone in one day. But climbing mountains is slow work. The town, of which Borgo San Pietro is only a suburb, was five hundred metres above us; and then one has to cover an equal distance before reaching L'Eremo, St. Francis' Hermitage. It is a very long walk, and all the way uphill.

We began to ascend slowly. If one has to climb a mountain, one must not attempt to go quickly; that is one of the first rules

for mountaineering. After we had been walking for some time, we entered one of the first stairway-like streets of Poggio Buscone, where children were basking in the warm sunshine. Presently we got into a maze of small, steep alleys, all ascending more or less sharply. All was of stone, — houses, steps, streets. Sometimes we walked over huge, rough slabs of stone — that was the rock jutting out into the street. It would almost seem as if the whole town had been hewn out of the rock, carved in the rock, — a mountain peak transformed into human habitations.

Passing under a massive arch, we came out onto the market square. There we paused to rest awhile, and gaze on the splendid view. Going on, we descended through fresh labyrinths of stone, sunless and chilly. On the steps of the houses, women were sitting at needlework; they looked up and greeted the archpriest as he passed. Then we came to the church, — the cathedral of the place; it was being restored. There was nothing of interest about it. While we were inside, the parish priest — a young, good-looking man — came forward, with his Breviary in his hand, wearing a thoroughly worn-out cassock. We stood talking with him for a little while on the steps of the church.

What a strange life it must be for this young priest! Think of living year after year, and all the year long, in that poor little place perched up on the height, intellectually alone, with no other society than his Breviary, no other solace than the church, no other occupation than baptizing and burying, visiting the sick and hearing confessions, catechising and preaching! Never so much as a newspaper, and seldom a new book; for the salary is too slender to admit of that. All the long winter through — and the winter is very rigorous in those elevated regions — no other fire than a brasier to warm his benumbed fingers before saying Mass; an utter absence of all comforts, not to speak of luxuries; scarcely a sufficiency of daily bread and a glass of thin wine, —

such is life in a presbytery among the Sabine hills.

To-day is a gala day for the young priest, since it brings visitors from the lowlands. When we had been standing and talking awhile, Don Severino beckoned to one of the boys who stood near, and sent him on an errand. The lad soon returned with a bottle of absinthe and some glasses; the liquor was poured out and the small glasses emptied.

Bidding farewell to the priest, we resumed our toilsome ascent, upward and onward, and soon the town lay far below us. The landscape was spread out at our feet like a map, on which the blue lakes, green fields and white roads were plainly marked. All around was silence and absence of life. Now and again we saw a green lizard glide over the sun-warmed rock, and once we stopped to drink from a clear, cool brook flowing past in its stony channel.

We went on climbing higher and higher. The path had turned, and led over a barren mountain ridge, beneath which the hermitage was built. It was now a perpetual zigzag of flights of irregular steps. A succession of little chapels stood by the roadside; in one is to be seen a piece of rock bearing the footprint of St. Francis; in another, the impress of his hand; in a third, the depression made by his elbow when he leaned on the rock. Benedetto eagerly pointed out to me these remarkable relics. "The impression left by his elbow," he explained, "was made when the saint was on his way to Poggio Buscone, and rested his head on his hand while looking at the town. He arrived there at three o'clock in the morning; that is why the bells of the town are still rung at that hour on October 4, St. Francis' Day."

At last the path ceased to ascend. We went on alongside the great, bluish-grey wall of rock on the summit of the mountain, whose highest peak was still many hundred yards above us. All at once, at a turn in the path, we came in sight of

the sanctuary toward which we had so long been toiling. At the extreme end of the path was a very small chapel—*Il Santuario*—with a lean-to roof that slopes down from the wall of rock, and supports on its extreme edge a modest little turret, in which a bell is suspended. A few irregular steps, six or seven in number, lead up to the door of the chapel. The chapel itself is divided into two sections,—a lower and an upper one. The lower is only a sort of porch, from which a staircase ascends, beneath the huge, projecting rock, to the actual grotto, the Hermitage of St. Francis. Over the stairs are the words: *Hic remissa tibi sunt peccata tua sicut postulasti*—"Here thy sins [O Francis] were forgiven thee according as thou didst pray."

We mounted the narrow stairs, taking care to stoop our heads in order not to strike them against the hard rock. A small altar is set up in the grotto; it is in a kind of alcove. The altarpiece represents St. Francis at prayer, and Brother Giles asleep. The ground of the chapel is the rock, but the altar is raised on a low wooden platform, on which the priest can stand when Mass is said there.

We lingered a few moments in devout silence. Then the mayor's son got up, put his walking-stick in a loophole in the wall, and rang out a succession of strokes on the bell hanging in the tiny turret. It was exactly noon; he rang the Angelus; the notes sounded far and wide over the valley.

Before leaving I looked closely at the chapel, the goal of so long a journey. It actually consists of only a roof and a wall, in which are three small windows—three little loopholes,—and a cross formed of two round bits of untrimmed branches. Poverty-stricken as the chapel is now, it was yet more so when St. Francis knelt there in prayer; for then the hermitage was nothing but a natural grotto in the mountain, with no roof but the overhanging rock, in the clefts of which a few shrubs grow. In that desolate solitude

the saint received the blissful assurance that his sins were forgiven him.

It had taken us three hours to come up from Borgo San Pietro. The return journey was accomplished far more speedily. It was my intention, that afternoon, to cross the vale of Rieti to Greccio and go thence by train to Terni.

On reaching Nazareno's house, Benedetto and I dined together. One of the dishes was part of a young lamb, cut up into very small pieces, mere mouthfuls; bones, cartilage, meat and all boiled together and served with a piquant sauce. "There is very little nourishment in it; one eats it because it is toothsome," said Benedetto, with the air of an epicure.

While I was putting my things into my bag, Pasqua came in and looked on. "I am sorry that thou art going away so soon, my son," she said to me. "The socks thou didst take off this morning want mending; I was going to mend them this afternoon." She went with me to the outside flight of steps; we were speaking of the excursion to the chapel that morning. "Yes," she said, "that is a place of which the very atmosphere is holy,—*che spira santità*."

I then expressed my thanks for her hospitality and took leave of her, begging her to bid farewell for me to Nazareno, who was out on the land. Benedetto accompanied me part of the way, to put me into the right road. At a short distance from the town we bade each other good-bye; but long after his tall form had disappeared behind the acacia hedge of a fieldpath, his hearty "*Addio, Sor Giovanni mio!*" rang in my ears.

The road speedily took me down into the low-lying land. The apple trees were in full bloom, the birds were singing, children were playing before the houses. The bean fields were in flower, and the air was full of their fragrance. Again and again I turned and looked back. I could not discern Nazareno Matteucci's house amid the many other farmhouses

at the foot of the olive-grown hill. The old grey town stood out prominently, however, on the height above; and over that rose the bare, uncultivated mountain, with patches of purple forest, and traversed by paths of a reddish hue. The hermitage was not to be seen from where I stood; it lay in a recess of the mountain; only a corner of the wood above it was visible.

I walked on and on, farther and farther out into the wide, open country. Before me the town of Greccio was in full view; in fact, for some time the road led directly toward it. Presently it turned in the direction of Rieti. I had to ask my way. In the company of three or four workmen, I took a short cut along a narrow path leading to a river, over which we were ferried by a sturdy young woman. One of the men helped her to manage the sail, and, when we reached the other side, paid her for his passage with a kiss. My companions and I went for a drink to a tavern near the station at Greccio. It happened to be just after the time of leaving work; the tavern was full of workmen and other nondescript individuals. All were, however, well behaved and even polite. When I had paid for one bottle of red wine, my companions insisted on providing a second, but they would not accept my offer of a third. Then we parted company. I repaired to the station, and paced up and down the platform, looking up to the dark mountains, where a few lights were visible, and where I knew that my friends in the monastery were assembled for night prayers. Suddenly the curfew bell rang from the height. I felt almost as if my home were there.

It was midnight when I reached Foligno. I got some one to show me the way to my hotel; it was but a few steps, through a broad avenue lighted with electric light. Before long I was in a comfortable bed, and forgot all my weariness in sound slumber.

Mary's Paragons.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

I ALWAYS envied my friend, Mary McGregor, her superior servants. There was Fleming, the parlor-maid, tall and handsome, with her beautiful pale hair rolled as it were over a cushion from her low forehead. There was Cheetham, the cook, with rosy cheeks and the transparent blue eyes of a child. There was Nicholson, the butler, who was to marry Cheetham, it was understood, as soon as they could make up their minds to leave their beloved mistress. There were also a young housemaid and a kitchen-maid. The household seemed to dwell together in the utmost amity; and to be sure, I used to say, that with such a mistress as my friend, radiating good-will all about her, that was no wonder.

The domestic affairs of the house ran on oiled wheels. Mary kept up a certain little state of living; she used to say that she felt Colonel McGregor would have liked it. Apart from that fact, she had the simplest tastes; and I always felt that when Mary was not entertaining her friends, her household had a very comfortable sinecure of it.

Mary's only son was in India and married. He had four small children, and it was Mary's dream that the children would come to her one day to be taken care of. Not that she wished to hasten that day, but when it came it would be sweet to her. I often wondered how Sidney McGregor could have chosen a life that would take him so far from his mother—he was a distinguished official in the Woods and Forests Department,—but if Mary felt like that she never complained. Sidney was a dry and matter-of-fact person, as I remembered him, not at all like either his father or mother; and I had a sense that he was little comfort to his mother in her widowhood. Perhaps no son would have been able

to fill his father's place, for my friend's marriage had been an ideally happy one; and although she had attained to a measure of placidity in these latter days, one never felt that she forgot her widowhood for a second.

It was near Christmas, and I was sitting talking to Mary in her big drawing-room, the windows of which overlooked the fields. The house turned its back to the road and looked away over a sweep of valley to heights in the distance. Gazing from the windows, no one could have believed that London lay the other side of the house, that one was on the edge of a busy suburb, and, indeed, not very far from its slums. Amid its lawns and gardens it was like the last bulwark cast up by the country against the encroachments of the town.

We had been talking of the servants; Mary had been telling me of some of the kind thoughts in her kind heart for them. To be sure she had always spoiled them. The gifts she gave them were far too good, as I often told her; and they would have appreciated less beautiful things far more. This Christmas she was full of her plan for Nicholson and Cheetham. They were not to wait any longer for their indefinite marriage. Mary was going to fit up the Lodge for them. The house, although it stands by the roadside, has a pretentious approach, with a gate-lodge which has been unoccupied for some time. She was having it done up and fully furnished for a Christmas present to the bride and groom. Her intention was that they should continue their employment with her, while having their own little house. She was so full of it that the thought did not occur to her that they might not fall in with her plan. My idea was that when cooks and butlers married, it generally meant retirement to a large public-house; but I did not force my views upon Mary. It would have been rather late, as the matter was already well in hand, and so far advanced that the house might be inspected. I agreed to

inspect it with Mary on my way out.

She flung a shawl over her head and came with me. It was a clear, frosty afternoon, and the twigs crackled underfoot in the ingenious carriage-drive, which wound in and out till it made quite a long thing of itself. The boughs met overhead, black against a sky of rose. Upon a tree in front of us the little shape of a robin was outlined. He was singing with all his might.

The Lodge, as I expected it to be, was much too good for its purpose. Mary had painted and papered and furnished it as she would have done for herself. I looked about me at the chintz chairs and muslin curtains; at the polished floor, with rugs on its surface, at the sitting-room, which was already fully furnished. We went into the kitchen,—a doll's-house kitchen, daintily pretty; into the bedroom, with its striped French wall-paper. There was electric light in the three rooms,—an extravagance which Mary apologized for, explaining that since there was an installation at the house, it was the easiest thing in the world to extend it to the Lodge.

"You are too good to them," I said for the hundredth time, as we came out again into the darkness.

"They are very good to me," Mary answered, turning the key in the door.

"It is just such a place as I have been looking for," I said enviously. "To be sure I never thought of it before. The mother and I could have been very happy here. I could hope to work here. I am driven distracted by London noises. No sooner am I in a choice vein than I hear the trundling of a barrel-organ coming up the street. My next-door neighbor likes barrel organ music and is willing to pay for it, so I must put up with it."

"I wish you'd said as much before, Nesta," she answered. "I should never have thought of asking you and Mrs. Morris to occupy my Lodge. You are really in earnest?"

"Desperately. I hope to be forgiven the

sin of envy. If, however, Nicholson and his wife should grow tired of the Lodge in time, you'll give me the refusal of it?"

"It would have been a delightful thing for me," Mary said, lingeringly.

I had an idea that even yet she might revoke the gift in my favor; she had told me that the purpose for which the Lodge was being done up had been kept a profound secret. But, although I had fallen in love with the little place, I had not come to the point of wronging the excellent Nicholson and the lady of his choice. I felt that if I gave any encouragement to the proposal I saw dawning in Mary's eyes, I could never again look in the faces of the good couple I had robbed of their home.

"Never mind," I said hastily. "It will be a delightful thing for you to be able to keep on such good servants. You would find it hard to replace them."

At the moment the strains of a concertina broke on our ears. It was playing "The Blue Bells of Scotland." The strain passed the gate by which we stood, and went on up the road, then came back again.

"Do you often have that?" I asked. And added, by way of carrying off the situation about the Lodge: "It would be nearly as bad as the barrel-organs."

"It is rather monotonous," Mary said; "especially as it is played up and down this road every other evening. I often wonder the man doesn't learn another tune."

I looked back at Mary as she stood, a little outside her gate, watching me go; and it struck me that the aspect of the place was singularly lonely. Mary's house stood all by itself at the end of the long road. There were no houses within a considerable distance. The mists were rising now, and the glimmer of the solitary lamp, which was all the authorities conceded to Mary's end of the road, seemed to intensify the solitude. I remember thinking that a country-house would not have been nearly so lonely. I went on

to think of Mary's big house full of valuable things. What a temptation it would be to burglars! I remembered that it was garrisoned by its big household of reliable servants, and took comfort from the thought. I waved my hand to the solitary figure, which I could discern only by its white shawl; although I knew that I must have been blotted out for some time to Mary's shortsighted eyes. I said to myself that she ought to have a dog for company while she waited for those children. None knew better than I what a companionable creature a dog is.

The rest of the story I heard the following day. After I had left her, Mary went back to the house, and got through the afternoon and evening in her usual quiet way. It was Indian mail day, and she had a good many old Indian friends to write to for Christmas, as well as her son and daughter-in-law.

Her letters kept her employed up to ten o'clock, with a short interval for her simple dinner. It was an absurd dinner to need a certificated cook to cook it, and an unimpeachable butler to hand it. Mary has often said to me that it didn't seem worth while to eat when one ate alone. At ten o'clock, having sent out her Indian mail to be posted, she retired to her room.

She had extinguished her light and got into bed, when it occurred to her suddenly that she had left unanswered an important question in Sidney's last letter. There was yet time to write and catch the midnight post with a letter; so she got up, put on a warm dressing-gown, turned on the electric light and wrote her letter.

When she had finished, she rang her bell and waited, standing by the fire, the embers of which she had stirred into a blaze. She waited a few minutes, and there was no answer; then she rang again. Still there was no answer. She wondered if the servants could have gone to bed. Her house was an easy one in its ways. Her servants rose at comfortably late hours, and she had usually heard

them going to bed after midnight. She rang again violently. Still there was no answer, and it was important that the letter should be posted before midnight.

She dressed herself hastily and went downstairs, carrying her letter in her hand. At the head of the kitchen stairs she paused and listened. There was not a sound downstairs. They must have gone to bed. As the letter was important, however, she must post it herself. There was a letter-box in the wall by her own gate, and she was not a nervous woman. She had no fear of traversing the familiar bit of winding walk between the house and the gate.

Just as she was about to turn away, she noticed a glimmer of light in the darkness beneath her,—light that came from under the kitchen door. There must be some one there, or they had forgotten to extinguish the light; and the latter seemed an impossible supposition, considering the trustworthiness of the servants.

She went down the stairs and opened the kitchen door. The place was empty, but a gas jet was burning. On the table were the materials for a modest meal,—what the servants' hall might call a "snack." There was an end of cold beef, a bottle of pickles, a hunch of cheese, a loaf and butter, an array of beer bottles. The fire had been made up in the grate and slacked down. A kettle was singing at one side. The aspect of the place was quiet and comfortable; but, except for Cheetham's black cat on the hearth, there wasn't a living creature in the lower premises.

The thing looked odd enough to make Mary go upstairs to the top of the house, where the servants slept. She went from one room to another: they were, every one, empty. Mary is a woman of spirit, and her impulse of anger, as she told me, kept her from feeling any alarm. She had it in her mind to lock them all out, that they should find a closed door, at which they might knock in vain when they returned.

As she posted her letter she heard the policeman's tread as he came along the road, and waited for him. She told him what had happened.

"Well, ma'am," he said, "these here servants of yours are out for the night; and, as it don't seem right that a house like yours should be left all night with only a lady in it, I'll get a man from the station to come and sit in your kitchen. There's been a good many burglaries about of late; and it stands to reason that if your servants do this kind of thing often, it's known to them whose business it is to know. In half an hour from now I'm off my beat: I'll find out what that little lot of yours is about and come and tell you. You won't mind staying up, ma'am, to let in my mate?"

Mary is a *persona grata* with the police and with others of the humbler official class, who have had occasion from time to time to appreciate her generosity. She was only a few minutes alone in the house before "the mate" arrived. Mary sent him down to the kitchen.

"You will find supper laid," she said; "and when the other policeman comes, you can both have a meal."

She went into the drawing-room then, turned on the light and waited. In fifty-five minutes by the clock Policeman Number One knocked at the door. He wore an important face and had evidently been thinking matters out.

"If you'll excuse me, ma'am!" in reply to Mary's hospitable suggestion. "Business is business. Afterward I'll be very happy, but now—p'raps you wouldn't mind telling me whether you noticed a blind bloke, with a concertina, up and down your road this winter?"

"Frequently. He played 'The Blue Bells of Scotland,' except once, when he changed it for 'The Last Rose of Summer.'"

"That'll do, ma'am!" The policeman was like a counsel examining one of his own witnesses. "You've told me all I want to know. That little lot of yours is at a dance at the Blue Bells' public-

house. There are dances there pretty well every night of the week. Sometimes the Rose and Crown has a look in, but it isn't so good,—not so good by half."

"Then, I suppose," said Mary, "I've been alone here two or three nights in the week?"

She remembered Nicholson's fatigued eyes and Cheetham's faded roses. She remembered the languid step and headaches of the young housemaid. Fleming was of that perfection of country health that all-night dances in succession had apparently left no trace on her smooth skin.

"It's what you may suppose, ma'am. Lucky for you those folks in the Close didn't get wind of it." (Wellwood's Close is the name of a particularly bad slum, not more than half a mile from Mary's beautiful house among the fields.) "And now, ma'am," the policeman went on, having collected his evidence, "if you'll have ready the wages due to your little lot, you can pay each of them as soon as they come in, and me and my mate'll see them off the premises. An uncommonly bad little lot they must be. All that surprises me is that they didn't stand in with the Close lot and rob you."

For the moment, so constraining was the force of habit, Mary was on the point of saying that her servants were above suspicion; but she repressed the impulse with a little sigh.

"If you'd like to take forty winks, ma'am," went on the benevolent policeman, "the house'll be safe with me and my mate. In any case, that there light had better be downed, or it'll give away the whole show when they return. I am preparing a pretty little surprise for the lot,—I am!"

When she had seen the policeman go downstairs, Mary made up the wages due to the servants in neat little packets, and placed them at hand when they should be needed. Then she turned off the light, and lay down on a couch by the fire, which she had replenished, and after a while she slept.

She might have been asleep an hour when she was awakened by what sounded like a pistol shot in the basement of the house. She jumped up, startled and wide-awake, and descended with what speed she might. As she went down the kitchen stairs, she heard nothing but the sound of heavy breathing, and in the obscurity of the lowered gas she could see only dim figures as she went in.

"Don't be frightened, ma'am!" said the friendly voice of her particular policeman,—it was a spent and gasping voice. "If you'll kindly turn up the gas, I'd like to see what I've got here."

Being a woman of spirit and a soldier's widow, Mary was not at all frightened. She stepped to the gas jet over the kitchen table and turned it up. The light revealed a very small, pale and determined-looking youth held back in the corner by the policeman, who had just succeeded in putting the handcuffs on him. In another corner the second policeman was sitting on the chest of another sullen, villainous-looking person, examining curiously, as it seemed, a smoking pistol.

"Just missed it!" he said contemptuously. "If it hadn't been that, they were took by surprise."

"This here's a very neat little bag, ma'am," remarked the first policeman to Mary; "the worst pair in the Close, that's what they are. Walked in as though they owned the place, so they did. No need for keys or jemmies in this house, but walk in when you please, doors being open all night. You'd oblige me, ma'am, by taking my whistle and blowing it as hard as you can outside the house. These customers'll be better under lock and key."

Mary obliged, and her whistle soon brought a reinforcement of policemen, who escorted the pair of housebreakers to the station for the night. Only Mary's policeman was left to keep vigil till the roysterers should return. It was now about half-past two o'clock.

"Look for them at three about," the

policeman said, with confidence, as he carefully removed all traces of the scuffle. "I wouldn't miss their faces for something,—not when they come in and find me sitting in this here corner. They won't have much appetite for their supper. Not but what my mate and me has made it look uncommonly small. I hope you will excuse us, ma'am. Night duty is a hungry business."

"Indeed you're very welcome!" she said.

The man looked at her thoughtfully.

"You didn't ought to be unprotected, ma'am," he said,— "a lady like you. You'll excuse me, ma'am, but I'm getting tired of the Force, and I was once a waiter, and my wife she's a good cook. Supposing you were to give us a trial?"

"Why not?" answered Mary. "I was just thinking I'd be dreadfully afraid for the future lest my servants should be playing me the same trick. It would be a great comfort to have a policeman in the house."

"Thank you, ma'am! We only ask for a trial. My wife has cooked for gentlefolk before now. She could come in at once, no encumbrances; and I could come as soon as I got my dismissal from the Force—ah, there's my mate!" (A low whistle was heard outside.) "He said he'd come back. Lucky he caught the pistol in time. Excuse me, ma'am."

The mate came in, breathing hard, when the door was opened to him.

"Down with the light!" he exclaimed. "They're a-coming."

Mary retired to the pantry, from which, through a little window which looked on the kitchen, she could get a view of the whole proceedings. As she said to me afterward, she wouldn't have missed it—"not for something."

Mary has a sense of humor in addition to her other engaging qualities. She described to me with great animation, later on, the behavior of the party when, coming in in a quiet body, Nicholson turned up the gas, and they saw the two policemen. "Not for something" would

she have missed the scene that followed, beginning when her own policeman inquired after the evening's enjoyment.

The young women dissolved in tears, except Fleming, who smiled derisively. With her looks and height and efficiency, she was sure of an engagement even without a character. At first Nicholson gasped and gurgled and could say not a word.

"We've had the burglars in," the policeman remarked. "Missus all but murdered in her bed if it wasn't for me and my mate. Do hope you've had a pleasant evening."

At this point Nicholson began to swear fluently. At about the third word Mary fled. The sight of Nicholson's calm, respectable visage, as she knew it, suddenly unmasked, was too much for her, she said. She sat upstairs, nervously fingering the piles of money for the wages, and waiting to be asked for it. Presently she heard a cab arrive at the house, and soon after another. Again she heard the bumping of luggage going down the stairs. A long time passed, and still her friend, the policeman, did not come. She heard the cabs drive away. Then there came his foot on the stairs.

"The little lot is gone, ma'am," he said. "My mate gave word when he went to the station for a couple of cabbies he knew to be waiting about for a job about half-past three. My mate stood over them while they got out their boxes and brought them down, while I stayed in the kitchen and let them go up in their turns. Wages, ma'am? No!—not now that I take an interest in you. That there little lot gets no wages."

I may add that the excellent Jenkins—for that was his name—has gone on taking an interest in Mary. He is a benevolent despot not only to Mary and Mary's little grandchildren, and the other servants and Mary's dogs, but to my mother and myself, who inhabit the Lodge once destined for Nicholson and Mrs. Nicholson. We never heard what became of Mary's faithless servants.

The two housebreakers, when they were tried for that crime and for shooting at the policeman, proved to have so very bad a record that Mary's friends, and Mary herself, have never ceased to feel a most lively gratitude toward Jenkins for his opportune presence and action on that night. But long ago, greatly to our relief, Wellwood's Close disappeared, making way for "commodious flats, with every modern convenience," as the advertisements put it. And we still keep our delightful country aspect, and hope to keep it for long.

A Great and Good Man.

THE death of Lord Kelvin was the loss not only of an eminent scientist but of an excellent man. His vast knowledge was paralleled by his sterling virtue. The world can never forget his services, and his blameless life constitutes one of the glories of our common Christianity. Although he remained outside of the Fold he is, nevertheless, a figure beloved and esteemed by Catholics, for his reverential bearing toward religion, his precious testimony to the Omnipotence of the Creator, his simple faith in an age when science affects materialism in its search after truth. Like Newton and Volta and Pasteur, he was a devout believer; and the deeper were his probings into the mysteries of nature, the stronger were his assertions that true science is correlative of religion, and that exhaustive study brought conviction of a divine creation. He loved to repeat the remark of his friend Liebig when they viewed together a field covered with wild flowers: "As well might one believe that a book on botany describing these is a product of mere chemical forces as that they themselves were produced by no other power." And his own words are positive: "Scientific thought is *compelled* to accept the idea of a Creative Power." He lived and died a faithful member of the religious

denomination in which he had been born.

William Thompson was born in Belfast in 1824, and studied in Glasgow, where he was appointed professor at the University in his twenty-second year. His genius was extraordinarily precocious; for at the age of seventeen he wrote a paper "On the Uniform Motion of Heat in Homogeneous Solid Bodies and its Connection with the Mathematical Theory of Electricity"; and at eighteen he began to estimate the age of the earth on the basis of augmentations in underground temperatures. The great problems of nature, especially the origin of the sun's heat, fascinated him from boyhood, and filled his mind to the latest days of his life.

His name was already known in connection with a new theory on the methods of electrical transmission when this lofty soul found his keenest joy in the disused wine-cellar given him for a laboratory, surrounded by a group of youthful students eagerly participating in his experiments. He treated his class on a footing of perfect equality, considering them as co-helpers. He was not an ideal teacher; for he never realized the difficulty of grasping the intricate logarithms which were his familiar speech; and when he veered off to ponder aloud on some abstruse problem, quite foreign to the syllabus, he could not easily be brought back. Strange to say, he was no arithmetician, and never quite mastered the multiplication table. His errors in a simple sum were the delight of his pupils, who rushed to help him at the black-board, rejoicing at their triumph over the greatest mathematician in the world.

The German Helmholtz characterized William Thompson as the profoundest thinker and most practical inventor the century had produced. The record of his life may stand for a treatise on the development of science in our times. His article, "On the Distribution of Electricity in Spherical Conductors," which appeared in the *Mathematical Journal*, edited by himself, first aroused the atten-

tion of the scientific world. But neither honors nor popularity ever withdrew his mind from its allotted work. His transcendent faculties were God-given—he divined without effort what it took days or weeks to prove,—but he did not allow them to rust. The longing for more knowledge kept him busy when others sought repose; and to his tireless activity we owe the standard compass, most of the instruments now used in ocean telegraphy and navigation, the astronomical clock and the meters in the electric supply-stations. By independent analysis of geological and astronomical facts, he proved the theses advanced as probable by Newton but as yet undemonstrated.

The basis of all modern physical science—namely, the doctrine of the conservation of energy—is due to the joint speculation and work of Thompson and Tait. We may safely say that the former did for physics what the great Lavoisier did for chemistry. His law of the dissipation of energy is perhaps the most interesting and epoch-making in the history of scientific discovery. According to this law, it is impossible to change the conditions of energy, to convert and reconvert it, without a sensible loss. This loss results in what we call heat, a *sine qua non* for animal existence; and as the energy of the universe is gradually declining, it will ultimately lead to the extinction of life on the earth. This principle, crudely formulated here, is perhaps the most remarkable evolved in modern times, and is having widespread consequences.

Again, in the study of thermo-dynamics, Kelvin enunciated the law that as in chemistry an atom is never lost but changed, so the energy of the universe is permanent and abiding, however it may be transformed or translated. He showed, moreover, as a consequence of Newton's third law of motion, that ultimately the energy of the universe will become all heat, and thus activity must cease, owing to the uniform identity of temperature.

His constructive talent was equal to his speculative powers. Like his predecessor Newton, who discovered the law of gravitation by seeing an apple fall from a tree, so the swinging of Kelvin's eyeglass before a lamp and the spot of light it threw on the wall, inspired him with the idea of the mirror galvanometer. Among his practical inventions are a deep-sea sounding apparatus, the Thompson compass, most perfect of its kind; and a tide-predicting machine. It was for the siphon recorder, which made it possible to preserve the traces of the most feeble signals over long submarine cables, that he was raised to the honor of Knighthood.

These are only a few of the many benefits conferred by Kelvin on humanity. To his love for the sea, and to a chance cruise on his yacht, we are indebted for the apparatus which measures navigation. This is his distinctive merit,—that his scientific investigations were turned to practical purposes; and thus his inventive mind procured incommensurable advantages to his fellow-creatures.

Lord Kelvin was twice married, but he leaves no children, and thus his title becomes extinct. His interment in Westminster Abbey was the natural corollary of a career laborious, and far-reaching for good, as well as brilliant in achievements. Representatives of the world's intellect and power stood around his grave, which was fittingly chosen next to that of the Father of British Science. Together they lie, Newton and Thompson, great in science, greater in simple trust, placing the homage of their intellect at the feet of the Giver. No panegyric was pronounced; and this, too, was in keeping with the modesty characteristic of an extraordinary mind that recognized its own limitations in presence of the Supreme.

"A man," to quote Sir Oliver Lodge, "of generous impulse and of single purpose, Lord Kelvin's name will be revered for his private virtues as well as for his services to mankind throughout the civilized world."

Notes and Remarks.

"An interesting example of continuity in the use of a sacred rite" is all that the *Manchester Guardian* sees in the opening of the new basilica over the catacombs of St. Priscilla in Rome. Yet what testimony these catacombs bear! As the *Guardian* says, "the new basilica of St. Silvester has been built upon the actual foundations of the ancient basilica dedicated to the same saint, which was a deserted ruin very early in the Middle Ages. And the catacombs underneath go back to the very birth of Christianity. They are the most ancient of Christian cemeteries, containing the bodies—so tradition says—of converts of the Apostles. Here were buried some of the martyrs of the Early Church. Some of the paintings in the cemetery are of the highest antiquity; and one, of a Virgin and Child, is supposed to be the earliest representation of the Madonna in art."

Mr. Chatterton-Hill, an English writer whom, on the negative evidence of his name's not appearing in "The Catholic Who's Who," we set down as a Protestant, has recently published an important and erudite work entitled "Heredity and Selection in Sociology." In the last part of the book he discusses the question whether Socialism or science can effectively direct social evolution for the best interests of the individual and society. He is of the opinion that neither can do so, that religion is essential; and he concludes with this rather notable tribute to the true Church, which we quote with the sole comment that the italics in the passage are Mr. Chatterton-Hill's:

The only organization which answers to these conditions; the only organization in which there has not been proclaimed a speculative liberty, the basis of which it is impossible to establish; the only organization which responds in a sufficient manner to the conditions of universality and stability and integration; the only organization which is capable, by means of its

great traditions, of linking the individual with society in the past, the present and the future; the only organization which is able, by means of its conditions of universality, stability and integration, to confer adequate value on the life of the individual, and adequate sanction on his acts,—in a word, the only organization capable of constituting a spiritual organization of idealistic and supra-rational principles adequate to the needs of Western civilization, is the Catholic Church. Thus, from the sociological point of view, the Catholic Church must be considered as a factor of fundamental importance.

A story which, if not new, is good enough to bear repetition, is told of the late Archbishop Murphy, of Hobart, Tasmania, by the *Catholic Monthly*, a periodical just launched at Auckland, New Zealand. At the age of seventy-nine, the venerable prelate visited Rome and was received in private audience by Leo XIII., who held him in great esteem. In bidding him good-bye, the Holy Father remarked: "Well, my dear brother, I suppose this is our last meeting in this world?" Five years passed and again Mgr. Murphy visited the Eternal City and presented himself at the Vatican, as lively and vigorous as before. He reminded the Pope of what had been said by him at the previous audience, and slyly added: "So you see, your Holiness, you are not infallible, after all." For once in his life, it is said, Leo XIII. laughed heartily. The Archbishop lived eight years after that, and meantime another name was added to the long list of the Roman Pontiffs.

In the course of a reply to a correspondent who inquires as to the possibility of the saints' in heaven hearing more than one petition at a time, Father Hull, S. J., says, in the *Examiner*:

Omnipresence in its proper sense is an attribute uniquely divine, which no one dreams of extending to creatures. The knowledge of the saints is certainly not infinite, but it may be indefinite,—that is to say, it may comprise a general and vague touch with the world which is not always active, but which is aroused into activity whenever any soul on earth begins to enter into communion with them by prayer.

An orator addressing his assembly is conscious of those present collectively and in the vague, until by a cough or some other movement one individual or another attracts his attention. In this case even a normal human being can attend to several things at once. He can notice the restlessness of some, the apathy of others, and the keen interest of the rest; taking in the situation as a whole and in its parts yet without losing the thread of his discourse. Similarly the saint may be cognizant of human affairs in general, in an habitual sort of way, and capable of concentrating attention on any number of individuals who try to enter into communion with him.

Having thus illustrated the question, Father Hull concludes with this brief statement of the very pith of the matter:

These considerations make the matter plausible, but they do not prove anything to demonstration. Our belief that the saints can attend to several things at once is not based on any process of philosophizing, but on the simple doctrine of the Church—that prayers directed to the saints do not fall on a deaf ear, but reach their destination and have their effect.

A remarkable man and a notable priest was the late Father Felix Philpin de Rivières, of the London Oratory, who passed to his reward on the last day of the old year, at the patriarchal age of ninety-four. He was a learned and prolific author, a linguist, an artist, a poet, but above all a holy, zealous, and self-sacrificing priest. Of his many books, the one best known to English readers is "Holy Places: Their Sanctity and Authenticity," published in 1874. His literary labors were for the benefit of readers in his native land. Besides his own works, they are indebted to him for a translation of Father Bowden's excellent *Life of Faber* and many of Faber's beautiful books. Among fugitive articles by Father Philpin are to be included some valued contributions to THE AVE MARIA.

The most satisfactory notice of the venerable Oratorian that we have seen appears in the *Tablet* of the 11th ult. We learn that his intellect remained clear and alert up to the last moment; indeed he was engaged on his autobiography the

very day of his death. Father Philpin was born at Langres shortly before the battle of Waterloo, and his early years were filled with vicissitude and sorrow. His mother, who was in direct descent from the parents of Bossuet, died four days after giving him birth. At the age of twelve he entered the Jesuit college at Fribourg, Switzerland, where one of his professors was the celebrated convert Freudenfeld, who had been an officer on Blücher's staff at Waterloo. His ecclesiastical studies were begun at Autun, where he passed under the influence of Dom Pitra, afterward the distinguished Benedictine Cardinal, and completed at the seminary of Lyons. He was ordained in 1839, and for about ten years engaged in parochial work, sacrificing an ample fortune for religious and charitable objects. The Daughters of Compassion, a community of which he was the co-founder, having been expelled from France during the Revolution of 1848-9, found refuge in London, and were laboring in the school for girls opened by the Oratorian Fathers, when Father Philpin decided to become a missionary in England. In 1853 he presented himself to Father Faber for admission into the Congregation of the Oratory, received the habit the year following, and ever after lived the holy, peaceful, laborious life of a true son of St. Philip Neri. *R. I. P.*

Mr. F. F. Urquhart is of the opinion that few departments of things human are less regulated by principle than the relations between States. In the course of an interesting paper on "The Principle of Nationality," contributed to the *Month*, he propounds some suggestive views; and, concerning one aspect of the subject, has this notable paragraph:

Race is one of the bonds which bind a nation together,—but it is not the only one. To make ethnographical or historical reasons override the definite, deliberate, even enthusiastic preference of a population is as much a violation of the real principle of nationality as any international monstrosity perpetrated in the eigh-

teenth century. After all, geography, race, language, religion, commercial interests, etc.,—all these things help to make up a nationality only so far as they produce in the people a mental habit, a wish to be one politically. You can therefore find the deliberate human choice without its racial foundation, as in Alsace in 1870, because man is human and not animal or vegetable. In such a case the will of the population may be overruled by conquest, but it is mockery to justify annexation on the plea of the principle of nationalities.

Nationality plays a conspicuous part in the internal polity—and politics—of cis-Atlantic as well as trans-Atlantic countries, and is likely so to do until the advent of the Tennysonian period, when

The war-drum throbs no longer,
And the battle-flags are furled,
In the parliament of man,
The federation of the world.

The social standing of the ex-convict, the liberated jail-bird, the prisoner who has served his time, or the pardoned criminal, is a matter of no little importance in sociologic science, and it is entirely natural that it should periodically arouse animated discussion. A suggestive, and on the whole an excellent, treatment of the subject may be found in a paper, "Society and the Criminal," contributed to the *Fortnightly Review* by Mr. F. Reginald Statham. We have space for only two or three detached excerpts:

A man who has been convicted of a criminal offence may [in England], after suffering the punishment for that offence, legally sit as a member of the House of Commons, and legislate for the country; he may legally hold a public office; he may legally hold an ecclesiastical benefice, and have a cure of souls; but he can not legally hold a license to sell spirits by retail. This may seem an odd sort of exception, but there is this amount of value in such special legislation—that the passing of an Act to create a special disqualification is an argument in favor of the general absence of disqualification.

It may reasonably be contended that, as a commercial bankrupt may utterly obliterate the memory and stigma (whatever it was) of his bankruptcy by paying all his former creditors in full, so the victim of a moral bankruptcy may be able, by his subsequent conduct and career, to pay his debts to society in full. It may reasonably be contended that the man who, in

the face of all the terrible disadvantages created by a criminal conviction, had lived a life of usefulness, whose actions had been inspired by regard for the highest principle, deserved a credit which might well be regarded as completely obliterating all memory of his former error. The uphill fight he had had to make would be a testimony to his real worth; and while that testimony remained, he need be—or ought to be—under no fear of the whole world knowing his personal history.

Commenting on the movement toward an international agreement against the admission, as immigrants, of ex-criminals, and on the resulting fact that the person who has been so unfortunate as to come under the censure of the criminal law is in future to be allowed neither to quit his own country nor to secure rehabilitation within it, Mr. Statham wisely says:

The remedy is surely to be found by giving encouragement in every reasonable way to those who may be arduously and honestly striving to recover from a moral bankruptcy. If there is (as there seems to be) a movement toward an international agreement against the admission of criminal aliens, there should also be a movement toward an international agreement in favor of the exemption of those who, having at any time been convicted of a criminal offence, have secured rehabilitation in their own country. It has before now fallen to the lot of this country to set the example in respect of humane legislation; there is no reason why in this respect also England should not take the lead.

So hidden was the life of the late Mother Augusta, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, so complete was her self-effacement, so much greater now seems the influence she exerted than the works she accomplished, many and meritorious as these were, that her death, to all who knew her, is rather the beginning of her proper and durable life than the end of her days of labor and pilgrimage. Cardinal Wiseman tells us that this is the Christian view of death; but, alas! how few lives are unworldly enough to remind us of it! The same "great pastor," as Cardinal Manning calls him, says that in the early Church the epithet "saints" was equivalent to that of Christians, so essential to the idea of being Christ's followers did that of sanctity

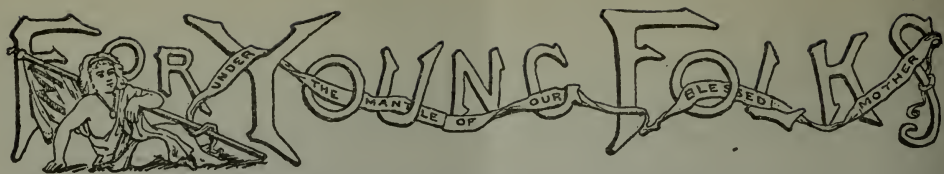
appear. Mother Augusta was spoken of as a true Christian even by those outside the Church. Her life-story is outlined in one short paragraph:

Mother Augusta (Ann Amanda Anderson) was born in Alexandria, Virginia, in 1830, received the habit of the Sisters of the Holy Cross in 1854, was in charge of the military hospital at Cairo, Illinois, and later of the Overton Hospital in Memphis, during the Civil War. Since then she held various offices of importance, both at home and on missions. From 1882 to 1895, she filled the office of Superior-General of the community. Her last active service was at St. Cecilia's Academy, Washington, D. C., where her health broke down in 1903, necessitating her retirement to the Mother House at St. Mary's, Notre Dame, Ind. She passed to her reward on the Eve of Christmas, consoled and fortified by the sacraments. *R. I. P.*

No one familiar with the Irish at home or abroad will discern any note of exaggeration in this paragraph from a paper by the Rev. Father Procter, O. P., in the *Rosary Guide*:

In prosperity and in adversity, in the evening of sadness and in the morning of gladness, in their joys and in their sorrows, the Beads were ever their talisman, the Rosary their anchor of hope which kept them united to Jesus, the Incarnate Son, and to Mary, the Spotless Mother. In the ages of persecution, the Rosary was their "shibboleth," the password by which they were known to be "of Christ and of God." During the dark days the Rosary kept the lamp of faith ever burning in the Irish heart and in the Irish home. When the Mass was proscribed and the sacred rites were put under a ban, and a price was set upon the head of the priest—the *soggarth aroon* so dear to Erin's children,—the Rosary, under the sweet Providence of God and the influence of the Virgin Mother and Queen, preserved that faith in the Incarnation and in the mysteries of redemption which is the very life of the Irish race.

We have often thought that, as Mary has "put down all heresies," so Irish devotion to Mary has been the efficient cause of Ireland's having ever been preserved from either heresy or its half-sister, schism. Alone among all countries, the Emerald Isle holds the distinction of never having given her adhesion, even for a day, to an antipope.



Her Choice.

BY NEALE MANN.

"NOW, little one mine, if you had your choice
To become for just a while
A pretty bird with soft feathers, and wings
So strong you could fly a mile,
What bird do you think you would like to be?
A lark that at break of day
Soars up and up to the fleecy clouds
Ever so far away?

"Or would you perhaps be a robin bright
With a tuft of red on your breast,
And cheerily chirp from morn till night
While building your cosy nest?
No? Well, the pretty canary, then,
With its trill of delighted song;
Or the tiny humming-bird that flits
Round the blossoms the whole day long?

"Not any of these? Well, tell me, then,
Which bird you would choose to be;
But tell me the reason, too, my dear,
And perhaps we may both agree."

"Well, mother dear, if I were a bird,
I'd still want Our Lady's love;
You told me which one was her Temple gift,
So I think I would be a Dove."

Ruth's Day of Reckoning.

(Told by her Brother.)

BY FLORA HAINES LOUGHEAD.

V.—AN EVENTFUL DAY.

ANY right kind of a boy knows that the most exciting day in the year is when we celebrate our national independence, and California always does herself proud on the Fourth of July. In Santa Barbara there is a parade in the morning, a big meeting down by the Ocean Boulevard in the afternoon, with reading the Declaration, and lemonade, and spread-

eagle speeches; and there are fireworks by night, until every bit of the way from the seashore to the top of the Santa Ynez mountains looks as if angels were playing hand-ball with colored stars, smashing them in midair every once in a while.

Billy Staples and I clubbed together, and went all around town to see where we could get fireworks the cheapest; and by the night of July 1—that was the night of the Dickens party—we had the finest lot between us that ever two patriotic American boys bought with their own honest earnings. Because we didn't want to worry our folks or get them started after us before the time, we hid them (the fireworks, of course) under the bench in one corner of our incubator house that was turned into a chicken house, and agreed we wouldn't touch them until the little brass cannon up at the plaza, that's over a hundred years old, boomed out that Fourth of July had come.

It was all I could do to swallow my breakfast the morning after the party, I was so wild to get out and see whether Billy had been there, or the chickens had scratched the papers open. Father was quite anxious over me on account of the ice-cream, but Ruth—girls can be the meanest sometimes!—only laughed and said:

"I know what ails Robbie. 'Tisn't the ice-cream: it's the Fourth of July."

"Is that so, Rob?" asked father.

I grinned back.

"Father," said Ruth, "I want you to lay down the law to Rob, to keep him from blowing himself up this year. You know he nearly lost his eyesight last year when he exploded that powder in his face. And now, with mother away and that awful Billy Staples around here

all the time, I don't know what he'll come to."

"Who'd ever thought a little powder, scraped together from firecrackers' insides, would flame up and go off that way!" I began hotly; for Ruth had no business to be throwing it up at me after all I went through, having it picked out of my cheek and off my eyelids.

Father laid down his newspaper.

"Now, Rob, mind! None of your monkey-shines this Fourth! Promise me you'll buy nothing to-day but firecrackers and torpedoes, straight; and be careful how you use them."

When my father was a boy I suppose that was all the things they had that would go off, to celebrate with. But think of tying a big boy, going on twelve, down to such baby poppers in this twentieth century, with all kinds of new fireworks coming out every year, and other boys doing as they liked. Johnnie Brown had both his hands in bandages already, because a newfangled torpedo boat he was trying in a tub of water in the back yard had exploded before he got the safety valve turned on; and Jimmie Blake had burned all the hair off one side of his head, and I didn't see why I couldn't have some of the fun.

"I promise," I said meekly. And there was no danger, for where would I have got the money to buy any more that year? But I felt sort of mean and sneaky, all the same, thinking of that stack of stuff out in the chicken house, and what if father should take a notion to go out and look in there!

It was old Ellen's day to come to clean and iron; but as father went out the gate, in came her small granddaughter, with a note to Ruth, saying her grandmother had slipped and sprained her ankle, and please would Miss Ruth excuse her, and she'd work all the harder next week to make up.

"As if that will do me any good to-day," said Ruth, "with the whole house in such a state, and the kitchen floor a sight,

and all the towels and napkins and my lawn dress to iron, and the Fourth of July coming on! Robbie, you must help me. Fill the wood-box, there's a good boy; and sweep off the porches, and turn the hose on them. I never can get through this work all alone."

"You fill the wood-box and clean the porches yourself, Missie," I said. "You don't make a Nancy boy of me!"

And I turned and walked away, straight and fast, to the back yard. At any rate, we had Ruth safely out of the way; for the kitchen and dining-room fronted the side street, and the barn was between the house and the chicken yard.

I was a little afraid Ruth might telephone to father, but she didn't. She told me afterward that it seemed as if all the trouble in the world was coming on her at once. There was that letter from mother, that was like a load on her heart all the time, and the thought of what might be happening any moment, up in San Francisco. But she began to work, though all the while her soul was on its knees, begging for mother's life. She swept the house, and she scrubbed, and she dusted, and washed dishes, and made beds; and when she was hot and tired out, she began to iron.

Billy was in a bad temper when he saw me; for I had the key to the chicken house in my pocket, and he couldn't squeeze through the hole where the chickens went in and out, though he'd torn his shirt trying. Billy's a good fellow, though; and when I told him I'd had to hang round the house a while for fear the folks might suspect something, he called it square.

Well, we spread the things all out in the chicken house, and a fine show they made. There were volcanoes, mud-hens, fountains, Chinese bombs, snakes, grasshoppers, fine big rockets and a stack of little ones, twisters, redheads by the hundred, Roman candles, and firecrackers by the thousand. We counted them over to make sure we'd got our money's worth,

and agreed we'd go partners on them all, and one mustn't fire off more than the other; and the biggest volcano we'd both light at once, because there was only one of them.

"We can never fire them all off in one day, one at a time," said Billy. "Hadn't we better begin to-day with the little ones? My folks will think it's in your yard, and your sister'll think it's over our way. We can make forts, and use the small firecrackers for guns, and have no end of fun."

So we divided the pile of beach sand father had sent up for the hens to scratch in, and we built walls and ramparts and towers; and Billy got behind one fort and I behind another, and he was the British and I the Americans at the Battle of Bunker Hill. But when we wanted to fire off the guns, we hadn't anything to light them with.

"Slide into your house and get some matches. Mother locked ours all up to-day," said Billy.

So I slid through the back door into the kitchen, and the first time Ruth didn't hear me; but the punk kept going out, and I had to go for more matches, and Ruth caught me there; but she didn't know what I was after, and I wouldn't tell her. And I had to go twice again, and the dirt on my feet tracked up her nice, clean floor; for no matter how carefully I stepped, every time my feet went down, they left prints, and Ruth was angry.

"They shall stay and dry there, just as they are," she said. "And every one who comes into this house for a week shall see them, and know what a mean, inconsiderate boy I have for a brother."

She was cross and I was cross, and when I went in to lunch I was crosser. Father never came home at noon on cleaning day—he knew better!—so she put on the table what we had left over from dinner the night before. She was cooking in the L's then, so there was cold fried liver and onions, and lemon toast and

lobster salad. I didn't like liver, and the toast was soggy, and everybody knows it is as much as your life is worth to eat lobster salad the second day; so I got up from the table without saying anything, but left the food on my plate without touching it, and I guess I made her feel worse than if I had stormed about it.

Perhaps everything might have gone off well enough if Billy hadn't lost count of his firecrackers. We were just finishing Bunker Hill, and when he had fired his last shot I still had two crackers left, and he said I'd given myself two more than him. That made me mad, and I came over to his earthworks, and pulled out a little yellow firecracker half covered up with sand, and said:

"There's your old gun, and because you're so mean I'm going to fire it off myself!"

"You shan't do any such thing!" shouted Billy. "It's mine!"

And we clenched, and rolled over and over in the sand, and he grabbed it and got it out of my hand; and I saw the fuse hanging out and managed to kneel on him and pick up my punk and touch it, tight grabbed in his hand as it was.

"There, you old Britisher!" I yelled. "I've lit it, anyhow! You'd better tell a Revolutionary soldier he cheats!"

Billy felt it begin to splutter in his hand. He was under me, and we had rolled halfway across the yard in our real fight, and he had to get rid of it before it went off; so he gave his arm a jerk and sent the cracker right through the hole into the chicken house, where all the hens had huddled; for they didn't seem to take any interest in war.

The next thing we knew the world suddenly went to pieces, and some of it landed on us. There was one small pop in the chicken house first, and then a grand explosion, and the air was thick with boards and whirling feathers and papers and hens. We somehow crawled out, and sat up, and there was the chicken house all gone, shakes and splintered

boards and scraps of red and blue and yellow paper all over the ground; some of the posts tumbled over with the wire netting; and four dozen hens and two roosters, all of them with more or less of their feathers gone, and some of them looking downright scandalous, screeching and flying about everywhere.

(To be continued.)

Some Famous Lighthouses.

In the English Channel, fifteen miles to the southwest of the ancient town of Plymouth, is the Eddystone Lighthouse. It stands on a reef of rocks about six hundred yards in length. The swell of the sea round these treacherous rocks is tremendous. After a storm, when the water is to all appearance smooth, the ground swell, meeting the slope of the rocks, causes the gigantic waves to break over the lighthouse in showers of foam. Long ago many a stout vessel that had sailed the trackless ocean without harm went to pieces on the Eddystone rocks.

The first lighthouse there was erected between the years 1696 and 1700 by one Henry Winstanley, a mercer of London town. Winstanley, according to Jean Ingelow, owned several vessels. He was at a civic dinner one New Year's night with the aldermen of the city. All was mirth and festivity,—

While serving-lads ran to and fro
Pouring the ruby wine,
And jellies trembled on the board,
And towering pasties fine;
While loud huzzas ran up the roof,
Till the lamps did rock o'erhead,
And holly boughs, from rafters hung,
Dropped down their berries red.

To this scene of jollity came a messenger with the tidings of the loss of one of Winstanley's ships on the Eddystone rocks. The silk mercer resolved that something should be done to protect the sailors who braved the dangers of the deep to bring home the costly stuffs of other lands. He journeyed to Plymouth, and sailed out to the reef of rocks. The

sight night well have disheartened any man. The waves that rushed up against the dark rocks cast their spray thirty or forty feet high; and when the tide was at the flow, only a small portion of the reef was visible. Nevertheless, Winstanley determined to build a lantern tower. He set to work at once.

Then he and the sea began their strife
And worked with power and might;
Whatever the man reared up by day
The sea broke down at night.

But the silk merchant had resolution and gold. In fair weather and foul, he and his workmen toiled till at length—

Plymouth in the silent night
Looked out and saw her star.

The tower erected by Winstanley stood for four years. In the November of 1703 he sailed from Plymouth to superintend some repairs to his lighthouse. One night a storm came on, and such a storm had rarely been witnessed on the English coast.

The great mad waves were rolling graves,
And each flung up its dead;
The seething flow was white below,
And black the skies o'erhead.
And when the dawn,—the dull grey dawn,
Broke on the trembling town,
And men looked south to the harbor mouth,
The lighthouse tower was down.

Scarcely had the waves closed over Winstanley and the six men who were with him when an East Indiaman, homeward bound, went to pieces on the rocks. Many passengers were on board; and the tragic occurrence following close on the fall of the lighthouse hastened its rebuilding. Winstanley had spoken truly when he foretold:

But if it fall, as fall it may,
Borne down with ruin and rout,
Another than I shall rear it high,
And brace the girders stout.

The next tower built on the Eddystone rocks held aloft its guiding light for nigh fifty years. It was, like Winstanley's, a wooden building, and was burned down, in the year 1755. During the time of its erection a number of English workmen were taken prisoners by some French

privateers and carried to France. The two nations were at war, but the French king immediately sent the builders safely back to their rock, laden with proofs of his generosity.

The third lighthouse was of stone, and it endured the storm and buffeting of the sea for over one hundred years. Then it showed signs of failure, and a fourth tower (the present one) was begun. Its lights first flashed over the Channel in the beginning of February, 1882.

The Longstone lighthouse, on the coast of Northumberland, is remarkable on account of Grace Darling. Her story is familiar but it will bear retelling in brief. The lighthouse was erected in 1810; and five years later William Darling became its keeper. His daughter Grace spent her twenty-two years of life in the tower, and was familiar with the coast for miles around. On the night of the 6th of September, 1838, the *Forfarshire* went to pieces on an outer reef of the group of rocky islets on which the lighthouse stands. At daydawn Darling and his daughter observed that a number of people were clinging to the distant rocks. The fury of the storm had not abated, and the lighthouse keeper refused to venture his little boat in such a sea. Even the Bamborough lifeboat had been obliged to put back. Grace, however, launched the frail barque; and her father reluctantly joined her, knowing full well the difficulty of the undertaking. Four men and a woman were carried back to the lighthouse. Then Darling and two of the rescued men ventured forth again, and bore the remaining survivors to the Longstone. Perhaps, for all Grace Darling's strength of mind and body, she had at that time the seeds of consumption, perhaps the stress and exposure of that September morning was too much for her. At any rate, she soon showed symptoms of the fell disease, and died at Bamborough in 1842. The Bamborough lifeboat of to-day bears the name of *Grace Darling*.

Another British lighthouse is familiar

to lads and lasses through the ballad of the Inchcape Bell. The Inchcape Rock lies in the estuary of the River Tay, twenty-five miles east of the town of Dundee. Long, long ago in the old days when lighthouses were unknown, and pirates and wreckers abounded, a holy abbot of a monastery near by fastened a great bell-buoy to the treacherous rock. When the winds roared, the sailors listened for the warning of the abbot's bell. But one spring day Sir Ralph the Rover, a pirate of evil name, in very wantonness had himself rowed to the Inchcape rock. He cut the bell from its moorings, and it sank into the vast depths of the ocean with "a gurgling sound." Sir Ralph laughed at how he had served the "Abbot of Aberbrothock," and sailed away with his marauding crew. Time passed on: the incident of the cutting of the bell-buoy was forgotten, and Sir Ralph and his buccaneers were returning home from one of their evil expeditions, when a thick mist fell over the Scottish coast. Sir Ralph lost his bearings, and his vessel went to pieces on the Inchcape Rock. One can understand how

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair
And cursed himself in wild despair,

in the few minutes that elapsed between the moment when his ship struck and that in which she and her company went down to the vasty deeps.

Among other wrecks on the Inchcape, the most memorable was that of the *York*, a man-of-war. Not one soul aboard escaped. Soon afterward the building of the present lighthouse began; and the red and white lights of the tower flashed first over the estuary of the Tay on the first day of February, 1811.

"WHAT a fine place heaven is!" said a little boy not four years old.

"Why do you think so?" asked his mother.

"Because," said he, pointing to the stars, "the nails of the floor are so grand."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The appearance of Sir Francis Burnand's "Catholic Who's Who and Year Book" emphasizes the desirability of a companion volume for the United States. We are gratified to hear that the work of preparing it has already begun. The editor, who is eminently competent for the task, will be assisted by collaborators in all parts of the country.

—"Roads to Rome in America," personal records of from seventy-five to a hundred prominent converts to the Church in this country, is the title of what is sure to be a most interesting book,—one which a well-known American convert has in preparation. It will be compiled and edited on the lines of a valuable work with a similar title by the author of "Ten Years in Anglican Orders."

—One of the new books announced by the Paquet publishing house, of Lyons, is a French-Ibo or French-Ika dictionary. The Ibo language is spoken in the lower Niger Territories on both banks of the great river; and the dictionary will prove of immense utility to the missionaries of that district. It is the work of Father Zappa, who had, as collaborator in its preparation, a native catechist, Jacob Nwaskobia.

—Three new books by M. Anatole France are announced. The one to appear first will be "Jeanne d'Arc," on which the distinguished author has worked for three years, having let it ripen for ten. M. Anatole France is not a Catholic,—is one of the few eminent French litterateurs that are not; but a correspondent of the *Athenæum*, who has been favored with a glimpse of "Jeanne d'Arc," says that the author "admits without hesitation the divine origin of the saintship of Joan," which none, he thinks, can gainsay or disapprove.

—Another new book by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald is announced by Mr. Elliot Stock. It is entitled "The Principles and Limits of Shakesperian Representation," and its aim is to deal scientifically and critically with the theoretical representation of Shakespeare's plays in olden times and the present. Mr. Fitzgerald is our most prolific author. He once "owned up" in these pages to as many as two hundred books. Our readers have grateful remembrance of his "Jewels of the Imitation," which was written for THE AVE MARIA in the Athenæum Club.

—A neat pamphlet of thirty-two pages comes to us from Baltimore. Its title is "Mission Helpers of the Sacred Heart," and its content

is an interesting account of the work accomplished by the devoted Sisters who bear that name. The convent in Baltimore is the mother-house and novitiate of the whole society and a centre for missionary work. Attached to it are two separate institutions: one, a school and home for little deaf and dumb children; the other, an industrial school and home for colored girls. His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons commends "in the strongest possible terms" the works in which the community is engaged.

—There are some poems which the least poetic of mortals can appreciate. The literary critics sometimes belittle these productions as lacking in subtlety and suggestiveness; but if they win the admiration of the general public, higher criticism counts for nothing. In the current number of the *Dublin Review*, Mr. Wilfrid Ward quotes the better portion of a poem by the late Father Ryder, the beauty of which will appeal to everyone. We reproduce the selection, omitting a few lines which can be dispensed with. Indeed we like the poem better as here presented:

Would to God that I might die
Ere the light has left the sky,
Ere kind hands have ceased to press,
And eyes have lost their tenderness!
Better far to leave behind
Much I care for than to find
All I care for passed away,
With the light of yesterday.
Let me go, since go I must,
Ere Time's fingers in the dust
Have writ all my joys as done,
And the moments as they run
Only their sad selves repeat,
With naught of music save the beat.
When I bid the world "good-bye,"
I would greet it with an eye
For its shifting colors keen,
Its interchange of shade and sheen.

Let me go ere every nook
I have lived in hath a look
Of utter dearth which none can fill
Of the living, well or ill.
When I go, ah, let me leave
Here and there a heart to grieve
For a part of its old life,
That a comrade in its strife,
A sharer in its daily mirth,
Treads no longer on the earth!
Now and then my name should slip
Among friends from lip to lip,
Coupled with, "It was his way
Thus to look or this to say";
With perhaps a whispered prayer
That might reach me elsewhere.
Whilst I live I fain would be
All there ever was of me;
No fragment of existence merely,
For what I had been cherished dearly,

Whose formal death you scarce deplore,
 The real was so long before.
 Forgive me, Saviour, if I plead
 That though Thy pangs were hard indeed,
 And all Thy body racked and wrung,
 Some pains Thou hadst not, dying young
 I know that 'neath the Olive's shade,
 A secular weight on Thee was laid;
 The bitterness of ages past
 Into Thy cup of life was cast,
 And all time's miseries yet to come
 Wrought in Thy mystic martyrdom;
 Yet scarce was middle age begun,
 When Thou hadst all Thy labors done.
 The Eternal Years in mortal span
 Waxed from the child into the man:
 It was not meet that God should wane
 From man into the child again;
 And so the feet that Mary kissed
 The withering touch of age have missed.
 And not a golden hair was grey
 Upon Thy Crucifixion day.
 High on the crest of manhood's hill
 Thou didst Thy ministry fulfil,
 Winning Thy victory in the light;
 Whilst I upon the slopes of night
 Creep shuddering down, no victory won,
 Or none that I dare count upon.
 Yet if it be Thy will, 'tis best
 I so should enter on my rest;
 Piecemeal, as some, Thy martyrs, died,
 But Thou wert standing by their side.
 Oh, stand by me when round me press
 The sorrows of my loneliness!

There may be truer poems than this in Father Ryder's little volume of original and translated verse, but we doubt if it contains anything more likely to be appreciated by the average reader than these tender lines on "Old Age."

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

"Converts to Rome." D. J. Scannell-O'Neill. \$1.
 "History of the Books of the New Testament."

E. Jacquier. Authorized Translation by the Rev. J. Duggan. \$2, net.

"A Tuscan Penitent." Father Cuthbert. \$1.10, net.

"Procedure at the Roman Curia." Very Rev. Nicholas Hilling, D. D. \$1.75.

"The Catholic Sunday School: Some Suggestions on its Aim, Work, and Management." Rev. Bernard Feeney. \$1.

"The Spiritual Conferences of St. Francis de Sales." \$1.80, net.

"The Blind Sisters of St. Paul." Maurice de la Sizeranne. \$2, net.

"The Story of Ellen." Rosa Mulholland. \$1.50, net.

"What is Most Worth Caring About." L. J. Walker, S. J. 30 cts.

"The Secret of the Green Vase." Frances Cooke. \$1.25.

"The Life of St. Jerome." Fray José de Sigüenza. \$3.50.

"Quivira." Harrison Conrard. \$1.50.

"The Bond of Perfection." Rev. P. M. Northcote, O. S. M. 60 cts., net.

"A Review of Hamlet." George H. Miles. \$1.10.

"A Colonel from Wyoming." J. A. H. Cameron. \$1.35.

"The Return of Mary O'Murrough." Rosa Mulholland. \$1.25.

"The Life of Christ." Mgr. E. Le Camus. Vol. II. \$1.50, net.

"The Immortality of the Human Soul." George Fell, S. J. \$1.35, net.

"Véra's Charge." Christian Reid. \$1.50.

"Arethusa." F. Marion Crawford. \$1.50.

"In the Harbor of Hope." Mary Elizabeth Blake. \$1.25.

"Madame Rose Luminis." Delia Gleeson. \$1.25, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rt. Rev. Monsignor Mackey, of the archdiocese of Cincinnati; Rev. Hugh Ward, diocese of Brooklyn; Rev. John May, D. D., archdiocese of St. Louis; and Rev. Felix Philpin de Rivières, Congregation of the Oratory.

Sister Mary Sabina and Sister Ursula, of the Daughters of Charity; and Sister Agatha de la Pentecote, Little Sisters of the Poor.

Mr. Louis Pierron, Mr. John F. Betz, Mr. Christopher H. Connor, Mr. Jacob Porter, Dr. William Mahon, Mrs. Julia Rogers, Mr. Arthur O'Neill, Miss Annie White, Mrs. Catherine Dunn, Mrs. Frances Forest, Miss Anna Tracy, Mrs. Anna and Miss Annie Colfer, Mr. J. B. Flynn, Mrs. Catherine Sullivan, Mr. Joshua Nichol, Mrs. J. L. Hennessey, Mrs. Mary Riff, Mr. Eusebe Tougas, Mrs. Anna Sheehan, Mrs. Mary Oates, Mr. J. J. Lappin, Mrs. Brigdet Russell, Mr. Frank Berrott, Mrs. Mary Bass, Mr. W. H. Porter, Mrs. John Donovan, Miss Agnes Iglehart, Mr. George McInerney, and Mr. Joseph Zwick.

Requiescant in pace!



OUR LADY OF LOURDES.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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The Immaculate Conception.

BY EMILY HICKEY.

LOOK ye well, ye world-wise people: tell us
what your eyes behold.—

Lone, within a humble cottage, kneels a woman
weak and old.

Listen well, ye world-wise people: tell us what
your ears have heard.—

Just the voice of common wind, the low of kine,
the chirp of bird.

Nothing more doth meet your vision, there such
wonder though there be?

Pray God give you of His goodness grace that
so your eyes may see.

Nothing more doth greet your hearing, though
the sounds be strong and clear?

Pray God give you of His mercy grace that so
your ears may hear.

See ye not the golden glory round the lonely
woman's head?

See ye not her light of gladness on the whole
world's sorrow shed?

Hear ye not her praise uprising, with the praise
of angels blent,

Sweeter than the notes of every lovely music
instrument?

Not alone because the crown of perfect life she
will not miss;

Not alone because the grieving soul is saturate
with bliss;

Not alone because the Holy, the All-loving,
stoops to bless

One who bore in sacred patience the reproach
of barrenness;

Not alone for mother-glory on the unexpected
shed,

In whose arms a babe shall nestle, at whose
breast a child be fed.

More, yet more; for she, the aged woman kneel-
ing there apart,

Bears the promise of the gladness of the whole
world 'neath her heart.

And the angels praise the Father in that woman's
poor abode,

Who shall bear the Stainless Maiden, Mother of
Almighty God.

A Day and a Year of Grace.



THE fiftieth anniversary of the Apparition of Our Lady of Lourdes must appeal to every devout client of Mary as an occasion for the experience and the expression of notable spiritual joy. In the lifetime of the majority of our readers, there has occurred no anniversary fraught with such glory to the Queen of Heaven and such consolation to her countless subjects on earth, save only the Golden Jubilee of the Immaculate Conception celebrated four years ago. And very much of the glorification of our Patroness that resounded throughout the world in 1904 is eminently appropriate during the present year; for, after all, in the large view, Lourdes was and is merely Heaven's ratification of the dogma proclaimed by Pius IX., the earthly, visible transcript of the Eternal's stamp and seal set upon the Bull *Ineffabilis Deus*.

It would indeed argue singular blindness to the significance of consecutive events for a student of history to discern no connection between the proclamation on December 8, 1854, that the Blessed Virgin Mary was exempt from the stain of original sin, and the statement of the Virgin herself, given in February, 1858, in response to the "Who are you?" of a simple child to whom she appeared in a Pyrenean village: "I am the Immaculate Conception." The intimate relation between the two events may serve to explain the reluctance, or rather the refusal, of those outside the Church to admit either the reality of the Apparitions, or the genuineness of the miraculous cures which, during the past half century, have given reiterated guarantees of that reality. Admission of the supernatural character of either Apparitions or cures entails the logical admission, likewise, of a miraculous ratification of the doctrine proclaimed by Pius IX.; and this in turn entails the acknowledgment that the Papal authority in virtue of which that Sovereign Pontiff made the proclamation has once more been recognized and consecrated by God Himself.

It is scarcely necessary to state, in connection with this subject, that unbelief, or even disbelief, in all that series of marvellous events which constitutes nowadays the connotation of the "Grotto of Lourdes" is no sin against faith. Belief therein is not enjoined by the Church,—at least not so directly and explicitly as to convict of heresy those who refuse to believe. That Our Lady appeared to Bernadette Soubirous, or that even one genuine miracle has ever been wrought at the famous Pyrenean shrine, forms no article of the Catholic *Credo*; and the infallibility of the Church or the Pope would be in no way compromised if (to suppose the impossible) it were incontestably proved that Bernadette was the victim of hallucination, and that the multitudinous cures of the past fifty years are all explicable as the results of purely natural forces.

This much being granted to those who insist on the strict letter of the law, and on the limitation of their assent to dogmas specifically enjoined as articles of faith, it is pertinent to add that the Catholic who denies the supernatural character of very many of the prodigies occurring on the banks of the Gave displays considerably more temerity than religious prudence, and in his presumable desire to avoid superstitious credulity goes perilously near to the other extreme of stubborn blindness to facts as clear as day.

If there be one charge more preposterous than another that can be brought against the clergy, the episcopate, and the Papacy in this matter of Lourdes, it is assuredly that of credulity. Any one who is at all familiar with the history of the Grotto knows that not too ready, but too tardy, belief characterized them all; that, far from accepting Bernadette's story with uncritical alacrity, the Abbé Peyramale persisted in pooh-poohing her narrative as the fanciful imaginings of a silly child, until rational doubt was no longer possible; and that it was not until January, 1862, almost four years after the date of the Apparitions, that the Episcopal Commission, presided over by Mgr. Lawrence, Bishop of Tarbes, reported that the Apparitions were really supernatural.

As for Rome, the Vatican proverbially moves slowly and with the utmost deliberation in committing the Church to the truth or the falsehood of any facts alleged to be of the miraculous order; and its usual procedure has not been modified in the case of Lourdes. In any case, the Apparitions and the subsequent cures are matters of fact, not doctrines touching faith and morals, the proper objects on which is exercised the infallible magistracy of the Church; so that a dogmatic pronouncement upon Lourdes need not be looked for. The Sovereign Pontiffs, however, who have occupied the Chair of Peter since 1858, have left none in doubt as to their personal attitude toward Our Lady of Lourdes and her

Grotto. In 1869, seven years after Mgr. Lawrence's report as to the reality of the Apparitions, Pius IX., in a Brief (Sept. 4) referred to "the luminous evidence of the fact." Several years later, on the reception from the Bishop of Tarbes of a souvenir of Lourdes, the same Pontiff declared: "I shall place this picture in my oratory, whither I go frequently during the day to adore the Blessed Sacrament; and if my soul is desolate, if it seems to me that God is deaf to my prayers, I shall raise my eyes to the Immaculate: she will pray with me and for me." Our readers are all aware that to the little grotto, a fac-simile of that of Lourdes, constructed in the Vatican gardens, Pius IX. paid a daily visit. He distributed the Water of Lourdes to the sick, and used it himself for the infirmities natural to old age.

Leo XIII., of whom it may be incidentally remarked that he was little likely to accept as true insufficiently authenticated facts,—Leo XIII. wrote, toward the end of his life: "'Tis nearly fifty years since, in the town of Lourdes, the most gracious Virgin, Mother of God, manifested in the most striking fashion, in behalf of the unfortunate of every description, the potency of her assistance and the tenderness of her motherly heart." "Did you go to Lourdes?" he once asked an Italian cardinal who had been travelling in France.—"Holy Father," was the reply, "I went only in spirit."—"Oh, in spirit!" rejoined Leo. "We all go there in spirit, and I myself go very often." On the occasion, during his pontificate, of several exceptional solemnities at Lourdes, Pope Leo commissioned a cardinal personally to represent him thereat. When the Missionaries of the Immaculate Conception presented him with a silver statue of Our Lady of Lourdes, he exclaimed, "Ah, you could not have selected a more gratifying gift!" and, raising the statue a little, he kissed it lovingly. We need only add that Leo XIII. further manifested *his* belief in Lourdes by granting a proper Mass and Office of the Apparition for February 11.

As for the present Sovereign Pontiff, Pius X., his devotion to Our Lady of Lourdes is not less notable than was that of his two predecessors. One of the first works of his pontificate was to have the representation of Lourdes in the Vatican gardens, already mentioned, considerably enlarged, and so adorned with the perspective of the different sanctuaries of Lourdes that one might well imagine himself, though beneath the shadow of St. Peter's, on the banks of the Gave,—in that place "rendered illustrious," as Pius X. wrote a few years ago to the Bishop of Tarbes, "by the admirable Apparitions of the Immaculate Virgin." His recent extension of the Mass and Office of Lourdes, hitherto confined to certain dioceses, to the whole Catholic world, still further testifies to his belief and his devotion. Finally, his sentiments may be judged from the following letter sent by him, a few weeks ago, to Cardinal Lecot, Archbishop of Bordeaux:

"The sacred solemnities which are being prepared for next February at Lourdes, in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the day on which the Immaculate Mother of God manifested herself in wonderful Apparitions near that town, will, We have learned, be celebrated with eagerness and great joy by the faithful. And We deem it well to enhance the splendor of the celebration by the exercise of Our authority. During these fifty years numberless and most precious graces for the salvation of the Christian people have unceasingly poured forth from the Grotto of Lourdes, to such an extent that it would almost seem as if the Blessed Virgin had here established the source, as it were, of her tenderness and pity. It is, therefore, fitting, beyond question, that in this commemoration Our own devotion should serve as an example for the devotion of the faithful, and that We should be the interpreter with the Mother of God of the public gratitude.

"Wherefore, desiring that during the celebration of the feasts you represent

Our person, We, by these letters, name you Our Legate, charging you, moreover, to bless the people in Our name at the termination of the Pontifical Office. To all those who, purified from their sins by confession, and having received the Holy Eucharist for their nourishment, shall receive this benediction, We grant a plenary indulgence."

It is abundantly apparent, then, that the cult of Our Lady of Lourdes is not confined to the poor, the simple, the illiterate, the uncritical among Catholics, but is participated in by the highest in rank, the most eminent in scholarship, and, be it added, the most adept in those critical methods by which history has of late years been weighed and measured. Nor is it at all surprising that such should be the case. The Apparitions at Lourdes were, beyond peradventure, the most marvellous facts of the nineteenth century; and the uninterrupted series of cures that have been effected for the past half century—cures that were very often antecedently pronounced by the highest medical authorities to be impossible—constitutes the most wonderful collection of "human documents" that the world has ever seen since the Apostles wrought their miracles in the name of their crucified Lord and Master.

As for the approaching Jubilee, our readers, and fervent clients of our Heavenly Mother everywhere, will welcome it with heartfelt rejoicing. On February 11, and during the succeeding weeks and months of 1908 as well, they will imitate Leo XIII. by going often in spirit to the Grotto in the Pyrenees, will warm their piety at Our Lady's favorite shrine, and will see in the marvels habitually wrought thereat additional proofs of her illimitable power with God and her fathomless mercy toward us her children.

—•••—
THERE is no knowing what might be the effect of one Communion less in the life of a soul.—*Lacordaire*.

A Letter for Old Joe.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

I.

WINTER storms were very fierce that year at the Mountain. The hedgerows, that had been gay with the trailing wild roses in the springtime, had disappeared from sight under masses of snow; the river that flowed so merrily down in the valley was frozen over, "halting mute in the grip of the frost," and forming a path for sleighs innumerable,—the *traineaux* of the habitants. The Mountain's hoary sides gleamed white under its mantle, whence the firs and pines rose with their everlasting promise and reminder.

The house of old Joe stood bare and dreary, its bleak wooden sides defenceless against the stormwinds, its great eaves fringed with icicles. Gruesome tales concerning that dwelling and its solitary inmate were whispered at the *veillées*, or evening gatherings, with reminiscences, too, of the past feats of strength of him who was by excellence the strong man of the Mountain village. It was darkly rumored that during this severe weather the man was starving, yet none dared to approach and offer to relieve his misery. Enterprising lads who had peeped through the window at dusk, had declared that they saw the old man gnawing leather or devouring handfuls of dried peas.

Whether or not this was the case, it seemed probable that the man was in dire want and the good offices of Monsieur le Curé were demanded. For once they failed. Joe did what no other in that parish would have done—utterly refused all intervention, and scorned the idea of aid. In the earlier part of the season he had been seen at his door, grim and erect as some Titan of old, or ploughing through deep snow upon the roads, or facing the wildest blizzards. Of late he had remained shut up in his house,—a circumstance

unprecedented within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, and was therefore the subject of much talk and anxious conjecture. It was, in fact, the chief topic at a festive gathering at the sawmill one cold night in January.

Sitting round Mathurin's hospitable hearth, the group, which included many of the neighbors, vied with one another in recalling how the old man, even in advancing years, had been able to tire out his six stalwart sons, whether at the road-mending or at the building of stone fences or at work upon the adjoining farms. The sons had drifted away one by one, leaving the shadow of the Mountain forever. Some of them were dead, others had gone too far to make it probable that they should ever return. So the old man was left alone, continuing as long as he was able his strenuous labors.

"Ah, *pour ça*," said Mathurin, pursuing the subject in his easy, good-natured fashion, "it's a *géant* [giant] and not a man!"

And the sentiment met with general approval. In fact, the worthy mountaineers began to believe that there was something more than natural about their aged neighbor.

In an impressive pause in the narrative, the door was thrown open with a violence that caused the more timorous to start, though it was only M. Auclair from the post office, puffing and panting from his efforts to distance the barber, whom he fancied was in close pursuit. The latter had been detained by a belated customer. The postmaster, having ascertained that he was not pursued, began to hem and haw, seating himself in a prominent place at the fireside, as became the majesty of his office and the importance of the news he bore.

"My friends," he said, "to an official of the government, many strange things happen,—oh, yes, many strange things!"

He hurried a little over this last sentence, and glanced apprehensively at the door, fancying that he heard the

hurrying tread of the barber on the icy ground outside.

"Many strange things!" echoed more than one of the listeners.

But M. Auclair, reassured as to the barber, was in no haste to proceed. He enjoyed being the cynosure of all eyes.

"This very evening," he continued, "something was put into my hands—"

He paused again, and looked round.

"What is it, then?" inquired the owner of the bee-house, who, perhaps from his constant intercourse with those nimble and untiring little toilers, was of a practical and somewhat irascible turn.

"Oh, nothing!" answered M. Auclair,—
"nothing that concerns us nearly."

But the door opening at that moment, the official feared that it was the barber, who might be capable of blurting out the news; therefore he did so himself.

"I have received this evening a letter for old Joe."

Had he announced the receipt of a murderous projectile, the astonishment could not have been greater. Exclamations of various sorts burst from the group, who were respectively engaged in masticating molasses taffy, enjoying delicious morsels of *sucre à la crème*, or slices of *galette à beurre*, moistened with a *petit coup* of homemade cordial with which the hospitality of Mathurin and his wife regaled their guests.

"For twenty-five years," continued the postmaster, "have I held my present position, and never has any mail arrived for that address."

"Has Joe received the letter yet?" asked Mathurin's wife, eagerly; and all present waited for the answer.

"No," replied the official. "It came late, do you see?"

The truth was that M. Auclair had felt disinclined to face the icy blast, to miss at the same time the cheerful reunion at the sawmill and the good things there provided, leaving the garrulous barber to relate the astounding news.

There was dead silence around the

hearth after that, save for the leaping and crackling of the maple logs. Then M. Préfontaine cleared his throat for speech. He knew that he was voicing a popular sentiment; and that, moreover, as the wealthiest and most important resident of the village, he was the proper spokesman,—having most weight with the postmaster from the fact that he received more mail matter than any other person, his budget often reaching an aggregate of a letter a week.

"This," he declared oracularly, "is not an everyday matter. That letter should be delivered to-night."

The company were unanimous in their agreement with this sentiment.

"That is so!" they exclaimed. "He should have it, the letter. Poor old Joe should receive it without delay."

"But," stammered M. Auclair, "I am not obliged to deliver letters. The way is long enough, and I am not so young."

While he protested, the door opened again, admitting once more an icy blast from the Mountain, which served on this occasion to propel the barber into the room. He had been disappointed in being unable to forestall the postmaster, and had not even been present when that potentate had announced the tidings. The greetings he received were of the most perfunctory sort; everyone resented the interruption. He slid into a seat, with a nod to his host and a confused murmur in the direction of his hostess.

"Have you the letter, here?" demanded M. Préfontaine, ignoring the new arrival.

"It is not the custom," began the postmaster, evasively, "to carry the mail upon my person, and yet—"

M. Préfontaine fixed him with a terrible glance as though he would draw the admission from his reluctant lips.

"And yet," repeated the postmaster, "I have done so to-night, that I might show you the outside of the letter."

As he drew the mysterious document forth from his pocket there was a simultaneous movement amongst the company.

Old men adjusted their spectacles, young ones jostled their neighbors, and all alike leaned one over the other's shoulder. In fact, the equilibrium of M. Auclair himself was at one time seriously endangered. The letter, itself, was written upon thin paper, as if it had come from a distance, with a correspondingly thin envelope marked with a mourning border.

"The news is of the worst," observed M. Préfontaine, as if his decision settled the matter.

"*Ce pauvre vieux*," murmured some of the women, sympathetically.

"Not perhaps of the worst," said the owner of the bees. "It may mean money."

M. Préfontaine took the letter from the postmaster's still hesitating hand. He turned it up and he turned it down; he held it against the light and read the address and the postmark and the date upon which it had been posted, as if all these things might convey a knowledge of its contents. Then he laid it down upon a table, whence M. Auclair, with professional caution, at once removed it.

"Joe must receive it to-night," M. Préfontaine repeated, unwilling to wait till the morning for possible information as to its contents.

"Yes, yes!" echoed several voices.

"Who will deliver it?" inquired the owner of the bees.

All eyes were turned upon the barber. He was young, comparatively speaking; he was trustworthy; he was agile; above all he could be relied upon to remember and bring back every item of news that might come within his radius. He, however, paled and trembled under the honor that was being thrust upon him.

"It is too late," he murmured. "Old Joe will be asleep."

Once more M. Préfontaine settled the matter by declaring:

"He must be awakened."

"But it is not I that will do so," hastily protested the barber.

He had his own recollections of occasions upon which he had tried to procure

information from Joe, and those experiments did not encourage him to make the hazardous attempt under consideration.

"You are the very man," decided M. Préfontaine once more. "It is you who will go thither."

"There is a drift," objected the barber, who had just come in from one blizzard, and had no mind to be carried by another to the door of a man who might—well, he might do many things, any of which would probably necessitate the unwelcome visitor's immediate return to the pathless road and the whirling snow, and most likely without a particle of the desired information.

"Piff!" cried the plutocrat, contemptuously snapping his fingers as a further expression of his sentiments. "The drift does not amount to that!"

"It blows hard," persisted the barber.

"That will only take you there all the sooner," jested M. Préfontaine.

"But I don't want to be taken there at all!" cried the barber, breaking out into open rebellion. "I'm well here, and the letter can wait."

M. Préfontaine regarded him severely; but, after all, it was hardly possible to force a man to go on a distasteful errand, especially when he had no official connection with the matter. The magnate thereupon reminded the unhappy M. Auclair that upon him it devolved to forward without delay an epistle that might be of life-and-death importance. The postmaster was as firmly resolved as the barber had been that he should, under no circumstances whatever, undertake so perilous a commission; but he did not so frankly announce that determination. While he was pondering upon an excuse that might be accepted, there came a welcome interruption to his thoughts in a proposal from half a dozen of the younger men to proceed thither in a body,—a suggestion which was cordially accepted, the barber receding so far from his former position as to offer to accompany the party.

II.

Meanwhile old Joe sat within his darkened room, not asleep, as his neighbors had supposed, but grimly erect, near the large, double stove. This was the one spot of comfort in that wofully bare and cheerless apartment. For, whatever other want or privation the man might be suffering, he had wood in abundance. The Mountain, which had sheltered him many a winter and many a summer, which he had climbed in his hardy and adventurous boyhood, had done that much for him at least; and its fragrant maple, odorous pine, and cheerily burning ash spluttered and cracked there as pleasantly as elsewhere.

The signs of age were gathering thick upon the old man, despite his sturdy resistance thereto, which was evidenced by his attitude, sitting bolt-upright in the high-backed, wooden chair. His dimmed eyes were pathetic, staring into the semi-darkness that was relieved only by the leaping of the flames within the stove; for Joe had neither candle nor lamp to illumine the apartment. The pipe, for which he had no tobacco, was, from force of habit, held between his lips. His thoughts, confused as to the moment, were wandering back into the past, and seeming to borrow a certain vitality from those days when all his faculties had been active. He saw old faces through the gloom; faint voices, long silent, filled the stillness, that was broken at intervals by the wind sweeping down the mountain-side, or the whirling of the snow against the dirt-begrimed panes of the windows.

Gradually, as he listened, these familiar sounds filled him with unusual sensations. They sent through his frame a strong shuddering, a chill that seemed to strike inward to his very heart. He had struggled bravely and vigorously through youth and maturity, but now the night of old age was closing around him; and, with a sudden, paralyzing terror, he realized that truth and another that had not hitherto struck him.

"*Tout seul*," he murmured, as his bleared eyes peered round that dull and poverty-stricken interior, and the grim sounds of storm and strife upon the Mountain terrified him. He shook as with an ague; a cold sweat broke out upon his forehead, as he muttered over and over again to himself that single exclamation: "All alone!"

As the party from the sawmill approached, jesting and laughing amongst themselves, urging one another onward, and throwing the laggards into the deep snow by the roadside, Joe heard, and feared the more, trembling and cowering in his chair. He fancied that these sounds were but the phantom echoes that had inspired him with unwonted and vague alarms. He listened, with his dulled hearing strained, when the footfalls upon the snow paused outside his door and began to mount the steps. Then there was a knocking, repeated over and over, while many voices cried out his name: "Joe! Joe!"

He hearkened, drawing nearer, and withdrawing again. Long ago voices used to call him, but now no one ever called. And yet that was really a human voice he heard, and those must be men who were crowding upon his doorstep. He had never been afraid of men, even the strongest or the most lawless: he was not afraid of them now. The thought that the intruders might be ordinary human beings coming to break upon that awful loneliness filled him with a tremulous, eager joy. He tried to assure himself that these voices were really human, while he who had for so many years shunned his kind now withdrew the bolts with feeble hands that trembled in their eagerness, as tears—the slow tears of age—forced themselves from his eyes.

The barber, who had been well in advance of the party on the way thither, now hung in the background, prepared to elude any missile that might be hurled, or any overt act, on the part of the strong man within doors, that might result in

his own undoing. He was as anxious as any one to discover what might follow upon the delivery of the letter. He was curious to the last degree about its contents, and unwilling to lose a syllable of whatever might be said,—that is, if even the most adventurous of the party were enabled to have speech of Joe. Still there were other things to be considered by the prudent barber, who had a very nice appreciation of the value of a whole skin, and who fully expected to see the foremost member of the expedition returning to the foot of the steps in a more or less summary manner.

No one was so surprised as he when, following upon the opening of the door, a trembling whisper came out into the darkness: "Come in, my friends; for the love of heaven, come in!"

The barber, suspecting an ambush, was the last to enter. He was met by a most astonishing sight. The bravest of the band had penetrated into the centre of the room, and lit a candle with which the adventurers had provided themselves. It seemed hardly credible, but there was the Titan of the Mountain weeping and clinging to the arm of the nearest of his visitors, as he murmured:

"It is lonely! It is *triste* to be alone!"

He peered into the faces of the young men, as they stood silently around him, awed by the spectacle of his weakness and helplessness. He called them by name, mistaking them as often as not for their fathers whom he had known as little boys. It was some time before they could make him understand that they had brought him a letter.

"A letter for me," he said, shaking his head. "Oh, no! Impossible! There is no letter for *me*!"

At last they persuaded him to listen to the message that the barber was deputed to read out. Joe was forced into a chair, while the reader, now fully reassured, settled himself upon the table, with an air of importance that could not have been surpassed by M. Auclair himself.

Joe listened vaguely, scarcely understanding that those thin sheets of paper which the barber fingered so carefully contained the assurance that he need never be miserably poor nor alone any more.

The writing stood out distinctly in a fair round hand, for the writer had been taught caligraphy in the convent down in the river village. It transpired that one, at least, of Joe's sons had prospered in that far-off land whither he had gone, somewhere Westward, in the United States. But he was now dead, and it was his voice, as it were, that, from beyond the bourne, was breaking the silence of years. He had arranged that his widow should return to her native place; for she, too, had been a child of the Mountain, the daughter of Loïselle at the "Stone House." She was on her way even then, as the letter made clear, with two sturdy children, to take care of Joe for the rest of his days, on the single condition that he would receive them.

It remains only to chronicle the fact that the barber ran back as fast as he could, outstripping all the rest, to bring the wonderful tidings to the company still waiting at the sawmill. M. Auclair fairly swelled with importance as he listened to the tale, taking credit to himself that such good fortune had come to the village by way of the post office, and dilating to any one who would listen upon the glories of the present mail system. He scarcely perceived that his sole auditor was Ma'am Bourgeois, who was getting very deaf, and consequently could not distinguish what all the others were saying in one single, confused murmur.

'Tis scarcely necessary to add that two of the adventurous band who had gone with the letter had remained to keep Joe from the terrors of his loneliness; and that the good Samaritans of the neighborhood exhausted themselves during the succeeding days in efforts to prepare for the coming of the new members of Joe's household, and in cheering the lonely old man with their constant attendance.

Exiled from Erin.

VI.—AT HOME.

"DOES the place belong to you, uncle?" asked Ellie, not knowing what else to say.

"Does it belong to me?" he exclaimed, entering a narrow door at one side of the barroom, which seemed to lead into a region of utter darkness. "I'd be a rich man if I owned this house, Ellie,—that is, according to my humble valuation of riches. The man that owns this house could put his wife in her carriage every day of the year,—if he had a wife. But he's careful: he wouldn't think of taking up with any of the lassies hereabouts. But come in" (in the softest of voices). "'Tis a little gloomy coming in out of the street."

He led the way, and Ellie followed. Even by the light from the open door behind she could hardly see five steps in front of her. At the end of the hall, a narrow staircase, the baluster broken in many places, seemed to lead to Cimmerian regions above. Malone opened another door, through which glimmered the light of a fire.

"Jule! where are you?" he inquired. "Here's my niece come home to us. Where's the children?"

"They're both asleep," was the reply, from the lips of an old woman bending over the fire. "How do you do, ma'am!" she said, as the pair entered the small kitchen. With this slight salutation, she returned to her occupation of stirring the soup, which emitted a savory odor.

"She's a little grumpy to-day," Malone whispered; "but she'll thaw out after a while. She's a good poor creature."

The old woman looked around, not being as deaf as her master thought.

"Sit down," she said kindly, pushing a broken-backed chair toward the girl as she spoke. It was thick with grime and dust. Ellie felt obliged to accept the invitation, sitting gingerly on the edge of it.

"Now make yourselves acquainted," said Malone, depositing Ellie's satchel on the floor beside her. "Your trunk will be along pretty soon. I must be off to business. Matt Nolan will have to be going to his dinner. No doubt you're hungry," he continued, with his hand on the door knob. "Hurry up with the dinner, Jule."

"I *am* hungry," replied Ellie, who had not eaten anything since daylight, when she was too excited at the prospect of landing to take more than a mouthful.

Malone disappeared, and Ellie began to lay off her hat.

"That soup smells fine," she said, with one of her bright smiles, like a ray of sunshine lighting up the forbidding gloom.

"We get very good meat here," said the old woman, shaking some pepper into the soup-kettle.

"In New York?" inquired the girl.

"No, I mean here,—in Malone's. He has a pull with the Dutch butcher, who wouldn't dare send him any but the best. They're in great 'cohoots' together in politics, some way. Most of the meat they cook here is not fit to be eaten."

"Who cooks that kind?" asked Ellie, who felt that she was expected to talk.

"Oh, the families that live above! Malone has the whole place and rents out the rooms. He makes a deal of money that way. You pay or you go: that's his motto. He gives no quarter; and he can't be blamed, for the same thing would be done to himself if he wasn't careful."

"Are there many families in the house?" asked Ellie.

"Maybe twenty-five or thirty."

"Under one roof?"

"And why not? 'Tis better than many a place. Each has a room and kitchen to themselves. We have four rooms."

"It seems very dark," said the girl.

"Well, it is. Those on the top floor have pretty good light, front and back; but it's hard climbing four flights. There's no water on any floor but this. They have to come down for every drop they use

from every floor,—and with their slops, too. I declare the stairs do be filthy with them spilling everything. They often throw the slops out of the windows to save trouble. People have to be careful, not knowing when a pailful may come down on them. 'Tis against the law, besides; they could be fined for it."

"What makes it so dark here below?" inquired Ellie.

"Come out and I'll show you," was the reply.

The old woman passed into the narrow hallway, Ellie following. The back door opened into a small, square courtyard with two hydrants against one of the walls, and in the middle an outhouse, from which issued an intolerable odor. This court was surrounded on all sides by buildings five and six stories in height, shutting out nearly all light and ventilation. The slippery brick pavement was thick with greenish moss. From apertures in the various tenements hardly worthy of the name of windows, lines were strung, on which hung clothing of all kinds, still further shutting out the scanty light.

"Why are the clothes put there?" said Ellie.

"To dry after washing."

"Are those supposed to be clean?"

"Of course, of course, dear! The poor creatures have small means for washing."

"And none for bleaching," asked Ellie.

"For bleaching!" echoed the old woman, with a bitter laugh. "'Tis a word most of them have forgotten and some of them never knew."

"Let us go in," said Ellie. "'Tis a terrible place, this. Does the sun ever come here at all, at all?"

"Never," answered her companion grimly, as they re-entered the kitchen.

"How can humans live in it, ma'am?"

"They have to live in it, and there are many in worse places, *a-colleen*," rejoined old Jule, in a sympathetic voice, drawn to a sudden access of kindness by the sight of Ellie's sweet young face, which she now saw clearly for the first time. "And it

isn't so bad in front either as behind. There's windows there overlooking the street, but the rent is very high. Those rooms are often vacant."

"How long are you from Ireland?" asked Ellie, once more seating herself on the edge of the broken chair.

"Fifty years, my girl,—fifty years! A long time, isn't it?"

"A very long time. How have you been able to bear it?"

"I had to. But I've always longed to go back; and if I could only scrape my little bit of money together, now that you've come, I'd venture over, if it were only to die in the poorhouse at the end."

"Have you any people there?"

"I was talking to a man that come out ten years ago, and by what he said I think there is a great-granddaughter."

"She might have small welcome for you," said Ellie. "I'd be very sure I was wanted before I'd undertake that long journey, ma'am."

"You're right, *a-colleen*,—you're right. But I'd risk all that for a sight of the Irish sky and a breath of Irish air."

She began to set the table, and Ellie looked about her. There was only one small window in the kitchen, overlooking the dark and evil-smelling court. It consisted of four narrow panes of greenish glass,—permanent fixtures let into the wall. She saw that it could not be opened, and decided it was not a bad thing; for as between the ever-present kitchen odors and those from the outside, the former must be preferable.

"Could I settle my hair, ma'am, and put my little things in some place?" she inquired after a moment. "If you will show me where I am to sleep, I'll make myself tidy."

The old woman lit a piece of candle and placed it in her hand.

"You're the tidiest thing and the purtiest I've seen this many a year," she said in a voice so full of compassion that it pierced the heart of the young immigrant, already overflowing with sadness.

"Go softly, dear, not to waken the young ones," she continued. "Open yon door. Your bed is in the corner."

The room in which Ellie McMahon now found herself was so dark that she could hardly see her way before her, though she held a candle in her hand. After a moment she began to distinguish objects around her: two beds, two chairs, and an old trunk. The chairs were covered with clothing, hastily thrown down as it had been taken off; garments hung from several nails at one side; while a small window, placed like the one in the kitchen, was the only excuse for daylight of which the room could boast. Dust and grime on either side of this window gave evidence that it had not been opened for a long time, if ever since it had been placed in the wall. Yet the horrible odor which pervaded the court just behind it filled the small apartment to so great an extent that Ellie experienced a qualm at her stomach as soon as she entered it.

On the large bed in one corner, under a heap of blankets, lay two children, soundly sleeping. Their curly heads touched each other; their features were rather attractive, but their skin was waxen and pallid. Ellie judged them to be about six and four years old. Beside the bed, on an empty candle-box, a rusty can emitted the odor of stale beer; though the girl, unaccustomed to it, did not know what the can contained. Having quietly made her way to the cot in the other corner, not far from the window, she laid her belongings upon it, as there seemed to be no other place whereon to deposit them. She now perceived a chair without a back directly under the window. Drawing this to the side of the cot, she sat down upon it, dropping her weary, aching head in her hands, and murmured:

"O my God, what kind of a place have I come to, at all, at all. O Willie! O Joe! O mother, mother, mother!"

With each repetition of her mother's name a sob rose in her throat; it seemed to her that she must suffocate with grief

and loneliness. But she was both brave and resourceful; and even while the sorrow and disappointment in her young heart swelled it almost to bursting, she reflected that she was not obliged to remain in her present surroundings.

"I am young and strong," she thought. "I do not have to stay here, if I do not want to. And I *will* not. Uncle Tim can not force me; this is a free country, and I can go where I please."

At the same time she realized that she would have to go slowly, to become somewhat acquainted with things and conditions before leaving the miserable place to which she had come at the bidding of her uncle, and from which she longed to escape at that very moment, feeling that she would almost rather rush homeless into the street than remain where she was.

After a short time she dried her eyes; the tears had relieved her. Then taking off her hat and jacket, she laid them on the bed beside her. She longed for a little fresh water to bathe her face, but there were no toilet appliances of any kind to be seen. What a nest of repose, of comfort, of beauty even, her own humble little room! at home appeared to the mind of the lonely, disappointed girl, as she looked about the gloom and squalor of this! There also she had only a single window, but it swung inward to admit the sweet, fresh Irish air. A clean white curtain shaded it; sheets spun by her dead grandmother's hand covered the small bed in one corner; warm, clean blankets and a red and white cotton spread made it as comfortable as any simple heart could desire. Under the window Willie had made her a broad shelf, which she had used as a table. Another shelf, three-cornered, held the tin pitcher and wash basin. On the little window-sill two pots of sweet-smelling herbs diffused their perfume through the room. Just beneath it hung her crucifix and a picture of the Sorrowful Mother. There was no carpet on the floor, not

even a rug; but the boards were always scrubbed to immaculate whiteness. A solitary straw-bottomed chair, with a red cushion on the seat, completed the furniture. There was space for neither stand nor bureau; Ellie had always kept her clothing in her mother's room, into which a door opened from her own. This, however, had not seemed inconvenient; it was so natural to hang her gowns and skirts on their own nails at the back of the closet, to lay her small stock of underwear in the lower drawer of her mother's bureau,—an unwieldy but highly-prized relic of former respectability. The few trinkets and ribbons she possessed were always neatly laid away in a straw box, which some returning sailor had brought from India and given to her mother when a young girl.

And now what a contrast! But Ellie would not dwell upon it; she was not one to make a luxury of pain or woe. After casting a kindly glance at the two children, still sleeping heavily, she returned to the kitchen, extinguishing the candle as she closed the bedroom door.

"'Tis a dark place, you'll be thinking," remarked the old woman, as she entered. "But you'll soon get used to it. I don't know but Malone will put you in a room to yourself. There's one vacant above,—small, with a good window, though, facing the street. I don't know what would be breaking a rib in him, but he talked of it."

"I'm not complaining," rejoined Ellie, whose resolve to leave the place as soon as he could conveniently do so made it a matter of indifference to her whether she were to be favored or not. "But I'd like a drop of fresh water to bathe my face. My head is aching a little."

"There beyant in the corner you'll find the basin," said Jule. "There's a bit of a looking-glass on the shelf, and a piece of a comb."

Ellie found the basin. It was thick with black, greasy water. A filthy towel hung above it. She could use neither.

Going back to the bedroom, she took from her bag a coarse but clean piece of crash, hemmed and marked by her mother; and, pouring some water from the dipper in the pail over one corner of it, she wiped her face. Once more she returned to the bedroom, stuck a pin through one end of the towel and fastened it to the wall, so that it might dry; and again made her way to the kitchen, where the old woman was just putting dinner on the table. At the same moment her uncle entered by another door; he was in his shirt sleeves and seemed to be in high good-humor. They sat down. Ellie waited for grace, but none was said. Ellie had hardly expected it; she said it to herself, and received the generous plate of food which the old woman handed to her.

(To be continued.)

Our Lady of the Nations.

BY NORA RYEMAN.

ANCE, before the end of all things, she who gave the Saviour birth,
And who pleads with Him in heaven, came for one short hour on earth.
Grand, majestic was that Mother, on her face compassion sweet,
As she sat where all the faithful come to kiss the Bronze Pope's feet.
Then, like some great trumpet pealing, went the news from clime to clime:
"She has come, the *Magna Mater*, ere the ending of all time!
She has come where Blessed Peter died for Him, her Son, in Rome;
She will grant the soul's desires in the place the soul calls *home*."
And the whole world came to greet her,—kings and princes, statesman, sage;
Youth with locks that held the sunshine, men with shoulders bent with age;
Maids and matrons, nuns and friars, robed in black and white and brown,—
From great cities, proud and hoary, and ice-girt Alaskan town.

And they cried: "Within the Manger thou didst hold Him on thy knee
Who came down for our salvation! Mary Mother, look on me!"
Wondrous eyes she turned upon them,—eyes that saw the soul's despair,
Eyes that smiled upon the sainted in the land where all is fair.
She was Mary of the Grotto, she was Lady of the Snow,
She was *Mater Dolorosa*, with a Heart for all below;
She was Mary of the Nations, to the hungry giving bread;
She was Queen and Intercessor, standing twixt the quick and dead.
And she smiled upon her children gathered there around her knees,—
On the fish the net of Peter had drawn in from all the seas.
Touched by God's Most Holy Spirit, knelt the nations at her feet,
And the Triune Lord they worshipped, Father, Son, and Paraclete.

A Pilgrim Convert in Italy.

BY JOHANNES JÖRGENSEN.

IV.—ASSISI.

THE next morning I visited the tomb of Blessed Angela of Foligno, in the Franciscan church of that town. Her remains are enclosed in a magnificent sarcophagus, the sides of which are plated with gold. Afterward I betook myself to the residence of the cathedral canons, and made acquaintance with Mgr. Faloci, of literary renown,—a slim little priest, whose smooth face and regular features are essentially Italian. I presented him with a copy of my Danish translation of the "*Fioretti*," and he in return gave me his "*Life of St. Clare of Montefalco*," the best biography of her as yet published.

In the afternoon I resumed my pilgrimage. By the time the train reached Spello, where it stopped a while, the sky

had become overcast and the mountains were shrouded in grey mist. I sat at the window, looking out. Before long I caught sight of an outline in the distance, strongly marked against the grey sky,—the familiar outline of the mountain above Assisi, on the summit of which stands St. Clare's castle. In another minute the whole town came into view, a clearly-defined line of buildings at the foot of Mount Subasio. As we proceeded I saw the fissure at Carceri, and in the midst of the green vineyards the pointed gable and the spire of the little church of Rivo Torto. And then, quite in the foreground, I beheld the church wherein St. Francis is interred, and the big monastery beside it. I recognized the towers of Assisi one after the other; the tower and dome of the cathedral up above, the tower on the Piazza lower down, with the spires and towers of Santa Maria del Vescovado, the Chiesa Nuova, and others.

On leaving the station, I set off immediately toward the ivory-like buildings of the Franciscan monastery which gleamed in the evening light; a strong, sweet smell was wafted to me from the flowery meadows as I passed; in the distance were the towers and mountains of Perugia. I remembered it all so well from a former visit some ten years ago.

On I went, past Casa Gualdi, the place where St. Francis, when dying, gave his last blessing to Assisi; past the little Gothic chapel to the right of the road, where a lamp burns before an image of the Madonna; up the small, steep flight of steps leading to the city gate, where, leaning on the parapet, I gazed out over the landscape, the vast plain shut in by violet-hued mountains bathed in the golden radiance of the setting sun. Passing on, I soon found myself before the church and monastery of San Francesco.

When I entered the church, it was almost dark within the broad, low nave; the windows, with their saints in bright and varied colors, looked at if set with jewels. I went up to and past the high

altar, where some lay-brothers were cleaning and arranging the furniture; and turned into the south transept, to look again at the well-remembered frescoes. Then I peeped into the sacristy and saw the dark, carved oak chests and presses, all exactly the same as I saw them ten years before. I felt as if I were in a dream,—a delightful dream, from which I dreaded to awake.

Before leaving the church I went down into the crypt, feeling my way in the darkness with hand and foot, until I stood before the railing that surrounds the tomb of the saint, where flickered a number of little lamps. In the profound tranquillity of that hallowed spot I realized that I was really again in Assisi, with which so many happy memories and holy aspirations were associated.

Passing later by St. Clare's Church, built of red and white stone, I went down the road bordered by olive trees to San Damiano. The church was quite dark, for it was now eventide; yet there was light enough for one to see Tiberio of Assisi's fresco in the little chapel in the courtyard,—a charming harmony of pale, subdued tints. I sat down to rest for a few minutes on the bench outside the convent gate. The sunset sky showed golden between the delicate grey leaves of the olive trees. Two aged friars came slowly down the road; they knocked at the gate and were admitted.

I wandered about the town for some time longer, sauntering through the long, lonely avenues, where only here and there a solitary lamp shed a feeble light, and climbing the narrow, steep streets before betaking myself to my night quarters. The streets were quiet and almost deserted. All seemed unchanged.

Early the next morning I was awake. The chime of bells came in on the cool morning air. Looking from my window, I saw below the grey, moss covered roofs of the town, still wet with dew, and the church of San Pietro. Somewhat later I took the same way that I had

followed on the day before,—the road leading to San Damiano. There was something exhilarating about the early hours of that sunny May morn. Between the olive trees the corn stood already half high, a bright, rich green; and the olive leaves were of a fresher, less dull grey than in summer. All looked so fresh, so full of life, in the bright scene before me, that, on arriving at San Damiano, I could not resolve to go into the church at once to look at antiquities and relics: I thought I would walk along the field paths for a little while, under the olives on the hillside.

As I went I met an old Franciscan pacing up and down in the sunshine, his Breviary in his hand, keeping the place with his thumb, while his admiring gaze was fixed on the clear blue heavens. Our eyes met, and the old Father smiled in his long, grey beard, a smile that beamed with good-nature, and without preamble he exclaimed: "*Che bello cielo!*" (What a lovely sky!) I stopped and we entered into conversation. With the garrulity of old age, he discoursed long on the beauty of nature, declaring it to be the best of temples wherein to worship, laud and magnify the God of creation. Then he bade me a courteous farewell, and passed on his way; while I entered the cool, shady little church, resolved to see everything there which recalls St. Francis and St. Clare, those two saints who were one in spirit, and whose life was one of prayer, of poverty, and of praise.

The Daughters of St. Clare no longer dwell in the poor convent at San Damiano (that is now inhabited by the Brothers), but higher up, close to the Porta Nuova, where is the large church erected by Philip da Spoleto in the middle of the thirteenth century, not long after the basilica over the grave of St. Francis was completed. It was there accordingly that I sought for further memorials of San Damiano. I saw the Byzantine crucifix whose mute eloquence appealed so forcibly to Francis' youthful heart, and was so

decisive for his whole life, that from that time forward it was said of him that he bore the wounds of the Lord Jesus in his heart.

I also saw a notable relic and precious heirloom of St. Francis—the Breviary that Brother Leo wrote for him, and, as an inscription in the book informs one, out of which, "as long as his health permitted, he used to recite the Office in accordance with the regulations of the Rule; and when he was no longer well enough to recite it himself, he desired to have it read in his presence, and this was done as long as he lived. Whereupon Brother Angelo and Brother Leo earnestly entreated the Lady Benedicta, abbess of this convent of St. Clare, and all who should succeed her, to keep and preserve always with the utmost care this book whereof our Father so often made use, in pious remembrance of our holy Father." This request has been fulfilled: the Breviary executed on beautiful parchment in Brother Leo's elegant penmanship, is preserved to our day under lock and key in a doubly secure reliquary.

From St. Clare's church I went down into the crypt below; for here, as in San Francesco, it is a place of interment. Ever since 1850, when the spot where she was buried was discovered, and the crypt built, the body of St. Clare, undecomposed by the lapse of centuries, may be seen by every visitor. A curtain is drawn aside, and a wax taper held by a Sister, and behind an iron railing, fronting a large square of glass, is seen the form of the saint, beautiful in her last, long sleep. "*Clara nomine, vita clarior, clarissima moribus,*" says Thomas of Celano.

There was still much to be seen in and around Assisi. I spent one afternoon in taking a long walk over Mount Subasio to Carceri, the secluded monastery situated in a laurel-clad cleft in the mountains, where Brother Rufino was sorely tempted by the devil in the form of the Crucified. On the following morning I visited Rivo Torto, down below on the plain; and

Portiuncula, which lies close to the station.

Rivo Torto is the place where Francis dwelt with his earliest disciples, after his return from Rome, when Innocent III. had given his sanction to their manner of life. Their habitation was a mere shed, and so little space was there in it that there was hardly room for all to sit down. To prevent confusion, and that each might know his place, Francis wrote the names of the Brothers in chalk on the boards. Neither church nor chapel was there; the Brothers erected a large wooden cross before the shed, and round it they used to kneel in prayer. It is probably in remembrance of this that a large cross always stands before Franciscan houses.

They had no means of subsistence unless they could obtain employment by helping the peasants in field work, when provisions were given them in payment for their labor. Ofttimes these Penitents of Assisi, as they styled themselves, returned empty-handed from their begging expeditions; and then they had to be satisfied with turnips instead of bread, water instead of wine. To us it seems a hazardous undertaking on Francis' part to embrace such rigorous poverty, and one often wonders how ten or twelve men could live thus, without bread to eat, a fire at which to warm themselves, or books to read. Yet the annals of the Order record only one desertion amongst the first disciples: Brother John of the Hat, so called because he objected to wear the cowl which forms part of the habit of the Order.

Leaving Rivo Torto, I took the straight road to Portiuncula,—or, as the place is now called, Santa Maria degli Angeli. There in the large, light church, and in the monastery adjoining it, are all the well-known relics and hallowed spots: the original chapel of the Portiuncula, that Francis built with his own hands; the cell in which he expired, and wherein, over the altar, is now Luca della Robbia's statue of the saint; and, near the entrance, Pisano's painting on the lid of the saint's

coffin. Then there is the rose garden where the bushes are strangely flecked as if with spots of blood; and the chapel erected over St. Francis' cell, decorated with frescoes from the brush of Lo Spagna and Tiberio d'Assisi.

In the sacristy the usual souvenirs of the place were offered to me for purchase; and while there I made the acquaintance of the young Padre Alberto, Nazareno Matteucci's son, from Poggio Buscone, to whom I had sent word that I was there. He advanced to meet me with a look of inquiry in his large brown eyes,—a slight, strikingly handsome young man. I grasped his hand and said I was the bearer of all manner of kind greetings from his home, — from Nazareno, Pasqua, Uncle Benedetto, Don Severino, and the mayor's son, Signor Provaroni. At each name I mentioned he opened his eyes wider. At last he burst out with the inquiry, "But who are you, then?" and at the same moment his eyes were suffused with tears. All Poggio Buscone, all his home was suddenly brought before him.

Yet it ill beseems a Franciscan friar to stand crying like a child; so, pulling himself together, Padre Alberto quickly took hold of my sleeve and drew me into the refectory. "Come!" he said. "Have you dined? Ah, that is a pity! But a glass of wine,—you will have a glass of wine?" Whereupon he hastened to his place at table and took some of the wine which had been put there for him to drink at supper, depriving himself of it for me. Must he not offer some refreshment to the lips that had brought him such loving, welcome messages from home? His hand shook as he poured out a glass for me—for the stranger who had come to speak to him of all his loved ones,—and the tears still stole down from his long, dark eye-lashes. Ah, Poggio Buscone, the home of his boyhood! Ah, his dear old mother Pasqua, his father; the good old grey-haired Uncle Benedetto, who had held him on his knee and taught him his letters; the dilapidated little church, where as a

boy he served Don Severino's Mass; the distant village of San Felice, whither he had gone on pilgrimage year after year! All that was so far away from him, and yet so near to his heart; and now came a stranger who had seen all and everyone, who was there only a few days ago, who had sat at table with his father and uncle, who had been waited on by his mother, and had talked to his brother, who seemed to bring with him the very atmosphere of home! What a strange thing life is, and how easily the heart is touched!

Presently I left the monastery and the church, and before long was seated outside one of the little inns opposite to the large basilica, of the Renaissance period, which St. Pius V. caused to be built over Brother Francis' simple little chapel. And while the day drew to a close and the sun shed its golden radiance over the scene, while the big fountain alongside the wall of the church splashed down from its many mouths, I sat down and pondered.

At half-past three the next morning I went, with my worthy host of the hotel Santa Maria degli Angeli, the short distance to the station. It was a dark, warm morning. My host carried a lighted candle in his hand: there was not a breath of wind to make it flicker. We soon reached the station. The train arrived almost immediately, and I got into a coach crowded with night travellers,—a mixed company of not altogether desirable companions. As I sat by the window I watched Assisi disappear from sight, a dark silhouette with three solitary lights.

I had not slept much that night. In the evening, not long after the Angelus rang, just as I was thinking I should go to rest early, the bells of Assisi struck up, calling to me in their festive notes, jubilant and yet solemn. San Francesco's bells went on ringing and ringing. Up there on the hill stood San Francesco's convent, with all its windows lighted up; and almost before I knew what I was doing I was on my way to the convent, whose bells were ringing and whose lights were

gleaming. I felt I must go up once more to Assisi; I must once more experience the singular, intoxicating charm of those streets, those steep alleys, those unpaved ways and open squares.

So on and on I went until I got up there, and could wander about everywhere unnoticed and unknown, visiting all the spots that were so dear to me: the square in front of Santa Chiara; the road with the wide vista of the open country beyond the Porta Nuova; the steep, narrow alley leading up to Sant' Andrea; all the localities rich in memories and associations,—all of which I was to leave behind me on the morrow, and which I should perhaps never revisit. Once more I passed by the green gate of St. Philomena's little convent, and lingered before the grating, thinking of the Brothers who were calmly reciting their Latin night prayers within, as they would do on the morrow when I should be no longer there, as they would be doing should I return thither some time or other after the lapse of years.

At length I tore myself away. At the corner where the highroad to Assisi turns off to the church and monastery, I sent back a last, lingering look. High up above, I saw under an arch in the wall the swinging lantern whose light had often shone upon me of an evening in days long past, when I sat at my window listening to the conflicting voices within me. Only one woman, dressed in black, came noiselessly down the narrow, deserted street, and I heard the purling of the brook. Farewell, Assisi,—*Assisi mio*, farewell!

In a state of exaltation I walked all the long way from Assisi back to Portiuncula. The night air was perfumed with the scent of flowers; the sky was spangled with innumerable stars; the bells of Assisi were silent, but the light in the windows was still visible behind me. Again and again I could not refrain from looking back; again and again I felt I must repeat my farewell. Even when I had regained my room at the hotel, I looked out for one last sight of the trem-

ulous lights of Assisi. Farewell, hallowed city of a thousand memories, of my dreams, my longings and my faith! Farewell Assisi,—farewell, farewell!

And now behold me seated in the train speeding northward,—speeding toward Terontola. We reached Perugia just at daybreak. Four workmen with big bundles got in; they seemed very jolly and merry. They talked and shouted noisily, threw their packages about, lighted cigars. “Addio, Perugia!” the oldest and most jovial of them all called out, when the train began to move out of the station. The words had scarcely escaped his lips before he burst into tears, sobbing and crying convulsively with his head against the window frame. The others tried to comfort him. “Come, come, Francè!” they said soothingly, and endeavored to stroke his hand. But he pushed them away and continued to cry. “He is going away from his children,” his comrades said to us. They were emigrants going to Nice.

At Cortona I alighted. I wished to visit the town which St. Margaret made famous; and I also wished to see the Franciscan monastery of Celle, near that same town.

(To be continued.)

Con-Anglicanism.

SOME recent numbers of the *Living Church*, a leading organ of the Protestant Episcopal Church, have contained letters from Dr. Grafton, the Bishop of Fond du Lac, which he was pleased to style “Pro-Romanism.” They were chiefly called forth by the action of the last General Convention of that denomination (at Richmond, Va., three months ago), which allowed a motion to be passed called “The Open Pulpit,” permitting the bishops to invite Presbyterians, Methodists, and others of the “sectarian bodies,” to occupy the pulpits of Protestant Episcopal churches if invited to do so. This action has naturally raised a

storm in the High Church party, who contend that “it commits the Church to sectarianism.” Dr. Grafton’s letters were seen by Miss Georgina Pell Curtis, a convert and occasional contributor to THE AVE MARIA, who addressed a letter to the editor of the *Living Church*, making some comments upon them; it was rejected. We gladly give place to it, feeling sure that many of our readers will be deeply interested in what Miss Curtis has to say:

DEAR SIR:—Will you allow a reader who belongs to the Church you call “Roman” Catholic to say a few words suggested by the Bishop of Fond du Lac’s “Pro-Romanism”? As it is impossible, in the short space allowed a letter, to take account of all that he has said, I will confine myself to those points which seem to me of most importance.

The Bishop cites the revival in the Anglican Church as a proof of its divine mission, and he says: “It has responded to the call of Christ given through the Catholic movement.” All Roman Catholics who have made it a subject of thoughtful study, agree that there has been no such marvellous spiritual revival in modern history as that which has been at work in the Anglican Church since the Tractarian Movement began. We believe that the Anglican Church *has* “responded to the call of Christ given through the Catholic movement.” And that call, that revival, has been the work of Christ by means of which His intent seems clear—not to make the Anglican Church Catholic in itself and by itself (for that she clearly is not now, and never will be), but to bring her back to the unity of the Catholic Church, and so regain the inheritance she lost. By means of this revival thousands who otherwise would never have come to see their error, have been brought to recognize the Truth, and have returned to their true mother. Let me give a reason for this.

The Bishop of Fond du Lac says: “Like all religious movements, the Catholic one has had its times of temporary defeat and reaction.” He is talking of the Anglican Church from the time of its separation from Rome up to the Oxford Movement. He goes on to show this by citing, first, the defeat following the Carolinian Movement, when the Puritan preached in Anglican pulpits; then, the secession of the Nonjurors, ending with the Georgian oppression and the rampant Erastianism of the eighteenth century.

Now, what, may I ask, became of the thou-

sands and even millions of souls in the Church of England during these periods? I am addressing myself to the Anglo-Catholic party in the Episcopal Church,—a body of men who hold that belief in the Presence of Christ in the Sacrament, with confession and frequent Communion, is absolutely necessary to Catholicism. All those souls for three hundred years lived and died with only the baldest Protestantism to nourish their souls; and all this time, like a light shining in a dark place, the Catholic Church in England was administering the sacraments to her children even as she is doing now. And those millions of souls who lived and died tinged with Puritanism, Nonjurorism, Erastianism, and unbelief, might have shared in those life-giving sacraments. Oh, the pity of it!

The Bishop says: "If the Church has denied the faith, we must go." (He is speaking of course of the Episcopal Church.) I ask: Go where? Not a word has been said in his article, in what goes before, of the Catholic (Roman) Church; but that is clearly where he means he and his co-religionists must go if it is proved that the Anglican Church has denied the faith. Now, has she not? Is not the Open Pulpit full of significance? Can she say to her separated brethren—Presbyterians, Methodists, and the rest, "Come and preach for me, but do not say this or that"? The mere asking any one to preach in your pulpit presupposes your confidence that it will be for the instruction and spiritual uplifting of your congregation.

The Bishop draws a picture of a collision between the English ships *Victoria* and *Camperdown* that occurred in the Mediterranean several years ago; and he tells us that, as the ship which was rammed was lurching and preparing to go down, an officer of the deck rallied his men with the words: "'Steady, boys,—steady! Now cheer!' And so they did, like faithful, loyal, brave men that they were." The Bishop goes on to draw a comparison between this and the Anglican Church. With an enthusiasm and devotion which are characteristic, he seeks to rally his flock. He says: "Cheer, boys,—cheer! The ship is not going down. Christ and the saints are with us. Cheer for your Lord and Master and King! Cheer for the Catholic faith," etc. But what are the facts? In the terrible tragedy off the coast of Tripoli the mighty *Victoria* sank, and hundreds of men were caught in the maelstrom and drowned; while others—few in comparison—got away and were picked up by the *Camperdown*. If we correctly follow the Bishop in the idea he has presented to our minds, the *Camperdown* is the type of the Catholic Church, wherein those who reached her were saved.

Nineteen hundred years ago Pilate said: "What is Truth?" Now, in the twentieth century, the cry goes up: "What is the Catholic faith?" We Catholics are not inquiring, because we know. But this name of "Catholic," this battle-cry of the High Church Anglican—what does it mean to Anglicans? We know very well that no two are agreed or can give the same answer.

There is a general idea prevalent that there are not now so many conversions to the Church from Anglicanism as there used to be. This subject has been treated in a recent number of the *Nation*. In this periodical, Mr. Chesterton, of England, explaining the decline in the Oxford Movement, says: "The reason why there are not more defections from Anglicanism to Rome is not that the English people have stamped out Romanizing tendencies in the Establishment, but rather because the whole English people have gone so far Romeward that one more step will land them there." As an illustration of the truth of this assertion, Mr. Chesterton takes the tenets of Protestants two or three generations ago and compares them with the tenets of the present-day Protestant. Rome is no longer regarded as Antichrist. She is not held to be wrong because she believes in purgatory and a progress for the soul. She is not objected to because of her ritual. She is not thought to insult the Deity because she is favorable to art and music and symbolism, and so on. Mr. Chesterton reduces all the Protestant objections to one—the objection to a collective authority in religion,—and adds: "But the more pathetically you cling to this one last Protestant doctrine, the more we shall be reminded that you have openly abandoned all the others."

In his second letter the Bishop gives a number of reasons why the work of Catholicizing the Anglican Church is so slow, and he says: "We are willing to confess that we believe Our Lord loves the Roman communion in the United States perhaps more than our own timid, unspiritual, uninstructed communion." If he thinks so, of what use all that goes before or follows? "If Christ be for us, who can be against us?" He speaks of the Infallibility of the Pope, the Immaculate Conception, and indulgences, as things that scarcely touch or hurt our spiritual life. (How strange that word "hurt" seems to us!) But he forgets that there are those in his own communion (many are personally known to the writer of this paper) who believe just those doctrines, notably that touching the Conception of the Mother of God.

The Bishop declares that the dream for a reunion of Christendom, that animates some

noble and earnest souls in the Anglican Church, is an "idol." Is this so? We think not. Rather it is a natural yearning toward that ideal of His true Church which our Blessed Lord left to us for all time. "It is not the mission of the Church to convert the world," says the Bishop. This seems to us an astounding statement. "Go teach all nations," said Christ. A church that does not recognize this note is surely no church of His.

The Bishop's third and last letter to the *Living Church* has nothing in it that seems of especial note, except a tone of sadness as of one who feels he is, after all, simply making his own personal appeal to his flock, which they may or may not chime in with. It is not the voice of authority, such as every Catholic bishop uses in a Pastoral Letter.

There is one other point in the Bishop of Fond du Lac's second letter to which I would refer. He makes an appeal that has been put forth over and over again,—the appeal to loyalty. It is not loyal to desert the Anglican Church, he says. Stay and fight for it: help on the good work. It was in the time of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth that the Church of England should have remembered the word "loyalty." And what meant loyalty then is the true note of it now. Loyalty three hundred years ago would have meant unbroken Unity. "No man having drunk old wine straightway desireth new; for, he saith, the old is better."

GEORGINA PELL CURTIS.

This excellent communication requires no comment: what is not expressed is suggested. Bishop Grafton is certainly right in holding that the reunion of Christendom, as many conceive it, is indeed an idle dream. That blessed circumstance can result only from unconditional submission to the Vicar of Christ. There was perfect understanding of this *sine qua non* long before the present era of enlightenment and good feeling,—when the Pope was still regarded as Antichrist, and the Church as the Mother of Abominations. If we were addressing the readers of the *Living Church*, we should remind them that in 1640 the British House of Commons, having sent a message to the Lords on "the increase of Popery," a discussion of the question of reunion followed; but the speaker of the House, recognizing the unchanging character of Catholic truth, deprecated all efforts to

effect a compromise. "For," said he, "the Pope being fastened to his errors, even by his chair of inerrability, he still sits unmoved; and so we can not meet unless we come wholly to him. A man standing in a boat tied to a rock, when he draws the rope doth not draw the rock to the boat, but the boat to the rock." Our Anglican friends must fasten their rope to the rock and pull. The rock is immovable: it can never come to them.

Pithy and Pointed.

FROM an unidentified source, the *Albany Church Record* (Protestant Episcopal) quotes the following little dialogue, giving it the pointed title "Where Were You?" While the generality of Catholics can not be accused of neglect in attending church, almost every large parish is apt to include a few easy-going individuals who are always disposed to remain away, if there is any excuse for so doing. An examination of conscience on this point would convince such delinquents that in a variety of excuses there may not be a single one that is valid.

Where were you last Sunday?—"At home, not feeling very well."—Did you ever close up your store, and by way of explanation stick up a notice, 'Detained at home by a headache'?

"Visitors came in and I could not leave them."—Ah! Would you continue in your service a young man who should offer you a like excuse for staying away from your store on Monday morning?

"It looked like rain; indeed, it had begun to sprinkle."—Did it? Had it? Would the prospect have kept you away from market or store or theatre? Have you not been known to go to a concert or dancing party in the midst of what might have been the beginning of another deluge? Is it not time that an umbrella were invented that would protect church-goers from the rain on Sunday?

Notes and Remarks.

We have frequently insisted in these columns—and, as the matter is one of constant opportuneness, shall probably reiterate our insistence—on the necessity of parents' supervising the reading of their children. So much of the literature of the day is an edged tool likely to play havoc with the faith and morals of the young that the head of a household should exercise due care in excluding it from the library accessible to his sons and daughters. Many a father, however, is himself a child in the matter of philosophic systems, and accordingly needs to shun literary dangers not less injurious to himself than would be to his children the more palpable ones from which he preserves them. Father Hull, S. J., puts the matter well and forcibly in a recent issue of his excellent journal:

A Catholic's first duty is to be well informed about his own faith, in proportion to his capacity and the needs of his case. A man whose intellect is awakened by education, and whose life is cast in a world of unbelief, stands specially in need of a thorough study of his own religion, as a set-off against those influences which make against it. As he gradually becomes equipped, it will be possible for him, under suitable guidance from experts among the clergy, to read—for the sake of the science they contain—books which otherwise would be dangerous to him. But no man ought to plunge into such reading unprepared. A soldier rushing from behind his ramparts into the midst of the besieging enemy, unarmed and unprotected, would be accused of madness. But it is madness of a mild form compared to that of the man who, knowing only the simple facts of his faith, and unfurnished with the deeper knowledge by which to defend and maintain them, rushes into the world of rationalistic literature, there to be surrounded by a host of foes eager to pierce him through—*gladio linguæ*—with the sword of professed and acutely reasoned unbelief.

it is interesting to read what Maurice DeWulf, Professor of the University of Louvain, has to say on the subject. Prof. DeWulf's "Scholasticism, Old and New," has been translated into English by Dr. Coffey of Maynooth, in whose version are to be found these excerpts:

Modern Scholasticism aims at submitting the principles of Medieval Scholasticism to the control of scientific progress; . . . theories now known to have been false, are simply *abandoned*; the great constitutive doctrines of the medieval system are retained, but only after having successfully stood the double test of comparison with the conclusions of present-day science, and with the teachings of contemporary systems of philosophy; new facts have been brought to light, and under their influence a store of new ideas has *enriched* the patrimony of the ancient Scholasticism (p. 211). . . .

Inheriting as it does the traditional spiritualism of a Plato, an Aristotle, a St. Augustine and a St. Thomas, it bases its claims neither on the tradition which it perpetuates nor on argument from authority. . . . On the contrary, it is after an examination of the facts that are engaging the attention of our contemporaries, after interpreting the results achieved by the sciences, after testing critically its own principles, that the new Scholasticism lays down its conclusions, and invites the philosophers of the twentieth century to recognize them and deal with them on precisely the same titles as they deal with those of Neo-Kantism and Positivism (p. 260).

As a matter of honest fact, Scholasticism, Medievalism, Neo-Kantism, and Positivism are terms often bandied about by pretentious scribblers and speakers who would be hard put to it to give an intelligent or intelligible definition of any one of them.

For the benefit of such of our readers, Catholic or non-Catholic, as are still more or less impressed by the old historical lie about "lazy monks and nuns," we reproduce two items that have come together to our table from London and Madrid. Says the *Franciscan Annals*:

In view of the supercilious condescension with which not a few sciolistic philosophers are in the habit of dismissing Scholasticism as a worn-out and superseded system,

At Vigo, in Spain, our Fathers have celebrated with much rejoicing the solemn dedication and opening of a new church of our Order, to which attaches an interesting and probably a unique

history. The building of the church had only just been begun when the workmen went out on strike, whereupon the friars themselves took the places of the strikers and finished the building. They even had to cut the stone and make the bricks, as well as to do the actual building and carpentering. When the church was built, those Franciscan handy-men painted and decorated the interior, erected the altars, and even carved the beautiful statue of Our Lady which is over the high altar.

So much for the "monks"; and, be it noted, the friars at Vigo are not merely exceptions to the general rule of religious men. As for the nuns, C. S. Bremner writes in the *Pall Mall Gazette*: "In Ireland religious women, so far as I could observe, show far more enterprise and business energy than men. The nuns have established training colleges for teachers, a school for domestic servants at Sligo; they manage penitentiaries, and laundries attached to them; often the industrial schools and workhouse infirmaries are in their hands. I myself have even seen Sisters superintending a model farm, and dairying in Ireland, and doing the work well."

The article from which this extract is made describes in admiring terms the Providence Woollen Mills at Foxford. "To-day," says the writer, "the good nuns give work to 150 people, pay between £4000 and £5000 in wages, buy wool of the farmers, trade with all who want the product of Irish industry, and their average turnover for the last three years has been £25,000."

If statistical facts could be procured, it would probably be found that the average "monk" or nun of to-day does more real work before ten or eleven o'clock in the morning than the busiest of their unintelligent critics do in the whole twenty-four hours of the day.

The late Lord Kelvin possessed in no small measure two of a teacher's most important requisites—perfect sincerity and a keen sense of humor. When his friend Dr. Joule, commenting on the coils

of pianoforte wire lying in the experimenter's room, asked, "What note do these strike?" he replied at once, "The Deep C." They were, indeed, intended to be part of the submarine cable then in process of perfectionment.

With regard to his achievements, the great man's humility was childlike. Presumption on the part of others seemed to amuse him. On one occasion he visited, incognito, an electrical workshop and listened patiently to the somewhat self-sufficient engineer, who explained every detail in the tone of a superior. At the end the visitor quietly asked: "Well, what, then, is Electricity?" And on receiving no answer, Lord Kelvin said, with a smile: "You see, my friend, that is what neither you nor I can profess to know."

The editor of *Out West* regrets that he could not print in red ink the veritable paper submitted by a candidate for a county teacher's certificate in Los Angeles County, Cal., in August, 1907. Mr. Birney Donnell, vice-president of the Polytechnic High School, conducted the examination, and asked the candidates, among other things, to write a short essay on some easy subject, giving them several choices of topics. One choice was "Capital Punishment." Here is one of the papers, *verbatim et literatim*:

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

The question of capital punishment is one that has been before the educators and thinking people for years.

Is it right or is it not right? That is the question that confronts us to-day.

The best educators think it is not right, except in extreme cases, where, in the judgment of the teacher, nothing else will conquer the child; but first every other means, such as kindness, appealing to manhood, should be tried.

If it becomes necessary that the child must be punished, by capital punishment, great judgment should be used, and the amount of punishment administered.

Care should be taken not to strike the child on the hands or about the head.

The teacher should never administer capital punishment when he is angry, but be careful

to have investigated the case before doing anything rash.

Do I think it right? Only in extreme cases, for it tends only to make the child dislike the teacher; and when other means will do never use capital punishment.

We are at a loss to understand why Mr. Lummis should have desired to print this paper in ink of "love's proper hue." Regret for the days that are gone, when would-be school-teachers were required to know the common branches thoroughly, and politicians had no influence in their appointment,—surely the adequate expression of such regret demands the somber black.

One of the features in world-politics that proves most disquieting to British publicists is the growth of the German navy, indicating, as it appears to many, Germany's hope to hold the balance of sea-power. We commented on this phase of international ambitions some time ago, but reproduce the following reference thereto, in the *Fortnightly Review's* "Foreign Affairs," as an interesting estimate of Germany's present military and prospective naval strength:

It must never be forgotten, we repeat, that our cause is infinitely just. Sea-power means greater strength for Germany, but very life for us alone. Germany has already the greatest military organization (now costing nearly £40,000,000 a year) that has been known in history; and if to these vast legions is added the gigantic naval force clearly contemplated by the authors of the new programme, there will then exist upon the other side of the North Sea a combined power such as never before upon this earth has been concentrated into the hands of one nation. When the Kaiser began in 1897, he gave himself twenty years for the execution of an enterprise the most magnificent and daring of its kind that a ruler ever set himself. He did not contemplate ultimate war. No: but he contemplated supremacy automatically acquired in peace by the ultimate financial preponderance of a people which will number seventy millions long before the population of these islands numbers fifty millions. The Kaiser, we repeat, gave himself twenty years when he began in 1897 the epic of German naval expansion. If we can project our imaginations into the reasonable possibil-

ities of 1917, and begin from now to act accordingly, we may have an even chance of surviving. But by comparison with the financial fight for life, which is now unavoidable, every other issue of our politics sinks into triviality.

It is manifest from the foregoing that, although Great Britain's navy is at present equal to the combined navies of Germany and our own country, her statesmen recognize the probability that a time is rapidly approaching when her hitherto unchallenged title of "mistress of the seas" may be disputed with considerable show of reason.

We are in receipt of a circular letter from the Committee of the "Expelled Religious' Pence," with an appeal to help on that meritorious charitable work. Briefly, the letter explains that there are in Belgium at present as many as five hundred and twenty-six separate houses of religious expelled from France; that, owing to a variety of reasons, the most of them are in sore straits; and that, in consequence, they are deserving objects of Catholic charity the world over. The Rt. Rev. Bishop Maes, of Covington, while in Europe recently, was called upon to assist the Committee, and he vouches for both their good faith and the genuineness of the need they seek to relieve. While we feel disinclined to importune the generosity of our readers by specifically appealing to them for contributions to yet another charity, we profess our readiness to forward to the Committee in question any offerings, however small, that may reach us,—a readiness, which, we venture to say, will be manifested also by the good Bishop of Covington.

The Rev. George Angus is a man of strong likes and dislikes; and if he keeps on writing, as it is to be hoped he will, we shall know all the more interesting of them. Although he has been assured, he tells us, that he does not possess a theological mind, he will "dabble in theology"; and this he does very delightfully, and

more effectively, too, sometimes than the past-masters, scoring points of which most of them would be incapable. After remarking, in a recent contribution to the *Tablet*, that a great deal of Modernism as condemned by the Holy See would have been denounced by such good Evangelicals as the late Dr. Marsh, or the late Bishop Ryle, and would be condemned now by other Anglican prelates, Father Angus observes: "I don't want any New Theology, and, with all respect, I prefer Pius X. and the Chair of the Chief Shepherd to the vagaries of some of that Chief Shepherd's flock. Faith does not come by learning, but by faith the just man shall live."

This leads to "a word about Newman," and what a good word it is! Some Church of England papers have been harping on the alleged condemnation of Newman in the Encyclical *Pascendi*. What have Anglicans got to do with it? asks Father Angus; and then he proceeds to make observations, as he is wont to do. We quote at length:

For more than three hundred years they have assured an amused Christendom that the Pope is the Man of Sin, or the Mystery of Iniquity, or, at best, a mere ornamental figurehead. Well, in that case, what can it matter whether he condemns Newman or any one else? Next, I observe that Popes possess by divine right the power of condemning not only other people, but also of condemning themselves. We have an instance in John XXII., who, as Pope, condemned as erroneous what he himself had defended as a private theologian; so showing us that the Vicar of Christ can detect and denounce all possible errors, including his own. Lastly, I take the liberty of observing that I do not believe Newman has been condemned at all, and shall not believe it until the Pope tells us that it is so, in which case I bow to a supreme authority. And this is just what Newman himself said as regards another and less important question—namely, Anglican Orders. He tells us in his "Apologia" that he absolutely disbelieved in their validity, and should continue to disbelieve unless and until the Holy See desired him to do otherwise, thus bowing before an authority greater than his own.

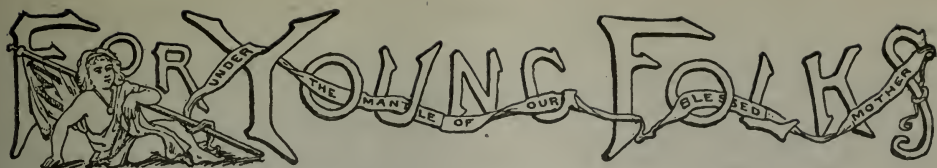
On Rosary Sunday, 1866, Newman preached at Birmingham a sermon entitled "The Pope

and the Revolution." More than ten years afterward I preached it in part myself, revised and corrected, *mutatis mutandis*, at St. Francis', Notting Hill. And what Newman then said about the Pope may be reproduced here. . . . "Who, I say, is the successor to St. Peter, since a successor there must be in his sovereign authority over the Church? It is he who sits in St. Peter's Chair: it is the Bishop of Rome. We all know this: it is part of our faith." And he goes on to remind us that the Bishop of Rome, or Pope as he is called, is, "like St. Peter, the Vicar of his Lord. He can judge and can acquit, he can pardon and he can condemn, he can command and he can permit, he can forbid and he can punish. He has a supreme jurisdiction over the people of God; . . . and in his administration of Christ's Kingdom, in his religious acts, we must never oppose his will or dispute his word or criticise his policy, or shrink from his side. . . . In obeying him we are obeying his Lord. . . . He has the responsibility of his own acts, not we; and to his Lord must he render account, not to us. . . . And so as regards his successors, if we live to see them: it is our duty to give them in like manner our dutiful allegiance and our unfeigned service, and to follow them also whithersoever they go; having that same confidence that each in his own turn, and in his own day, will do God's work and will, which we felt in their predecessors now taken away to their eternal rewards."

When the tempests that now agitate the little theological teapots have subsided, it will be remembered that the writings of some of the greatest saints and doctors of the Church called for revision; and it will be realized that in unswerving loyalty to the Holy See Newman is a model for all time.

Mr. Bellamy Storer, lecturing recently before the Catholic Club of Harvard, rather neatly crystallized the sentiment of very many Americans regarding the Spanish-American war in the phrase "when we had lynched Spain." All the inside facts of that really ignoble strife will most surely come to light some day, and the slogan so often heard in 1898 may be coupled by our unfriendly critics with Mr. Storer's phrase in some such fashion as:

Remember the Maine:
And how you lynched Spain.



Love's Shrine.

DEATH sunny skies in far-off France,
 'Mid climbing rose and vine,
 There stands beside a rocky ledge
 A wondrous, blessed shrine.

And everything in that dear spot
 Seems part of Mary's fame;
 The azure skies, the lilies white,
 All whisper her sweet name.

Unnumbered souls in eager love
 Have sought a refuge there;
 Unnumbered gifts from Mary's hands
 Have crowned faith's earnest prayer.

Yet we who can not go to Lourdes,
 Our tribute there to lay,
 May build a shrine within our heart
 Where we can homage pay.

And, joining with the pilgrims blest
 In great St. Louis' land,
 Our humble prayers shall graces draw
 From Mary's gentle hand.

C.

Wanted: A Boy.

BY ROSEMARY HOAR.

THE five-twenty trolley from the suburban town of Millville fairly bounded over the rails one January afternoon; for it was already behind time, and the city men who worked in the little factory village would be waiting to crowd into it for the return trip, a few minutes after six. There were only two passengers. The old-fashioned little lady, who wore a black silk dress and a fur coat, fidgeted and clung madly to the seat whenever an unusually hard bump threatened to displace her; the little boy opposite had picked up the *Record*, which the conductor had thrown aside, and was absorbed in the contents

of the want-column. Above the edge of the newspaper could be seen a fringe of auburn hair; and when the boy put the paper down, the little lady looked curiously at his freckled nose and great dark eyes. His face looked troubled and his clothes were badly worn. This small motherly woman had a very large heart, which leaped right out of its place whenever she laid eyes upon a forlorn-looking child. Her only boy had been left fatherless at ten, and together they had struggled on, each helping the other. He was a prominent business man now, but no one except his mother knew how long and how hard had been the road to success.

While the kind woman was musing upon the child, wondering whether he were fatherless, motherless, or needed help, and wishing she could know just what was troubling him now, the car came to a sudden halt, and she arose to step out. But a crowd of unmannerly men rushing in, all eager to obtain seats, brushed past her, blocking the way. Turning toward the other end of the car, she paused, checked by the same condition. The little boy stood behind her. He was in a hurry, and hoped that some man in the crowd would have the politeness to step aside and let her pass. He saw that she was bewildered and nervous. The conductor was busy outside. One man, already seated, passed some remark that made the others laugh roughly. The boy heard it, and his honest face burned. He was only fourteen, but sturdy and manful.

"Let me go first," he said to her, touching his tattered cap respectfully, "and you follow close."

With surprising strength, the little fellow elbowed his way out, jostling through the crowded platform as only a small boy can, squirming in zigzag

fashion to make all the more room for his follower; and, having stepped off victoriously, helped the old lady to do, likewise. Then he was off, and the timid little woman had not time even to say "Thank you!" Nothing could have been more disappointing to her grateful heart. She repeated the whole affair to her son, who first fumed and raged at the disrespect his mother had received, and then became interested in her rescuer.

"If he had only waited so I could speak to him and get his name!" said Mrs. Atchison.

"Evidently not the kind of boy who does things expecting a reward, mother," commented Mr. Atchison, thoughtfully. "What did he look like?"

A minute description followed.

"And I know he needs help," concluded Mrs. Atchison. "O Henry, if you would only find him for me!"

"Well, mother dear, don't worry. I'll see what I can do."

When Frank Taylor had assisted Mrs. Atchison from the car, he hurried home and thought of her no more. He had been in the city all the afternoon looking for work, and was too much concerned about other things. When the boy entered the house, his mother's eyes scanned his face, but she asked no question: that searching glance told her all. She greeted her son as usual with a cheery word and smile.

"Come, sonny!" she said. "I've just made some nice hot soup. Come and have some. There, baby, do wait and let mother attend to Frank first; he's cold and tired." (This to the baby clinging to her skirts.)

"I'll wait on myself, mother," he said, proceeding to do so. "Where are Alice and Gertie? Can't they take care of baby for a while?"

"The doctor was just here, dear, and I had to send them on errands."

"What did he say, mother?"

"Oh, nothing much!" answered the woman, walking to the stove that the boy might not see her tears

"Mother, tell me what he said," demanded Frank, following her.

Mrs. Taylor found it impossible to meet Frank's eyes with deception.

"He said that the cough has been wearing on your father too long, and that he should have given up work long ago; and that if he wants to live he must go out West for a few months, or maybe a year."

The boy choked down a lump.

"How much money have we left in the bank, mother?"

"Very little, dear. But when your father gets better, maybe he will be able to work in Colorado; and if he gets on well, we can all go there. I can do washing and cleaning, and Gertie and Alice help a good deal about the house. I'm sorry, though, we couldn't keep you at school, Frank."

"Never mind about me, mother. I'm sorry you will have to take in washing; but perhaps it won't be for long. I'll look for work again to-morrow morning, and I'll get it too!" declared the boy with earnestness, for he was determined to do so if it was a possible thing.

"Frank, do look here!" cried Alice, early next morning, rushing into the house. She had been sent for a loaf of bread and the morning *Record*, that her brother might read the "Wants."

"What is it?" he asked from the room where he had been polishing his shoes, brushing his clothes, and accomplishing sundry other little feats relating to a very thorough morning toilet.

"Look, Frank!" repeated his sister. "'Wanted: a good, smart, honest boy. Must be red-haired and freckle-faced. Atchison & Fay.'"

Frank dropped the shoebrush.

"Are you fooling?" he demanded.

"It's right there — see?" was the indignant reply.

The boy read the advertisement eagerly. For once in his life he was glad of his hair and freckles, and did not quarrel with his sister for drawing attention to them.

"Isn't that a funny thing to put in a

want?" he asked his mother, wonderingly.

"It does seem odd; but some business men, they say, do queer things. It will be no harm to try; you'd better take the next car."

An hour later Frank found himself one of a row of boys in a waiting-room outside Mr. Atchison's private office. The youngsters had hair of various degrees of redness, and freckles of all sizes and shades of brown. Some were speckled; others could boast only a few of these valuable marks. It all seemed so funny to Frank that for a while he forgot about his trouble, and greeted each newcomer with a smile, wondering in the meanwhile as to how red would be the hair and how many the freckles of the next arrival.

The first admitted for examination had a fiery head and as many rusty spots as any one could desire. Mr. Atchison himself had opened the door to let him in, and as he did so swept an amused glance over the line of candidates. In a few moments that boy came out and another went in.

"Said my hair was too red an' I had too many freckles," declared No. 1, with a grin that showed a front tooth missing. "Maybe you'll do," he said, passing Frank; "you ain't got so many an' yer hair's most brown."

Frank felt encouraged, although he wondered very much about it all. But surely Mr. Atchison was not a man with time to waste in looking over a crowd of boys without a purpose.

"He's got his granny in there with him, an' she says I wasn't the right one at all: I was too pert altogether," said another unsuccessful one on his way out, making a comical face.

Frank laughed and grew all the more curious. Why should a business man have an old woman helping him to select an office boy? Perhaps—

"Next!" called a voice at the open door, and Frank was admitted.

"Why did you hurry away so last night?" was the most unexpected greet-

ing from a little old lady who rose from her chair to meet him.

"What—I beg your pardon! I don't know what you mean," answered the astonished boy.

"Why didn't you wait after helping me off the car last night?"

"Oh!" exclaimed the boy, suddenly recognizing her. "I remember now about last night. I was in a hurry home."

"Why were you in such a dreadful hurry?" demanded the little woman in a tone that almost hid the kindness which lay behind it.

"I knew my mother would be waiting," replied the boy; "and I was anxious to hear what the doctor said about father. He's sick."

"There! I knew something was the matter," she said triumphantly, turning to her son.

"Would you like work, young man?" asked Mr. Atchison, who until now had not had a chance to speak. "What can you do?"

"I don't know, sir. I never worked before; I just left school. But I'm willing to try anything, and I'll do my best."

"Well, a boy who is so good at looking out for helpless women ought to do pretty well in any line," said Mr. Atchison. "You may report here at one o'clock this afternoon."

"And now, come with me. What's your name? Frank? Come with me, Frank; I want to ask you lots of questions. Is the carriage waiting, Henry? It's quite a drive to Millville, but I don't like to live in the city," she continued, addressing Frank; "and I won't ride in those cars any more."

"Well, I'm glad mother has some more people to look after," laughed Mr. Atchison softly to himself, as the door closed upon the two. "Since she got that poor Rice family upon their feet, she's been rather idle. If I mistake not, that boy is deserving of help, too. But I'll be sure to hear all about him to-night: mother will have the whole family's history to tell me."

And, with the triple satisfaction of having pleased his mother, done a good turn for just such an urchin as he himself once was, and having obtained a capable boy into the bargain, the busy man set about his day's work.

In the meantime the kindly old lady and the jubilant Frank were speedily taken to the Taylor home. Half an hour's conversation between Mrs. Atchison and the boy's mother was sufficient to convince the latter that the way out of her various troubles was open to her. And nowadays, with her husband's health fully restored, and her son in receipt of a rapidly increasing salary, she often blesses the incident that gave rise to her good fortune,—the act of courtesy shown to an old lady by her red-haired, freckle-faced Frank.

Ruth's Day of Reckoning.

(Told by her Brother.)

BY FLORA HAINES LOUGHEAD.

VI.—ANOTHER DISASTER.

Our whole Fourth of July had gone off at once. Billy looked at me, and I looked at him, but it was beyond words or tears. Billy's mother had gone out to pay some calls, and didn't know anything about it till the next day; and I suppose the other neighbor women were so busy with their own boys they couldn't pay any attention to noises in other people's yards. But almost the first thing we saw was Ruth, her hair flying and a dressing-sack on, looking down on us.

"O boys, boys! What have you done?"

"We didn't mean any harm. We were just trying a few, to see if they were any good. And now we've lost all our fireworks!" I spluttered.

"The boards are on fire there!" cried Ruth. "Oh, hurry and get some water and put out the fire, or the barn will burn down!"

And, sure enough, there where the fireworks had been piled the deepest in

the chicken-house, smoke was rising. But before Billy and I could think what to do Ruth had flown off, and came back dragging the garden hose, which she had attached to the nearest hydrant, and turned a stream of water on the place.

"Here! let me do that!" said Billy Staples, who can't bear to see girls and women doing boys' work,—so much even my family will say for him.

"No!" said Ruth, glaring at him as if she'd like to bite him. "You boys go right to work and catch all those hens, and shut them in the barn till another chicken-house can be built and the fence mended. And give me every piece of fireworks you have, or I'll telephone to father, and he'll see to you."

"We haven't so much as a single fire-cracker left," I said solemnly; for somehow it did seem an awful solemn thing to have the Fourth coming and not a thing to celebrate with. But Ruth had no mercy on us.

"That's one good thing!" she said.

We chased the chickens until we cornered them one by one, and shut them in the barn, Ruth standing at the door like a hawk until they had all been counted and locked up.

"Come on, Rob! Let's go down to the beach or a swim in the surf," said Billy Staples.

"Robbie, don't you dare!" said Ruth.

Neither of us knew how to swim very well, and the folks had never allowed us to go in without having grown people along.

"Ah, come on!" urged Billy. "What's the harm watching the other fellows or wading round a little? I wouldn't be bossed by a girl!"

"Nor I! I'm not a girl-baby," said I, swaggering, and shaking off Ruth's hand.

"No: you're a bad, bad boy!" said my sister. (I guess I was.)

She watched us swing off down the street, under the pepper trees, wondering what she ought to do, or could. At first she thought of calling up father; but she remembered mother's warning to

trouble him as little as possible with home affairs, and she had already told on me once that morning. So she went slowly back into the house and upstairs to her room, where she lay down on the bed. It did not seem worth while to her to do anything more.

Perhaps mother was dying, gone! Maybe it was the punishment for her own wickedness in writing those false letters and being so cross to me when mother had begged her to be very patient. She did not seem to be able to pray any more, but just lay there, tired out, and waiting for whatever awful thing might befall. Her spirit seemed like a piece of elastic which has been stretched and stretched until at last all the spring is out of it and it is flabby and broken and useless. She almost thought she would lie there till night, with her hair uncombed and her clothes thrown about; and when dinner-time came, just throw on a wrapper and come down as she was and go to cooking, like Mrs. Brown, across the way, who never has her work "done up" and is always a sight to be seen.

And then she fell to thinking of mother, and how nice and neat she always kept herself around the house, no matter how she felt; and before she knew it she was off the bed and braiding up her hair, and putting on her fresh lawn dress that she had ironed. It was the white lawn with little green sprigs, and soft lace folds at the neck, and lace in the sleeves that reached only to the elbows, that mother had made the summer before. And it didn't make any difference which way Ruth turned, everything she saw, and every piece of furniture, reminded her of mother; and her heart was torn with the fear that never again might those dear hands touch them. The pillows on the bamboo couch out on the porch, the pretty netted hammock, a mesh of yellow and green, with its deep flounce, had been made by mother's hands; and mother had planted the climbing rose that all summer long curtained off the

sunshine there and unfolded its white buds, and the begonia that grew beside the steps and climbed over the porch roof, all covered with tiny coral blossoms, like drops of blood.

But Ruth for a time put by all her troubles and her fears as she bent over her work. She was writing one of those letters telling about Paris and the Exposition. Although she always dreaded beginning one of them, as soon as she was fairly at work upon it she found it as interesting as a magazine story; for she could not go over the accounts of the wonderful way in which a city inside of a city had been built up in Paris in so short a time, and look at the pictures of the beautiful things that had been brought from all parts of the world, without getting fairly on fire with pride and gladness that the world should be such a splendid place, with so many splendid people in it.

But there was one thing she always stuck to in those letters, and that was the truth. She herself might be acting a lie in writing them, but she was bound the letters themselves should be honest and true. So she never made up anything as happening to herself, never told of where she had gone or what people said to her, never mentioned Aunt Lucinda or Cousin Juliet; so that uncle wondered and wondered to find a young girl could forget herself so, and seem all wrapped up in the greater things around her.

Ruth was deep in this letter, describing some of the fine things in the California exhibit when she heard the rattle of wheels, and the Cameron carriage stopped at our gate. A young man leaped out and gave his hand to Eleanor, who sprang lightly down beside him. Ruth folded up her letter, forgetting it was not finished or signed, and put it in the envelope she had ready, all addressed to Uncle Ned, and put this, again, in the envelope addressed to Juliet. And somebody picked it up and mailed it afterward, without telling her. Before they were halfway up

the walk she saw that the young man was her Walter, of the Dickens party; and wasn't she glad she was all clean and fresh and nice, and fit to receive them!

"My brother Hugh!" cried Eleanor. "That was the surprise I had for you, but you went off before I could tell you how he surprised *us* by writing he was coming home."

And Ruth knew this was the young doctor, home from finishing his course in the big medical college down East. She had always been shy of young men; but, partly because in the merrymaking of the night before she had become acquainted with him, and partly because she was under such a strain about mother that all other troubles seemed mighty small, she found herself talking freely with him, and didn't notice the puzzled look on his face when he first greeted her. He had noticed the books and papers and pen and ink.

"My sister has been telling me about you and your studies, Miss Ruth," he said; "and I think you're wonderfully industrious."

Ruth tried to deny it, for she could not bear to be praised for anything connected with those letters; but he wouldn't have it, and went on:

"I have brought with me a lot of dry old medical works to study; but I can do nothing but loaf around and look at the flowers and the mountains and smell the good salt scent of the sea. Santa Barbara was made for play, not work. I'll wager that brother of yours thinks so."

"Oh, I don't see what boys were ever made for!" burst out Ruth—remembering the trouble I'd caused her all day,—which made them laugh.

"Just what my sister used always to be saying about me!" remarked Dr. Hugh; and Ruth was conscious she had said a pretty rude thing to a man who hadn't quite got through being a boy himself.

Then Ruth had to explain a few of her troubles with me, if you please!

"We're always afraid he'll blow himself up on the Fourth, even when mother is here," she said. "And he's made such an awful beginning this year,—blown the chicken-house all to pieces!"

"Don't you worry about the youngster. An American boy can't grow up a proper patriot without a few little experiences of that sort," said Dr. Hugh. "I used to be something of a handful to manage at this time of year; eh, Eleanor?"

"A handful! You kept everybody's hands full!" replied his sister.

"But father will be home all day to-morrow, at any rate," said Ruth, brightening. "I can't seem to control Rob at all. I don't believe I understand boys."

"Few girls do, or, for that matter, few women," said Dr. Hugh, rather seriously.

It was on Ruth's tongue to tell them the latest cause for worry I was giving her; but she bethought herself it mightn't be interesting to her callers, so she began to talk about more pleasant subjects.

"Are you going to open an office and practise here, Dr. Cameron?" she asked.

"Oh, no, not yet a while!" said the young man. "Of course I have my degree, and I suppose that if I were to begin practising, and went very carefully, I might not kill a great many people before I began to be actually of some help in the world. But I want to learn a great deal more and have some hospital experience before I can be the sort of doctor I mean to be."

They were still chatting when Eleanor started up.

"What's that strange procession coming up the street?" she exclaimed.

A mob of boys—very still, all of them—were coming slowly up the road. In their midst could be seen the heads and shoulders of two men.

"They're carrying something. What can it be?" said Eleanor, getting excited. "It's a man. No: it's a boy,—a dead boy!"

It was a dead boy, drowned in the surf, that they were carrying, and they were bringing him straight to our gate.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"Erasmus against War," with an introduction by Prof. Mackail, forms the second volume of "The Humanist's Library."

—Fourteen manuscripts of Paganini, one of them being the Third Concerto, were recently discovered among the archives of the city of Perosa.

—The long-expected memoir of Manning by Father Kent, O. S. C., the one best qualified to write the Life of the great Cardinal—on which another made an attempt,—is announced for publication this year.

—The Catholic daily, the probable founding of which in Quebec we announced some time ago, has appeared. It is called *L'Action Sociale*, and begins its career under the patronage of Pius X. and with the cordial approbation of Archbishop Begin.

—Some of the features of the new Public Library of New York are notable. The stack-room, for the storage of books, is almost one hundred yards long, and twenty-six yards wide; it is made up of seven floors, each two and a half yards high. This stack-room contains sixty-three linear miles of shelving, a little more than two-thirds the shelving of the whole building. Allowing ten volumes of ordinary thickness to a linear foot, the library will have a capacity of three and a half million books.

—Miss Ella Loraine Dorsey, favorably known to oldtime readers of THE AVE MARIA as a charming writer, is credited by the *Indian Sentinel* with being the leading spirit in the Women's Auxiliary Branch of the Marquette League, of Washington, D. C. She has recently rendered notable assistance by visiting the Blackfeet Reservation in Montana, and minutely reporting on the many indignities inflicted upon the missionaries and the Catholics of that Reservation by the present agent and by the superintendent of the Government school.

—The relations of the late Francis Thompson, poet and journalist, to the distinguished London coterie who became his friends, are the subject of a noteworthy article, appearing in *Harper's Weekly*, by C. Lewis Hind, former editor of the London *Academy*. Mr. Hind offers very intimate information concerning this poet's unique genius and personality, and the charm he exercised over such men as George Meredith, Henley, and Coventry Patmore. The favored meeting-place for them all was the London house of Mr. Wilfrid Meynell, to whom the

Academy's editor gives the credit for the discovery of "a great genius." It seems probable that the biography of Francis Thompson, which the son of Mrs. Alice Meynell is engaged upon, will have as its nucleus the autobiography which a year ago the poet himself told Mr. Hind he had begun.

—"One of our best-informed and most interesting guides to current literature" quotes, with apparent approval, the reply of a reviewer to the representative of a well-known publishing house, who had complained of the severity of one of the reviewer's criticisms, saying that it was likely to injure the sale of the book. "That is exactly what the intention was," replied the writer of the notice. It seems to us that a surer way to "kill off" very discreditable books and to discourage the production of others is to ignore them altogether. One thing is certain—the sale of immoral books is promoted by any reference to them whatever. Certain publishers are quite indifferent whether their productions are praised or denounced; they complain only when nothing is said. Silence on the part of reviewers is what injures the sale of books, and no amount of advertising can offset it. "Say something—say anything you like," once wrote a secular publisher whom we had informed that we could not notice an expensive but offensive book he had sent to us. Wise in their generation are the publishers. Like the actresses they know that one inch of reading matter is worth more than an acre of advertising.

—There have been so many inquirers for the excellent series of booklets written or edited by the Rev. Father Hull, S. J., and so much difficulty in securing copies of them, that we append a complete list, repeating the statement already made that they are for sale in this country by Mr. B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo.: "Studies in Idolatry," discussing the meaning of idolatry from various points of view, Christian and non-Christian, and especially in relation to the Hindu religion. "Fortifying the Layman," dealing with the problem how to fortify the layman against the anti-religious influences of his surroundings and to maintain his faith by creating interest in religion. "Theosophy and Christianity," which deals with ethical ideas, the personality of God, the problem of evil, Karma and Reincarnation. "Devotion to the Sacred Heart," dealing with devotion in general; devotion to Christ Our Lord; to the Sacred Heart; private revelations; the revelations to Blessed Margaret Mary; the promises; the

Twelfth Promise; various ways of explaining it, etc. "The Writings of Marie Corelli Analyzed and Criticised." "What the Catholic Church is and what She Teaches," being a short guide for inquiring Protestants. "Walled-up Nuns and other Curiosities Contained in Scott's 'Marmion.'" "Two Articles on Freemasonry and the Catholic Objections against It."

—The death of Edmund Clarence Stedman, at the age of seventy-four, removes from the world of American letters one who, at least since the death of Lowell, was generally acknowledged to be our most notable poet and critic. The contemporary of Stoddard and Aldrich, rather than of Whittier, Holmes, Emerson, Lowell, and Longfellow, Mr. Stedman maintained the best traditions of English poetry, while giving due place to that spirit of modernity which is perhaps too insistent in the work of present-day singers, both English and American. Besides a number of volumes of poems, he published three critical works: "The Victorian Poets," "The Poets of America," and "The Nature and Elements of Poetry"; and added to his literary output the two well-known books, "A Victorian Anthology" and "An American Anthology." Like Samuel Rogers, of "Pleasures of Memory" fame, Stedman was both poet and banker. For thirty-five years he was a member of the New York Stock Exchange, giving up his seat only eight years ago.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

"Converts to Rome." D. J. Scannell-O'Neill. \$1.

"History of the Books of the New Testament."

E. Jacquier. Authorized Translation by the Rev. J. Duggan. \$2, net.

"A Tuscan Penitent." Father Cuthbert. \$1.10, net.

"Procedure at the Roman Curia." Very Rev. Nicholas Hilling, D. D. \$1.75.

"The Catholic Sunday School: Some Suggestions on its Aim, Work, and Management." Rev. Bernard Feeney. \$1.

"The Spiritual Conferences of St. Francis de Sales." \$1.80, net.

"The Blind Sisters of St. Paul." Maurice de la Sizeranne. \$2, net.

"The Story of Ellen." Rosa Mulholland. \$1.50, net.

"What is Most Worth Caring About." L. J. Walker, S. J. 30 cts.

"The Secret of the Green Vase." Frances Cooke. \$1.25.

"The Life of St. Jerome." Fray José de Sigüenza. \$3.50.

"Quivira." Harrison Conrard. \$1.50.

"The Bond of Perfection." Rev. P. M. Northcote, O. S. M. 60 cts., net.

"A Review of Hamlet." George H. Miles. \$1.10.

"A Colonel from Wyoming." J. A. H. Cameron. \$1.35.

"The Return of Mary O'Murrough." Rosa Mulholland. \$1.25.

"The Life of Christ." Mgr. E. Le Camus. Vol. II. \$1.50, net.

"The Immortality of the Human Soul." George Fell, S. J. \$1.35, net.

"Véra's Charge." Christian Reid. \$1.50.

"Arethusa." F. Marion Crawford. \$1.50.

"In the Harbor of Hope." Mary Elizabeth Blake. \$1.25.

"Madame Rose Lummis." Delia Gleeson. \$1.25, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Anthony Abel, of the diocese of Wichita; and Rev. Paulinus Dissez, S. S.

Brother Anthony, C. S. C.

Sister Thecla, of the Sisters of St. Joseph; and Sister M. Junilla and Sister M. Laurian Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Mr. James Kent, Mr. Jacob Wenz, Miss Margaret Larkin, Mrs. Mary Ill, Mr. James Kane, Miss Anna Dickson, Mrs. Bridget Morgan, Mrs. Mary Greenan, Mr. H. P. Jackson, Mr. Charles Corriston, Mrs. Margaret Burke, Mr. P. J. Quigley, Mrs. Katherine Sherlock, Mrs. Bridget McDonough, Mr. Carl Holland, Mrs. Jennie Soisson, Mrs. Catherine Doyle, Mrs. M. J. Cunningham, Mr. Albert Rauch, Mr. George Halter, Mrs. Edward Moran, Mr. John Himbert, Mrs. Bridget Hennessy, Mrs. Margaret Rogers, Mr. Charles Grisdale, Mr. Anton Sausen, Miss Nellie McDonough, Mr. Edward McDonough, and Mr. Francis Rath.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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O Clemens! O Pia!

BY AUSTIN V. REILLY.

HEART all tenderness, Madonna fair!
The troubled soul has yet to call to thee,
Through mist of tears—dark side of dawn
to be,—

To find unpitied and in vain its prayer.
Dear eyes, in dews of sorrow, pleading there;
With mother-love astir, look down on me,
And, with new grace, my heart's inconstancy
Transmute to golden service everywhere.

So that, when dusk shall still the restless day,
And human pleadings, then no longer mine,
Become as ending echoes, vague and dim,
As needs outlived, forever put away,—
Those eyes with recognition then may shine,
And that remembrance touch the Heart
of Him!

Antonio Rosmini-Serbati.

ALMOST since the beginning of the Christian era Italy has produced men and women eminent for sanctity and learning, and has been especially prolific in giving birth to founders of religious Orders. Not the least of these was Rosmini, who, besides being a holy priest, was famous for his polemical philosophy and a master in the art of spirituality.

The Rosminian Fathers were the first itinerant missionaries to attempt the evangelization of England since Catholicity had been placed under the ban by

the cruel and infamous laws of Henry the Eighth and his daughter Queen Elizabeth. But it is in Italy that the influence of these Fathers of Charity has been and is still most deeply felt, both in raising the educational and spiritual level of the clergy and in the promotion of Catholic education and literature.

Antonio Rosmini-Serbati was born at Rovereto in the Tyrol, on the eve of the Feast of the Annunciation, in 1797. His parents were of noble birth and most excellent Christians. From his earliest years he was noted for the intelligence of his mind and the sweetness of his disposition. Charity and piety were virtues that soon developed in his innocent soul; his devoted mother fostered them in every way, and taught her children often to sacrifice innocent pleasures and deny themselves luxuries for the sanctification of their souls and the love of God.

The Bible was his first reading book; he drank in its sublime truths with an eagerness and appreciation marvellous in one so young. He made his classical studies in the public schools of Rovereto, where the powers of his mind were fully appreciated, and many predictions made as to the greatness of his future career. His love of goodness and holiness kept pace with his intellectual advancement.

At the age of fifteen we find him gathering some of his fellow-students into a little society, which held their meetings at his father's house,—love of study and a Christian life being the only requisite for admission. At the monthly meetings each member was expected to

read some literary contribution of his own. These earnest and admirable young men called themselves Vannettians, after Clementino Vannetti, a writer greatly admired in Rovereto, and had for patron St. Aloysius. Thus their title was a perpetual reminder that they should cultivate pure Latin and Italian; and the choice of patron one that must enable them to lead pure lives, ennobling their studies by their union with virtue and piety. This society was the incipient foundation of the greater apostolate which was later to become the life-work of Antonio Rosmini. It is not strange, then, that all his desires led him toward the priesthood.

In 1814, when he was seventeen years old, Antonio made known his wishes to his family,—a revelation which created surprise and consternation among his relatives. There were two sons in the family, of whom Antonio was the elder, as he was also the stronger, the more clever, and in every way the more fitted to be the head of the noble house. Vainly did his father represent to him that he would upset all the calculations that had been made in his regard, should he persist in this resolution. He who had formerly been all meekness and compliance now became firm as a rock. His sentiments on the subject were clearly expressed in a letter written at this time to his friend, Bartolomeo Menotti. He says:

"I have made up my mind to become a priest; and to give up all I have in order to buy a treasure which neither rust nor moth can consume, nor thieves break through and steal. I mean, with the help of God, to make use of such little learning as I possess in the work of instructing others. Could there be a more beautiful task? My physical powers shall also be pressed into the service, and my worldly means employed in promoting science and relieving the poor. These resolutions are dictated not by reason only but by my heart."

These were mature and beautiful reflections for a youth of seventeen. They

outline perfectly the aim of his life, as well as what that life eventually became.

Seeing him immovable, his father gave way; and then set about providing some means by which his son could pursue his higher studies. No facilities for these existed at Rovereto; his family did not wish to part with him any sooner than could be helped; his father therefore engaged a learned and pious priest as master to Antonio. After two years spent under this tutelage, the young man went to Trent for the examination held at the Imperial Academy, which he passed with great distinction. Fond as he was of literature and the sciences, he continued to think of both as objects to be used in the attainment of the one great end he had in view. He lost nothing of his piety during these years: on the contrary, he had no relish for anything that was not seasoned by the love of God. "One drop of moral goodness," he was wont to say, "is more to me than a whole sea of human knowledge."

Surrounded as he was by an atmosphere of love and family affection, his way nevertheless was not destitute of thorns. His designs were vast, and his studies required a larger scope than could be found in an obscure country town, to which a mistaken love had condemned him. In some respects he was still treated like a child, though he had nearly attained the full years of manhood. While appreciating the motive, his spirit fretted under the yoke: he longed for the freedom which was his due, and without which he could never hope to accomplish his desires. Finally, he induced his father to permit him to enter the University of Padua, where he made great progress in his studies and entered into several friendships which lasted during his life. He remained at Padua three years, at the end of which he should have taken minor orders. But the diocese to which he belonged was at that time without a bishop, and for some reason, probably with the lingering hope that such depri-

vation might change his purpose, his father did not furnish him with the necessary patrimony. Indeed, all through his years of study, Antonio had been kept on very short allowance, which was often a source of great mortification and regret to his generous heart, always overflowing with love for the poor. Fully two years elapsed between his return home and his reception of the subdiaconate.

Meanwhile he resumed his life of piety and good works, laying aside profane studies almost entirely. One great work of charity—not sought by him but placed in his hands by Providence, says his biographer—"was the literary and scientific training of some clerics in the neighborhood, who had requested his assistance. They assembled at his house every day for a class of philosophy, every evening for theological conferences on the *Summa* of St. Thomas, and once a week for a lesson in sacred eloquence. He even undertook the irksome task of translating the *Summa* into Italian for their convenience, and his translation of a number of the 'Questions' is still in existence. It is a remarkable fact that while the study of St. Thomas was generally neglected in the Italian schools, a cleric of Rovereto should have begun to revive it amongst the younger clergy of the neighborhood."*

In 1820 Antonio's father died, and he was now the head of the family. As the elder son, he had been left the bulk of the property, which enabled him to carry on his work of charity, much to the dissatisfaction of his brother Giuseppe, who was a fractious and eccentric invalid. But his sister, Margherita Rosmini, was in full accord with his ideas. She had long been desirous of establishing an orphan asylum at Rovereto, a sum of money having been left for that purpose

by a priest named Andrea Vannetti; her brother now came to her assistance, and the asylum became an accomplished fact.

About this time Antonio also attempted another good work. He had long observed the evil influence of irreligious and immoral books and the eagerness and success with which the wicked employ these methods in corrupting their fellowmen. He resolved to establish a printing press and a society for the distribution of sound doctrinal works. Although this first attempt failed for want of co-operators, later it was to bear good fruit. At the same time his private charities were numerous and notable. They extended to all classes of persons and all manner of needs. Thus did he prepare his soul for the reception of the priesthood, which was granted him on Holy Saturday, 1821.

The years which had immediately preceded his ordination had been a grand preparation for the sacred office; those which immediately followed it were a preparation for the establishment of the Institute of Charity. With his ordination came a change. Where formerly he was full of ardor for outside works that would benefit his neighbor, he now began to distrust the generous impulses which had hitherto led him to labor for others. He did not think himself a success as a founder or originator, and resolved henceforth that, while he would never refuse any office of charity when presented to him by the hand of Providence, he would initiate nothing.

It is evident that God wished him to prepare himself by prayer and study for the great work he was to do in the future, and permitted him thus to retire from good works to which he had formerly given body and soul. Father Rosmini had always believed that study was one of the greatest obligations of a priest, and he therefore applied himself to it and to prayer as his paramount duties, until God should be pleased to indicate to him some other field for his activities. He

* "The Life of Antonio Rosmini-Serbatì."

Translated from the Italian of the Rev. G. B. Pagani, Provincial of the Institute of Charity in Italy. London: George Routledge & Sons, Limited.

was as profuse as before, however, in his private charities, which he conducted in a manner that concealed his benefactions from all but their recipients. During this period he visited Rome for the first time, in company with the Patriarch of Venice; but while he appreciated and enjoyed all that he saw there, he was glad to return to Rovereto and his beloved studies.

While still a mere youth he had shown an extraordinary taste for philosophy; at Padua he had contemplated the restoration of the sciences, and had planned an encyclopedia which should show the harmony between revealed and natural truth. The result of his studies in political science was a voluminous work in thirteen books, subsequently rearranged so as to form three distinct works—viz., “The Primary Cause of the Stability or the Ruin of Human Societies,” “Society and Its End,” and “The Natural Constitution of Civil Society.” Nor had he forsaken literature: he wrote an annotation of the *Divina Commedia*.

In 1821, the Marchesa Canossa had invited Antonio Rosmini to found an Order of priests similar to her own Institute of the Daughters of Charity; but he did not feel any call to the work, and so declined it. Four years later, however, he became impressed with the conviction that such an Order would be agreeable to God, and that he might be the instrument of Providence in this regard. Accordingly he wrote to the Marchesa that he had never lost sight of her project, and was now considering it, with this difference: that he thought it should be a society of priests, not of laymen. He then laid his design before her in detail. This occurred after an interval of passivity, constituting (although he was not aware of it) a period of preparation, which, after another interval of prayer and recollection, was to be crystallized into a noble work of activity for the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

Under these influences it followed in the order of events that Father Rosmini must soon leave Rovereto. He decided to take up his abode at Milan, where he enjoyed a sweet tranquillity of life to which he had long been a stranger at home, owing to the discontent and eccentricities of his brother. During his sojourn in this city he made many valuable acquaintances, and founded some lifelong friendships, among which was that of Manzoni. The Lombard writer had read Rosmini’s “Christian Education,” and pronounced it worthy of the early Christian ages.

We shall not follow at any great length his experiences as a metaphysical or political writer, our interest being chiefly with the religious and philanthropic side of his career. Since that day in 1825 when the idea of the formation of the Institute of Charity had taken hold of his heart, it had never left it. He had fallen into a low state of health, and was debarred from study; but this weakness became to him an evidence that he must go on with the work; and his resolution once taken, he lost no time in putting it into execution. Although of frugal and ascetic habits, he had all his life been accustomed to refinement of living, warmth and comfort. But now, in a feeble state of health, yet full of confidence in God, Father Rosmini left Milan on the 18th of February, 1828, for Monte Calvario, near Domodossola, an Alpine region, there to lead a life of poverty in an uncomfortable abode.

Monte Calvario is a cone-shaped hill, standing about three hundred feet above the plain. In the seventeenth century it had been dedicated to the Passion of our Saviour, and had been frequented as a place of pilgrimage. A beautiful church was there erected, as also a house for the resident priest. But it had fallen under the despoiling hand of the French Revolution; and when Father Rosmini took up his abode there, it was not in any respect the earthly paradise it afterward became.

Father Rosmini was not acting blindly in his decision to go to Monte Calvario. It was a retired spot, where he and the companions he had chosen could prepare themselves for their future mission; it had long been dedicated to the Passion of our Blessed Redeemer, which Father Rosmini wished to be the chief devotion of the new society. Space will not permit us to describe the trials and disappointments which at first presented themselves, the usual signs of God's favor when a new work of piety or charity is organized. After he had been a short time at Calvario, Father Rosmini again paid a visit to Rome, to solicit the approbation of the Holy Father, and also to publish his erudite and remarkable essay, "Nuovo Saggio," and his "Maxims of Christian Perfection," a little book which, though simple, brings new light to the mind as often as it is read. It contains the spirit and ascetic principles of the Institute of Charity.

While staying at Turin he became acquainted with the Abbé de Lamennais, then a most ardent defender of the Papal rights. At that time hardly any one would have predicted that he would so soon have fallen into apostasy and died without the consolations of religion. Yet on their very first interview Father Rosmini mistrusted his fidelity, and remarked to his friend, Count Mellerio: "That man fills me with alarm. He is ruled by pride. I fear he will fall."

While Father Rosmini was in Rome, Pius VII. died. Pius VIII., his successor, was even more favorable to the Institute. He urged Rosmini to begin in a small way, and not to undertake too much until the work was fully established. He advised him first to present the Constitution of the society to the Bishop of his own diocese, obtain his approbation, and then send it to Rome. At the same time he laid the injunction upon him to continue writing; "for," said his Holiness, "in these days men must be led more by reason than by external means."

Meanwhile his "Nuovo Saggio" was introduced into various seminaries and monasteries, though it met with great opposition, as it does still from the shallow-minded and others who wish to pass for philosophers. The Jesuits, on the contrary, received it cordially. But Father Rosmini was not elated; he had no illusions about the triumph of the doctrines the work contained. He placed his confidence in God, and in Time—the faithful servant of Providence in the execution of His designs.

(Conclusion next week.)

Exiled from Erin.

VII.—GETTING ACQUAINTED.

"WELL, my girl!" exclaimed Malone in his peculiarly disagreeable falsetto voice, which jarred upon Ellie's ears whenever she heard it. "I guess you must be pretty hungry. Fall to,—fall to, Ellie. We're not very stylish here, but neither are yourselves. Still, we're not behind in the matter of good victuals, when I can help it. Fill up the soup plates, Jule!"

"Yes, I am hungry," rejoined Ellie, beginning to eat her soup.

"Where's the beer? You forgot the beer, Jule," said the master of the house, after the first pangs of hunger had been assuaged with great gulps of soup.

"No, I didn't forget it, neither," answered the old woman testily, getting on her feet; "but I think it's the least you might do to bring it in from the bar when you're coming."

"I would if I recollected it," replied Malone; "but I don't. It won't hurt your old bones to stir about a bit. In fact, it's good for them, Jule."

Taking an empty lard bucket from the shelf above the stove, with many a grunt, Jule left the kitchen, separated only by a narrow passage from the barroom. When she returned she took three

cracked cups from the cupboard and, placing them on the table, began to pour out the beer.

"What did I tell you about putting beer in teacups!" cried Malone, angrily. "Don't you know I always like my beer in a tumbler? Fetch them down, and remember what I say in future."

"Very stylish you are!" answered Jule. "What's the difference?"

But she replaced the cups and substituted the glasses.

"I'll take none of it," said Ellie.

"Oh, do now!" pleaded Jule. "'Twill set you up after your journey. You must be greatly fatigued."

"I don't know the taste of it," said the girl, quietly but firmly; "and I can do very well without it."

"Don't force her," said Malone, draining his glass. "The liking for beer isn't formed in a day. To them that don't know the taste, its very bitter; but I tell you there's nothing more healthy or stimulating or good for the stomach than a glass of beer now and again. But," he continued, pouring out another draught for himself, "there are those that never take to it, and I'm not forcing anybody to drink it. Make the girl a cup of tea, Jule, and be spry about it."

"Oh, no, no!" remonstrated Ellie, laying her hand on the old woman's arm. "Don't make her leave her dinner for me. Afterward, I'd be thankful for a cup."

Jule cast a grateful glance upon her and resumed her dinner, which, after the soup, consisted of the meat of which it had been made, with boiled potatoes, and tomatoes heated in the can and placed upon the table just as they were. Ellie had never eaten the latter vegetable, and did not relish it.

"Never mind, never mind!" said her uncle. "The liking for tomatoes comes, like that for beer, by degrees. But it does come most generally. There is plenty of good bread and butter; eat all you want of that."

The bread was chalky and crumbly;

the butter, however, was fresh and sweet, the best she had tasted since she left her mother. Ellie felt hungry and ate with a good appetite.

As they sat, a continuous noise in the passage, as of feet going and returning, caused her to ask Malone what it meant.

"Oh, those are the boys and girls in the building coming for beer!"

"Where?" inquired Ellie.

"To the barroom," answered her uncle. "We do a pretty good business, and there's always dregs left, and a little in every keg at the end. We put them all together and sell them cheap,—three quarts for a dime, sometimes two for five. It makes a good relish with meals."

"The children don't drink it?" questioned Ellie, in surprise.

"Indeed they do," was the reply. "They get it for their mothers, of course, but they all drink it. 'Tis very healthful; it doesn't hurt them a particle."

Ellie was silent, too much horrified to answer. But greater horror and surprise awaited her. After a slight pause, she remarked:

"You have two pretty little children, uncle. Their curly heads looked so much alike in the bed, I couldn't tell whether they were boys or girls?"

"A boy and a girl," answered Malone. "Poor creatures! they're badly wanting a mother's care, though Jule does the best she can for them."

"Is their mother long dead?" asked Ellie.

"She's not dead at all," said Malone.

"Oh, I thought you were a widower!" rejoined Ellie, astonished.

"Better for me if I was," he replied. "The wife was no good,—never any good. How she put the 'comether' over me I don't know, but she did it,—making out she was fond of me, because she was down on her luck and wanted a home. The brazenest girl in the world was that same Molly Collopy; and I knew it, too, when I married her. She went away from me twice before this,—once with a

minstrel, a song and dance man, when Jamesie was a baby. She came back in two or three months, crying for the child and begging my forgiveness. Then I did what no self-respecting man ought ever to do: I took her in again. The minstrel man got tired of her, and that's why she came back. The second time she left me in the lurch for the sake of my bar-keeper, a good-looking mulatto boy, and that spell lasted a year or more. This time she's off with a Chinaman; and if she ever comes around these premises again, I'll shoot her on the spot, even if I hang for it. And she knows it; never fear, she'll not come."

Ellie could not speak. Every moment she realized more fully the depths of the depravity surrounding her. But she was to become still more enlightened. As the silence grew embarrassing, she said at last:

"I pity the poor little children."

"And well you may," replied Malone. "But I'll take them out of here one of these days. And that sooner than you think, maybe, if all goes well, as I'm hoping. The Bend is no place to bring up children. But what can a poor man do till he gets a start?"

"What a queer time for them to be sleeping so soundly in the middle of the day!" remarked Ellie. "Are they not well, uncle?"

"They have colds," said Jule. "And they were so cross both of them that I gave them a couple of glasses of beer and they fell asleep. There's nothing like beer for a cold. I heated it with the poker, and put a bit of sugar in. They like it. I left the can on the box beside the bed, and told Jamesie to stretch out his hand for it if either of them woke up and felt thirsty. They'll be all right when they've slept their fill."

Poor Ellie! Her limbs grew cold. She glanced at her uncle; he was calmly draining his third glass of beer. She felt herself growing faint and rose from the table.

"I feel ill," she said in a low voice.

"Oh, if I could only have a breath of fresh air!"

"Come outside," said Malone, really alarmed at her pallor. Seizing her hand, he drew her through the corridor and into the court, dark, gloomy, ill-lighted and malodorous. For a moment she stood there, gasping in spite of her youth, robust health, and courageous heart,—on the very verge of hysteria, a complaint utterly unknown to her uncle or herself. But the strong soul that was in her conquered.

"I am feeling better," she said after a moment. "Let us go in."

Malone looked at her apprehensively. Was the girl going to be ill, he wondered, or was she only a trifle homesick? At any rate, it was his policy to be kind to her.

"Everything is strange to you, Ellie," he said, when she had again seated herself; "and it's only natural you are a little lonely. Small wonder you'd feel strange in a big city like this; so different from what you're used to. Go away and put on your hat; we'll ride up to the Park and see the green trees and the animals in the Zoo. 'Twill divert your mind, my girl. And once you know the way, you can go up in the cars any day you like with the children. I didn't bring you out to this country to be a drudge, Ellie. Don't think it. You're to get fine clothes, if you haven't them; and I'll be taking your advice about suits for Jamesie and Mamie. Go into the room, Ellie, and settle your hair and get ready. I'll be with you in a minute."

Without a word, Ellie went into the bedroom, put on her hat, and taking her carefully folded blue veil from the bag, pinned it about her head. She did not feel equal to combing her hair. When she re-entered the kitchen, Jule had a cup of tea ready. It was tasteless but hot, and Ellie sipped it eagerly. When she had finished, her uncle reappeared, carrying a jaunty cane and bearing about him an odor of strong perfume, which

disgusted his companion. It suggested decayed cabbage.

"Come on now: we'll have a nice ride in the cars," he said.

Bidding Jule good-bye, Ellie followed him through the dark entry to the street. Children obstructed the two steps which led from the sidewalk. They scattered at the approach of the landlord. Next door a mulatto stood in front of a barber shop. He grinned at the girl as she passed. She blushed painfully and looked at her uncle. But he held his head high in air, regardless of all but his own thoughts. They must have been pleasant, for his face wore a satisfied smile.

At the door of a Chinese laundry stood an old Mongolian in blue blouse and baggy trousers, his hair in the traditional queue. Ellie had never before seen a Chinaman in the flesh, though she was somewhat familiar with them in picture-books. Somehow, the sight of him did not affect her as unpleasantly as that of the mulatto. That may have been because there was nothing bold or disrespectful in his glance. In fact, his wrinkled face wore a rather benevolent expression. If Ellie had been familiar with Bret Harte's poem, she might have characterized it as "childlike and bland."

Sudden'y Malone's gaze descended to earth.

"Hello, John!" he said.

"Hello, Misser Malone!" replied the Chinaman.

"I hear they're going to tear your place down, John."

"Yes, Misser Malone. Velly bad; no like it. No like to move."

"Never mind. If you go up a block or two on the street, you'll go up a step in the world as well. That's what I'm trying to do myself."

"Maybe," said the Chinaman. "Velly much trouble to move. I no like it."

Malone waved his hand patronizingly, and they passed on.

"I spoke to that yellow man so you could see the kind of gentleman Molly left

me for. Isn't he handsome, I ask you?"

"He hasn't a bad-looking face, uncle," she said. "He seems a kind old man."

Malone laughed a short, harsh laugh.

"You seem to be friendly to all sorts," he said. "But, to tell the truth, John Ping is a decent Chinaman,—a prince and a king to some of them I know, though he keeps an opium joint running all the time behind the laundry."

"What is that, uncle?" inquired Ellie.

"If you don't know, you needn't be the wiser," rejoined Malone, lifting his finger to signal to the conductor of a car that was passing.

Her uncle hurled her forward, the conductor dragged her up the steps, and Ellie found herself standing, as in the morning, in a sweltering crowd of unwashed humanity. It seemed to the girl a very long time till she began to catch sight of a green expanse in the distance. Her heart swelled with delight. Ten minutes more and they had arrived at Central Park.

(To be continued.)

The Winter Robin.

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

WHEN winds are cold and the chilled earth is bleak,

And clouds, like fallen angels of despair,

Trail with their leaden wings the heavy air,

Then do I hear thee in the distance speak!

What cheery sermons thou dost gently wreak

On the hushed winter; and how debonair

Thy lyric scorn of all the needless care

That daunts with doubt the souls of mortals weak!

Ah, soul of mine! when winter of Old Age

Traces the withered brow with wrinkles sere,

And whites with snow the head and dims the eyes,

How sweet to hear, though storms and tempests rage,

The calm heart singing songs of deathless cheer
Sure of the Apriltide of paradise!

A Pilgrim Convert in Italy.

BY JOHANNES JÖRGENSEN.

V.—CORTONA. ON THE WAY TO MOUNT ALVERNA.

LOOKED at from below, Cortona presents a very pleasing aspect, with St. Margaret's Church standing out conspicuously on the highest point. It is a modern structure, but built in an old style of architecture of black and white marble. The town is, however, unclean and full of beggars and idlers.

Soon after midday I set out for Celle. It is one of the very oldest settlements of the Franciscan Order. The day was warm; a hot haze brooded over the wide valley of Chiesa, marked out as it was into vineyards, dotted about with cypresses, intersected by white roads. Blue mountains rose in the distance. I heard the cuckoo's cry, and gay butterflies flitted past me.

At present the monastery of Celle (the Cells) is inhabited by Capuchin friars, and popular parlance has given their name to the locality. One must not ask in Cortona the way to Celle: one must ask the way to *I Cappuccini*. It struck me as one of the most peculiar, fantastic spots I had ever visited.

At the bottom of a deep fissure in Monte Sant' Egidio, rushes a turbulent river, spanned in several places by stone bridges with bold arches. The old convent, situated on both sides of the chasm, consists of a small number of scattered houses, rising one above another on different shelves of rock, having gardens in which the friars may be seen walking about or working busily. Everywhere are steps, balustrades, terraces, gable-ends, bell-turrets, trees; and on the eminence above rises a forest of ilexes and dark, pointed cypresses.

The zigzag path, roughly paved with large, uneven slabs of stone, leads down to the bottom of the chasm, where you

cross one of the bridges beneath which the greenish waters of the rapid river rush noisily, to ascend again on the opposite side, till at last you come to an open greensward, the space before the monastery where stands the traditional cross. The entrance to the church and to the house are under the projecting roof of a rather low lean-to, in one corner of which is a stone table surrounded by stone benches. I am told these are for the accommodation of the inhabitants of Cortona, who make excursions thither on Sundays, provided with luncheon baskets.

The most noteworthy thing about Celle is its peculiar situation; for there are not many reminiscences of St. Francis there. A black-bearded Capuchin wearing spectacles, with particularly regular, white teeth, showed me the little that there is to be seen,—the cell where St. Francis used to pray: a cold, damp, dismal room, with one loophole of a window looking out over the brawling river and the naked rock. One of the walls was decorated with a painting of the Madonna in Byzantine style.

Then I left Celle. It had begun to rain. A mechanic, with whom I entered into conversation by the way, took me by a short cut across the mountain to St. Margaret's Church. We were wet through when we got there; it was already almost quite dark in the church. The kindly, brown-habited Franciscans were most cordial in their reception of us; they did what they could for us, and showed us everything: here was the cell of St. Margaret, which in her time stood on the bare, rocky hill above the town; there hung the crucifix which spoke to her; there again, on the back of her sarcophagus over the high altar, was her portrait, painted by Pietro da Cortona,—a faithful representation of her body after death, exactly as it still remains uncorrupt unto this day. Could we see her remains? No indeed; no one is allowed to do that. The municipal authorities of Cortona have had a lock put on the

shrine, and will not give up the key. Quite recently a visitor came with a letter of recommendation from Cardinal Ferrari; but it availed him nothing: he had to go back as he came. It is, of course, naught else but officious meddling; the mayor is a Liberal, and cares not a jot for St. Margaret; yet he likes to annoy us by keeping her under lock and key. So said my guide.

From the church the cheerful young Father—his name is Cherubino; he teaches philosophy to the young Franciscans who are pursuing their studies here—took us into the refectory, where quite a little crowd of Fathers and Brothers gathered around us. We chatted about all manner of things with them, while partaking of some refreshment.

When we emerged onto the wind-swept greensward in front of the church, the rain had ceased; the air was cold, and wonderfully pure and invigorating. Darkness had closed in; the lamps were lighted in the town below. Father Cherubino kindly accompanied us a short distance, but the way down was not difficult to find.

Presently we reached Cortona. Through steep, rain-washed streets we got into the centre of the town. On the market-place I took leave of my companion. "Good-bye, sir!" he said, adding: "*Ci vedremo in cielo!*" (May we meet again in heaven!)

Next morning I was up by five o'clock, and soon on my way to Mount Alverna, in the valley of Casentino, somewhat south of Florence. The train stopped at Arezzo, whence a side-line took me to Bibbiena. The distance from there to Mount Alverna is about eight miles,—eight miles which must be covered either in a carriage, on horseback, or on foot. I chose the latter way, to the evident astonishment of the Bibbiena cab-drivers, of whom there were a good number at the station. They could not believe that I was in earnest, the honest fellows. They followed me up the streets of the town; they reduced their fare more and more, thinking that my refusal of their offer was a stratagem

to get the conveyance more cheaply. At last one after the other desisted from their pursuit of me, saying, with a shake of their heads: "This foreign gentleman is crazy; he means to *walk* to La Verna!" Yes, I intended to walk to La Verna, to climb the mountain,—that "rugged rock between the Tiber and the Arno" of which Dante speaks; where Brother Francis received the seal of Christ, and bore it two years, until the day of his death.

I had scarcely gone any distance in the pelting rain when I saw a lofty range of mountains before me, and one jagged ridge which rose high above the others. That was the goal of my pilgrimage—Mount Alverna. The weather was warm, in spite of the rain; out over the green fields I heard the cuckoo's note, and now and again my ear caught the sound of bells, indistinct in the distance. The muddy road descended first, then ascended again; presently I reached a place where it divided, and a plain grey stone bore these inscriptions on either side, "To the Romagna"; and, "To La Verna." I chose the latter, a gravelled way leading upward to an eminence planted with young copper beeches, on the stiff young leaves of which the rain beat down, as it pattered monotonously on the umbrella which, fortunately, I had taken the precaution of purchasing in Arezzo. Between the young trees the bright golden gorse was in blossom, and I heard the tinkle of sheep bells in the meadows.

I trudged on for a long time over this range of hills. All around were mountain ridges of greater height, one behind the other, all half shrouded in grey mist. Bibbiena, now far below, looked like a white streak on the hill, surrounded by dark cypresses.

From the hilltop the road again led down into a valley. The weather began to clear; a passing break in the clouds lighted up a grey, foaming river, a tributary of the Arno, and a row of tall poplars just coming into leaf on its banks. As I crossed the bridge over this river I

gave its swift-flowing waters a greeting to bear to fair Florence, where before long they would run rippling beneath the Goldsmith's Bridge.

The way was now a continual but gentle ascent. A mountain brook murmured down below; the song of a nightingale reached me from the warm, verdant valley. From a thick wood of oaks as yet leafless I came out upon cultivated fields and vineyards, interspersed with big boulders of rock. Presently cultivation ceased; I passed through untilled fields, where lambs were grazing among blocks of grey stone. Here and there a shepherd boy was sitting. All around were mountains and clouds. Bibbiena and Poppi, which had been hidden by the forest, now reappeared to sight, but much farther away and much lower down. I could no longer see the mountain range of La Verna in the foreground.

I walked on and on,—sometimes standing still for a while, then on again quickly. On all sides I heard the murmuring, gurgling springs which trickle out between the stones. The cuckoo called in the wood below, and from out yonder a more prolonged song was sounding. Onward and upward.

Quite suddenly the clouds came down like a white fog, and I could see nothing beyond the brown hills in my immediate vicinity. A woman was standing by the wayside, feeding her sheep and spinning meanwhile. What with two coats and the weight of my bag, I got quite overheated. But still higher and higher I had to go. Now there were a few houses built of stone alongside the road; in one of them the traveller was informed that *Pane, vino e generi diversi* were to be had, the latter being probably salt and tobacco,—the two articles on which duty was paid. I did not care about any of the "various sorts," and went on past the houses.

In a field I saw three women standing with distaffs, spinning busily. Upright and immovable they stood, silhouetted

dark against a foggy background. They resembled statues of the Fates. In the valleys on each side of the mountain which I was crossing I could descry nothing but volumes of white mist; and when these rolled away, blue vapor rising from the soil.

All of a sudden the clouds before me broke, disclosing La Verna again to my view. I had got much, very much, nearer to it. I could see that the lower section of the mountain is reddish-brown, from the forest trees; above, it is dark and jagged in outline, from the firs that clothe it.

I paused a while, and tried to make a sketch of La Verna. The sky had cleared to some extent; down in the valley I saw smoke rising, and I heard children's voices singing in their shrill soprano. I listened attentively and caught a few words,—these lines which recurred over and over again as a refrain:

Stendi la mano, O Maria!

O Maria, nostra speranza,—

"Hold out thy hand to us, O Mary!

O Mary, in whom is our hope!"

The *i* in Maria was every time so sharply accentuated that it rang like a cry,—a cry for help.

For a long time the singing continued. I could not see the singers, but felt sure they must be boys. Presently from the other side of the mountain another voice struck in, one less powerful, sweeter,—a woman's voice, perhaps. They answered each other, the two songs; and at last the voices met in chorus, finally dying away in one loud, animated, lingering strain:

Evviva, evviva Maria!

Maria, mamma mia!

I quickened my pace as I went on. An icy wind met me, and I had to button up my coat. Before I was aware of it, I found myself enveloped in a white mist much denser than the former one. It soon turned to rain, and the rain became a torrent. La Verna was no longer visible; no songs were now to be heard. I plodded on my lonely way over the

sodden ground beside a grass-grown dike. I began to realize that I had been walking a long, long way; but I must push onward, onward!

Again a few houses were discernible through the mist,—square, poor-looking houses built of stone. The road, too, was paved here. I was passing through a very small town. I even saw a post office. "R. Poste" was on a large official board beside a small, closed door.

How it rained,—rained as it does rain in Italy: not drops, but sheets of water, lashing one like a whip! The street was paved unevenly; I stepped into pools, and got splashed up to my waist. The rain dripped from my umbrella down my back; I was already cold and wet up to my knees; now the wet began to soak through my overcoat, so that I could no longer warm my hands by putting them into the pockets. I had left the town far behind me, and got to an interminable succession of zigzag stone steps up the mountain. I thought I must have nearly reached my destination; for I felt that my strength would not hold out much longer. Clear water coursed down the steps like a river; my boots were limp and soaked, and great, heavy drops dripped through my umbrella on to my unhappy shoulders; there was scarcely a dry thread on me. Nearly four hours had elapsed since I left Bibbiena. At every bend in the way a fresh set of steps appeared, but as yet no gate, no monastery. In fact, as I afterward learned, the monastery is nearly five hundred metres from the town where I saw the post office; La Beccia is its name.

All at once, at a fresh turn in this apparently endless ladder-like ascent, I saw a small building at a little distance. I hastened up to it; it was a votive chapel, a wayside shrine of the kind frequently seen in Italy. I stood for a minute looking at it, not quite knowing what to make of it, when an old inscription carved in marble caught my eye,—an inscription from which I learned that this was the

spot where the birds bade St. Francis welcome to Mount Alverna.

Then the monastery could not be far off. I pushed on with fresh courage, and almost before I was aware of it I saw a big, open archway of masonry in the wall of rock on the left-hand side of the road. Over it I read these impressive words: *Non est in toto orbe sanctior mons*,—"In all the world there is no holier mountain than this."

Passing through the gateway, I entered a wide courtyard paved with flagstones, in which, a little way off, was a statue of St. Francis. I had got into harbor at last! Some men were standing in a cloister out of the rain; I went up to them and asked them to show me the way to the monastery. Without saying a word, one of them went and rang at a door. It opened noiselessly, and on a high staircase I saw a Franciscan coming down to meet me. I shut my dripping umbrella, the rain still pouring down me, and went a few steps up the stairs. "Father, you see before you a hapless pilgrim drenched to the skin." He took my hand and led me with him, not stopping until we found ourselves in a room where a huge fire was blazing. Then he took off my overcoat, poured me out a glass of wine, heaped more logs on the fire, and begged me to take off all my clothes and hang them before the fire to dry. Thereupon he disappeared, promising to come back after a while. At last I was on Alverna, the sacred mountain; and I was glad.

(Conclusion next week.)

SOCIAL and business prominence look like advantages; and so they are, if you want to make money. But if you want moral influence, you may bless God you have not got them. They are the payment with which the world subsidizes men to keep quiet, and there is no subtlety or cunning by which you can get them without paying in silence.

—John Jay Chapman.

Back to the Fold.*

THE smiling morn rose over the hill, calm and festal in Nature's uncontaminated freshness beneath the peaceful mountain chalets. A traveller came along the road, with the air of one who had long been wearied and embittered. He sat down on a rock in the sunshine, stretched his limbs, and looked over the luscious green of the pastures. That was the only thing that did him good. Nature had never wronged him, only life had been so unspeakably hard. It had put him in the world in such poverty that he had to wrestle and fight for every crumb that he ate, for every scrap of knowledge that he learned, for every upward step that he took on the ladder. And when at last he looked back, glad and proud, on the way that lay behind him, on the home and position he had won for himself, there came a malicious and jealous fate to destroy all. In three words he could describe his wretchedness: his friend false, his wife untrue, his children selfish and unloving. Then Franz Helwart had made a great gulf between himself and them, and had gone far away.

A restless disquiet had mastered him and never let him go; he must wander and wander. He had never tolerated the confinement of railway carriages: the climbing fever possessed him. He must breathe the sharp Alpine air, feel the wind and the scorching of the sun, stand beside roaring waterfalls and explore steep mountain passes.

Wherever he went he shunned other people; if he could not avoid them, he was severely silent. But he saw only what he wished to see, what fitted in with his dominant idea: "No truth and no love." He thought that idea fitted in with everything. He often felt a bitter joy in it, as line after line was added, and

the picture in his soul became ever more sharply defined. And for this miserable human race the beautiful world existed!

Toward midday he became hungry, and went to the nearest mountain hut. Three girls were sitting at table, dipping their spoons in common into a dish full of milk. They were shyly embarrassed when the gentleman asked for something to eat. He was certainly not hard to please; some bread and mountain cheese and a glass of new milk sufficed for his needs. He sat silent and apart, and by degrees the girls began to chatter again. They spoke in low tones. Tonerl, from the Rieder-Alm, had fallen down a precipice over there, and had been terribly injured. Already he had lain senseless for twenty-four hours. If he lasted two days more it was all one could expect.

Suddenly a man stood at the door. It was the brother of the injured one.

"Please, will one of you run to St. Martin to beg the Pfarrer [parish priest] to come?"

One of the girls who herded the cows at once rose.

"Is Tonerl still—with you?"

"Yes, but he will not live much longer."

The stranger sat down outside the mountain hut, while the girl ran down into the valley. Mechanically he lighted a cigar and began to read a newspaper.

Three hours later the girl came back. She was very hot and great drops of sweat were falling from her forehead.

"How you have run!" said Teresa, one of her companions. "And the Pfarrer?"

"Is himself in bed, and so ill that he can not take a step. It came on him last night."

"Jesus, Maria! It is sad for Tonerl. Sit down and get cool. I will go to the Rieder-Alm."

Teresa took the path through the pine-trees toward the highest mountain hut.

Franz Helwart raised himself. He did not know why it was, but he wished to see how the matter would go. He followed close behind the girl up the hill. Tonerl

* The story of a true adventure. For THE AVE MARIA, from the German of M. von Griefenstein.

lay in the back room, with the window open, and the traveller could catch every word. When the sick man heard that the Pfarrer could not come, he began to lament loudly; he could not die without a priest.

"If our own Herr Pfarrer can not come, fetch me the curate from St. Blasien," he begged at last.

The brother shook his head. "It takes six hours to go there and six hours back. In twelve hours you will never be here, Tonerl."

"Then the old Pfarrer *must* come!" exclaimed the sick man in the greatest excitement.

"Be still and calm, Tonerl," besought Teresa. "We will pray for a good repentance. Our Lord God regards the good will; He is very merciful and will forgive you all."

But the sick man became ever more excited; it was difficult to keep him in bed. At last the brother got up.

"I will try again at St. Martin," he said.

"Our Lord God reward you!" cried Tonerl, thankfully.

Teresa shook her head. Before her eyes rose the picture of the old sick Herr Pfarrer, scarcely better than the dying man here on the Rieder-Alm. Then she knelt down beside the bed and began softly to say the Rosary.

The sick man now lay wearied and exhausted. A long hour went by. Suddenly the room became dark.

"What is that? Are my eyes closing in death?" cried the terrified Tonerl.

"No, but a storm is coming," sighed Teresa.

And even while she spoke the wind rose suddenly. The windows rattled; thick drops fell, at first slowly and separately, then the storm broke loose. The rain came rushing down; in the distance, thunder rumbled between the lightning flashes. The stranger sat in the hut, seeking shelter. The door of the sick room was partly open, so that he could

clearly see the dying man without being observed by him.

"I am abandoned by God and man!" lamented the sufferer. After a pause he composed himself in the bed, looking out with fixed eyes. "I am truly sorry," he groaned, "that I have done this... and that... and that..." Thus he began to count up his sins.

Teresa looked shyly at the stranger, and tried to comfort the cowerd with the thought of God's mercy.

Franz Helwart drank in the solemn scene with all his mind, with every fibre of his heart. It was this that had been burned into his very being for the last twenty years. In all climes, in the great cities, and now on this lonely height, was the same miserable story: "No faith, no love." In the stable near at hand he could hear a cow lowing for her calf that had been taken from her; but the consecrated, appointed shepherd was leaving his sheep to die all helpless. The very heaven, with this blustering storm, was making it harder. Could the old pastor really not come? That was a poor excuse to make to the dying lad in the next room. A rich man would have had better treatment. How could the Almighty look down on the despair of this unhappy dying man and not help him? "Abandoned by God and man!" the poor fellow had said truly.

Two hours after the brother's departure the thunder ceased, but the rain and stormy wind still continued. About six o'clock the sick man said:

"Vincent could surely have been back long ago. I am nearly at the end."

The twilight began to gather within the hut, and the girl lighted the lamp before the crucifix; its long, ghostly shadows, and those of a consecrated branch of palm, stole across the wall and the bed where the sufferer lay.

"God help me!" groaned the dying man. "Let me not die without the holy sacraments." His hair stood on end, and his wide-open eyes seemed starting out of their sockets.

The stranger could scarcely bear the sight any longer. If it had not been for the darkness, he would have left the mountain. Little by little the rain ceased, but it was very dark. The wind swept across the horizon, driving the clouds before it; at last it tore away the light veil that lay over the moon. Full and clear she stood above the lonely mountain heights. The wind had suddenly fallen; the whole landscape lay in a deep peace. The stranger stepped outside the hut, and breathed the sweetness of refreshed nature. It seemed to him like passing from uproar to calm, from bondage to freedom; but there, in the poverty-stricken hut, was wrestling one to whom there could be no deliverance.

The deep stillness was suddenly broken by distant footsteps probably those of the brother coming home after his vain endeavor. He was right: the man was not hurrying. Unpleasant news always travels quickly enough. So thought the embittered traveller.

But—that was not the footstep of one single pedestrian: it was the regular tramp of a whole group of men. It came from the direction of the village down in the valley. Franz could now hear lowered voices, like a far-off chorus of prayer. Across the rocky steep, along the narrow path that wound up the mountain-side, long shadows were stretching. The stranger went a hundred paces to meet the newcomers. Then he saw that they carried a stretcher, and heard clearly the once familiar words of the Rosary. "Another accident already!" he thought. "That is the shady side of these Alpine regions."

The same moment he was observed by one of the bearers, who called to him:

"Tell them at the Rieder-Alm that the Pfarrer is coming."

The Pfarrer! As if his own soul were in question, the stranger flew back to the hut.

"Tonerl, the Pfarrer from St. Martin will be here directly!"

The dying man could hardly raise himself to hear the approaching procession—the firm, even step, and the men's prayers. They stopped in front of the hut. The stranger had come outside, and saw them set down the stretcher before the lower door.

Was it the light of the moon on the Pfarrer's face, as he lay there with closed eyes, his hands crossed over the Pyx upon his heart, or had the bearers brought a dead body hither? A shiver ran through the man who had broken alike with God and with his fellowmen. But no: the priest opened his eyes and looked calmly around. His gaze fell on Franz Helwart. It was an indescribable look, which the stranger never forgot,—a look in which were mingled pain, resignation, love, and above all an unspeakable joy that he was come there.

They placed the stretcher close to Tonerl's bed, under the shadow of the crucifix. The two men lay side by side,—the shepherd, who had toiled even to death, beside his dying sheep.

And while the cowherd breathed his last confession into the ear of the sick Pfarrer, the men stood aside, and Vincent related to Teresa how it had all happened. When the Pfarrer heard how urgently Tonerl longed for him, he had painfully dressed himself; they had carried him into the church for the Blessed Sacrament, and had brought the old priest hither through wind and storm, praying that he might not die on the way.

The moonlight grew brighter and brighter. Stern, great, immovable like the Eternal Truth, stood the ancient pines that covered the little plateau. And in the stillness of the night it came over Franz Helwart that a gentle hand, penetrating deep within him, had loosed a cord which had bound his heart. How had he dared to slander the Creator and His work? Because he had found one draught of the stream of life bitter, was therefore all the river forever poisoned? There was still love and truth.

he imagined, in the solitary mountain hut, that there was no truth and love, divine and human, reaching even unto death?

Teresa now glanced through the closed window, and saw Tonerl beckoning with his hand. They went into the chamber of death,—first the brother, then the young girl, and the stranger immediately behind her.

Tonerl appeared glad and peaceful, yet it was impossible for him to keep back his tears.

"It has cost him his life," he said, with a motion of his hand toward the Pfarrer lying beside him.

There he lay indeed, no paler than before, but cold and still. With his last words he had lifted the burden from the heart of his forlorn son; with his last action he had imparted to him the Viaticum to life eternal. His last sacrifice was accomplished. "The good shepherd giveth his life for his sheep."

Tonerl still sobbed unceasingly, thinking he had not been worth the sacrifice. Toward four o'clock in the morning he fell asleep, and passed away calmly and peacefully.

As the sun rose, red with the joyful glow of morning, they bore the two, the shepherd and the rescued sheep, down into the valley. And behind the double bier walked one who had come from afar and yet was no stranger, one who had strayed outside the fold and, like the dead cowherd, had been brought home upon the shoulders of the true Shepherd.

At forty a man looks with a sense of security at the strong men of fifty, and sees behind them the row of sturdy sexagenarians. When fifty is reached, somehow sixty does not look so old as it once used to, and seventy is still afar off. After sixty the stern sentence of the burial service seems to have a meaning that one did not notice in former years.

—O. W. Holmes.

Another Crime of the French Government.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.

ONLY a few weeks ago, on January 15, the big *place* that extends in front of the Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris presented an unwonted spectacle. On the other side of the *place* stands the oldest Paris hospital, so fitly called the Hôtel-Dieu, the "Hostelry of God." It has recently been rebuilt; the original foundation, however, goes back as far as the seventh century.

Between the great Cathedral and the hospital was assembled on that January afternoon an agitated, emotional multitude. The municipal councillors of the city, those at least who do not belong to M. Clemenceau's group, were there well to the front,—men of spirit and high moral character, whose disheartening task it is to carry on a hopeless fight against an overwhelming majority. Behind them had gathered over a thousand persons,—men and women of every social rank and station; some kneeling, with outstretched arms, in atonement for a grievous wrong about to be committed; some weeping, some carrying flowers as though they were attending a funeral service. The pathetic and solemn chant of the *Parce Domine* rose through the clear winter air, broken by cries of "Long live Liberty! Long live the Sisters!"

Another crime was about to be added to those of which the present French Government has made itself responsible; but in this case the offence assumes graver proportions: it becomes almost an historical event. The Augustinian nuns, who for centuries past have been in charge of the Hôtel-Dieu, were on that January day to be expelled from their time-honored post, and the tradition of centuries—a tradition respected by the Revolutionists of the Reign of Terror and the Communists of 1871—was to be ruthlessly set aside by a handful of sectarian politicians.

Even M. Mesureur, the director of the Paris hospitals, an avowed Freethinker, owned, somewhat reluctantly but in definite terms, that the Sisters had never, during his time of office, deserved a single reproach or even a criticism. The doctors who attend the hospitals, believers or atheists, were unanimous in recognizing their devotion and capability; the sick clung to them and longed to keep them; and the Paris taxpayers loudly protested against the considerable expense entailed by their removal. (It has been estimated that the lay nurses cost more than twice the sum required by the Sisters.)

All these reasons weighed as nothing before the government's resolve to drive the nuns from their home, not from any fault on their part, but simply because they are nuns; and the 15th of January was the day chosen for carrying out the sentence. While outside the building, the eager crowd alternately prayed and protested, sang penitential psalms or gave vent to vehement expressions of indignation, the day's victims were quietly awaiting their fate. In the large Salle de Communauté the nuns had gathered round their superioress, a gentle, dignified woman, in whose person were represented the holy and heroic traditions of past centuries.

With some difficulty (for the government endeavored to isolate the nuns and to keep from them the eager sympathy of their friends), a number of town councillors, deputies, Canons of Notre Dame, and even newspaper reporters, forced their way into the building, and expressed to the Sisters their indignation, and also their keen appreciation of the past valuable services rendered to the poor by these devoted women. Then, escorted by their friends, the religious passed out; but the sick people, whose wishes are disregarded in the matter of the expulsion, had worked themselves into a state of violent excitement. The more able-bodied among them made their way to the chief entrance and began to unharness

the horses of the omnibus, while cries of "*Vive les Sœurs!*" grew louder and more vehement.

Twice the horses were taken out; but at last an extra force of police having been summoned, the omnibuses drove off at full pace, carrying away the Sisters, tearful and tremulous, heart-broken, but submissive, from the scene of their lifelong labors. Grey and still, the towers of Notre Dame looked down on the agitated crowd. How often, through the vicissitudes of history, have these silent witnesses seen the tide of popular indignation or violence break at their feet! May they one day see the joyful return of the white-robed nuns to their old home!

In the eyes of Parisians, the Hôtel-Dieu is closely identified with the glorious Cathedral under whose shadow it has existed and flourished for many hundred years. The original founder of "God's Hostelry" was a Bishop of Paris, St. Landry, who lived in the seventh century; and the religious women who tended the sick in those far-off times were under the joint government of the Bishop of Paris and of the Canons of the Cathedral. Of these first sick nurses, the "daughters of St. Christopher," as they were called, the Augustinian nuns, so brutally expelled by the French Government, are the lineal representatives. In the Middle Ages, they were called "*Filles Blanches*," on account of their white robes; and the hospital that they directed was an important institution even in those distant days. Few, if any, of the wealthy citizens of Paris forgot to mention the Hôtel-Dieu in their wills.

Some of these bequests are touching in their simplicity, and suggest the idea that the charitable donors must have been habitual visitors of the great hospital. Thus we may believe that Eudes de Seulis, who left a sum of money to buy wood for the Sisters whose duty it was to sit up at night, had felt the cold wind blowing down the long passage when engaged in his charitable ministrations among the

sick. Other citizens bequeathed money to supply the hospital wards with an extra lamp; others again gave fields, vineyards and mills in the neighborhood of Paris, in consequence of which bequests the Hôtel-Dieu became possessed of considerable landed property.

Among the benefactors of what was considered a national institution were the Kings of France. Blanche of Castile and her son St. Louis, Charles IV., Philip VI., Charles VII., endowed the hospital with many privileges. Three hundred cart-loads of wood taken from the forest De la Bièvre, near Versailles, was one of these royal gifts to be repeated yearly. The corporations of workmen that in medieval times were so distinctive a feature of the public life of a great city, generously gave their sick neighbors a share in their festivities. When the Parisian drapers held an assembly, each patient at the Hôtel-Dieu received a loaf, a piece of meat, and some wine. The grocers were no less kind, and the goldsmiths undertook to treat the inmates of the hospital to a banquet every Easter Sunday.

Thus touchingly interwoven with the daily life, occupations and even amusements of these medieval Catholics was the remembrance of their sick and suffering brethren. Their charity was probably less enlightened in its ways than that of our twentieth-century philanthropists, but it was the spontaneous outcome of their simple, loving faith. So again the "white Sisters" of those far-off days had, in common with the modern Augustinians so cruelly expelled by the French Government, a heart-whole feeling of devotion to their charges,—a feeling suggested and supported by their love of God; but, of course, their methods of nursing were different, and, in some cases, strangely primitive.

Baths, it is true, were in use even in the Middle Ages; and every patient who applied for entrance was immediately put into a bath to cleanse his body, and

sent to confession to purify his soul; but, according to the custom of the age, several patients were occasionally put into one bed,—a measure that, to our ideas of decency and cleanliness, sounds repulsive enough, in spite of the vast dimensions of medieval couches.

The nuns, however, be it said to their credit, had recourse to this extreme measure only in times of unusual distress, when they would have been obliged, had they acted differently, to send away the crowds that were clamoring for entrance. It is certain that this close packing, which in those days was of common occurrence in hospitals, was less of a hardship to the applicants for admittance than a refusal on the plea that room was wanting.

The Hôtel-Dieu was not merely a hospital: it was in truth "God's Hostelry," where the homeless, the poor, the old, as well as the sick, sought a safe shelter. Travellers and pilgrims, waifs and strays, were made welcome by the Sisters, who often found it difficult to lodge all those who appealed to their pity.

The Canons of Notre Dame, who during many centuries were the governors of the hospital, exercised their power wisely and well. In their provisions for the well-being of the sick, we discern a touch of personal sympathy that the anti-clerical managers of the great hospital would do well to emulate. They enter into small matters touching the food of the sick. For instance, the worst cases were to be given pure wine from certain vineyards belonging to the hospital; and the convalescent patients were to be provided with cloaks, stockings, slippers, etc.

The Sisters, who worked under the Canons, have left their mark in the old records. They were devoted heart and soul to their charges, caring for their pleasure as well as for their physical and moral well-being. On feast-days they were in the habit of strewing the wards with sweet-smelling herbs and flowers, thus bringing color and sunshine into lives shadowed by pain.

All through the Middle Ages the Hôtel-Dieu was renowned for the excellence of its management. In the fifteenth century came a period of unrest. The Canons seem to have failed in firmness, the Sisters in docility; some friction ensued between the leading powers. But the middle of the seventeenth century marked a new departure, and the influence of St. Vincent of Paul was felt in "God's Hostelry," as it was felt throughout France..

Few modern saints have exercised a power so extended and so lasting in its effects. Under his wise direction, the great ladies of the day banded together in the cause of charity, and the Paris Hôtel-Dieu became their field of action. But with the humility and prudence that characterized him, St. Vincent impressed upon his disciples that in all things they must show themselves full of deference toward the Sisters, ready to abide by their advice and opinion. Thanks to this wise provision, nuns and ladies worked together in perfect harmony for the happiness and welfare of the sick.

When the revolutionary tempest of 1793 broke over the country, the nuns of the Hôtel-Dieu were, at their urgent request and after many difficulties, allowed to remain at their post, provided they put on secular clothes. The favor they asked for was granted to them, not from any feeling of justice or sympathy, but because it was in those troubled days impossible to replace them at their post. Thus it came to pass that, while on the Place de la Concorde, the guillotine was in daily use, and at Notre Dame the Goddess of Reason stood on the high altar, the Augustinians of "God's Hostelry" continued to tend the sick of the terror-stricken city. But the name that had been in use for over a thousand years was offensive to Republican ears, and the Hôtel-Dieu became, in revolutionary language, "*L'Hôpital de l'Humanité.*"

In 1810, when Napoleon's iron rule had re-established order throughout the country, the nuns resumed their religious

habit; but in other ways the conditions of their lives were changed. Instead of remaining under the government of the Canons of Notre Dame, they were placed under the direction of the Archbishops of Paris. But, as the representatives of the cathedral chapter observed when taking leave of the Sisters, though their connection with the chapter was officially severed, the most cordial relations continued to exist between the white-robed religious of the Hôtel-Dieu and their neighbors, the Canons of the great Cathedral, across the *place*.

The hospital, which had resumed its name of Hôtel-Dieu, was at the same time made over to the official institution for the relief of the poor, the "Assistance Publique," whose present director, M. Mesureur, paid a reluctant homage to the good services of the departing Sisters when, on January 15, they were driven from their home.

In 1871 the revolutionary outbreak known as the Commune spread confusion throughout the city, which had not yet recovered from the hardships of the siege. The Hôtel-Dieu and Notre Dame were taken possession of by the insurgents, but the nuns quietly remained at their post. Under secular garb, but observant in all things of the rules of their Order, they continued to devote themselves to the sick; and the wounded of both parties were cared for with the same charity. So perfect, indeed, was their attitude at this alarming crisis that the revolutionary leader whom the Commune had appointed director of the hospital was won over by their courage, their calmness, and absolute devotion to their charges. It was he who, on the 26th of May, informed the community that the regular army was triumphant, and that the nuns might safely resume their habit.

Since then the Augustinians pursued the even tenor of their lives till the fatal 15th of January, 1908. The hospital was completely rebuilt to suit the demands of modern hygiene; but it remained on

the same spot, under the shadow of the great basilica whose story is so closely connected with the destinies of the French people.

When, within the last few years, the policy of the government became more openly and aggressively irreligious, the Augustinians realized that their position at the Hôtel-Dieu was threatened; but they knew also that popular feeling was in their favor, and that they would be the last to go. So it came to pass: Carmelites and teaching Sisters were, one after another, sent adrift; the nuns who served in the other Paris hospitals were ruthlessly expelled; but it seemed as if even the atheists and Freemasons of the Town Council hesitated to break the links that for thirteen hundred years have existed between the nuns of the Hôtel-Dieu and their work. The question of their expulsion was over and over started by some rabid anti-clerical member, then dropped; and the community that had successfully weathered the tempests of the Reign of Terror and of the Commune seemed destined to tide over present difficulties. But this was not to be: the blow fell at last, and again a small majority won the day.

The last few years spent at the Hôtel-Dieu by the Augustinians were far from easy. They were exposed to continual annoyance and endless small vexations; their privileges were curtailed and their influence set at naught; but in spite of these trials they bravely held on.

Sœur Sainte Marguerite, their prioress, whose gentleness and simplicity of manner are allied to much dignity and firmness, was resolved that if she and her nuns were sent adrift, it must be solely because they were religious, not because they were failures. Therefore she kept well abreast of all modern inventions and improvements, and to the very last acted as though she were to remain, although she knew full well that her fate was already sealed.

The testimony of the physicians who

are attached to the hospital recognized the nuns' capacity and devotion, and enlarged upon the evil of their removal. They were acknowledged to be capable and intelligent nurses, as well as exemplary religious; patient and tactful in their dealings with their free-thinking colleagues, piously submissive to the will of Almighty God, but wisely careful to neglect no human means of remaining at their post.

Sœur Sainte Marguerite's letter to M. Mesureur, the director of the Assistance Publique, under whose direction the hospital is placed, is an admirable and dignified expression of her feelings; it is dated January 15, the day of her expulsion, and it runs thus:

"At the moment of leaving the Hôtel-Dieu, which was the cradle of our Congregation and during twelve centuries the witness of the admirable devotion to the sick of long generations of Augustinian nuns, whose examples we strove to follow, I must express to you our deep sorrow at being torn away from our pious traditions and from our beloved patients.

"You know as well as I do that we are the victims of a measure that nothing can justify. Your own testimony and the certificates of the physicians under whom we worked prove that we were not unworthy of our task. It is therefore solely on account of our character as religious and of the dress we wear that we are driven from the bedside of our patients.

"We depart with broken hearts, but with the conviction that we have fulfilled our duty thoroughly; and we forgive those who have worked to bring about our expulsion. When the storm has passed, we will return to take up the task we wished never to relinquish, and once more to devote ourselves to the service of the people of Paris, whose humble servants we remain."

The holy and heroic story of the past fitly closes with these lines; and the pathetic, yet dignified, protest of the

departing prioress proves beyond doubt that the twentieth-century Augustinian nuns are worthy of their medieval sisters, the "Filles Blanches," whose noble devotion is exalted by the writers of the day.

May Sœur Sainte Marguerite's hope be fulfilled, and may the day come when the people of Paris, mindful of its real interests, and energetic enough to enforce the rights of justice, shall solemnly reinstate the banished nuns in their old home! No doubt the protestations of faithful Catholics, the marks of sympathy lavished on the religious, are valuable expressions of a righteous feeling of indignation; but more welcome still would be an energetic course of action effectually arresting the course of the evil government that is slowly unchristianizing France.

An Insult and a Libel.

THE publishers of the American edition of the *Hibbert Journal*, a quarterly review of religion, theology and philosophy, having assured us that, through the aid of the editorial board recently constituted for this country, the *Journal* would be thoroughly representative of the best American scholarship, we anticipated much enjoyment from the January number, with which we were favored. Great was our disappointment. Having read and heard and written enough about Modernism for the present, we turned to the third paper in the *Journal*, a contribution from the pen of the Rev. L. Henry Schwab, of Connecticut, entitled "The Papacy in its Relation to American Ideals." Here are two short extracts from it (pp. 272, 279):

What shall be said of the head of a Church who has nothing to say against the supplanting of the Trinity by the Virgin and the saints, the abuses of relics, charms, and holy places, and the cult of the Sacred Heart, whose growth and increasing spread honest and enlightened Romanists will deplore as much as Protestants? To these superstitions the Papacy is officially blind; its fulminations are reserved for beliefs

and for social and political principles which we Americans have come to consider as axiomatic and fundamental; and it lays down definitions and opinions on critical questions which, to those who know, are ludicrous. Such is the spirit of the modern Papacy....

And there are surely in America patriotic and religious Roman Catholics to whom it is a matter of grave and immediate concern that the worship of their Church should degenerate into the now popular cult of the Sacred Heart; to whom it must cause pain that the pure faith of Christ should be supplanted by a superstitious use of relics and the adoration of the saints.

Could ignorance and prejudice go further? We can not believe that the American interests of the *Hibbert Journal* will be forwarded by such writings as this, or that the learned gentlemen whose names figure as members of the editorial board for the United States will be gratified when they read the Rev. Mr. Schwab's production. If a certificate of some sort is required of those who would teach the most elementary branches in our public schools, surely as much knowledge of the doctrine and practice of the Catholic Church as is contained in a penny catechism should be required of contributors to "a review that scholars can not afford to ignore."

It is only fair to state that we have read nothing further in the current number of the *Hibbert Journal*; and it is frank to add that we feared to encounter other contributors with ignorance as crass and prejudice as narrow as the Rev. Mr. Schwab had betrayed. These are severe words, but the offence fully merits them. His article is an insult to American Catholics and a libel on their religion. We hold that there is now no excuse whatever for Protestant ministers not knowing better than to make such accusations against the Church, as so many of them are so frequently guilty of.

WHATEVER you would make habitual, practise it; and if you would not make a thing habitual, do not practise it, but habituate yourself to something else.

—*Epictetus*.

Catholic Belgium.

WE noted a week or two ago how a non-Catholic prelate lately came to grief through making statements which a Catholic Archbishop promptly proved to be false. A somewhat similar experience has come to a journalist of Sandusky, Ohio, who had the hardihood to characterize Father Lambert's assertion that Belgium is the most progressive country in the world as "a foolish lie," and who magisterially declaimed: "Compare it with England; compare it with Germany; compare it with the United States." This oracular pronouncement was intended, of course, to dispose of the question forthwith and definitively. It is the generalizing style of discussion much affected by the daily press; and often enough it proves effective, especially when the reader distrusts his own, and exaggerates the writer's, knowledge of the matter in dispute. The reverend editor of the *Freeman's Journal*, however, is not one to be easily deceived by a confident show of assurance on the part of an opponent. He does make the comparison asked for, and "with a vengeance," as his Sandusky contemporary must have realized while reading the comparison. From the London *Daily Telegraph*, Father Lambert quotes this paragraph:

Civil liberty in Belgium exists in almost republican profusion. Even the fact that the Ultramontane (Catholic) priesthood garrison the land does not prevent the Belgians from enjoying the utmost freedom in respect of religion. Commerce flourishes, and manufacturing industry advances at so rapid a pace that even we in Britain are every now and then pressed by the shadow of Belgian rivalry. Time would fail us, too, were we to speak at adequate length of the agricultural prosperity of the country. It is not an exaggeration to say that it is simply a huge garden; that every available spot of earth is under tillage of the finest sort; that every economist, from McCulloch down to Mill, has lavished the highest praises on the Belgian farmer, and on the condition to which he has brought high husbandry in his happy country.

As for English conditions, the authority quoted, or one of the authorities, is Mr. Charles Edward Lester, a non-Catholic American, who says: "The great crime of England lies in sustaining a system which oppresses, starves, and brutalizes the masses of her subjects. The government of England makes poor men poorer and rich men richer."

And the *Westminster Review*, which Mr. Lester cites, has this exceedingly frank admission:

No thinking man, much less one who has the slightest idea of the sources of wealth and prosperity of a people, need be told what must necessarily be the result of such a system, especially upon a people like the English, whose laboring classes have reached a point of degradation unequalled in any civilized nation on earth.

The incautious Sandusky journalist probably knows more now than he did last month about Belgium—and other things.

The Retort Courteous.

IN the course of a recent lecture on the heart at the Chicago College of Medicine and Surgery, Dr. Alfred de Roulet was discussing the mitral and tricuspid valves.

Student (interrupting): "Pardon, Doctor! I used to have a hard time remembering which of these valves was on the right and which on the left side, until my physiology teacher at ——— College told us that if we would remember the mitral valves were named from their resemblance to a bishop's mitre, and consequently never were on the right side, we should never have any trouble remembering. Don't you think that's a good way?"

Dr. de Roulet (calmly): "I think I can suggest a better one. If you simply allow the tricuspid or triple valve to suggest to your mind the triple crown of the Holy Father, who is *always* right, you will have even less trouble."

Notes and Remarks.

Catholics the world over should know that a considerable sum of money will be required to carry on the great work which the Holy Father has entrusted to Abbot Gasquet. Its high importance is explained in a letter which his Holiness has addressed to him, dated Dec. 3, 1907. The learned Benedictine has been commissioned both to supervise the revision of the Latin Vulgate and to collect the means to prosecute this vast labor. The burden has been laid on shoulders no less strong than willing; however, they will need support; and it is hoped that this will be generous, general and continuous. The Abbot has had to give up all his work in England and repair to Rome, where he is now settled at Sant' Anselmo, Aventino. Like the obedient, self-sacrificing son of Holy Church that he is, he has already begun his herculean task, and with all possible zeal, realizing that the restoration of the original text of the Vulgate will be an inestimable service to the Catholic cause. All who co-operate with him will share in the Apostolic Benediction and earn the gratitude of Mother Church. The Abbot requests us to state that contributions will be thankfully received and promptly acknowledged by him at the above address.

From an interesting and well-written account of the parish of Nunburnholme, Yorkshire, England, by the Rev. M. C. F. Morris ("Nunburnholme: Its History and Antiquities"), we learn that the prefix "nun" to the present name of the village and parish was given by the small Benedictine convent founded there in the twelfth century. Mr. Morris writes a charming account of it. In an extended review of his book, our foremost literary journal remarks: "Like everyone of unbiassed mind who has gravely studied the mediæval religious houses of England

and the manner of their suppression, Mr. Morris has come to the conclusion that the monastic visitors appointed by Thomas Cromwell were men of the vilest stamp, odious slander-mongers, whose charges are unworthy of credence." Mr. Morris does not hesitate to describe Legh and Layton, the two visitors of the convent at Nunburnholme in 1535, as "ruffians," and adds this remark:

There can be little doubt that, had the question of the continuance or otherwise of our nunnery been decided by those living on the spot and in the immediate neighborhood, the vast majority would have given their voices in its favor.

The number of non-Catholic writers disposed to express themselves in this wise is ever-increasing. The time is coming when we shall have the full truth about the Reformation and the Reformers from non-Catholics themselves. That will be an evil day for Protestantism.

The editor of the *Christian Advocate* (Methodist) has been studying the signs of the times, and is moved to contrast what he styles the "popular religion of the day" with the religion of Christ. Here are a few paragraphs from his article:

It avoids all conflict with the world. Against the grosser immoralities, indeed, it lifts up its voice; for it is respectable to do so, and a large proportion of all connected with the Church are above the more debasing forms of vice. But against pride-producing and extravagant fashions of the world it utters but a faint protest, or none.

Popular religion seeks wealth with as much greediness, and grasps as eagerly after honor, and runs as swiftly after pleasure, as does the world. A large majority of the professors of Christ's religion seek their most intimate associations in worldly society, and never think of lifting up their voices against the prevalent folly and dissipation. It is not in the least embarrassing for the most gay and thoughtless to be thrown into the company of Christians of the popular-religion type. Days and weeks may pass away and no mention be made of Christ or of anything He ever did or said, or which might lead persons to think of His religion.

Popular religion has a very easy conscience, as is shown by many things. It makes a distinc-

tion between equally binding duties, performing those which are convenient, agreeable, and in harmony with the natural instincts or dispositions, and neglecting others which require self-denial. Thus there are many possessed of large incomes who will pray and sing, but will not contribute their means to the support of the Gospel. Others are willing to contribute liberally, but pay no attention to the spiritual work of the Church. Popular religion . . . makes every form of excuse for neglect of duty. The merchant and mechanic declare themselves to be too busy. The contradiction between this and Christ's religion is expressed in the words, "Seek ye *first* the kingdom of God and His righteousness."

The writer of the foregoing presumably had in mind the adherents of his own sect rather than the children of the Church; but it is perhaps possible, by utilizing some of his generalizations as a sort of examination of conscience, to discover some points of resemblance between the followers of his "popular religion" and a number of those who pride themselves on belonging to the true fold of Christ, and profess themselves to be uncompromisingly Catholic.

A circular issued by the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad management announces that hereafter no one connected with the running of trains, such as dispatchers, trainmasters, engine drivers, firemen, brakemen, conductors and yardmen, will be permitted to use intoxicants at any time, either on or off duty. It is stated that the enforcement of this order is imperative for the protection of life and property and the ensurance of good service. Employees who persist in the use of intoxicating liquors will be discharged. We quote in full the comment of the *Manufacturers' Record* on this order, hoping that the good sense of it will appeal to others besides railroad men:

It is to be presumed, of course, that the officers of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad would not issue to their men an order of this kind, to abstain entirely from intoxicants, unless they were themselves prepared to set the example. If absolute sobriety to the extent of entirely abstaining from the use of intoxicants is required

of the men who have to do with the running of trains (and this will probably not be questioned by any one), it would seem that the same conditions should prevail in regard to the men who have in hand the running of the railroad itself.

Some years ago the writer was travelling in the private car of an official of a leading Southern railroad. There were quite a number of guests on board, and at the dinner hour some one made a suggestion about the absence of wines. The officer of the road explained that the management expected the men connected with the running of trains to avoid the use of intoxicants, and that they did not believe in issuing an order to the men and then setting them a bad example by furnishing wines or other intoxicants even to the guests of the road when travelling on the private cars of the officers. It is difficult to see how men of right thinking could have taken any other stand; and we suppose, of course, that henceforth the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, from the highest official to the firemen and brakemen, are pledged, whether on or off duty, to the avoidance of all intoxicants.

Mr. A. E. Waite, the author of "Studies in Mysticism," is accounted one of the most learned and important writers upon those subjects which lie "between the desert and the sown" of occult and mystic science. His more recent books are of curious interest. A Catholic reader, meeting with a dictum upon mysticism like the following, can not but speculate as to where Mr. Waite's examination of Spiritism, Mesmerism, and other side issues of the occult order, will lead him:

So far as it is possible to express the unsearchable heart of the universe, the whole mystery lies in the *Venite Adoremus*, and it is enshrined after another manner in the *Pange Lingua*, because everywhere the *latens Deitas* passes into expression in life.

According to the English Catholic Directory, the British Empire, immense as it is, contains something like a million and a half fewer Catholics than does the United States, the number given being 12,053,000. The total number of Archiepiscopal and Episcopal Sees, Vicariates Apostolic, and Prefectures Apostolic in the Empire is 183. In England and Wales there are: the Archbishop of Westminster,

with two Bishops Auxiliary and fourteen Bishops of Suffragan Sees, with a Bishop Auxiliary for Hexham and Newcastle, a Coadjutor for Leeds, and an Auxiliary for Portsmouth. In Scotland there are the Archbishops of St. Andrews and Edinburgh, with four Suffragan Bishops; and the Archbishop of Glasgow. There are also in England two Archbishops and one Bishop who are retired. Of 4075 priests in Great Britain, 2654 belong to the diocesan clergy, and 1421 to religious Orders. Of these priests belonging to religious Orders many are French exiles, and a large number are not engaged in parochial or missionary work. There are 1273 Catholic churches, chapels, and stations in England and Wales. Many of the stations in Great Britain have only an occasional, not a weekly, service.

The caustic remark that the Church of England is merely a civil service branch of the British Government becomes verified from time to time in various ways and unexpected quarters. The recent debate in the House of Lords upon the Bill legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister emphasized rather pointedly that, so far as that Church is concerned, the supreme arbiter, the court of last resort in matters of faith and morals, is purely and simply—Parliament. The action of the bishops during the debate in question—and their utterances—did not impress very favorably a number of their lay associates in the House. Earl Russell, for instance is thus outspoken in an article entitled "The Church and the Law," contributed to the *Nineteenth Century and After*:

The plain man sees that where it is a question of supporting musty ecclesiastical traditions, or grabbing control of the children and the schools, the bishops can come down to the House of Lords by the dozen or two, and meetings can be engineered all over England to press the view of the Church. He sees also that when it is a question of the morals of the Chinese Coolies, nothing but a faint, half-hearted protest is made, backed up by no long discussion and

no effective action; and he sees a general indifference on the part of the episcopate to social problems, which seem to him to be urgent, and the solution of which strikes him as essentially a task for professing Christians.

Can it be wondered at that he sometimes asks himself if it is true that the Church cares more for ecclesiastical law than for the social reform, that it cares more for priestly dominion than for human well-being? And can it be wondered at if he feels an increasing alienation from a church of that character? It is not for a Liberal to regret the hastening of Disestablishment, nor can one who really cares for religion suppose that it will ever be associated with the State without injury to its spiritual life; but if Disestablishment is to come, one might wish that it should come because the Church itself needs a larger and freer outlet for its activities, free from the bonds of State control, and not because the people who make up the State are weary and impatient of their association with a petrification.

The Right Honorable Earl Russell is not alone in his opinion that the era of Disestablishment is at hand; and it may be permitted to wonder what the English Church will become when it is no longer a branch of the civil government.

There is no mistaking the joy with which our Irish and pro-Irish exchanges hail the reunion of all the elements of the Nationalists, and the resulting consolidation of the Irish Parliamentary party. At a recent meeting the party invited the dissentient Nationalist members to rejoin their ranks, and the *London Catholic Times* says:

Mr. O'Brien has received the invitation in the spirit in which it was given. He heartily reciprocates the good-will to which the resolution gave expression, and feels that it must lead to a complete reunion of the national forces. Mr. Healy, with whom Mr. O'Brien has communicated, takes the same view of the resolution, and accordingly the summons to the next meeting of the party will be sent to every member on the basis of the acceptance of the party pledge as defined at the conference. The information that, as Mr. Redmond remarks, the differences of the past are to be buried is good news for the Irish people. These differences, which have prevailed for a considerable time, tended to mar prospects that were otherwise bright and cheering. By the

reunion that is taking place, the strength of the party will be immensely increased during a trying session. The Nationalists will be stronger to make Home Rule a very practical question, to see that the University Bill realizes the hopes of the Catholics of Ireland, to safeguard the educational interests of their English co-religionists, and to champion the social industrial and agrarian reforms, that find a place on the Nationalist programme.

Good news for Ireland is, of course, bad news for her opponents, and a portion of the English press is both minimizing the reunion and doing its best to sow seeds of fresh dissensions. The Dublin correspondent of the *London Times*, for instance, states that there is "a strong feeling that from the outset Mr. O'Brien will be given to understand that his adherence to the party pledge must be of the strictest character" as laid down by "the basis of reunion" recently agreed upon. Mr. O'Brien, however, writes to that journal saying that nearly every word of "the basis of reunion" is of his own composition.

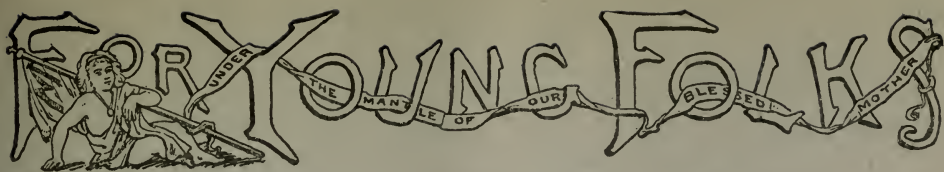
The current *Messenger* discusses the tendency, which it has noticed in some quarters, of overdoing the business of heresy-hunting, and deprecates the principle that every man is to be suspected of heresy until he has proved his orthodoxy. Apropos of this by-product of the Encyclical on Modernism, it says:

One of the greatest reformers of modern times had to deal with the inquisitors of his day,—not only with those who were lawfully constituted as such, but also with the self-constituted accusers who cited him before the ecclesiastical authorities and public tribunals to answer for the religious principles and practices he was inculcating, to the menace of an established but decadent order of things. As a fruit of his bitter and humiliating experiences, he has left on record that on principle a Christian should be disposed rather to explain favorably than to condemn the sentiment of his neighbor; and when he can not interpret it favorably, he should give the neighbor a chance to explain, correcting him affectionately if he be in error, and resorting to every suitable means of bringing him to a better understanding. It was Ignatius Loyola who put this as a maxim at the head of

the work, by which he attempted with such splendid success to reform the world. Some who have made his famous Spiritual Exercises have scarcely noticed the maxim; others have found in it the highest degree of charity they can hope to practise. The saint who penned it had a genuine appreciation of the moral value of certain actions; and, estimating error in regard to faith as the worst of possible evils, he realized the enormity of attributing it to any one whose opinion, no matter how obscure, could still be interpreted in a favorable sense.

The viewpoint of St. Ignatius will commend itself to all prudent Christians, just as the flippant imputation of unorthodoxy to this or that writer from whom one differs in matters, not of faith but of opinion, will be condemned as both uncharitable and unjust.

It is no surprise to learn that the "Work for Priests," a perverts' aid society founded some years ago in Paris, has collapsed. The wonder is that it endured so long. Its object was to give aid and sympathy to priests who had lost their standing and their breviaries, with a view to make them zealous Protestants. One would have thought, and it seems certainly to have been expected, that Separation would have brought the society a boom, says the French correspondent of the *London Tablet*, especially in view of the tales we were told about the discontent existing amongst many of the clergy and their opposition to the Pope's attitude toward the Associations Cultuelles. But instead of bringing a boom to the "Work for Priests," Separation seems to have brought its deathblow. For the *Témoignage*, the organ of the Church of the Augsburg Confession, has just announced that the society has ceased to exist. It has died of inanition: "the sympathy of the churches" was wanting, and the necessary "sacrifices" would seem to have been too heavy to be borne. In this the committee has seen an indication of the will of Providence. The *Tablet* writer sees a fresh proof of the unity that exists between the French clergy and bishops, and of the loyalty of both to the Holy See.



Little Things.

A RAINDROP is a little thing,

Many make the showers;
Little moments flitting by
Make up all the hours.
One little star at close of day
Vainly seems to twinkle,
Till at length the shining hosts
All the blue besprinkle.

A smile is but a little thing
To the happy giver,
Yet it oftentimes leaves a calm
Over life's rough river;
Gentle words are never lost,
Howe'er small their seeming:
Sunny rays of love are they
O'er our pathway gleaming.

Ah! it is the little things—
Little joys and trials,
Little pleasures, little griefs,
And little self-denials,
Little hopes and little fears—
Fill our morn and even;
And little beams of love and faith
Light our way to heaven.

X Y Z

Ruth's Day of Reckoning.

(Told by her Brother.)

BY FLORA HAINES LOUGHEAD.

VII.—DR. HUGH'S FIRST CASE.

It was a drowned boy—drowned and dead—that they were bringing through the gate and up the walk. The water dripped from his wet hair and his blue swimming pumps. Some one had spread a handkerchief over his face, but his young form could be seen stretched out, stiff and stark, on the door they had lifted off its hinges at the bath house to carry him

on. The three on the porch looked and waited and feared. Eleanor says it seemed as if a black cloud had suddenly swooped down from the clear blue sky, darkening the bright summer afternoon.

Billy Staples, breathless and hatless, his shirt unbuttoned at the neck and wrists, and with but one suspender over his shoulder, ran ahead.

"Rob's drowned!" he shouted.

(My folks always will have it that his voice rang with joy, and that he didn't care a bit, but was glad and proud to tell it. But I have never laid it up against Billy one minute. I know just how he felt. *He was the first one to tell.* That's a great thing for any boy!)

Ruth stood at the top of the steps as the men came up. Dead and drowned, his cast-off garments only partly covering his stiff form, lay the little brother who had been such a worry and a bother to her. Ruth has said since, that all life seemed to go out of her at the sight; but she did not scream or faint, just stood quietly looking down on the awful sight. She could not quite understand what had happened. It seemed as if she were some other girl looking down upon that other girl's dead brother.

"How long was he in the water before you got him out?" asked Dr. Cameron. He was bending over the dead boy, lifting the lids of his eyes, and feeling of his pulseless wrist.

"He'd sunk the third time and was lying on the bottom when Jake Lederer got him. He'd scarcely been under five minutes," said Tom Green, one of the men.

"We rolled him on a barrel and got all the water outen him!" piped Billy Staples.

"I reached there too late," sorrowfully said Jake, the foremost man, whose clothes were all dripping. "Where shall we carry him, Miss Ruth?"

It was Dr. Cameron who answered, sharp and quick as a general who musters his forces for battle:

"Not into the house! Put him here, on this bamboo couch, where the fresh breeze will pass over him. Here, help me set it out, so we can get round it on every side. Go home and get into dry clothing, Lederer, and come back as soon as you can. Let your friend stay. You boys clear out of the yard, every one of you!"—raising his voice as if he meant it. So the boys scattered like a flock of young quail.

He had thrown off his coat and was turning back his wristbands and tearing off his collar as he spoke. He rolled up his coat, putting it under the boy's back, below the shoulders, so as to bow up his chest.

"Take hold underneath his elbows, Green, and move his arms slowly up and down,—so!" showing the man how it should be done; and it was exactly like working two pump-handles up and down. Then he placed his own hands so the thumbs met on the boy's breastbone, spreading out his hands so they covered the boy's stomach, and kept pressing and raising them, without lifting them off. Wouldn't I just like to have seen it all! "To your knees, girls!" he ordered them, without stopping what he himself was doing. "Chafe his legs and thighs gently with an upward motion, slapping the flesh lightly now and then. Don't stop for a moment!"

My father came (for the awful news had been its own messenger), bringing with him Dr. Belknap, who had mended me up and cured me of everything ever since I was born; but he'd never had any experience with drowned people; and when he found Dr. Hugh had, he went off, shaking his head sadly, to see a very sick patient who needed him.

Father took turns with Eleanor, but his man's hands were clumsy, and by and by he stopped and stood looking helplessly on. Lederer, who was a surf

boatman, and had once helped to bring a drowned woman back to life, came soon, and took turns with Green at the boy's arms. Ruth never stopped. When others offered to take her place, she begged so pitifully to be allowed to keep on that they hadn't the heart to stop her. Once or twice the Doctor bent down to hold his ear to the boy's heart. Ruth looked at his face to see if it held any sign of hope, but it was always as silent and serious as it had been from the first.

Outside the gate a great crowd had gathered,—Billy Staples says the very biggest ever seen in Santa Barbara,—men, women and children. They all seemed to have heard of what was going on up on our porch, where the young Doctor was fighting with Death, and they were waiting to see which would win. The chimes on Fithian Building told off six o'clock; but the boy who had always started for the house with a shout when he heard them did not rise or try to go, and other people let their dinners get cold.

When Lederer heard the chimes, he looked at Tom Green.

"Three hours!" he said. Then he looked up at the Doctor. "Any use going on?"

"I've known of cases saved after four hours. Don't stop!" said Dr. Hugh.

His head was bent down, and he didn't see the men look at each other again and shake their heads slowly, as Dr. Belknap had done. There wasn't a sign of life about the boy. He lay there as dead as when they had taken him out of the sea.

"Poor little fellow!" said Jake Lederer. "I wish I'd got there sooner!"

But they kept on working, just to oblige the young Doctor.

It wasn't ten minutes later when Ruth drew in her breath with a soft "Oh-h!" She imagined she felt a soft, long sigh tremble through the stiff body. She lifted her eyes to Dr. Hugh, and for one swift instant read in his, she says, the glad message of Life.

"Get blankets, — the thickest and warmest you have! And hot irons! Heat them on a gas range, if you have one. Hurry!" said Dr. Hugh.

Father tore the blankets from his own bed, and Dr. Hugh wrapped them around the boy. Ruth flew in the house and out again with a hot-water bag filled with scalding water from the boiler by the kitchen range, and the young Doctor put it at the base of the boy's spine; and the hot irons she brought him next, he placed at the boy's feet. A few moments later the boy unclosed his eyes and stared, wondering, about him.

"O Rob!" exclaimed Ruth, sobbing. "Mother told me to be patient with you, and I wasn't. I will be after this."

I mumbled something.

Dr. Hugh, who was looking anxiously at me, turned his head quickly away, but I saw him grin.

"Get some warm milk as soon as possible; just a sip, to warm up his stomach," he said. "You, Lederer, tell the people outside the gate that the lad's all right."

I heard some one run into the house, but my eyes closed. I could not seem to open them when the warm drink was held to my lips, but I managed to take a few swallows. I heard my father whisper to me, and felt his kiss on my forehead; and then it seemed to me as if my mother's arms folded around me, and I heard her singing a little song about Slumberland that she sang when I was small and she could cuddle me in her arms. I suppose I went off to sleep; and, though I didn't sleep long, I missed what happened next. For my father, rising to his feet after kissing me, said to Dr. Hugh:

"I can never thank you enough for what you have done for me this afternoon."

They say the young Doctor, who had been so cool and masterly all the time when a life was in question, ordering his elders around and carrying things with a high hand, blushed and stammered when he heard this, and tried to make out

that what he himself had done wasn't so much, after all. But my father can be a masterly man, too, when he wants to, and he set Dr. Hugh right on that point. Then he turned to Ruth.

"I shall send a telegram to your mother at once," father said.

"Oh, you mustn't! You mustn't think of such a thing!" cried Ruth, forgetting herself and remembering only that this was the time when an exciting message of any kind might be the worst thing for mother.

"Of course I shall wire her," insisted father, surprised at Ruth. "She is sure to get some garbled account of Rob's accident in to-morrow's paper, and I shall save her all anxiety by assuring her that Rob is alive and well."

"No, no! It would never do!" said Ruth, frantically; while Dr. Cameron and his sister looked wonderingly on.

"Are you crazy, Ruth? This must have turned your head. I'm going to call a messenger by telephone. Bless me! here's one right at hand."

For a messenger boy, proud in his new service uniform, was mounting the front steps, in his hand the tinted envelope that often means a message of life and death.

(To be continued.)

Drums and Drumming.

The drumbeat has been heard all through the history of the world. Sixteen hundred years before Our Lord was born, the Egyptians were drumming. When Pizarro went to South America he found drums used by the natives. Some say that St. Patrick used the drum when he drove the snakes before him. When the Puritans came to this country, having no bells, they called the people together with a drum; and the stories of how little drummers in the wars of modern times have used their drumsticks at the peril of their lives would fill volumes.

About Saint Gerald.

ONLY a few lines are devoted to Saint Gerald of Mayo by the learned Dr. Butler. From these we learn that the Church celebrates his memory on the 13th of March, that he was an Englishman who left his own land to settle in Ireland, and that he died at Mayo in 732. Irish writers, however, have more to tell of the stranger who came to their country.

Saint Colman, the third great abbot of the monastery of Lindisfarne, was also Archbishop of Northumberland at the time when a prince, or chief, of some neighboring territory, Cusperius by name, sent his four sons to be educated at Lindisfarne. The four became greatly attached to Saint Colman; and in course of time the eldest brother, Gerald, was chosen abbot of Winton. He was present at the famous Synod of Whitby, when Celts and Saxons met to settle the trivial differences between the two churches.

The Irish monks kept their Easter festival a week earlier than the rest of the Christian world, and had also a peculiar form of tonsure. The Synod met under the presidency of Saint Hilda, the Abbess of Whitby, a lady of royal birth and great learning. On one side was Saint Colman, supported by the royal Abbess and Saint Cedd of Lincoln; on the other, was Saint Wilfrid, afterward Archbishop of York. The decision of the assembly was in favor of the Roman usages.

Colman resolved to leave the land where he had labored so long. He went to Lindisfarne and related to his monks all that had happened, and told them of his decision. With few exceptions, they resolved to follow their spiritual father. A portion of the remains of Saint Aidan, founder of the house, was taken up, and the little band of exiles set out on their westward journey. Among these exiles were Saint Gerald, his brothers, and a large number of Saxon monks, who deter-

mined to follow their beloved abbot to Ireland. Segresia, Saint Gerald's sister, was a nun, and she and her community set out, too, for Ireland. The little fleet of curraghs rounded the north of Ireland, and in due course anchored in the estuary of the river Moy, between the counties of Mayo and Sligo.

It would seem, however, that the Celtic and Saxon monks did not agree in the monastery of Innisboffin, where Saint Colman settled; and, according to the Venerable Bede, the Celts were perhaps to blame. At any rate, Colman decided to establish the Saxons in a monastery of their own. This monastery was at Mayo, and Saint Gerald was appointed abbot. He divided his community into three bodies; one was occupied in the celebration of the Divine Office, one went back to England to procure all things needed in the new monastery, and the third began building a rampart round their home. Saint Gerald at the same time had the satisfaction of seeing his sainted sister and her nuns established in a convent in the vicinity.

Soon after this a grievous plague broke out in the country. So numerous were the victims that the kings of Ireland held an assembly at Tara to devise means of stopping it. Saint Gerald attended this meeting. Whatever measures were taken were ineffectual; Saint Gerald escaped the disease, but his sister and a hundred nuns were among those that perished.

Saint Gerald lived to be a very old man, and so famed was he for sanctity and learning that many of his fellow-countrymen came to study under him. Ultimately his monastery became an episcopal see, of which Gerald was the first bishop. It was known by the name of "Teagh-na-Saxon," or "Mayo of the Saxons."

The school of Mayo continued to flourish for centuries; and there are yet considerable remains of old buildings, though antiquarians say these were built long after the death of Saint Gerald.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"Ignaz Jan Paderewski," by Mr. Edward Algernon Baughan, is a new volume in the "Living Masters of Music" series, published by the John Lane Co.

—The *Athenæum* announces the discovery, in the library of the Academy of St. Cecilia at Rome, of an unknown opera by Gluck—viz., "Il Tigrane,"—performed at Crema in 1743. The author of the libretto is not named; but it had been set to music in 1741 by Giuseppe Arena, and the work was performed in Venice.

—Students of shorthand in business colleges and high schools will welcome a new edition, with added matter, of the short "Course in Isaac Pitman Shorthand." This text-book is designed also for self-instruction. The publishers have adopted some valuable suggestions offered by teachers and writers of the author's system of phonography.

—Whatever be one's personal opinion as to the advisability or inadvisability of Catholic students' attending non-Catholic educational institutions, one will find much that is interesting as well as instructive in "The 'Catholic Hall' and the 'Catholic Chaplain,'" a reprint, in handsome form, of a series of controversial letters published last year in the *Catholic Universe*, with an appendix containing the Rev. Father Farrell's paper on "The Catholic Chaplain at the Secular University," read at Milwaukee last July.

—If it be true that a son of Mr. Wilfrid Meynell is engaged upon a biography of the late Francis Thompson, we shall have much interesting information concerning that child of genius and misfortune, at present confined to the Meynell family and their circle. Thompson was a grateful soul. "The Sister Songs," his second volume, were written about Mr. Meynell's two little daughters, Monica and Madeleine. "The Making of Viola" was written to Mr. Meynell's third little daughter. "To My God-child," to Mr. Meynell's son, Francis Wilfrid Meynell, who is now, it is said, preparing a biography of the poet.

—"Memorable American Speeches" (Vol. I. The Colonial Period), collected and edited by John Vance Cheney, forms a welcome addition to the Lakeside Classics. (R. R. Donnelly & Sons Co.) The speeches, fourteen in number, are given practically unabridged and from the best text available. The value and interest of the book are greatly enhanced by Mr. Cheney's notes, which fill thirteen pages. To combine

excellence of subject-matter with elegance and inexpensiveness of form was the intention of the publishers in undertaking the Lakeside Classics. A laudable purpose admirably carried out.

—Three of Lady Georgiana Fullerton's short stories, "Elizabeth Twiddy," "A Martyr in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth," and "From the Theatre to Mount Carmel," are included in one volume published under the title "Faithful and True" by Messrs. Burns & Oates. The author's name is a sufficient guarantee of the excellence of these stories.

—Accessions to our National Library in the past year swell its total volume of books and pamphlets to 1,433,848, its pieces of music to 464,618, its prints to 253,822, and its maps and charts to 98,483. In addition to books reaching it through the regular channels, the Library acquired, at so small a cost as almost to make the acquisition a gift, the Yudin Library (mainly in Russian) of more than 80,000 volumes on Russia and Siberia. Some nine thousand works on Japan were also secured.

—A little book which is safe to receive a cordial welcome from a large number of zealous souls is "A Key to Meditation," done into English, by an anonymous translator, from the French of Father Crasset, S. J. It deals with simple methods of mental prayer, based on the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius; and contains in addition fourteen brief but solid instructions aiming at aiding souls troubled with distractions in prayer or with other difficulties in their intercourse with God. A compact little volume of one hundred and sixty pages, it is well printed on good paper and attractively bound. R. & T. Washbourne; Benziger Brothers.

—The publishers' circular accompanying "A Concord of Sweet Notes," a new book of verse by the Rev. Leon M. Linden, describes it as "a volume of selections that will surprise as well as delight." If we have not experienced a high degree of mental gratification in reading these productions, we can honestly say that we have derived much entertainment from them. As for surprise, it was excited many times, especially over the following lines from pieces respectively entitled "When Spring is Near," "The Curse of Wealth," "America," "My Little Friend, the Stove," and "The Approach":

Three weary months of chill have faded;
They were but filled with emptiness;
In dull monotony I've waded,
Entangled by uncheerfulness.

Gay servants permeate the hall
With noiseless step upon each call;
They render favors like some slaves
That tremble when their master raves,—
But let us see the old man there,
Reclining in a Morris-chair.

Though others welcome us with open arms,
America has all the winning charms;
Great are her deeds, and greater still her aim;
Her faith is strong, her many hopes the same;
Her charity is growing day by day;
America's my home, and there I'll stay!

But the air grew colder, colder;
Boreas waxed bolder, bolder,
And my frame from shoe to shoulder
Shivered, shook behind the stove.

Now rest thine eyes upon the water's end;
Behold the panorama there—
How prismatic colors in the heavens blend
With all the soapy waters fair!

Our intention was not to share our enjoyment with any one and to conceal our surprise, but the request for a "thorough review" of this volume is not to be ignored. There are books that speak for themselves, and "A Concord of Sweet Notes" is one of them. We have read a considerable portion of it, and we feel assured all discriminating readers will agree that our quotations answer the purpose of an extended notice. Neatly published by J. S. Hyland & Co.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

- "A Key to Meditation." Père Crasset, S. J. \$1.
"Faithful and True." Lady Fullerton. 30 cts., net.
"Converts to Rome." D. J. Scannell-O'Neill. \$1.
"History of the Books of the New Testament."
E. Jacquier. Authorized Translation by the
Rev. J. Duggan. \$2, net.
"A Tuscan Penitent." Father Cuthbert. \$1.10,
net.
"Procedure at the Roman Curia." Very Rev.
Nicholas Hilling, D. D. \$1.75.
"The Catholic Sunday School: Some Sugges-
tions on its Aim, Work, and Management."
Rev. Bernard Feeney. \$1.
"The Spiritual Conferences of St. Francis de
Sales." \$1.80, net.

- "The Blind Sisters of St. Paul." Maurice de la
Sizeranne. \$2, net.
"The Story of Ellen." Rosa Mulholland. \$1.50,
net.
"What is Most Worth Caring About." L. J.
Walker, S. J. 30 cts.
"The Secret of the Green Vase." Frances
Cooke. \$1.25.
"The Life of St. Jerome." Fray José de
Sigüenza. \$3.50.
"Quivira." Harrison Conrard. \$1.50.
"The Bond of Perfection." Rev. P. M. North-
cote, O. S. M. 60 cts., net.
"A Review of Hamlet." George H. Miles. \$1.10.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HBB., xiii, 3.

Rev. James Bowe and Rev. Denis Tierney, of
the archdiocese of Milwaukee; Rev. M. Schoell,
diocese of Green Bay; Rev. Edward Kirwan,
diocese of Mobile; and Rev. Felix Barbier, S. M.

Brother Henry, C. S. C.

Sister M. Philip, of the Sisters of Charity of
Nazareth; Sister M. Ernestine, Sisters of the
Incarnate Word; Sister M. Jerome and Sister
M. Helen, Order of Mercy; and Sister M.
Anthony, Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Mr. Arthur Steinhardt, Mrs. John Rauber,
Mr. Edward McCabe, Miss Bessie Cridge, Mrs.
Catherine Coyle, Mr. James Sullivan, Mrs. Rose
Sherlock, Mr. Charles Harrigan, Mrs. Elizabeth
Seery, Mrs. James Moriarty, Miss Julia Lambert,
Mr. Denis Parker, Mrs. Mary Mase, Mr. Leo
Kane, Miss A. Farmer, Mr. Michael Wheeler, Mrs.
J. B. French, Miss Mary Hynes, Mr. C. Smith,
Mrs. John McDermott, Mrs. A. Allard, Mrs. C.
Sullivan, Mr. Joseph Paulus, Mrs. Mary McAnally,
Mr. John Crawford, and Mrs. Peter McNiff.

Requiescant in pace!

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the Gotemba lepers:

"A friend in Illinois," \$100.

The Filipino student fund:

Mrs. L. D. G., \$1; Mrs. J. W., 50 cts.

The Propagation of the Faith:

"In honor of St. Joseph," \$5.

A Chinese mission:

Rev. T. F., \$25; Mrs. H. E. B., \$5.63.

To supply good reading to hospitals, prisons, etc.

Rev. J. H. G., \$10.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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Sonnet.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF G. COTTA, BY JAMES GLASSFORD.

THERE is no God, the fool in secret cries,
 None who upholds this universal frame;
 Tear off the bandage from the traitor's eyes,
 And to his faithless view that God proclaim.
 Is there no God? Look upward to the skies,
 Where all the radiant stars pronounce thy shame;
 Or in the mirror which before thee lies
 Trace every line and read thy Maker's name.
 No God? The argent streams that sweetly flow,
 The air you breathe, the ground you tread,
 Each stone,
 Plant, flower, and herb, the sand, the winds that blow,
 All speak of God, all bow them to His throne,
 And praise Him eloquent in signs that glow.
 Believe their witness, fool, if not thy own!

Old Dover and Our Lady of Pity.

BY WILFRID C. ROBINSON, F. R. HIST. S.



MOST visitors to Europe will have caught at least a passing glimpse of the town of Dover before or after crossing "the silver streak" which parts England from the Continent of Europe. In these days of hurried travel, few tarry in Dover, and fewer think of the eventful history of that ancient Cinque Port. Its history goes back to the first occupation of Britain by the Romans. Beside the Norman keep

of the medieval castle which crowns the chalk cliff on the eastern side of Dover, there still stand the ruins of a pharos, or lighthouse, set up by the Romans to guide their galleys into the estuary of the Dour, the stream that runs through the town to this day, though hidden from sight by having been vaulted over. It was certainly in the early days of Dover's history a river of more importance than now, and its estuary formed the harbor of Dover. It also gave its name to the town. Dour is derived from the Welsh *dwr* (water). From the long and interesting history of Dover, I propose to cull a page or two not devoid of interest to readers of a magazine placed under the patronage of Our Lady.

In the quaint, narrow thoroughfare of Dover, named Snargate Street, because one of the old gates of the town stood therein, a benefactor has lately erected a Catholic chapel, chiefly for the use of the soldiers of the garrison and for the seamen of the men-of-war frequenting the great new harbor of Dover. The chapel lies close under the cliff on the western side of the town, and its apse has been actually excavated in the chalk cliff. The chapel is dedicated to God in honor of Our Lady of Pity and St. Martin, as a stone slab on its façade, bearing a Latin inscription, proclaims to passers-by. Its title revives two devotions which flourished in Dover throughout the Ages of Faith, and which have left their impress on the very stones of the place, though the devotions have long been plucked from the hearts of the inhabitants.

Devotion to Our Lady began at a very early date in Dover, if it be true, as Dugdale and other authors show, that King St. Lucius, in the pontificate of St. Eleutherius, who was martyred in 177, built a church for the use of Christian soldiers and sailors within the Roman fortress on the site of the present castle. This church, desecrated in the days of persecution, survived, it is said, the persecuting Cæsars and the invasions of the pagan Saxons; so that King Ethelbert was able to give it to St. Augustine, who dedicated it afresh to the Blessed Virgin and said Holy Mass within its walls.* The church was desecrated again, some think even destroyed, when Eadbald, son of Ethelbert, fell away from the faith.

Happily, Eadbald repented, and restored or rebuilt the sacred edifice, and attached to its service six secular canons; but in 696, King Withred, wanting more room for his soldiers in the castle, removed the canons from it into the town that nestled at its feet in the "gate" or valley of the Dour. The church in the castle continued to be used by the garrison; and under the first Norman Constable of Dover Castle, John de Fienes, who died in 1082, it had three chaplains to serve it. The church was allowed to fall into ruins during the seventeenth century. It was carefully restored in 1860, and is now used by the Anglican soldiers of the garrison. At the time of its restoration, several archæologists scrutinized the ruins, and a recent historian of Dover, the Rév. S. P. Statham, thus sums up their opinion: "It was probably originally built as a Roman fortress, probably in the first century of the Christian era, and converted into a church during the last century of the Roman occupation of Britain."

At a later date, the Saxon canons were reproached by the Normans with having been driven out of the castle on account of their lax conduct. It was said that

* Darell's MSS., quoted by J. Lyon, "History of Dover," II., 31.

they kept such late hours, carousing in the town, that they endangered the safety of the fortress by obliging its guards to keep open the gates long after nightfall. This charge is more than rebutted by the fact that King Withred confirmed these canons in all the privileges they had hitherto enjoyed, endowed them with grants of land, founded twenty-two prebends for as many canons, and exempted them from all jurisdiction save that of the Pope and the King. Moreover, he built them a church dedicated to St. Martin of Tours. It stood, together with other buildings such as dormitories, bake-house, and brewery, on the west side of the present market-place of Dover. In Saxon times, the harbor of Dover, formed by the estuary of the Dour, extended inland as far as where St. Martin's stood. No remains of the first Saxon church have been discovered.

Very soon after the Norman Conquest, the Saxon canons showed their zeal for God's service by rebuilding their church. Its foundations were traced by the Rev. F. C. Plumtree in 1845, but hardly a vestige of it now remains. It contained, as the late Canon Scott Robertson proved, three parish churches under one roof. Of the three apsidal chapels, the central was dedicated to St. Martin, the north chapel to St. John, and the south chapel to St. Nicholas.

In 1159, the secular canons were ousted from Dover and replaced by Benedictine monks from Christchurch, Canterbury. As the poor canons, however, had been charged with great laxness, the result of dwelling inside the town, the monks were obliged to reside outside the walls of old Dover. They built themselves a fine priory, with a church said to have been the most splendid in Kent, with the exception of Canterbury cathedral. The old church of St. Martin continued to be the chief parish church of Dover down to the time of the so-called Reformation. How it finally disappeared, nowhere clearly appears. The Benedictine priory was

suppressed by Henry VIII. Its refectory and gatehouse still stand and form part of Dover college. St. Mary's, the chief Protestant parish church of Dover, was in Catholic times the chapel of a hospice. Attached to the Maison-Dieu—formerly a house for pilgrims and poor travellers, now used as the townhall of Dover—was a chapel of the Blessed Virgin with a Lady Well beside it.

The church in the castle and these chapels in the town were not the only proofs of the devotion of the men of Dover to the Mother of God. At the western extremity of Dover Bay, between Shakespeare's Cliff and the point whence now the Admiralty Pier juts far out into the Channel, was Archcliffe Point, surmounted since the days of Henry VIII. with one of the five castles he built to defend the Kentish coast against French invasion. An earlier fort had stood there at least from the time of Richard II. A little to the east of it was a small chapel, "supposed to have been erected in mediæval times by a Northern noble who was saved from shipwreck near this place." * Mention is made of this chapel in the expenses of Elizabeth of York: "1502. March 24. Offering to Our Lady of Dover, *xxd.*" Thirty years later, in the Privy Purse expenses, it is mentioned that, coming from Calais, Henry VIII. landed at Dover on November 14, and that he made the same day an offering of *iiiiis. viiidd.* to Our Ladye in the Rocke at Dover. This would seem to be the same shrine as that of Our Lady of Pity.†

Two years earlier, in 1530, the chapel of Our Lady of Pity had been restored by Joachim de Vaux, then French Amba-

sador to the English court, in thanksgiving for his escape from shipwreck off Dover. The Ambassador entrusted the chapel to the care of a French friar, Jean de Ponte. During the war with France in 1538, the friar was accused of giving information to the enemy by burning lights at night in his chapel. These lights, no doubt, were candles burning as offerings at Our Lady's shrine. The poor friar was seized and thrown into prison, and the arms of the King of France over the doorway of the chapel were torn down by the suspicious people of Dover. Later on, this same friar sought to be appointed master of the Maison-Dieu at Dover. A rector of St. James' church was preferred to him. Nevertheless, the successful candidate took revenge on the friar that had dared to be his rival. "He retaliated on his rival by breaking into his chapel and reporting to the King that he found in the Mass book the Pope's name before the King's." (Id., 177.) The friar was again put in jail.

The chapel was desecrated. The Commissioners, at the suppression of the religious houses in England, seized the sacred vessels, which were valued at one hundred marks. The vestments used in the chapel were richly embroidered with gold.* The chapel was for some years used by the Dover fishermen; but in 1576 a storm swept away what remained of it. For over three hundred years devotion to Our Lady of Pity was in abeyance in Dover. It has now been happily revived in a town once noted for its love for the Queen of Heaven.

* J. Lyon, "History of Dover," I., 193.

* See B. Jones, "Dover," p. 16. I have drawn many details for my article from this entertaining book about Dover. To any one interested in its history, I would recommend this work, written with great impartiality and with intimate knowledge of the subject. The book, evidently a labor of love, is published at the Dover Express offices, 1907.

† "Old English Devotions to Our Blessed Lady," in the *Month*, XII., 518, 519.

SUSO, the great monk and mystic, one of the simplest and best of men, had a touching custom: whenever he encountered a woman, were she the poorest and oldest, he stepped respectfully aside, though his bare feet must tread among thorns or in the gutter. "I do that," he once said, "to render homage to our Holy Lady, the Virgin Mary."

Exiled from Erin.

VIII.—A SURPRISE.

TO those unfamiliar with the manifold attractions of Central Park, a description would be entirely inadequate; to those who know it, superfluous. It was with regret that Ellie left it, as four o'clock warned her uncle that they had a long ride before them. He had been as kind as possible; she took herself to task for the feeling of suspicion and mistrust which grew more strongly upon her every moment she spent in his company. But there it was,—refusing to be banished. She felt there was some underlying motive beneath all his solicitude for her comfort and enjoyment.

As they left the Park behind them, she looked back longingly. Some day, she thought, perhaps she could return there again, with the little cousins—poor babies!—who were so in need of all that should make childhood pleasant. The prospect was delightful. If her uncle's desire to keep her with him was based on the wish that his children might have some one to care for and train them, he would not object to allowing her to spend a large portion of her time in the beautiful garden they had just left. They might even go there every day, when the weather was fine. In the face of such a hope, life in the Bend would not, perhaps, be unendurable; it might be her duty to remain with and care for the poor motherless little ones. So whispered her conscience as, once more seated in the street cars, they travelled homeward.

But her wishes and her conscience did not coincide. The nearer they came to the part of town from which they had been three hours absent, the more she began to loathe the sights and sounds which characterized it. All her courage and spirit of self-sacrifice seemed to melt away. When they turned the corner of the street on which the sign of "The Red Eagle" came into view, the loneliness,

the disgust, the longing to get away revived with greater force, from the contrast between the beautiful aspects of Nature she had just witnessed and the sordid conditions to which she was returning.

Jule was standing at the door of the passage when they arrived.

"Think we were lost?" queried Malone. "Ellie has been enjoying herself. Step on and get the tea. I'll look into the bar and see how all's going there."

"Best come to the kitchen," rejoined the old woman. "It's all right in the bar. There's been great goings on since you went. Come on back, and don't blame me for what's happened."

"What do you mean?" inquired Malone, turning to follow her. "Landlord sick, or anything?"

His tone was solicitous. Ellie wondered if his hold on the business depended upon the life of the landlord, and even Jule thought it an odd question. A group of dirty, frowzy women stood at the end of the hall near the staircase. Two or three others were on the stairs. All seemed to be discussing something; they lowered their voices as the three approached.

"What's the matter?" cried Malone, looking about him impatiently, as they entered the kitchen. "Children sick?"

"The children are *gone*," said Jule; "and I'll not take one word of impudence from you. I couldn't help it if I would, and I don't know as I would if I could."

"Gone where?" exclaimed Malone.

"With the mother."

"What?" cried the man, in a rage. "Don't you dare to tell me she took them and you didn't have her stopped. What do you mean, woman? Be quick and tell me when she came and where she went, till I have the law of her before night."

"She'll have it all on her own side, by what's right, I believe," said Jule, coolly. "If you'll let me alone till I'm done, I'll tell you all I know."

"Well go on,—go on!"

"You weren't ten minutes gone when

she drew up in a carriage to the door," said Jule. "She had a policeman along, in citizen's clothes,—a night policeman,—a friend, she told me, so that he might see all that went on, and that she had her rights, she said."

"Was she drunk?"

"Indeed, then, she wasn't, and there's no call for you to ask that, Mr. Malone; for it was very seldom she took a drop at all, and you know it well. Whatever faults she had, drink wasn't one of them."

"Very well. Go on!"

"She looked clean and decent and pretty; plain dressed, and as different from she used to be as day from night."

"I'll wager she gave you a dollar!" said Malone, with a sneer.

"She gave me nothing, though I'll not let the opportunity pass of saying that she was always good to me."

"Never mind. That's not the point now. Explain,—explain!"

"She asked for the children—where were they. I thought no harm to show them to her in the bed. She fell on her knees and began to cry. They woke up, the both of them. 'It's mamma,' says Jamesie, and he began to cry with her. Then the little one joined in, though she wouldn't look at the mother. 'My head's aching, mamma,' says Jamesie.—'What's the matter with you, dear?' she says to him.—'It's the beer I drank,' says he. 'It makes me sick; I don't like it.'—'God grant you'll always say the same, my darling!' says she, taking the can at the bedside and flinging it on the floor."

"Don't be long-winded woman!" cried Malone. "Are you never coming to your story?"

"I'll have to come to it in my own way," answered Jule, fingering her apron.

In the meantime Ellie had seated herself on the broken-backed chair, and was silent.

"She says to me," resumed the old woman: 'Jule, put their bits of clothes together. They'll fit in my box that used to be under the bed. Where is it now?'—

"'Tis there still," says I, pulling it out for her.—'Jule,' says she again, 'I've come for my children. I'm going to be a good woman from this time on, and my boy and girl are going to be raised well.'—'When did you take that notion?' says I.—'I went to the mission at the Transfiguration Church,' says she, 'and I'm striving to be a different woman. 'Tis the prayers of my poor dead Irish mother saved me. I'm working at the orphan asylum, and living there, and that's where I'm taking my little children. After a while I'll be able to rent a room, maybe,—but I don't know. Perhaps it will be better for the three of us to stay at the asylum. I'm trying hard, Jule, to be a good woman,' says she; 'and I want my dear little children.'"

"Well, we've heard enough about that now," growled Malone. "What did she do? She saw us going off, no doubt, and was waiting."

"No, she didn't," retorted Jule. "She asked were you in, after she'd been talking a while. She said you dare not touch or hinder, because she wasn't your wife at all."

Malone started, and Ellie leaned farther back in her dark corner.

"Did she say that?" he inquired in an excited manner.

"Yes, she did; and that when you first came you married an old woman and got all her money, and let her die up in Harlem with some friends, after she got paralyzed. Molly knew that when she came to live with you, she said. She says you never stood together before priest or justice. Is that so, Malone? I've heard it before."

"Hold your tongue!" shouted the saloon-keeper. "I'll put you on the street if you don't."

"You can't do it till you've paid me what you owe me—one hundred and seventy-five dollars the sixth day of this month. God knows I'd be glad enough to go if I could get my little savings from you. Here's your niece come to live with you. Now that the children are away,

she won't have much to do. As I was telling her this morning, I'm longing to go home to Ireland."

"You'd be out of place there, Jule," said Malone, in a milder tone. "There's no one would have a welcome for you. Your little bit of money would soon fly away. I didn't bring Ellie here to be a slave: I want her to have a good, easy time. Best stay with me, Jule; and it won't be long before we'll be out of this. 'Twill be much pleasanter for you then. And where would I find any one to do for me like yourself?"

His voice had grown softer and softer. Jule was touched; and Ellie wondered whether the man really had a kindly spot in his weather-beaten heart, or whether it was reluctance to part with Jule's "savings" that induced him to entreat her not to leave him.

"Well, we'll talk about it another day," said Jule, beginning to rattle the stove lids, to hide the pleasure she felt at knowing her services to be so highly valued. "When can you come to your tea?"

"In five minutes," answered Malone. "Ellie," he continued, anxious to placate his relative, on whom he knew the story she had heard would have a prejudicial effect,—“Ellie, you must be very fatigued, my girl. Go to bed early, and to-morrow we'll see about fixing up a little room for you up above. You'll like to have a corner to yourself."

But the girl, in whom the latest revelation of his character had only intensified her desire to betake herself to some more congenial and respectable abode, quietly replied:

"Don't think of it, Uncle Tim. I'll be well enough here, and there is plenty of room for Jule and me—now."

"Well, we can arrange that afterward," said Malone, glad to know that she was satisfied with things as they stood, and reflecting at the same time that it would be foolishly extravagant to expend money in fitting up a room, which, if his cherished plans succeeded, as he felt confident would

be the case, must be occupied only a very short time.

As he turned to leave the kitchen, he caught sight of a shabby little red cap hanging on a nail. Snatching it roughly from where it hung, he thrust it into the stove, from which Jule had just removed a lid in order to put the kettle to boil.

"Banish all like that, if there's any more around," he said in a harsh tone, in which there was a perceptible tremor. "Don't let me see a sign of them, if there's any left after them. God knows I was fond of the children."

He left the room, and Ellie said to herself:

"Thank God, he has *one* good trait, anyway, to save him from being a complete villain! Who knows but the prayers of those innocent children may be his salvation yet?"

"There was more said than I told him," began Jule, after the door had closed behind her employer; "but I didn't get a chance to mention it; and I wouldn't dare bring up the subject again, now that he's done with it. That's the kind of man he is; he thrashes a thing out at once, and that's the end of it. It would anger him greatly if I were to draw the thing down any more. And what difference does it make? Only for Molly's sake I'd like to let him know. But maybe he wouldn't believe her. I do myself."

"Would you mind telling me?" asked Ellie, with the natural curiosity of a young girl.

"No," answered Jule. "Molly made no secret of it, and why should I? She said she *never* went with the mulatto nor the Chinaman; though she was willing for Malone to think she did, because she hated him so she wanted to get away from him. She said she was working in Brooklyn the first time, and in Harlem the second, but she wouldn't please him to enlighten him then. She couldn't stay away from the children, she said."

"And did she really go with the minstrel man?" inquired Ellie.

"I think she did, for she didn't deny *that*. But the poor thing is converted now, I truly believe. Sure I hope she is. She has a good, kind heart, but her early training was neglected. She had a terrible father, but a saintly mother. Poor Molly would give her last penny to a creature in need."

"Is she nice-looking?" asked Ellie.

"She is that," answered the old woman. "She's as pretty as she can be. But here's himself coming! Don't be talking about her; he wouldn't like it. Come up to the table and we'll have our tea."

There was but little conversation during the meal. Malone returned to the barroom, and as the clock struck six the procession of hurrying childish feet began once more.

"They're going for their beer," said Jule, as Ellie, dish-towel in hand, paused at the sound.

Once more a wave of disgust, loathing, almost terror, passed over the girl. Home-sickness and longing seemed to submerge her heart and soul. She craved solitude that she might give way to the choking sobs that rose in her throat. But she succeeded in refraining from showing her emotion before the old woman. When the dishes were finished and put in order, she said:

"I'm very tired. Can I have a candle?"

"I'll give you a lamp," said Jule, lighting one.

"I'd be afraid to handle a lamp," said Ellie. "I'd rather have a candle."

"Haven't they kerosene in Ireland now?" asked Jule, substituting the candle.

"Yes, but there's nothing in the bedroom to set it upon," replied Ellie. "I'll be in bed shortly. Good-night, ma'am!"

"Good-night, *a-colleen!*" replied Jule, kindly. "A night's sleep will do you good. I'll not call you till you wake in the morning."

As soon as she had made her preparations for the night, Ellie fell on her knees. She remained there some time, praying and sobbing, till she began to feel chilled and tired with the violence of the

emotion that held her in its agonizing grasp. Then she crept under the blankets, and was soon asleep, tears still undried on her pale cheeks, her Rosary clasped about her fingers. And thus ended Ellie McMahon's first day in America.

Her first waking thought the next morning was that she must write to her mother; but she shrank from a duty that, under ordinary circumstances, would have been as natural as pleasing. Utterly unable as yet to infuse a note of happiness into her letter, but not wishing to sadden her loved ones by any hint of what she was suffering, the poor child hesitated long before beginning her communication. Finally, after many futile attempts, she succeeded in producing the following short note, without date or address:

MY DARLING MOTHER AND MY VERY DEAR BROTHERS:—I arrived here safe, after a good voyage, and was met by uncle, who took me home through many big streets, and great noises of trains, to his house. In the afternoon we went to Central Park, a pretty place, with trees and flowers and wonderful animals, as Willie can remember in his books of Nature. I am feeling very well and hope you are the same. I am not lonely, and I will promise not to be. When I am here longer and know the place better, I can write more.

Hoping to hear from you very soon, and asking your prayers, I am

Your loving

ELLIE.

When Joe returned from the post office with the letter in his hand, Mrs. McMahon could hardly contain herself.

"Thanks be to God!" said the poor woman at last. "Thanks a thousand times that she is brought safe to her destination! But tell me, boys, isn't it a very short note entirely, and kind of lonesome?"

She could say no more. Shaking with sobs, she began to rock to and fro, no longer able to control herself.

"Mother!" said Willie, sternly. "'Tis a

shame for you to be like that in the face of the good news we have this morning. Ellie is safe and well. 'Tis her first letter, mother,—the first she ever wrote to us. Think of that. Cheer up! 'Twill soon be time to be expecting another."

"You're right, Willie," rejoined the widow. "You're always right. Hand it to me, and I'll be reading it over while you are at work. And maybe I'll make shift to enclose a few words myself when you're writing. 'Twill please the child."

"That's the way, mom,—that's the way to talk!" said Joe, turning from the window.

"Come now, mother dear," said Willie. "I don't want to be hard on you, but you mustn't give way. I'm awfully hungry. Will the dinner soon be ready? We had an early breakfast this morning, and I have to be away to Moroney's in the afternoon about those calves."

Roused out of herself, Mrs. McMahon put the letter in her bosom, and began making preparations for dinner, while the two boys went back to their work. But in the heart of each was the fear—which neither dared mention to the other—that their sister had already begun to taste the bitterness of disappointment.

"Do you mind, Willie," said Joe to his brother. "Ellie never said a word about the journey, nor if she met nice people? I think she's near dead with lonesomeness."

"She was in a hurry to let us know she got there safe," rejoined Willie. "We'll have another letter in a few days, and then she'll tell us more."

"Shall we wait to hear from her again before writing?" asked Joe. "What do you think we'd better do?"

"Oh, we'll write! 'Twill comfort her."

"Something misgives me that she's disappointed, Willie."

"Well, maybe so," answered the elder brother. "But don't whisper that to mother. And I'm in great hopes we'll be getting another letter shortly," said Willie, resuming his work with a sigh.

(To be continued.)

Saint Scholastica.

(February 10.)

BY MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

SAINT SCHOLASTICA was the twin sister of Saint Benedict, and, like him, had dedicated herself to God in the religious life. Saint Gregory the Great, her only biographer, tells us that Saint Benedict used to visit her once a year to hold spiritual conference with her. On the last of these occasions, a few days before her death, Scholastica, who knew that her end was near, strove to prolong their discourse on the joys of heaven; Saint Benedict, however, was bent on returning to his monastery. Scholastica, thereupon, bowed her head and poured forth earnest prayers with tears; and so sudden a storm of rain with lightning and thunder followed, that the holy man was forced to remain. Then Scholastica smilingly exclaimed: "I desired you to stay, and you would not hear me; I have desired our good Lord, and He has vouchsafed to grant my petition." So the two saints spent the hours of that night in prayer and holy conversation.

"Hearken, O daughter, and incline thine ear:

Thy people and thy father's house forget!"

Her soul no sooner heard those accents clear

Than on the narrow way her feet were set.

Scholastica (well named God's scholar) lent

To Him a ready ear, an eager will;

In list'ning, loving, toiling diligent,

She strove His faintest whispers to fulfil.

Thus fled the years apace. The busy world

Forgotten lay, beyond the guarding hills

That hid her from it; for to her unfurled

Were joys whose vision sweet content instils.

How hidden she! The story of her life—

That holy life of three and sixty years—

Is summed up in a scene of loving strife

When Heaven was opened by a woman's tears.

Help us, sweet saint! Stilled is thy weeping now,

And glad thy smile in Heaven's cloudless day.

Help us to listen, love, and toil, as thou,

Till the day break, and shadows fleet away!

A Pilgrim Convert in Italy.

BY JOHANNES JÖRGENSEN.

VI.—THE HOLY MOUNTAIN.

THE Franciscan monastery on Mount Alverna is an extensive building, comprising several different structures, erected in the course of seven centuries. The stranger soon learns to distinguish these principal parts: La Chiesina, a church dating from the latter half of the thirteenth century, corresponding to the chapel constructed, by Count Orlando's orders, under the title of Santa Maria degli Angeli, for St. Francis and his Brothers; Chiesa Maggiore, the principal church, in the form of a cross, in the simple and noble style of the fourteenth century, enriched with as many as six of Della Robbia's best paintings; the monastery, in front of which is a small space flagged with stone, whence a far-reaching view of the majestic mountain scenery may be obtained; and finally the Chapel of the Stigmata, erected in 1263, on the spot where St. Francis, on that fourteenth day of September, 1224, received the marks of Christ's sacred wounds. This chapel is situated a considerable distance from the monastery and other buildings, with which it is connected by a covered way.

Twice in the twenty-four hours—in the afternoon after Vespers, and in the night after Matins—the friars wend their way to the Chapel of the Stigmata, to commemorate the wondrous miracle. They do not keep silence as they go: the walls re-echo the voice of prayer and praise; and when they reach the chapel they kneel down and recite the antiphon in honor of St. Francis: *Signasti hic, Domine, servum tuum Franciscum signis redemptionis nostræ.* ("Here, O Lord, Thou didst impress upon Thy servant Francis the sacred marks of our redemption.") At the word "here," two of the friars point to the stone in front of the high altar, which marks the exact spot where St. Francis

kneelt when he received the sacred stigmata.

On that rainy day in May when I arrived at Mount Alverna, the afternoon procession was long over; so I begged the guest-master, when he returned to find me once more in dry attire, to have me called before Matins the next morning. I wished this particularly, because I was not sure whether I could spend another night on the mountain.

While we were talking about this matter, two other Fathers came into the guest-room; one of them introduced himself to me as the Father Guardian, Father Saturnino da Caprese; the other was one of the Franciscans recently expelled from France, by name Father Samuel,—or as the Italians, with their fondness for doubling the final consonant, called him, Samuelle. The Father Guardian withdrew almost immediately; but when Padre Samuel discovered that I could speak French, he was delighted, and sat some time talking to me. Finally he promised to call me at night in time for the procession.

The fear of being too late, however, made me so uneasy that I woke of myself long before the time. As early as one o'clock I started up, and in the pitch-darkness groped about for the lucifer matches on the table by my bedside. I struck one: it spluttered, smoked, threw out sparks, and burned with a blue flame; at last I contrived to light a candle with it.

I did not dare to trust myself to go to sleep again. I left the candle burning; its faint light only made more perceptible the darkness of the large, deathly-cold room. And while I lay there in the intense loneliness and intense silence, not hearing even the patter of the rain outside, an appalling dread took possession of me,—a dread worse than the dread of death,—the most awful fear that can weigh an unhappy mortal to the ground: the fear lest he should, after all, not be the friend of God. Why, I asked myself, should this fear fall upon me here of all places,—at La Verna, whither I had so often longed

to direct my pilgrim steps? Then a voice answered me—a harsh, hard, ugly voice, one which I had heard before, and in which there was not the least accent of sympathy: “Dost thou not know that there are individuals to whom God gives all in this world because He can give them nothing in the next,—lets them have their will here because there is no joy for them hereafter? And if a man finds pleasure in pilgrimages and religious feelings, in pious thoughts and the relics of saints, God grants his desires and allows him to enjoy the sweets of piety, as others enjoy art, honors, or dissipation. Such a one is not really nearer to God than they are, nor has he a better title to heaven—”

The loud, sharp notes of a bell interrupted my gloomy musings. I got up, dressed quickly, and went into the corridor outside my room. A little farther on I came to a flight of stairs, which took me down into a yard. There I struck a match, and by its feeble, uncertain light I saw—or thought I saw—a few steps off, a huge creature, a gigantic bulldog or mastiff, standing motionless, ready to fall upon me. Without uttering a sound, I quickly retreated, the same hateful voice whispering in my ear: “That is the Evil One waiting for thee.” But now I heeded not the voice. I regained my cell, and quietly fetched my candle. I went up the stairs: was there a way out above? I only got into an attic full of all manner of rubbish.

Then I began to explore the corridor slowly and systematically. First of all I put a chair to the door to keep it open; for there was no latch outside, only a keyhole without a key. I knocked at all the doors in the corridor, but received no answer. On the opposite side there was nothing but windows giving onto the courtyard. At last, at the far end of the corridor, I found a little door which was evidently the way out. Alas! it too was locked. In vain I shook it. I was locked in, a helpless prisoner.

Then the bells rang out for the second

time, a prolonged, joyous peal. I thought despairingly: “Now the procession will start and I shall not be there to see it. They have forgotten me; or perhaps, in mistaken kindness, left me to sleep, thinking I can go with them the next night. But I have not time to stay another night, and so I shall have to go away without having attained my object.” Despair gave me strength. I rattled the door furiously, and knocked till I woke the echoes. No doubt the friars were all in the church and could not hear me. And there were the bells again for the third time! How musical, how happy they sounded! I leaned against the window, staring out into the dark night; not the faintest streak of dawn was visible.

All at once I saw a light in the windows of the opposite building. The light moved. There was evidently some one over there carrying a candle, coming nearer; for one window after another in my direction was lighted up. Soon I saw a figure walking along the corridor which must lead to the locked door behind which I was standing. My heart leaped with joy. They had not forgotten me: they were, after all, coming to fetch me.

I heard a key rattle on the other side of the door, a bolt was drawn back, and on the threshold stood little Father Samuel, smiling and kind, his spectacles glittering in the candlelight. “I am not too late?” I asked anxiously. The good Father seemed somewhat surprised to find me in such a hurry. “By no means,” he answered; “there is plenty of time. We have only just finished Matins, then come Lauds, and the procession is not until they are ended.”

“There is plenty of time”! What a relief for me to hear that! I followed him in silence through the long, dark passages. When we got to a high door with iron clamps, he blew out the candle and we entered the church. It was so cold that I shivered.

The lofty, vaulted roof was lost in

shadow. Behind the high altar, the apse was brilliantly lighted. The friars were reciting the Office in the usual manner, on one note, in measured time. I listened a while, and presently caught the words of the *Benedicite*. My agitation subsided, my fears were calmed as the praises of the Almighty God, ever reiterated, fell on my ear. Other equally beautiful psalms of praise followed; then came the *Benedictus*, at the close of which a lay-brother came out of the choir and went down the church with a lantern. He threw the doors wide open, and from behind the altar the procession issued slowly. Just two lanterns were carried, swinging from high poles. Then followed in long succession the friars in their brown habits, walking two and two. I counted them: there were thirty-seven in all. I joined the procession. Some one in front began to recite the fiftieth psalm: *Miserere mei Deus*. The voices of the others arose in response: *Et secundum multitudinem miserationum tuarum dele iniquitatem meam*,—words which found an echo in my heart.

By this time we had reached the church door. The boundless night outside,—the grey, fog-laden night—lay like a shroud on the broad, bleak, lonely landscape. The wind blew on us icily cold; the fog rolled like waves of vapor in the light of the lanterns. But we soon turned away from the dark night, and entered the covered way on the right. The long line of friars walked on quickly before me, their shadows flitting over the dark, cold walls.

When the *Miserere* was ended, the *De Profundis* was recited. Meanwhile we had got to a trellised door in the right wall of the passage, and on going down a few steps came into the antechamber of the Chapel of the Stigmata. A kneeling-chair was placed for me exactly before the entrance to the chapel, within which the Brothers had already taken their places, filling the choir stalls and some kneeling on the steps of the altar. Above them

was an altarpiece in blue and white, a copy of a Crucifixion by Della Robbia.

The service in the chapel was quite short. The antiphon, as I expected, was chanted; then followed a few minutes of silent prayer; after this one of the friars began to intone a litany, and each and all prostrated full length before the altar and kissed the ground. Then we returned to the church, the litany being recited meanwhile.

When it was ended, Father Samuel came and conducted me out. As the door closed behind me I heard a noise in the church: the Brothers were beginning to scourge themselves. The good French Father left me at the door of my room, after wishing me courteously, "*Bonne nuit!*" It was nearly two o'clock. I went to bed again, and slept soundly until eight.

While I was asleep, a beautiful, bright spring morning had dawned, flooding Mount Alverna with golden light. From the little terrace in front of the church and convent I could see outspread a wide panorama of wild, picturesque scenery. Leaning over the edge of the parapet, one could look down into an abyss of wet rocks; and far, far below them lay the verdant fields, with huge boulders here and there. Those were the open fields I had crossed on the previous evening, in the pelting rain, on my way to Mount Alverna. I could trace the road by which I had come.

But when I looked upward I saw nothing only mountains all around. The nearer ones were of a yellowish brown color; the distant ones were purple, flecked with brown, black and green. The line of mountains, peak after peak, trending away to the blue horizon, resembled a petrified sea, with waves of varied colors. Bibbiena lay far down below; and the mountains which I had climbed yesterday on my way hither looked like mere ant-hills. The prospect was boundless,—boundless as the heavens above it.

It was Sunday, and the country people

had come up to hear Mass. Round about on the terrace stood groups of honest peasants conversing in a low voice, rosy-cheeked women, smiling children. Not one of them came up to the stranger to beg; only one old woman approached me and began to talk. She was from a distance,—from Castel Fiorentino, a town on the other side of the Apennines. "Yes," she observed, "here on this mountain St. Francis suffered so much, did so much penance. We too must suffer and do penance if we would hope ever to go to paradise."

Presently up came Father Samuel, fresh and bright as the morning, although (as indeed was usual) he had not taken any rest since the procession. Under his escort I visited every spot hallowed by association with St. Francis: the cave where he prayed, the other cave where he slept, and finally, high up on the mountain, the grotto in which Brother Leo was accustomed to say Mass for his master and spiritual father.

While, after a long and difficult descent, we stood for a time in silence at the bottom of the dark, damp ravine, between gigantic walls of rock, where St. Francis abode, I could not refrain from saying that I could not imagine any one living in such a spot, and very often exposed to such weather as we had had yesterday.

"True," Father Samuel answered, "the climate of La Verna is very inclement for the greater part of the year. We have three, or at the most four, months of summer; during the rest of the year snow, rain, fog and storms. I have heard visitors who came from Assisi say that what they had seen there is not to be compared with what we have here. Assisi is lovely, pleasing, delightful; there our Institute is seen in its fairest growth. But here one sees where its roots are struck, the depths out of which it cries to God. Here its aspect is indeed appalling; nothing less can be said of it."

Ascending by a narrow flight of steps between colossal masses of rock, we

reached Brother Leo's cell, which is light and airy. At the farthest end is a small altar, before which there is room for only the officiating priest to stand.

"I said Mass up here once," observed Father Samuel, as if in answer to my yet unspoken question. "It was on a summer morning, exactly at the hour of sunrise. Just as I made the Sign of the Cross before beginning, the crimson beams of the sun shone out over yonder mountain—Monte Casella. And when I turned to say the *Dominus vobiscum*, what a glorious sight the wide landscape presented,—the sun's rays darting to dispel the morning mist! I was so overcome by the thought of God's greatness that I scarcely dared to take His name upon my lips; and every time that I came to the word *Dominus* or *Deus* in the Mass I hesitated and trembled, like the children of Israel at the foot of Sinai; and I banished every thought of earth out of my mind, as Moses put his shoes from off his feet in the presence of the burning bush. Of a truth, this is indeed the place to say: *Sursum corda!*—'Lift up your hearts!'"

As we descended the slope he continued: "Yes, La Verna is called the Franciscan Calvary, and justly so; for the Crucifixion was renewed, repeated in a marvellous manner, on Francis' body. It might also be called our Thabor, the Mount of Transfiguration; for truly Francis was never so near heaven as during those lonely hours on Mount Alverna. It is easier for us weak little ones to follow him to Thabor than to Calvary.

"St. Francis loved this mountain more than any other. He was one who attached himself to places; and from no spot did he take leave with such emotion as from Mount Alverna, when he quitted it for the last time. You have not seen his touching words of farewell? Then I will read them to you this afternoon. They are very beautiful. We read them in the refectory every year on the 30th of September, the anniversary of his departure hence; and however often one

has heard that farewell, it always touches one anew."

The morning hours sped quickly; the time for the High Mass drew near, and we turned our steps toward the church. It was the feast of the Invention of the Holy Cross, a suitable day to be celebrated on Mount Alverna. After the Mass I dined with a bright-eyed young peasant, little more than a boy, who had come to La Verna "*per farsi frate*,"—to become a Franciscan lay-brother. He was soon to exchange his secular clothes for the brown habit and cowl.

After dinner I climbed the mountain above the monastery; *La Penna* it is called; the summit reaches the same height as Vesuvius. There the mountain is thickly wooded. On the extreme verge are some majestic beeches, below which the grey rock was carpeted with blue anemones, yellow cowslips, and small purple hyacinths. In the interior of the wood the ravines are shaded by a thick growth of Scotch firs (*pinus silvestris*). The clouds, which had looked threatening, began to roll away over the majestic mountains; and the sun shone with such heat—almost summer heat—that the ground was dry enough for me to sit down upon a rock. There I remained until the bells rang for Vespers.

After Vespers the second procession of the day wended its way to the Chapel of the Stigmata, with a longer following, but without the impressive solemnity of the nocturnal one. Psalms were not recited as they were in the night, but the arched roof of the long corridor rang again with the hymn:

Crucis Christi mons Alvernæ
Recenset mysteria!—

"Behold on Mount Alverna's height
Christ's Cross revealed to mortal sight."

Toward evening I went in search of Father Samuel, to remind him of his promise to read me St. Francis' farewell. It was a transcript of the original document, which is written on parchment, penned by Brother Masseo, and preserved

in the reliquary of the monastery. After reading it, the good Father talked to me for a long time,—or rather delivered a discourse on the intense love of the saint for God,—a love which, for God's sake, he extended to all His creatures. At last he pulled himself up, saying:

"But, my dear sir, here I sit and let my tongue run on, quite forgetting how tired you must be. You will pardon me, I am sure. I so seldom have an opportunity of speaking my own language, it makes me almost feel as if you were a fellow-countryman. What time do you start to-morrow morning? At five o'clock? Very well. At half-past four I shall be in the church to say my Mass, so that you may not leave without that blessing."

Thereupon he bade me a hearty good-night. Soon I was alone in my cell. I went to the window. The sky was overcast, the beeches and firs of La Verna were silhouetted black against the grey heavens. I stood a long time looking out. This, then, was the end, the happy end, of my pilgrimage, by which, starting from Rome, passing through the vale of Rieti, through Assisi and Cortona, I had reached Mount Alverna,—the pilgrimage which had led me from the Crib at Greccio to the mystic Crucifixion on La Verna.

(The End.)

THE trouble with many of us is that we are apt to lose sight of the one great aim for which we were created; that, instead of keeping our eyes fixed on our Creator as we go along the narrow path which leads to eternal union with Him, we allow ourselves to be drawn aside by the attractions and distractions which beckon to us on every hand. This accounts for those frequent feelings of disgust and discouragement with our necessary duties, as well as those feelings of jealousy when comparing our lot with that of others who seem better off. We forget that if we but travel long enough on the straight road, we shall reach God, who is the Great Leveller.—*Anon.*

The Emerald Cross.

BY MARY M. REDMOND.

"ARE you in the mood for a long walk this afternoon, Elizabeth? Mrs. Clark said we shouldn't leave Manitou without walking through Williams Cañon to the Cave of the Winds."

"I am ready for anything!" Elizabeth declared. "The air is so exhilarating that I feel I could walk to the moon!"

"You *have* improved," Janet said slowly, looking critically at her sister, whose pink cheeks and bright eyes were proof conclusive of renewed vitality.

"I can not afford to be ill," Elizabeth returned quietly. "I shall go back to my school work the first of the month—"

"Do not do anything rash, dear," interrupted the older sister, hastily. "This tangle will be straightened out."

"I received a kind letter from the superintendent this morning, saying that my place is waiting for me."

"O Elizabeth, I wish you hadn't!" Janet cried in a distressed tone. "I am confident the mystery will be cleared up, and everything be as it was before."

"It was selfish of me to give way to my feelings and become ill," Elizabeth went on calmly,—"selfish and weak, as well as very foolish. No man is worth it."

Janet was pained to note the new hardness in the low voice, and the bitter lines about the sweet mouth.

"Harry is as much cut up over the affair as you are, dear. Do not allow yourself to become hard and cynical," she entreated earnestly. "I feel sure it will all come right."

"I shall endeavor to retain my youthful illusions, to please you, O most wise and logical counsellor!" Elizabeth said, laughing unnaturally.

"Don't, Elizabeth, please!" Janet cried, putting up her hand as if to ward off a blow. "Our Blessed Lady will unravel the tangle," she went on in a low, confiding

tone. "I have begged and implored her help, and I am confident she will not turn a deaf ear to my pleadings."

Elizabeth looked at her sister. There was something in the clear, confident tones that arrested her attention, awakening a momentary thrill of hope in her own heart.

"Well, Janet Morley, you certainly have the faith that moves mountains," she said with a little laugh.

Janet said no more. She possessed the rare quality of knowing when to stop. Her simple, childlike faith irritated Elizabeth in her present mood; so she changed the subject lightly, and they started on their walk, chatting gaily, as women will sometimes when their hearts are heaviest.

Two months before the opening of our story, Elizabeth Morley received an invitation from Mrs. Pomeroy to join her house party.

"It is a small but congenial crowd," she wrote,—"the Merlins, Captain Yorke, Miss Pennington, Harry and yourself. As the wedding is to take place so soon, I am anxious to become better acquainted with my future niece. So do not disappoint me, dear Miss Morley."

The invitation surprised Elizabeth. She knew Mrs. Pomeroy was displeased when she learned that her nephew was determined to marry an Irish Catholic girl, and moreover a girl who was obliged to work for her living. Harry did not tell her; he always said his aunt would love her when she knew her. But we all have kind friends (?) who delight in telling us unpleasant truths. Elizabeth learned in some way that the wealthy Mrs. Pomeroy had a bride selected for her nephew, and that she threatened to disinherit him if he persisted in marrying a "Papist."

Janet urged her sister to go to the party.

"It is kind of Mrs. Pomeroy to invite you," she insisted; "and you ought to try to be friends with her for Harry's sake. She has been a second mother to him, you know."

So Elizabeth went; and it proved her undoing. Mrs. Pomeroy was very kind and courteous; yet, somehow, her manner reminded Elizabeth of a cat playing with a mouse which she fully intends to destroy. She was ashamed of entertaining such a thought, and succeeded after a few days in banishing it.

Mrs. Pomeroy entertained royally. There were garden parties and picnics and private theatricals, and on the last night a grand ball. She sent to town for some of her jewels, and spared no trouble or expense to make it a brilliant affair.

Late in the afternoon, the day of the ball, she called Elizabeth into her room to show her a beautiful emerald cross she had just had reset with diamonds. It was exquisitely beautiful, and Elizabeth admired it openly. While she was looking at it, Captain Yorke passed down the hall.

"Come in, Captain Yorke!" said Mrs. Pomeroy. "I want you to see my cross, too. Elizabeth thinks it very pretty."

Elizabeth laid the cross on the table, and picked up her shopping bag, which she had dropped into a chair. Just then some one called Mrs. Pomeroy.

"After all, I'm afraid you will have to look at it another time," she said regretfully. "I have to attend to some of the decorations, and shall need your assistance."

They all left the room together. Mrs. Pomeroy locked the door and put the key into her pocket.

An hour later the whole household was thrown into confusion and consternation by the report that the emerald cross was missing. Mrs. Pomeroy telephoned for a detective, and had guards stationed outside the house, at the same time giving orders that the ball should proceed as though nothing had happened.

Late in the evening it was whispered among the guests that the cross had been found. Elizabeth noticed different persons turn and look at her, and she was conscious of feeling uncomfortable without knowing why. Gradually she became

aware that some of the guests were purposely avoiding her. But no hint of the truth dawned upon her until the next morning. At an early hour Mrs. Pomeroy knocked and entered her room, closing the door behind her. Her mouth was set in a straight line, and her eyes wore a look Elizabeth had never seen before. She wasted no time, but plunged at once into her subject.

"After what has occurred, there can be no further pretence of friendship between us, Miss Morley," she began, in her most pompous manner. "My nephew will hardly wish to marry you now. Out of regard for his feelings, I shall not prosecute you, though—"

"Prosecute! What do you mean by using that word in connection with me?" Elizabeth cried, lifting her head proudly. "Will you kindly state what I have done to deserve this?"

The gentle dignity of the girl's manner surprised and irritated the older woman.

"You know what it means," she said angrily. "The detective found my cross in your shopping bag, where you secreted it, and—"

Even Mrs. Pomeroy was alarmed by the sudden pallor that overspread the girl's face as she sank down in sudden white helplessness. But her heart did not relent.

Harry was furious. He would not believe a word the detective said; and he and his aunt quarrelled outright. Elizabeth proudly released him.

"When my innocence has been established, we may talk about it," she told him, when he pleaded for an early marriage; and no persuasion could move her from that determination. That was nearly three months before, and the mystery was as much a mystery now as in the beginning.

Janet chattered gaily as they trudged along the narrow roadway winding upward and ever upward, between jagged walls of solid rock. She called her sister's attention to the wonderful old castles

rising above the high walls, with great turrets and towers etched against the blue of the sky.

"Look, Elizabeth! There are even the narrow diamond-paned windows," she cried, clasping her hands in sheer delight. "It is a perfect picture of an old gray, lichen-stained castle."

At each turn of the winding road some new beauty burst into view. Elizabeth forgot the gnawing pain at her heart, and was thrilled at the grandeur and beauty of the scene. It is rather a stiff climb up Williams Cañon, but the nature-lover is fully repaid for any fatigue he may experience. Both Janet and Elizabeth were passionately fond of Nature in all her moods. They scarcely realized that they were tired, so thrilled and awed were they by the wonderful panorama unrolled before their view.

"If you are not too tired," Janet said, after they had visited the Cave of the Winds, "we will follow this trail,"—indicating a narrow, steep path leading over the mountain. "The guide told me it leads to Manitou through Ute Pass, past the Rainbow Falls."

"It looks pretty steep," Elizabeth said doubtfully.

"See! that lady and gentleman are going back that way," said Janet, eagerly. "Shall we follow them?"

They climbed up the narrow trail. The view from the top was magnificent. They stopped to admire it, remaining longer than they realized. When they started to go down on the other side, they looked for the couple who had preceded them, but could see nothing of them.

"We shall soon overtake them," Janet said cheerfully, hastening her steps.

But they reached the smooth burro trail, and there was still no sign of them, or of any other living creature.

Janet was frightened. She was not naturally timid, but the thought of being alone in the mountains appalled her. To add to her alarm, the sun suddenly disappeared behind a bank of clouds; and a

sharp peal of thunder, accompanied by a vivid flash of lightning, warned them that a storm was approaching.

She looked in vain for shelter, in case the storm should overtake them. The smooth, narrow trail wound downward between a high wall of solid rock on one side, and a sheer precipice on the other. At the bottom of the precipice, a mountain stream dashed madly over the gaily colored boulders obstructing its way, forming tiny cataracts and miniature falls in its headlong flight. The shallow stream widened and deepened, its low murmuring changing gradually into a roar, as they neared the falls. The high wall on the left suddenly receded, and a small cabin, dilapidated and half in ruin, but offering a shelter from the approaching storm, appeared before them.

"Let us run!" Janet cried breathlessly.

But Elizabeth held back.

"How do we know how many wild animals may be hiding in that hut—" she was beginning, when a terrific crash of thunder, followed closely by a blinding flash of lightning, cut short further hesitancy.

They had barely entered and closed the door, when the rain came down in torrents. It was one of those sudden storms peculiar to the Rockies, severe while they last but of short duration. In a few minutes the sun was shining again, the water running in small rivulets down the mountain-side.

With a sigh of relief, Janet opened the door and was about to step out into the bright sunshine, when a low moan from the farther corner of the hut startled them both.

"What is it?" Elizabeth exclaimed, clutching Janet's arm, but dropping it in amazement when she heard her own name spoken in a weak, supplicating tone.

"Miss Morley! It is I—Yorke. For the love of God don't leave me!"

"Captain Yorke!" Elizabeth was at his side in an instant. "What does it mean? Are you ill or suffering?"

He was lying on the bare floor; there

was no furniture in the hut; his face was pinched and drawn and flushed with fever.

"Water!" he cried feebly. "For the love of God get me some water!"

Janet darted out, returning in an instant with her drinking cup full of clear, cold water. He drained it at a gulp.

"It is a taste of heaven!" he sighed. "I am burning—burning—burning!"

They gathered from his broken, disjointed sentences that he had slipped and fallen over the side of the mountain two or three days before. Upon regaining consciousness, he dragged himself to the hut, where he had lain in a semi-conscious condition, hoping against hope that some one would find him.

After a hurried consultation, Janet started down the trail to fetch help, leaving Elizabeth alone with the wounded man. The sunlight, streaming in through the open door, lay in a broad patch across the rough, uneven floor, lighting up every corner of the miserable hut.

For some time after Janet left them, Captain Yorke lay with closed eyes, utterly exhausted. Then, suddenly opening his eyes, and recognizing Elizabeth watching over him, he cried in a low, broken tone, a look of wonder, almost of awe, crossing his wan features:

"There *is* a God—there *must* be a God!"

"Don't talk, please, Captain Yorke. It exhausts you," Elizabeth entreated; but he did not seem to hear her.

"I never thought much about it," he went on in a painful whisper. "But I know now there is a God, and He has sent you to me that I may make restitution before I die."

"Oh, please calm yourself!" Elizabeth said, in terror. "Help will soon arrive, and you must save your strength for the journey."

She had not the faintest idea of the nature of the confession he was about to make; but shrank with innate delicacy from listening to that which must of necessity be painful and humiliating to him. He raised a weak hand protestingly;

but lay with closed eyes for some minutes, as if gathering strength for the ordeal.

"I loved you the first time I saw you," he began at last in a weak voice, looking past her to where the sun lay bright and warm on the mountain-side. Though he was not looking at her, he felt her start and shrink. He caught his breath sharply between his teeth; but went on, his eyes still upon the sun-kissed mountain:

"Pomeroy had everything — wealth, home, friends, and *you*! You are the first woman I ever cared for, and I determined to have you by fair means or foul. Knowing Mrs. Pomeroy's narrow bigotry and your own pure, proud spirit, I conjectured it was only necessary to throw slight suspicion upon you to cause the breaking off of your engagement."

He paused, drawing in his breath sharply, a spasm of pain crossing his face. Elizabeth bent over him in alarm.

"Please hush, Captain Yorke!" she entreated earnestly, a strange excitement stirring her pulses.

He lay for some moments with closed eyes; and when at length he resumed his story, the girl was compelled to listen attentively in order to catch the low, disjointed sentences.

"Believe me—I did not intend wronging you—I had—made no definite plan. When Mrs. Pomeroy—called me into the room to look at her cross, I—I slipped it into your bag—with the intention—"

"*You* put it in my bag,—you!"

Elizabeth started back, staring at him with wide, horrified eyes, scarcely believing her own ears.

"Don't!" he said weakly, putting out an appealing hand. "I—I didn't mean—I—was called away—and—" His voice trailed off into silence.

Elizabeth never knew how long she sat there alone with the unconscious man,—whether it was days or only hours until help arrived. She felt dazed and stunned and strangely humbled. All her bitter cynicism fell from her; and for the first time in her life she found herself

envying her sister's simple, childish faith.

Janet knew, as soon as her eyes rested upon her, that something unusual had occurred during her absence; but no word of explanation passed between them. Their whole attention was given to the wounded man, until he was placed in the hospital and made as comfortable as possible under the circumstances.

Elizabeth paced the long corridor for an hour, waiting, in an agony of suspense, torn by a thousand emotions, for the doctor's verdict. Janet, who had gone to the hotel for her sister's wrap, returned just as the doctor came into the hall. He shook his head gravely.

"There is no hope. He has but a few hours to live," he said, coming to the point at once in his abrupt way.

"Oh!" Elizabeth gasped, sitting down suddenly.

"He rallied for a few minutes, however," the doctor continued, with a keen glance into her white, startled face,— "long enough to make a confession, which I wrote down at his request. It completely exonerates Miss Elizabeth Morley of a grave charge."

"What — what is it?" Janet cried, running to her sister. "What does it mean, Elizabeth?"

"It means, dear, that your prayers have been answered," Elizabeth returned in a low tone. "The tangle has been straightened out."

"Here is the document," said the doctor, in a business-like tone. "I was to give one copy to you and send another to Mrs. Pomeroy in Chicago. He insisted upon the statement being sent to that lady at once. It is already on its way."

"Oh!" Elizabeth cried breathlessly, a strange expression crossing her face. "Then can I see him, doctor? I—I want to thank him, and—"

"It is too late, my dear young lady. He is past all that now," the doctor said kindly but definitely. "He made atonement as far as lay in his power, and—we will leave him with his Maker," he added

gently, as he closed the door behind him.

Elizabeth was completely exonerated; but, through her wish to shield Captain Yorke's name, the true version of the affair was not made public.

Mrs. Pomeroy was truly sorry for the part she played, and insisted upon the wedding taking place as soon as possible. On the first anniversary of their marriage, she presented the emerald cross to Elizabeth.

"Keep it, dear, and let it serve as a warning to your future daughters," she said, smiling rather wistfully. "Should they, by any chance, inherit their great-aunt's weakness, tell them the history of the emerald cross."

Antonio Rosmini-Serbati.

(CONCLUSION.)

WHEN Father Rosmini returned to Calvario, he found that lonely hermitage more attractive than ever. There were four persons in the community besides himself: Fathers Lowenbruck and Molinari, a layman called Isaías, and Giuseppe Flecchia, a young man of good family who had recently joined them. A regular novitiate was formed; their daily life was full of peace and joy.

In 1830 the first outside foundation of the new Institute of Charity was made at Trent. The Fathers did a great deal of good in the town, and for a time the outlook was promising; but there were misunderstandings with the Bishop, and they left. Father Rosmini was then solicited to establish a house at Rovereto, his birthplace, to which he was greatly attached. His mother, who was still living there, hailed the prospect with joy. While the arrangements were being perfected, the archpriest, Father Locatelli, died, and the people of Rovereto besought the Bishop to confer the parish on Father Rosmini. This was finally done, marking the passage of the Institute from a contemplative to an active charitable order.

The spiritual needs of the flock were great. Father Rosmini's first care was for the children. He reorganized the schools of Christian doctrine; and, as there were too few priests to attend to them, he procured the assistance of the confraternities. His solid instruction for adults in his parochial sermons and dialogues on Christian Doctrine are fragrant with the faith of early Christianity. A most astonishing change took place in the morals of all classes. But the enemies of religion were on the alert from the first moment of the arrival of Father Rosmini at Rovereto. He and his companions were accused of being inimical to the government, and at the expiration of a year they were ordered to depart. Father Rosmini left with perfect serenity, filled with resignation to the will of God.

In the year 1830, when Father Gentili, later to become a member of the Institute of Charity, was studying in the Irish College in Rome, he made the acquaintance of Bishop Baines, who invited him to accept a post in the College of Prior Park, near Bath, England. Later, this invitation was renewed; and when the Institute had been asked for by another, Father Gentili wrote to the Bishop, who at once desired them to come to him, provided the Holy Father approved of the Constitution. Having been satisfied of this, he prepared to receive three of the Congregation, who departed for the College at Prior Park.

It was a stirring time in England. Daniel O'Connell was in the thick of his labors and at the height of his fame. The Oxford Movement was sifting the wheat from the chaff in the great intellectual religious agitation of the period, which brought so many souls into the Church. Father Rosmini was a powerful co-operator in the good work carried on by his sons, directing them in discipline, spiritual matters, and their method of teaching. His letters were filled with the spirit of prudence and charity.

Things went on swimmingly until 1837. Father Gentili had improved the entire aspect of the two colleges at Prior Park, besides doing, with his companions, excellent missionary work outside. But by degrees the large-hearted, expansive and tender devotion of the Italians became distasteful to the Bishop. Complaints were made to him of the excessive austerity of Father Gentili; and when some of his own clergy asked his permission to be admitted into the Institute, the Bishop took alarm. Matters went on in this way for some time, till at length the missionaries found it best to leave the diocese. Release from college work extended the field of their labor; the number of converts made by the Fathers of the Institute have been countless. The name of the saintly Roman priest, Father Gentili, is still venerated wherever he was known. In Italy, meantime, several foundations had been made, with more or less success.

While Rosmini wrote and published many works for the restoration of science, as he had been urged to do by three Sovereign Pontiffs in succession, he accomplished a great deal through correspondence. Did he meet with a superior intellect joined to a pious soul, he at once besought his friend to pursue his studies, always ready with assistance to solve doubts or abstruse problems in the sacred sciences. His philosophical tenets met with great opposition, but also with warm champions and defenders.

In 1839, after a great deal of opposition on the part of some who did not understand its methods, and others who wilfully misinterpreted them and the spirit of its founder, the Institute was approved by the Holy See. Its growth was rather gradual and unobtrusive, but nevertheless solid. Another branch of the Society, styled the "Adopted Children," had a wonderful increase. Among them were the Sisters of Providence, who had houses throughout Italy, and were sent, at the request of Lady Mary Arundell, to make a foundation in England. Their apostle-

ship has been one of active and beneficent love; they have always abided by the counsel of the Fathers, whose principal injunction was that they should on all occasions regulate their apostleship by the exercise of indefatigable and boundless charity.

A few words now on the scientific labors of Rosmini, and the persecution—or perhaps it would be more charitable to say antagonisms—he met with on account of them. The approval of his Institute had been marked with opposition; however, this was but a skirmish, says his biographer: the real battles began with the appearance of his treatise on “Conscience.” He was accused of having fallen into heresy and of abusing and contradicting St. Alphonsus Liguori. A great deal of criticism and unkind censure was aroused. Father Rosmini answered these attacks in a firm but dignified manner. Finally, after having heard their opinion, the Pope imposed silence on both parties. This decree of the Pope did not settle the scientific question, but it left Rosmini free to profess his doctrines in spite of the accusations to which he had been subjected.

His opponents were silent, but their sentiments remained unchanged. It is only fair to say that, from a non-partisan view, they were probably as honestly and disinterestedly sincere in their own opinions as Rosmini in his. He was comforted on learning that Gregory XVI. had for him the same kindly regard as formerly. “Rosmini is a priest who has done, and is doing, much good for the Church; hence I greatly esteem and love him,” said the Pope in June, 1843; and he afterward expressed his regard for him to the Archbishop of Iconium, saying, “He is the greatest philosopher in the Church at the present day.”

During the reign of Pius IX. the warfare against the teachings of Father Rosmini was renewed with great intensity. After many disagreeable delays, however, his works were pronounced free from error.

This was a great consolation to him toward the end of his life, now fast approaching. The intention of the Holy Father was to make the decree public, but he was dissuaded from it by those who thought the accusers of Rosmini would be too much humiliated thereby. The communication was addressed privately to both parties. When, twenty years later, an attempt was made to revive the discussion, the aged Pontiff refused to reconsider the subject, which his previous decision, so far as he was concerned, had finally closed.

Father Rosmini died at Stresa, on Friday, July 1, 1885,—the day when the diocese of Novara celebrates the Feast of the Precious Blood, a devotion he had always singularly cherished. He was a man of remarkable characteristics. His faith was sublime, his hope boundless, his charity marvellous; prayer, by which man enters into loving converse with God, was a sweet and pressing necessity to his soul. The brief intervals between one occupation and another were always filled by prayer. He would kneel for hours at a time in front of the tabernacle, motionless and without support.

He was a true child of the Blessed Virgin. The Institute was placed under her protection. “The whole Institute is her little child,” he would say. “Let our Mother see to it. After Jesus Christ, she is the model, the Mistress and the leader of the Institute.” A picture of Our Lady of Sorrows was hung in each cell, with the crucifix.

It can be said without exaggeration that no man ever loved the Church better than Father Antonio Rosmini. Her glory, her purity, her progress were ever present to his mind, animating his thoughts, his works, and his writings. Out of this love came an unbounded reverence for all her rites and prayers, and a most punctilious observance of her ceremonies. His firm conviction that she is guided by the Spirit of God led him to prefer the forms of prayer used by her in

the earliest ages before those introduced in recent times by pious individuals; for the latter, even supposing them to be excellent, have not the character attached to the former, through their antiquity, their noble origin, and the rich vein of devotion so evident in the ancient prayers of the Church.

His corporal charities were part of him from his childhood; but his intellectual charity is more to be commended, as it is a greater work to feed the mind with truth than the body with food. Truth was to him as the light of Heaven,—a light which he longed to share with others. He looked upon it as the holiest of good works to dispel error, doubt, or prejudice, and to cause a ray of truth to penetrate darkened souls. He was continually urging those whom God had dowered with intellectual gifts not to allow them to remain idle.

He was like St. John in his love for his friends. He delighted in Christian friendship from his earliest years. "My heart would travel to the end of the world to see a friend," he wrote on one occasion; but he added immediately: "only if God wills, for my heart shall never have the supreme command." Again: "I can not stand on ceremony with real friends; but the advice, the admonitions, even the reproofs of my friends,—these never deceive; they bear the stamp of sincerity; they are gifts from the heart."

But there was for Antonio Rosmini an affection still more exalted than those founded upon natural attraction or the ties of blood. It is the affection which has its origin in the spiritual order. He loved his religious family with wonderful fervor; he considered the best part of his time and strength to be its due. He was always accessible to his priests, scholastics, and novices; always present at their recreations. It is no wonder that so good a Father was trusted and beloved by his children, for whose example he left a record of kindness and affection which will always endure.

In his bearing he was modest and simple as a child. In his countenance dwelt peace and humility, which is the parent of Christian simplicity. On this essential and fundamental virtue of simplicity he laid great stress, recommending his religious and his penitents to cultivate it even in their thoughts. He deprecated the theatrical practices sometimes in vogue among modern missionaries, advising his sons always to keep in mind the preaching of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was the essence of simplicity. He had a contempt for what is called "worldly policy." "The fullest loyalty and sincerity," he said, "are virtues which must be cultivated even to a scruple; there is no perfection without simplicity."

For worldly prudence he had no regard; that which he advocated and practised was the most exalted. For instance, there is a rule in the Constitutions of the Institute that each member must bear the responsibility for his own actions. Such a regulation respects personal dignity, is a stimulus to the exercise of one's powers for good, a restraint on evil tendencies, and at the same time an act of justice toward the Society. He was fond of saying: "Be very sparing of your commands; it is the best way to secure obedience." "Never hurt any one's self-love without necessity," and "never take men against the grain." "Measure the strength of your subjects,—not only their physical and intellectual capabilities, but still more carefully their moral powers, and proportion their burdens accordingly."

It is sufficient to see a portrait of Father Rosmini to be impressed with the nobility, truth, and gentleness of the soul which shines forth from his countenance. He was of middle height, with a fine, well-proportioned figure, and a head rather large. It suggests Dante, with a greater expression of benignity than that of the Italian poet. There is a touch of sadness in the gentle smile that rests upon the finely curved lips,—the smile that proceeds from a soul which God has tried

with hidden tribulations, as through a purifying fire. No one who met Antonio Rosmini ever forgot him; many who came to see him with their minds prejudiced, went away entirely changed in his favor; the dignity and simplicity, the gentleness and austerity, that dwelt in his features and bearing were impressive in the greatest degree. His opponents were numerous; they still exist; but the most violent among them have never doubted either his sincerity or his sanctity.

The Necessity of Studying our Religion.

THE necessity which present-day Catholics are under of studying their religion, in order that they may not lose their hold on it—lest the information they acquired in school-days should disappear, and the religious feeling they had as children should fade out of their hearts,—is admirably—lucidly and tersely—explained in a recent pastoral letter of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Hedley, already referred to in these pages. He writes:

Just as non-Catholics miss the great fact of the Universal Church, neglect it, ignore it, and misrepresent it, so the Catholic who does not take the trouble to study his religion may live all his life without an adequate conception of what his Church is, what she has done in the past, and what she is meant to do at the present day. Neither do the great Christian Sacraments exert their full efficacy in a community that knows too little about them. The Sacraments proclaim the ever-needed truths that sin is sin, and that God's grace alone can overcome sin. They constrain the proud, the indifferent, and the slothful to humble themselves before their God, and to seek for pardon and strength to save their souls. The admirable and heavenly gift of the Most Blessed Eucharist, to those who are fully instructed, brings light and knowledge such as all the world's philosophy could never give, and discovers to the soul paths of grace worthy of such a Redeemer, and lessons of holiness which only such a Master could teach. And all the rest of the Christian catechism—death, judgment, hell and heaven, morality, honesty, brotherly love—can be seen, if we study it, to be grounded upon the deepest convictions of human intelligence, and yet to rise and soar

above all that is merely natural into the light of the Gospel of Christ.

It is a rare thing to find Catholics in these days who have any grasp of the length and breadth of their own religion. This is a great misfortune. In simpler days, when there were fewer books and no newspapers, the elementary notions of Christianity sank into the mind and heart, and entered into the very substance of thought and intellectual life. Now our creeds and our faith have to fight with every kind of error and with every variety of speculation. The minds of men are preoccupied, and God's science finds no room. That is the reason why educated Catholics in these days have to learn their religion well. True, a Catholic can be a good Catholic and yet be quite unlearned. The poor and the workers are not expected to sit over books or to go to school again. Yet it must not be forgotten that in these days even the unlearned read. And if they read at all, they must not neglect to read about their religion, or else they lose their hold on their religion. They must not neglect to attend sermons, instructions, and also, when possible, the Sunday-school, which is held by the priest for his children, young and old; or else the little information they acquired in their school-days disappears, and the religious feeling they had as children fades out of their hearts. But for all except genuine working men and women, much more than this is absolutely needed at the present day. They may learn a good deal from the instructions in the church; but they must also read, think, and study. They must follow their faith into its details. They must explore the riches of their inheritance. They must dig for treasure, and take pains to gather the harvests that the Lord has sown. Thus only can the holy religion of Jesus Christ take real possession of the souls which He has redeemed with His Precious Blood.

What a pity that instruction of this sort, expressed in this way, is not imparted everywhere! As we have often remarked, there is a special excellence in the pastorals of the Bishop of Newport,—that quality which always causes a preacher to be listened to, and the lack of which nothing else can supply. One gets the impression that the Bishop is thoroughly convinced of the truth of what he is saying, that he realizes the necessity of it, and the importance of expressing himself clearly and tersely,—in such a way that interest may be intensified where it already exists, and created where it does not.

Notes and Remarks.

From a recent utterance of Prof. Small, editor of the *American Journal of Sociology*, it would appear that in his opinion the phrase, "the bankruptcy of science," is not without pertinency even in that branch of knowledge which is his own special study. "There is one question," he writes, "and one only, which in the last analysis gives social science under any name first-rate dignity. However we may phrase the question, it amounts to this: What is potentially in human beings, and how may human beings who have begun to be conscious of themselves make the most headway in realizing these possibilities? So far as I am able to see, this question is closer on the track of the last meaning we can discover for life than any other."

The religionist, of course, would tell Prof. Small that "what is potentially in human beings" is the service of the God who made them, and that "the last meaning" of life is its being an opportunity of doing God's will. That a large number of his readers are not religionists, however, seems evident from this paragraph:

We either do or do not believe that there is an underlying moral economy which it is the interest of all mankind to know. We either believe or we do not believe that every specialization of knowledge about society is on trial until it connects up with all that can be ascertained about the entire system of moral economy which human evolution demonstrates. The attitude of the social scientists in the United States points to a considerable preponderance of opinion that the idea of an underlying moral economy in the affairs of men is a myth. If this is so, then we may take our pick of the interests which we shall think and act about, and our choice makes no difference. If it is not so, if men's actions tend to promote or to retard some central process, then it makes a mighty difference if in thought or deed we assume the contrary.

And it makes a still mightier difference if "in thought and deed" we assume that the brief years we pass on earth

constitute our whole existence, and may with impunity be spent in total disregard of the Creator of the universe.

We have often remarked that the eternal School Question would be a long way nearer settlement in this country when two or three of the leading Protestant denominations woke up to the necessity of religion in education. The Episcopalians are now being roused. In a sermon delivered at the dedication of a new church in Pittsburgh not long ago, Bishop Boyd Vincent is reported to have said:

We give one hour a week to the education of children for eternity at the hands of Sunday-school teachers, frequently incompetent, and then wonder at the falling off in church-going and the lack of interest in spiritual things. Part of the time devoted to study in the public schools could be taken to advantage for instilling the principles of Christianity into the minds of our youth. In this respect the Catholic Church has distanced Protestants

So it has, but we are more than willing to have our separated brethren try to catch up with us. The minute they seriously make an effort, the aid of the State will be invoked, and the State will be forced to respond.

The proposed republication in pamphlet form of an article on "The Omnipotence of the Press," published recently in the *Civiltà Cattolica*, leads the reverend editor of *Rome* to remark:

At the head of the article we would put an account of an audience recently granted by the Holy Father to an editor of the *Croix de Limoges*. On being informed that his visitor was a journalist, his Holiness exclaimed: "Ah, the press! Its importance is not yet understood. Neither the faithful nor the clergy make use of it as they should. Sometimes people will tell you that the press is an innovation, and that souls used to be saved without newspapers in other times. 'In other times! In other times!' It is easily said, but they do not remember that in other times the poison of the bad press was not spread everywhere, and that, therefore, the antidote of the good press was not equally necessary. We are no longer in those 'other times': we are in the times of to-day; and to-day it is a fact that the Christian people is deceived, poisoned

destroyed by bad newspapers." And the Holy Father went on, having doubtless chiefly in mind countries like France and Italy: "In vain will you build churches, give missions, found schools: all your works, all your efforts will be destroyed if you are not able to wield the defensive and offensive weapon of a loyal and sincere Catholic press."

The journalist describes how the Pope grew animated as he spoke; how, with a characteristic movement of the shoulders, he showed his compassion for the people who fail to comprehend the importance of using the press on behalf of the Church; how his bearing recalled the spirit of sacrifice that animated Cardinal Sarto, Patriarch of Venice, in his efforts to support his paper, *La Difesa*, of which he used to say: "If nothing else were left me, I would sell my pectoral cross rather than permit this necessary work to fall."

The *Sabbath Recorder*, a Seventh-Day Baptist weekly, says of the second volume of the Catholic Encyclopedia:

Seen from the standpoint of literature alone, the Cyclopedia will challenge the attention of thoughtful men; but the student of history and of the genius of Catholicism will see in this second volume, as in the first, a deep, world-wide and all-inclusive purpose of making Catholicism the leading force and factor in the thought of the world.

We presume that our sectarian contemporary will agree that it would be an excellent thing if Christianity were the "leading force and factor" in the thought of the world; and as non-religionists have practically conceded that Catholicism is the only form of Christianity that possesses any real force at all, the *Recorder* need not weep over the Encyclopedia's "all-inclusive purpose." As for its further statement, that "the Encyclopedia adds emphasis to the well-known fact that Catholicism seeks to build for all the centuries," surely that is a commendable feature in any sort of architecture, material or spiritual.

A French nobleman, lately returned from a visit to Rome, tells a story which illustrates both the simplicity and filial devotion of Pius X. His Holiness was giving an audience to a delegation, when

all the clocks in the Vatican began to strike the hour, and quite naturally he pulled out his watch to see if it were keeping time. The watch was a nickel-plated one, worn yellow with hard usage, and fastened to a leather thong,—both objects seeming strangely out of keeping with the surroundings. An Italian prince, who was standing near the Holy Father, made so bold as to offer his costly time-piece in exchange for the shabby one, as a souvenir. "I can not part with this old watch," said his Holiness. "My mother gave it to me." And, fingering it lovingly, he added: "I was a small boy then. I wore it fastened to my waistcoat with this same thong of leather, and I vowed that I would wear it as long as it served. Perhaps it is because of my filial love that the watch never varies a minute from one day to another." Another vain attempt to secure the Holy Father's "turnip" as a souvenir.

An excellent and a graphic illustration of the aggregate value of little things is afforded by the *Bulletin* of the Anti-Slavery Society of Belgium. What is known as the "Work of Cancelled Postage Stamps," established sixteen years ago at the Seminary of Liège, was able to distribute last year among the missionary priests of the Congo nearly ten thousand francs, besides founding two chapels in the Liège diocese itself. The cancelled stamps collected during the year reached the rather astonishing number of fifty millions.

The Sisters of the Good Shepherd in one of our Southern cities write, under date Feb. 11, 1908:

A young Protestant girl came to us last winter remained six months, and departed without having evinced any desire to embrace the Faith. After leaving the convent, she resided with her sister, and, we understood, was doing very well. The week before last we were shocked to learn that she had been shot by a man with whom she had refused to elope. After shooting her, the murderer turned the weapon on himself and

died instantly. The following day we received a message from the girl's sister, who is also a Protestant, saying that her dying sister was calling for us. We sent two Sisters at once, and the poor girl showed them the badge of the Sacred Heart which she had worn over her heart since leaving the convent. The bullet had struck this badge, and, being turned aside, lodged in her lung. Her wound was fatal, but so convinced was she that she had been saved from instant death by the Sacred Heart that she desired the Sisters to bring a priest to baptize her. Her desire was complied with, and she received holy Baptism and all the Sacraments in preparation for death. We have had her enrolled in the Scapular of Mount Carmel, and sent her a new badge to replace the one which the doctors had removed from her wound, all saturated with her blood.

Whether a miracle or not, the blessed badge undoubtedly preserved the wearer of it from instant death. An ordinary piece of cloth worn over the heart might have had the same effect; but, then, there would have been no object in making such use of an ordinary piece of cloth. "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of," wrote Tennyson; and the same may be said with equal truth of blessed objects.

Not since the exercises held after the death of President McKinley, it is said, have so many people assembled in the Nation's Capital to honor the memory of one dead as were gathered together on Sunday, the 9th inst., to pay tribute to Dr. Stafford. The auditorium of Chase's Theatre was filled to its capacity; and, as Vice-President Fairbanks remarked in an eloquent address, the vast audience was composed of people of every religious denomination, from every honorable walk of life. The work and worth of the dead priest were praised also by Senator Beveridge, Rabbi Simon, the Rev. Dr. Van Schaick (Universalist), and other prominent men of the city and country. President Roosevelt sent a long letter, 'sincerely regretting his inability to be present,' to the Hon. Henry MacFarland, head of the executive committee in charge of the exercises. The absence of the President, however, was

hardly noticed, so many other distinguished men were there. Indeed it was a remarkable assembly. The spirit pervading it was shown in the address of Dr. Hannis Taylor, former Minister to Spain, who began by saying:

The famous English agnostic and historian, Buckle, who died at Damascus, made, near the close of his life, a pilgrimage to the Holy City with a caravan that included representative divines from many denominations. After he had discussed with them profoundly the theological problems that agitated the world during the last generation, one of the company called upon him to express his views as to the essence of the issues involved and their probable outcome. In reply Buckle said: "I see, on the one hand, the young and growing host of agnosticism; on the other, the older Christian host, one wing of which rests on the disintegrating dogma of private judgment, the other on the cohesive dogma of an infallible Church." He then added: "In my judgment, the future of Christianity depends upon the power of the Catholic Church to defend it."

The exercises closed with a short address by Mr. MacFarland himself, in which he expressed the wish and hope that each one in the gathering would leave the Theatre inspired by what had been heard about the life of Father Stafford, with the determination to profit by his example, and become better men and women and citizens.

Dr. William T. Harris, ex-Commissioner of Education for this country, is credited with having made certain investigations which established the truth of the following assertions:

That a boy with only a common school education has in round numbers one chance in 9000.—That a high school training increases this chance nearly twenty-two times.—That college education added, gives the young man about ten times the chance of a high school boy, and two hundred times the chance of the boy whose training stopped with the common school.—That the A. B. graduate is pre-eminently successful, and that the self-educated man is inconspicuous.

The "chance" referred to is, of course, the probability of "success"; and "success" in this connection most likely means making a livelihood and acquiring

a more or less notable fortune. It is to be presumed that Dr. Harris implied, if he did not express, the necessary proviso, "other things being equal," else his assertions will be open to well-grounded objections. Honesty, integrity, the sense of religious duty—in a word, character, is a factor the presence or absence of which will account for greater divergence in the careers of young men than will the mere difference between the common and the high school training, or between the incomplete and the finished college course.

It was the late Ferdinand Brunetière who said of an important work in six volumes, "French Catholic Missions of the Nineteenth Century":

I have before me at this moment the incomparable collection of edifying letters, descriptions of places and of natural curiosities, dissertations on botany, zoölogy, ethnography and languages, studies of the grammar of the Iroquois and Hurons, historical information, analyses of local superstitions, accounts of manners and customs, and characteristic anecdotes. Nothing is wanting, in fact, that can contribute to a more extended knowledge of the earth or of mankind. The authors of these letters are missionaries, but they are also observers, writers, and scholars. These missionaries of our time have not degenerated from their predecessors or their models.

A recent issue of the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith* gives an interesting list of historical works the materials for which first appeared in such publications as the *Missions Catholiques*. All through the centuries of missionary labor, the story is the same: the letters and narratives, essays on native manners and customs, pagan rites and ceremonies, etc., the writing of which formed the relaxation of the devoted toilers in the evangelical field, have proved of inestimable value to the professed historians who came after them. And the good work is still being continued.

"The Church of England, as established by law," says the London *Catholic Times*, "has come in for its first Abbey." The reference is to Glastonbury Abbey; and

while the *Times* rather deprecates the somewhat sectarian flourish that has marked the acquisition of the property, still it rejoices that this famous Abbey is saved from the iconoclast and secularist, is restored to at least a semblance of its rightful purpose, and is placed in the custody of gentlemen who know what an abbey means, and who intend to keep their possession as an ecclesiastical edifice.

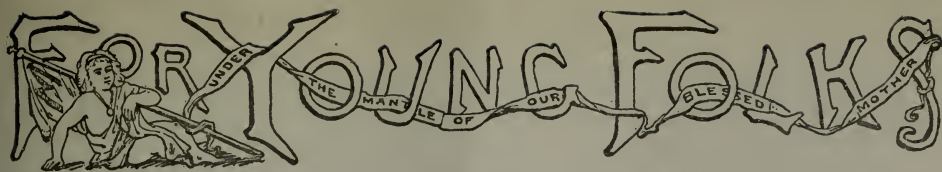
Apropos of the proposed restoration of the oldtime edifice, renewed interest attaches to the story of the monk Ringwode, narrated by the late Dr. Frederick George Lee. It runs:

An old monk of Glastonbury, Austin Ringwode, who, having the fear of God before his eyes, though turned out from his sacred home, dwelt in a cottage no great distance from it, and through many long years observing without relaxation his old rule, constantly interceded with God for his miserable and afflicted countrymen. He lived under the spiritual direction of Father Bridgewater, in the greatest retirement and on the sparest diet; gave himself up constantly to prayer, self-denial, and fasting; and in his later years was favored with celestial visions of a most consoling nature. To some friends, who went to render him assistance when he was dying, he predicted that "many woful troubles" would "fall upon the people, because of their sins," etc.; that "the Abbey would be one day repaired and rebuilt for the like worship which had ceased; and that then peace and plenty would for long time abound."

One portion of the monk's prediction—the rebuilding of the Abbey—seems likely to be verified; but the property will have to change owners again if "the like worship" is to be carried on there.

History has a fashion of repeating itself in minor details not less than in broad generalizations. From an article of Father Ryder's, penned some dozen years ago, we quote the following sentence, which has an applicability to the present time:

The Catholic Church, like every old building, accumulates dust, and the process of dusting thoroughly and carefully from time to time is a most necessary one. But the writers in question, instead of applying their duster to this useful purpose, prefer instead to flourish it out of the window as a flag of liberty.



The Right Time.

BY E. BECK.

THE time for the kindly actions
 May be when the roses blow,
 Or when winds like warring factions
 Through the leafless forests go;
 Both the summer's light with its splendor,
 And the winter of the year,
 Befit the words that are tender,
 And the smiles that help and cheer.

The present's the time for aiding
 The lonely with deeds or words,
 Whether the woodlands are fading,
 Or filled with the songs of birds.
 We may seek, indeed, forever
 Through the whole long year, and find
 A time or a season never
 For the speech or the act unkind.

Ruth's Day of Reckoning.

(Told by her Brother.)

BY FLORA HAINES LOUGHEAD.

VIII.—THE TELEGRAM.

FATHER reached out his hand for the telegram, but the boy would not give it to him.

"It's for a lady, sir,—Miss Ruth Sherwood."

Then, as Ruth reached out her hand for it, he still held it back.

"You've got to sign for it first, Miss," he said.

"For you, Ruth? Who is telegraphing you? What in creation does this mean!" said father.

But Ruth, with a pale face, had seized the book and was signing her name with a shaking hand. With the same pale face she tore open the envelope and ran her

eye quickly over the few words it contained. Then, with the piece of tinted paper tightly crumpled in her hand, she went down on the porch floor limp and lifeless.

I lifted my neck as well as I could under the load of blankets, and looked over the side of the couch at Ruth. The white roses that hung over her had more color than she had.

"She has only fainted," said Dr. Hugh, lifting Ruth in his arms and laying her in the hammock. "Please hand me that glass of water, Mr. Sherwood. She'll be all over it in a minute."

"But the telegram! What does it mean?" asked father.

Ruth opened her eyes with a happy smile. The relief from the long strain, coming so close on the afternoon's shock, had been too much for her at the moment. As she came back to herself, she remembered the joyful news in the message the wires had brought her.

"I was only a little dizzy, and my eyes went blind," she explained in a funny way. "O father, isn't it good! Read for yourself."

Still amazed, and in no way ready for the news it brought, my father smoothed out the crumpled paper and read:

SAN FRANCISCO, July 3, 1900.

MISS RUTH SHERWOOD,
 Santa Barbara.

Operation successfully performed. Your mother resting easily. Tell your father.

JAMES PERCY.

The name signed to the dispatch was that of a surgeon known and honored all along the Pacific slope, but it brought no comfort to father.

"An operation! Your mother? In Heaven's name, explain this, Ruth."

"It was that accident last fall, when she was thrown out of the buggy. There were internal injuries. Dr. Belknap said

so. She could not have lived without the operation. That was what she went up to the city for."

Ruth's words just stumbled one over another. They brought no comfort to father.

"And why wasn't I told?" he demanded. "So Dr. Belknap was in the conspiracy to keep it from me, was he? Good God! My wife under the surgeon's knife—dying—perhaps dead—four hundred miles away! I must go to her,—must start at once."

I listened, trying to understand. I saw him pull out his watch and look at it.

"Only twenty minutes to make the Sunset Limited! I haven't a moment to lose."

Without a word of good-bye, forgetting Ruth, forgetting me just raised from the dead, he was striding down the walk. The three looked after him with blank faces. Ruth was the first to get back her senses.

"Oh, dear!" she said. "Starting off on a four-hundred-mile journey, to be gone nobody knows how long, and he isn't taking a thing with him!"

"If you can get his grip packed in five minutes, I'll get there before the train starts," said Dr. Hugh. "Let me help you, Miss Ruth. I've packed in a hurry many a time in college, and a man knows best what a man needs."

The three rushed into the house together, Ruth thankful that she had put father's bureau drawers to rights the day before. Their being so orderly made it easy quickly to fill a hand-bag with all he needed; and Dr. Hugh, jumping into his buggy, was soon flying down the street toward the depot.

The girls came back to the porch. I had turned over on one side, and my arm was curled under my head and my face was out of sight. They had no business to think I was doing anything but sleeping; but that Eleanor had to bend over me to listen to my breathing, and she noticed my shoulders jerking queerly.

"Why, Ruth, I do believe he's crying!" she exclaimed.

"I'm not! You go away! I want my sister Ruth. Where's Ruth?" I—well, they say now I blubbered. If I did, it was because I swallowed so much salt water that day.

"I'm here. Here's sister, Robbie!" said Ruth, scared almost out of her wits, for I hadn't cried aloud since I was a little shaver. I'll own up I caught Ruth around the neck, and roared like a good fellow.

"Why, brother, what's the matter? Tell me, dear. Are you sick? Does it hurt anywhere?"

"Is mother—is mother dead?"

"No, darling."

"Is she going to die?"

"Not a bit of it, Robbie. She's going to get well, I'm sure; for Dr. Belknap told us that if she lived through the operation, she would almost surely be well as ever."

This didn't seem to help me at all. I guess I must have had an attack right then of that disease with a queer name that women and girls have when they laugh and cry at the same time, and can't stop. Try as hard as I could to hold in, I only bellowed the louder. Dr. Hugh said afterward it was "a reflectious action of the nerves"; but Ruth knew better than he what ailed me, and she hugged me closer. When I got through at last, I felt as if I couldn't let her go.

"Say, Ruth," I whispered, "you're a brick!"

"Why, Rob!" she said, astonished.

"You are! And I'm sorry, Ruth. And I'll mind you all the time after this. I won't make Towser bark when Eleanor comes, and I'll keep the wood-box full all the time, and I'll eat any letter you want to cook, and I'll be good as pie, and polite—"

"Stop, stop, Robbie! That's enough for one time. Don't be too good all at once, or you'll frighten me."

I suddenly remembered something. I lifted my face and opened one eye and squinted over Ruth's shoulder; and there sat that Miss Cameron; and, if you'll believe it, she was laughing and crying at the same time.

"Say, you girl there! You'd better go home."

"Robbie, behave yourself!" said Ruth, furious to have me backslide so quick.

But Eleanor's face, wet as it was with tears, danced with fun.

"Why, Rob!" she cried. "When I was just going to beg Ruth to let me stay with her all the while your father is gone!"

"That settles it for you, young man," said a man's deep voice from the porch steps; and Dr. Hugh, with stern face but twinkly eyes, was with us. "You're my patient, and not a step do you stir from your bed, not a shred of clothing comes near you till the 5th of July. I was thinking of bringing all our fireworks over here on the Fourth, and letting you lie here on the porch and see them set off; but since my sister's company is so distasteful to you, we'll not trouble you further."

"Aw, now, Dr. Cameron," I begged, "you wouldn't be so hard on a fellow! She can stay if she wants to. I don't mind her,—honest and true, I don't. Have you any skyrockets?"

"The biggest ones you ever saw."

"Drop colored lights?"

"Hundreds of them."

"Roman candles?"

"By the dozen; and colored fountains and big wheels and volcanoes and stars and sunbursts and red-heads,—everything that's going."

"Set off some to-night, because I'm sick!"

"No indeed! If you stir a foot to-night, I'll lock you up to-morrow and day after; and you shan't have so much as a peep at the glorious Fourth. Now, girls," he said, turning to them, "your plans are all right, but you'll have to give me a bed

here as well. Just put me anywhere, Miss Ruth. I'll make you no trouble about meals, but it won't do for you to stay here without a man in the house. I've sent up home for the things Eleanor and I shall need. And now I'm going to put this young gentleman to bed. He must not run about any to-night. He's had too much of a shock to-day, And he's too heavy for you to carry, Miss Ruth; so just lead the way to his room."

He wrapped the blanket around me and lifted me in his strong arms, as if I were a big baby and he my older brother. Ruth led the way and Dr. Hugh followed; but I didn't want to go to bed so early, and I resisted all the way.

(To be continued.)

The Emperor's Barber.

An excellent story is told of one of the predecessors of his Imperial Majesty Franz Joseph on the Austrian throne. A wealthy farmer, residing in the neighborhood of Vienna, had an extremely fine young horse,—so remarkable an animal that the owner conceived the desire of presenting him to the Emperor as a gift. With this view he approached a friend of his, a man of high position in the capital, who promised to procure him an audience with his Majesty.

One day, as the farmer was exercising the horse, leading him by the bridle along a forest road, a gentleman in hunting costume came out of the neighboring woods and entered into conversation with him. The farmer extolled the points of his horse, showed his paces, and presently mentioned his own keen desire to make a present of him to the Emperor.

The gentleman was full of admiration for the animal, praised him unstintingly, and asked to be allowed to try him. "No," said the farmer: "the Emperor shall be the first man to ride him." The hunter explained that he was the Emperor's barber, and knew his Majesty's tastes

exactly, so that he could tell at once whether the horse would suit him. But he got leave only to lead the horse about for a little while, the farmer jealously keeping a watch on him.

The gentleman gradually took longer turns up and down, then a longer turn still, and suddenly mounted the horse and was off at a gallop, whistling as he rode away. The poor farmer, covered with chagrin and disgust, went to his influential friend in Vienna, who advised him to go straight to the Emperor himself, and gave him a letter to one of the high officials of the court. The farmer went to Schönbrunn without loss of time, was readily admitted at the palace, and introduced into an anteroom, where some other gentlemen were waiting. After a while the door of an inner room opened, and the Emperor appeared—it was the man who had run away with the horse! For some moments the good farmer was utterly bewildered, but the kindly greeting and words of his sovereign soon reassured him. The Emperor thanked him with royal cordiality, and assured him that he valued his gift very highly.

"But, sire," said the farmer, "you told me you were the Emperor's barber. I would sooner have lost the horse than that you should have told—an untruth."

His Majesty laughed heartily.

"I told you no untruth, my friend," he said. "Who is my barber? The man who shaves me, is it not? Well, I always shave myself; so surely I am the Emperor's barber."

The farmer's delight was as great as his previous bewilderment had been. His beloved Emperor had not only accepted his gift, but had treated him with a kindness far beyond what he had looked for. And the Kaiser himself, we may be sure, rejoiced that he had made the acquaintance of a faithful subject, who not only wished to give his Emperor the best of his possessions, but whose honesty and outspoken truthfulness were equal to his devoted loyalty.

The Postage Stamp.

The little story which gives the credit of the postage stamp to Mr. Rowland Hill seems to be generally accepted.

Something less than seventy-five years ago he happened to be travelling in the north of England, and was stopping at a country inn when the postman brought a letter to the innkeeper's young daughter, who, after looking intently at the address for a while, declared that she could not receive it, as she was not able to pay the postage due, which amounted to a shilling. As she handed it back to the postman, Mr. Hill was moved to pity, and insisted upon paying the bill himself. During the evening the girl, truly grateful to him and ashamed of her deception, confessed that there was no writing in the envelope; that certain marks upon it gave her information as to her brother, and that the two had devised that means to avoid the postal dues.

Mr. Hill thought that the system which encouraged such fraud must be wrong, and set about devising a better plan. The result was the postage stamp, which has proved itself practical in all respects.

Pundit.

Occasionally in reading, especially if the book be an old rather than a recent publication, "pundit" or "learned pundit" is met with; and 'tis quite possible that the reader may have to go to the dictionary to discover what is meant. The word is Hindu, and means a learned Brahmin, one versed in the Sanskrit language, and in the science, laws, and religion of India. From this original meaning comes by extension the sense in which English people use the word,—that is, any learned man. It is accordingly more correct to say a pundit than "a learned pundit," because the latter phrase really means "a learned learned man."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Messrs. George Bell & Sons have published a new and revised edition of "The Black Death of 1348 and 1349," by Abbot Gasquet.

—We have received "In Memoriam James Muredach Walsh," a pamphlet tribute paid by an affectionate friend to a practical Catholic and representative Knight of Columbus who died a few months ago in Cananea, Arizona.

—The youthful editors of the *Exponent*, the monthly organ of the students of St. Mary's Institute, Dayton, Ohio, are to be congratulated both on the pious thought of making the February issue of their magazine a Lourdes number, and on the general excellence attained in their thought's realization.

—To the Pastoral Letter on "Church Music," issued by Archbishop Blenk in pamphlet form, there is added a "List of Music" approved and recommended for the archdiocese of New Orleans. Mgr. Blenk has ordered the systematic study of vocal music, and more especially church music, in all his parochial schools,—a capital plan for the securing of future choirs.

—"The 'Dyed Garments from Bosra'" is a neatly bound booklet of some ninety-two pages, by S. M. P., of St. Mary's Convent, York. The title is from Isaias, chapter lxiii, and the contents are brief considerations on various phases of Our Lord's Passion. A very satisfactory five-minute book for spiritual reading. R. & T. Washbourne; Benziger Brothers.

—Announcements by Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. include: "The Inquisition, A Critical and Historical Study of the Coercive Power of the Church," by the Abbé Vacandard, translated from the French by the Rev. Bertrand Conway, C. S. P.; and "Parerga," a companion volume to "Under the Cedars and the Stars," by the Very Rev. Canon Sheehan.

—Interesting and important as is Dr. J. H. Wright's work, "Historic Bibles in America," it would have been rendered still more valuable had he consulted Catholic collectors and librarians. The University of Notre Dame possesses Bibles in German and Latin printed before the birth of Martin Luther; and our own small collection of books includes one of the earliest illustrated Bibles.

—"Told Round the Nursery Fire," by Mrs. Innes-Browne, is a capital juvenile book, which will be enjoyed by larger boys and girls than the little toddlers of the nursery. It contains three tales—"Sooty; or, Too Late," "Tip and Tay,"

and "The Christmas Pig,"—each better than the other. Attractively illustrated and handsomely bound. R. & T. Washbourne; Benziger Brothers.

—In a slim volume of less than a hundred pages, the Rev. William Canon Fleming discusses "Boulogne-sur-Mer: St. Patrick's Native Town." Those who are interested in proving that the Apostle of Ireland was a Frenchman will find in this work about as plausible an argument as can be advanced for their contention; but they will probably regret that the publishers (Messrs. R. & T. Washbourne) did not honor the subject with better paper and more substantial binding.

—From the Christian Brothers' College, Memphis, Tennessee, comes a valuable little pamphlet, of sixty-four pages, "The Christian Educator's Calling—a Divine Vocation." Its contents amplify, and emphasize the truth of, Bishop Spalding's words which form its motto: "What better work in the present time can any of us do than to foster vocations to our Brotherhoods and Sisterhoods whose special mission is teaching?"

—From the Nazareth Trade School, L. I., comes a brochure of forty-six pages, entitled "Poems: Indian Legends and Clyde Warwick," by Edmund Basel. With considerable facility of expression, the verses display a rather imperfect knowledge of technique. The opening stanzas of "Wahbegwanee" are suggestive of that oldtime stand-by of elocutionists—"Marco Bozzaris." Mr. Basel doesn't improve on Halleck, as the reader may see for himself:

At sundown in his deerskin tent
Chief Wakan dreamt the hour
When warriors fierce and rival tribes
Did tremble at his power.
In dreams he fought the heavy battles,
And heard the shrieks of foes;
In dreams he heard triumphal songs
Sung by the maiden rows.

—No reader of THE AVE MARIA needs to be told that a new story by Anna T. Sadlier is eminently worth while; and it will be sufficient to say of "Cousin Wilhelmina" (B. Herder) that it possesses the interest and charm, and Catholic tone as well, which they have come to look for in the novels of that popular writer. The scene is laid in New York; the plot is sufficiently involved to make its disentanglement an interesting process; the leading characters are vigorously drawn, and the subsidiary ones graphically outlined; while the *dénouement* is thoroughly satisfactory. "Cousin Wilhelmina" is a love story;

but the love is the genuine passion that finds its crowning in the Catholic Sacrament of Matrimony, not the purely sensual attraction that so often proceeds through satiety to the divorce courts.

—An excellent idea was that of the Racine (Wisconsin) Council of the Knights of Columbus in causing to be issued, in neat pamphlet form, a catalogue of such "Books by Catholic Authors" as are to be found in the Racine public library. That there are some seven or eight hundred such books in the library of a city of only thirty thousand inhabitants is creditable to the librarians, and to the Catholics who probably brought the literature in question to their attention. We should like to see the plan of the Racine Knights adopted elsewhere.

—We regret to chronicle the death, on the 12th inst., at the early age of fifty, of the Rev. Dr. Peter A. Baart, of the diocese of Detroit, a well-known authority on Canon Law. He was the author of a number of books, the best of which, perhaps, is his encyclopædic account of the "Roman Court," and a frequent contributor to the periodical press. A priest of exemplary life as well as of great learning, Dr. Baart was highly esteemed by all who knew him, and greatly beloved by intimate friends. His death is a distinct loss to the Church in the United States.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

- "Cousin Wilhelmina." Anna T. Sadlier. \$1.
 "Boulogne-sur-Mer: St. Patrick's Native Town." Rev. William Canon Fleming. 65 cts., net.
 "The 'Dyed Garments from Bosra.'" S. M. P. 30 cts., net.
 "Told Round the Nursery Fire." Mrs. Innes-Browne. 75 cts., net.
 "A Key to Meditation." Père Crasset, S. J. \$1.
 "Faithful and True." Lady Fullerton. 30 cts., net.
 "Converts to Rome." D. J. Scannell-O'Neill. \$1.
 "History of the Books of the New Testament." E. Jacquier. Authorized Translation by the Rev. J. Duggan. \$2, net.

- "The Spiritual Conferences of St. Francis de Sales." \$1.80, net.
 "The Blind Sisters of St. Paul" Maurice de la Sizeranne. \$2, net.
 "The Story of Ellen." Rosa Mulholland. \$1.50, net.
 "What is Most Worth Caring About." L. J. Walker, S. J. 30 cts.
 "The Secret of the Green Vase." Frances Cooke. \$1.25.
 "The Life of St. Jerome." Fray José de Sigüenza. \$3.50.
 "Quivira." Harrison Conrard. \$1.50.
 "The Bond of Perfection." Rev. P. M. Northcote, O. S. M. 60 cts., net.
 "A Review of Hamlet." George H. Miles. \$1 10.
 "A Colonel from Wyoming." J. A. H. Cameron. \$1.35.
 "The Return of Mary O'Murrough." Rosa Mulholland. \$1.25.
 "The Life of Christ." Mgr. E. Le Camus. Vol. II. \$1.50, net.
 "A Tuscan Penitent." Father Cuthbert. \$1.10, net.
 "Procedure at the Roman Curia." Very Rev. Nicholas Hilling, D. D. \$1.75.
 "The Catholic Sunday School: Some Suggestions on its Aim, Work, and Management." Rev. Bernard Feeney. \$1.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Dr. Peter Baart, of the diocese of Detroit
 Rev. Thomas Brehony, diocese of Scranton
 and Rev. Francis Shulak, S. J.

Sister Mary Madeleine, of the Order of St Ursula.

Mr. Theodore Henke, Mrs. Catherine Hancock
 Mr. and Mrs. A. Dempsey, Mr. George Hudson
 Mr. Joseph Verner, Mrs. M. Heffernan, Mr.
 P. H. Hartz, Mr. W. McMullen, Mrs. Margare
 Hufnagel, Mr. B. Desmond, Mrs. Barbara Balzer
 Mrs. M. Brehany, Miss Emma Gibson, Mrs. Mar
 O'Neill, Prof. Edwin Louis Fletcher, Mr. Owe
 McGarvey, Mr. Thomas Davis, Mrs. Catherin
 Byrne, F. M. Handley, Esq., Mr. William F
 Ryan, Mr. Joseph Strasser, Miss Mary Carr
 Mr. Thomas Burchell, Mr. John Cullen, M
 John Davis, Mr. Edward McQuade, Mrs. Mar
 Swenson, Thomas and Ellen Magee, Miss Mar
 Mitchell, Mrs. Catherine Weeks, Mrs. Catherin
 O'Neill, Mr. Robert H. Balfe, Miss Celenie Bal
 win, Miss Julia O'Connor, Mrs. Amelia Draw
 and Mr. Albert Howard.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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Beside the Sea.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

A DAY of monotonies—gray sky, gray sea;
Sullen, foam-crested billows moving slow;
Gray, lazy gulls upon the rocks below,
With here and there a stir of white-tipped wings.
The soul may dream unutterable things
While such a vague, reposeful symphony
Troubles its depths, and moves its wayward
strings.

For an hour welcome, then the spirits fall;
Thoughts, sad or solemn, brood, with many a
sigh.

How wild and cold the fleeing plover's cry!
How sorrowful the sea! How dull the sky!
When, lo! the mists dissolve, the clouds unfold,
The sun laughs forth, the gray is turned to gold.

Monasticism in the Anglican Communion.

BY FRANCIS W. GREY.

ON of man, can these dry bones
live?" Is it spiritually possible
that a Christian communion,
cut off not only, like the
schismatic churches of the
East, from the divinely-appointed centre
of unity, but from the source of true
priesthood and of all that sacramental life
that depends on the possession of valid
Orders, should show, after three centuries
and more of separation, signs of quick-
ening? The answer, to those who have
studied the Oxford Movement from its

inception in 1833 to the present day,
must surely be in the affirmative. But,
even as they have no doubt as to the
reality of this quickening of a withered
branch torn from the living vine of
Christ's Church, so they will be careful to
attribute it, first and chiefly, to that Spirit
of God who "moveth where He listeth,"
who breathed life into the dry bones of
Ezekiel's vision, and is causing new
Catholic life to stir in the hearts and souls
of our separated brethren. At the same
time they will recognize, as a secondary
cause, that power of associations, of
names, traditions, and ideals, which plays
so large a part in the spiritual life of
nations as of individuals,—a power to
which it is difficult, if not impossible, to
set any definite limits.

The Anglican communion, therefore—
endowed as it is with the Catholic names
of bishop, priest, and deacon, of the old,
pre-Reformation ecclesiastical divisions,
and standing, as it has stood and still
stands to millions of English Christians,
as the true heir and lawful representative
of that glorious *Ecclesia Anglicana* to
which, from Augustine to Cardinal Pole,
England owed so much,—is, one may say,
the very religious entity, of all others,
which might, even humanly speaking, be
expected to retain, even in a state of
separation and apparent aridity, such
germs or seeds of Catholic life as, in the
physical world, science has shown to be
capable of new life and vigor after long
periods of seeming death. And that which
is humanly probable has proved to be
spiritually possible. The Anglican com-

munion at the present day bears, for all who have eyes to see, unmistakable signs of a marvellous reawakening.

It is as one of the latest and not least remarkable of these signs that the revival of monasticism is of special interest. "Orders" of one kind and another, for men as well as for women, have existed in the Anglican communion since the very beginnings of the Oxford Movement; but it is only within very recent years that monasticism as such, the older and stricter form of the religious life, has found place and encouragement among English churchmen—archbishops, bishops, clergy and laity.

It may be well, however, before giving an account of the "English Congregation of the Strict Observance," now settled on Caldey Island, off the coast of South Wales, to note, in passing, a phase of the Movement which, if less special, so to speak, is not without importance. This is the Report of the Royal Commission on Ritual to which Lord Halifax referred in his famous speech at the Church Congress at Barrow-in-Furness. He lays stress on the fact that this Report must, to those who urged the appointment of the Commission—the extreme Protestant party,—have seemed much like Balaam's blessing when Balak would have fain had him "curse me this people." For "it makes it quite clear that the 'Six Points' [vestments, candles, mixed chalice, the use of wafers in place of ordinary bread, Eastward position, and incense], with the use of such reservation as is necessary for the communion of the sick, and prayers for the dead, can not be forbidden, and are in no sense inconsistent with the teaching of the Church of England."

Further, "the Report, in fact, asserts that the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council [the supreme court of appeal, hitherto, in all ecclesiastical controversies, for the English State Church] is not a spiritual court, or one which in any sense represents the Church of England." A

great gain truly, and matter for rejoicing to Catholics, who would gladly see these men of good-will set free from the thralldom of an Erastian Protestantism,—a point which marks a distinct stage on the road to Rome and unity. Well may Lord Halifax "emphasize the importance of these facts"; for, as he says, "taken in connection with the whole tenor of the Report, it is the practical justification of those whom I am to some extent thought to represent, and of the contentions urged by them since the beginning of the present controversies."

Nor is this victory without its import in regard to the revival of monasticism within the Anglican communion, since it is obvious that the "Six Points," and others above enumerated, constitute, practically, the whole scheme of "Catholic doctrine and ritual" as generally understood by English churchmen, and without which the religious life simply could not exist. Those "Points," moreover, once established as lawful, others which, to Catholics, seem no less essential, must in due course find their true place in the scheme of doctrine and practice; as, in fact, they have done in so many instances.

It is to Lord Halifax, again, in No. 9 of *Pax*, the quarterly paper of the Benedictine community of the isle of Caldey (Michaelmas, 1906), that we are indebted for an account of this revival of monasticism in a communion cut off for so long a period from the centre of Catholic unity, and destitute of so many of the essentials of true Catholic life. "My long-standing interest in the community," he writes, "is one reason why I wish to call attention to this important stage in the history of the only strictly monastic community for men in the Church of England,"—their removal, namely, from Painsthorpe, in Yorkshire, where Lord Halifax had put a house at their disposal in 1902, to their present home. "I have known Abbot Aelred," he continues, "since he began his work, ten years ago."

Further on, the writer speaks of this

community as symbolizing "the recovery of a great principle, for the lack of which the Catholic Revival had been incomplete." What is, however, of even greater interest is his statement that "the Abbot has received the active co-operation and active support of the late Archbishop of Canterbury. He has the charter of Archbishop Temple for his office as abbot, and for the ordered position the community holds to-day. The present Archbishop of York, their diocesan" (while at Painthorpe) "has extended his fatherly hand to the Brothers. . . . Each year the community gains in strength. It has official sanction." The Anglican communion, therefore, in the persons of two of her chief pastors, neither of whom can be accused of "extreme" views, stands committed, so far as it is possible for her to be so, to approval of the principle and practice of the monastic life.

"Son of man, can these dry bones live?" Is not this the answer? The withered branch, torn from the living vine, has begun to put forth leaves. "This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes." It was impossible, men said; the branch was withered, the bones dried up; there was no life in either. And to-day we see signs of life which can not be mistaken. Whose work should this be but God's?

But this revival of monasticism within the Anglican communion, wonderful as it is, is no isolated sign of life. "Orders" of many kinds have, as has already been said, existed in the Church of England since the very beginnings of the Oxford Movement. Even these, however, were no mere spontaneous outgrowths from a wholly barren soil, having no roots or seeds, at least, in the past. An article on "The Desolation of Three Hundred Years, 1550-1850," printed in the same number of *Pax* from which Lord Halifax's account of the Caldey community has been quoted, alludes to certain periods of "a hunger for better things." After referring to the restoration of monasticism under Mary

Tudor, the writer tells how "all these restorations were swept away after the accession of Elizabeth, and desolation settled again upon the English Church."

No apology, I venture to think, is needed, either to readers of *THE AVE MARIA* or to the writer of the article referred to, for the somewhat lengthy quotations which follow,—first, because the subject itself is, or should be, of vital interest to Catholics; secondly, because those who read what is here written are not likely to see a copy of *Pax*.

"However," our author continues, "in the religious revival of the seventeenth century, under the fostering care of Charles I. and Archbishop Laud, there rises the notable figure of Nicholas Ferrar, the squire of Little Gidding,"—made familiar, one may note in passing, to readers in general in J. H. Shorthouse's fascinating romance of "John Inglesant." "This gentleman organized his household, which consisted of some thirty persons, with a view to the daily recitation of the Psalter. . . . The life at Little Gidding was austere, simple, and devout. Watches were kept throughout the night, from nine to one, during which the whole of the Psalms were antiphonally recited; and at one Mr. Ferrar rose himself and 'betook himself to religious meditation.' The household rose at four, went at five to the oratory for prayers, said the Psalms of the Hour at six, with some portion of the Gospel, sang a hymn, and at half-past six went to church for Matins. At seven, said the Psalms of the Hour, sang a hymn, and went to breakfast. After breakfast until ten followed a period of study and instruction; and then the litany was said in church; dinner followed at eleven, with reading; afterward recreation until one; then instruction until three; Even-song in church at four; supper at five or six, followed by 'diversions' until eight; then prayers in the oratory, and all retired. This seems to have been . . . the daily time-table."

"Works of education and benevolence,"

we are further told, "were carried on by the community," which, however, "apparently under the influence of Bishop Williams, consented to forego the obligation of vows." The date of its foundation is not given by the writer, and is probably not known for certain; the community was swept out of existence by the Puritan uprising of 1648. "But the yearning for a more devotional life," our author proceeds, "is indestructible." Some thirty years later, in 1678, "societies began to spring up in London and in the provinces, which provided for weekly meetings, under the guidance of the parochial clergy, for prayer, spiritual reading, and charitable work"; which seem to have rather resembled the various societies with which Catholics are familiar than the religious life strictly so called. But "there were others, contemporaries, who went further," one of whom, having given up everything, lived an ascetic life, and, taking Anglican Orders, "celebrated the Holy Eucharist *daily*" in various London churches or in his own oratory.

"Sir George Wheler," we learn, "Vicar of Houghton-le-Spring, who died in 1724," thus bringing us into the eighteenth century, "published a book entitled 'The Protestant Monastery,' consisting of Day and Night Hours, and exhibiting traces of the influence of Greek monasticism, which he had observed in the course of travel." This good man, in his preface, "dwells upon the instinctive desire which has been felt in all ages for some form of religious life, and expresses the longing for its revival." His own words are then quoted: "Such monasteries as these, duly ordered, would be a reputation to the Church, and advantageous to the nation."

Passing, with a mere reference, over the "potent influence" of Law's "Serious Call to a Devout Life" (published in 1729), and Newman's attempted revival of monasticism at Littlemore, we may say, with our author, that "here, then, through the centuries, we trace, marked faintly but with growing clearness, the

outline of the real spiritual loss experienced in the suppression of monasticism." It is this sense of spiritual loss, keenly realized by Catholic-minded Anglicans, which has led to the foundation of the various Orders for men and women referred to; and, finally, to the revival of monasticism under that ancient and venerable Rule of Saint Benedict, which is more closely connected than any other with England's religious life, with England's glory as the Dowry of Mary.

True sons and daughters of that holy founder they are not, in the strict sense; yet some measure of his spirit they must surely have caught, and in that measure he will own them as his. And in that measure, too, we may say to them, *Benediximus vobis in nomine Domini* (We have wished you good luck in the name of the Lord); may pray, as doubtless pray Saint Benedict and our Blessed Lady, and all the company of heaven, England's Benedictine martyrs most of all, that their steps may be guided into the true home of the religious life, the One Church of God. It is in this spirit, we can not doubt, that the writer of the article from which we have quoted at such length closes it with the prayer of the Psalmist (ciii, 30): *Emitte Spiritum tuum et creabuntur; et renovabis faciem terræ. Sit gloria Domino in sæculum; letabitur Dominus in operibus suis.*

THE Irish Gael is instinctively pious. When he meets a neighbor he says, "God salute you!" instead of "Good-morning!" When he takes a pinch of snuff from the box of a friend he exclaims, "The blessing of God be with the souls of your dead!" When suddenly overcome with a wondrous sight he cries, "A thousand thanks to God!" And when shown a young child for the first time he says, "God's blessing be upon it!" The thought of God is so constantly in his mind that the Holy Name is interwoven in his most commonly used expressions, whether of delight or the reverse.

Exiled from Erin.

IX.—THE PLOT.

ARISTIDE BEAUCHMIN, known in vulgar parlance as "Tidy Bushman," a title in direct contradiction to his habits and appearance, was the great man of the world in which Tim Malone figured as his sworn ally and faithful henchman,—with an eye ever open, be it known, to the main chance. He was a Frenchman of uncertain antecedents, who at the age of seventeen had left his native country, under a cloud. He had been apprenticed to a wine-merchant of Bordeaux, who placed considerable confidence in him, as he worked early and late in the basement of the establishment, "doctoring" wines,—an employment for which he evinced a special aptitude, and which he seemed to enjoy.

The astute Aristide spoke little but observed and reflected much; and, while he toiled, made plans for the future which would have astonished his master, had he known of them. So far had the youth progressed in his good graces that the honest man sometimes entrusted him with the collection of bills,—a mark of favor which Aristide not only appreciated but proposed to turn to his own advantage. He was an orphan, without any family ties; there was nothing to deter him from the purpose he had formed, and which he had long determined to carry out on the first favorable occasion.

Opportunities were slow in arriving, but Aristide was patient by nature. His chance came at last. His master was taken suddenly ill; the whole responsibility fell upon the apprentice; and, though not overwhelming, as the business was only of moderate proportions, it was nevertheless of some importance. For two or three days the wine-merchant fretted and fumed in his bed at the forced inactivity which obliged him to give up his work for a time; but, the physician

having assured him that everything depended upon his remaining quiet, he accepted the inevitable, placing the shop and all appertaining to it in the charge of his faithful Aristide.

The apprentice, however, was more loyal to himself than to his master; his opportunity had arrived. In the small hours of the morning he stole out of his bed, carrying with him all his earthly effects tied up in a large blue handkerchief. In a belt around his person he had secured 3000 francs, the amount of several collections made the previous day. It seemed an immense sum to Aristide, who had never owned more than twenty francs together in his life before. He had had the foresight to tell his temporary helper, a boy of fifteen, that he would be away for some hours in the morning, and would leave the key in a certain place so that he might open the shop. This would give Beauchmin at least half a day's start before suspicion could be aroused, at the expiration of which time he expected to be on the broad Atlantic. For days before he had haunted the wharves, having, in his business capacity, special privileges and opportunities. Finally he set his eye upon a tramp steamer of uncertain status, feeling confident he might find a berth there when he desired one. His previsions were correct. There seemed to be some difficulty in obtaining a crew: he was taken on at once. Everything worked in his favor.

The fate of the deceived and disconsolate wine-merchant was never made known to Aristide, who, on landing in New York, deserted the ship, and after a few days found himself in a quarter of the metropolis where he could exercise his special talents with profit to himself, and, in proportion to the limited means and uncritical tastes, to the satisfaction of his customers. He opened a small wine-shop in the neighborhood, found an abundance of patrons, and made money from the first. He lived in a tiny room behind his shop; after a time he purchased

the building in which it was located, and later gradually increased his possessions. In a few years he was recognized as the "warmest" man in the district, became a power in ward politics, and eventually obtained entire control of them. He was Malone's landlord, finding in him a faithful and unscrupulous ally, and letting him more fully into his secret ways and methods than any other human creature. Many and dark were the petty but potent schemes which the Frenchman had originated and brought to a successful conclusion.

For several years before the time in which our story opens, Tim had also performed the duty of agent for "Tidy," as the old man found it difficult to mount the steep stairways of the tenements he owned, and was, on account of his age and infirmities, less able than formerly to cope with refractory tenants and their more refractory wives. Seventy years he had lived in the world; they were beginning to tell on him in various ways. Sharp twinges of rheumatism, several attacks of lumbago which had prostrated him, and occasional lapses of memory, rendered him more dependent upon his representative, which set that worthy conjecturing how he could best direct matters so that in the event of the death of his landlord his property might not, failing heirs, fall into the possession of a greedy and grasping government. He would not have dared to make any suggestion or even reference to the possible dissolution of his lord and *confrère*,—for, inconsistent as it may seem, Beauchmin was both.

Malone had often turned the subject over in his crafty and resourceful mind; so far without reaching any solution. But one evening, when municipal affairs were supposed to be under discussion between them, there came to him so happy a thought, so natural, pleasant, and altogether satisfactory a solution of the matter, as left him in a state of self-congratulation such as he had not

known for many a year, albeit he had no cause to complain of his luck since he had been in America. Everything seemed to be in his favor.

Beauchmin, though a skilful adulterer of wines already poor enough when they came into his hands, was no mean judge of a good vintage. His taste and discrimination in such matters extended also to beer and stronger liquors. When he wanted a good glass of either, he usually went from home; for more than once he had been made aware that Tim kept, principally for his own use, a very good brand of Irish whiskey.

It was a cold night; Malone had closed the barroom betimes; it was, in fact, nothing but a cover for the real business he followed—that of ward politics. When he first established a household for himself, he had partitioned off a space about ten feet wide and twenty feet in length, which he termed a "parlor." A brightly flowered carpet had been laid on the floor, and the walls covered with gaudy paper, with furniture to correspond.

This "parlor" had been for a short period the show-place of the "Bend." At that time there was seldom an hour of the day during which a group of ragged little girls were not peeping through the cheap lace curtains adorning the one large window—formerly a door—of the barroom. But its glory had long since departed; his wife had used it but intermittently, having, as we have already seen, soon tired of her companion and his surroundings. At present it was tacitly known as "Malone's private room," beyond the threshold of which only the elect were ever invited to cross.

It was nine o'clock when Aristide Beauchmin entered the barroom. Tim had already put up the shutters, a signal well known and respected by those accustomed to have their nightly cans of beer replenished at the "Red Eagle." Behind those gloomy, worm-eaten barriers none dared penetrate. No matter how early or inopportune the hour at which the

shutters faced them, neither knock, entreaty nor objugation had any effect upon the proprietor on such occasions; people must go elsewhere for their beer.

"Good-evening, Tidy!" said Tim (he was on terms of the greatest familiarity with his chief and landlord). "Kind of cool, isn't it?"

"Whew!" replied the old man, shivering in his threadbare overcoat. "I call it cold."

"Well, it is," said Tim, producing a bottle from beneath the counter and taking two glasses from the rack. Placing these upon a small tray, he added a lemon and several cubes of white sugar. Two spoons completed the convivial outfit. "Come into the room," he went on, leading the way. "There's a good fire, and we'll have a glass of punch to warm our old bones this freezing night."

"My old bones, maybe, Tim, you might say. You are young enough yet," rejoined Beauchmin, following his host, and closing the door carefully behind him. "My, but it's comfortable in here, and pretty, too, with the carpet!" he said. "That must have cost you something when you bought it, Tim."

"Well, now, it didn't," was the reply. "Sit down,—sit down, Tidy! Take that rocker. I got this carpet at a sale. Got it for nearly nothing,—at an ice-cream parlor. 'It's faded now a good deal. It was pretty once, though.'"

The landlord drew his chair closer to the "Franklin" stove, which, with its open fire, made the place look cheerful. A small black kettle, suspended from a trivet on the top bar of the grate, gave forth the pleasant, hissing sound of boiling water. The punch was soon forthcoming; Tim knew how to make it to perfection; and under its influence the Frenchman's soul expanded. The business on hand seemed forgotten; the old man was in a gentler mood than Tim had ever before seen him.

"When I sit here, by such a pleasant fire," he said, in a softened voice, "I

sometimes think how foolish I have been to live all alone for so many years, when I might have been comfortable. I should have married, Tim."

"Well, now, 'tis late you're thinking of that," answered Malone. "I wonder it didn't strike you years ago."

"I was too busy getting a few dollars together," said Aristide. "But now I am growing old; I have no one. I would live longer if there was some nice, kind body to see to my comfort."

"Yes, so you might," observed Tim, reflectively. "But in these parts, Tidy, 'tis a risky business to marry. I've had experience, and I know. Some decent widow woman or a respectable old maid would—"

Aristide seemed amused, and laughed sarcastically.

"No, not for me any such, Malone!" he said. "If I should marry it would be with some nice young girl. I am tired of the 'Bend.' I could fix up a pretty place out of town—to live, anyway. I could come every day to business. I could have my garden; I have always a love for green, growing things."

"Yes, I've noticed you're never without geraniums on your window-sill,—outside in summer, and inside in the winter. You have a wonderful way of making flowers thrive, Tidy. But tell me, are you really thinking of marrying?"

"Well, if I find the right girl, I am certainly in earnest."

"Oh, is it really a young girl you're wanting?"

"Yes, Malone; and I can easy enough get one, too," replied Aristide, straightening himself.

"No doubt you can; but I'll be frank and open with you. Is it for love, do you think, Tidy, that a young girl would marry you?"

"Oh, love! Who is talking of love?" exclaimed the Frenchman. "That is a foolish word,—I have always thought so. Give a woman pretty clothes and some jewelry and a comfortable home, and

she will love you all right, never fear. There is no nonsense about Aristide Beauchmin, Malone."

"But you may say what you please," rejoined his host. "You can never trust a young girl. She'll marry for a home, and maybe go flirting round with other men, if she takes an old man for her husband. And at the long last she'll run away from him, after him laying out lots of money on her."

"Yes, that is how they do in this country," said Tidy. "In the old country it is different."

"You'd best import a wife from France, then," laughed Malone. "You'll hardly find the kind you're wanting around the 'Bend.'"

"The 'Bend'!" said the Frenchman. "You think I'd marry any of these girls around here? No, no! The real good ones are too independent: they don't want an old man; and the good-for-nothings that would fly at the chance, he doesn't want them. And even if I could get one, I don't care much for the French girls. You don't know how they will serve you in the end, even if they are all right at first. I'll tell you, Tim Malone, I like best the young Irish girls. There is nothing in the whole world so pleasant and sweet to look upon as a young, innocent, rosy-cheeked Irish maiden. That is what I have always thought."

Tim looked scrutinizingly at the old man, as he sat all doubled up in his chair,—thin, scrawny, pallid, unshaven, with a nose like the beak of an eagle, and fingers that suggested the talons of that bird of prey. His cold grey eyes, in which not one spark of kindness had ever lingered, or a single glint of humor ever flashed, gleamed fixedly from under shaggy brows; while his thin lips curved cruelly above gums from which many a tooth had vanished.

"Do you mean it? Are you in earnest? Are you really thinking of taking a wife, Tidy?" asked Tim, eagerly.

"If I could get such a one as I would

like, yes," was the reply. "Why not?"

"'Tis all right," said Tim, quietly,— "'tis all right. And what you said a minute ago gave me a happy thought. I believe I can put my hand upon the very girl for you."

"You can? Where is she, then? In Ireland?"

"In Ireland," replied Malone, gravely. "She is my own niece—or my first wife's niece,—and exactly the kind you are wanting."

"She is coming to America?"

"She'll come if I send for her."

"She is pretty? You have her picture?"

"I haven't her picture. I've neglected writing to my people this while back. But I know she is pretty; and she's good and biddable, Tidy. I was talking not long since to a couple of boys from my own place, and they told me a prettier girl or a better wasn't in the parish. And natural it is to her to be both; for her mother and my wife were fine-looking girls in their time."

"How old is this girl?"

"She must be about twenty. The boys told me there had been talk in the family about some of them coming to America."

"I wouldn't agree to take in the whole family,—not any of them but the girl," said Aristide, promptly, closing his thin lips like a vise. "How many are there?"

"The mother is a widow, and not in very good circumstances. There is Ellie and two boys. They're good sons, I'm told; they would always take care of the mother."

"Yes," rejoined Aristide, thoughtfully. "But how do you know the girl will come, and, if she comes, that she will want an old man for a husband? I have my doubts about it."

"I think I can safely promise she will come," Malone replied. "I will make it worth her while to come. And when she gets here no fear but she will do exactly as she's told."

"You don't think it is wise to mention

this to her before she comes?" asked the Frenchman.

"Oh, no! Let me manage it. She'll be Mrs. Bushman before she's three months in the town."

"Three weeks I should rather have it," said the old man, with a smile that he tried to make pleasant. "The young fellows may coax her away in that long time," he added.

"Young fellows!" exclaimed Malone. "There are none in this neighborhood she'd think of looking at, the ruffians! She's just the girl you want, Tidy; and I'll have her here in no time."

"All right,—all right!" responded the landlord, while Tim rose to brew another glass of punch.

It was midnight when they parted; and in the interval Tim had made a good bargain for himself,—written, signed and delivered. The following morning he wrote the letter which brought Ellie McMahon to the United States.

When Beauchmin entered the home of Malone that memorable evening, he had really no thought of taking the momentous step which had then and there been determined upon, although he had spoken his real sentiments when he said that he should have married years before. Once in a while during the time of his residence in the "Bend," especially during the past four or five years, he had given an occasional thought to the subject, but never very seriously. The developments of the evening, however, had precipitated matters; he was now committed to matrimony, and immediately began to contemplate the project with great satisfaction.

When he returned to his sordid room, altogether grimy and unlovely, save for the few flowers that adorned the window-sill, it seemed to him a most uncomfortable place; he wondered how he had been contented to remain in it all those years. Already he had a vision of a pretty house in one of the suburbs which surround the great city; and, to do him justice, he

meant to make life pleasant for the rosy-cheeked young Irish girl who, he hoped, would soon be coming to him from over the sea. And he thus reasoned with himself:

"Now, if it had been the niece of Malone himself, the blood relation, I think I should have reflected twice before saying 'Yes' to his offer; because she could not help having some of his craftiness in her bones. He is all right in his way; and he is really a good friend to me, I believe; and he is smart,—smart. But I do not want a wife who would have it in her to 'fool' the old man. Oh, no! This girl is not of his blood at all. By what he told me to-night, she is of good, gentle family, very respectable and simple. Oh, yes, it will be fine! If it is not too cold this week, I might go out and be on the search for a pleasant home. But maybe it is better to wait until spring,—the early spring. Malone tells me he thinks she can hardly be here before May. And it may be she will not want to come at all. But I hope she will,—I hope so. Malone will do all he can with good friendship in his heart, I know, and the deed for Carey's corner in his pocket. The ground on that corner is worth every cent of five thousand. I could get all that for it any day. And he may die first,—he! he!"

With such pleasant thoughts as these in his mind, Beauchmin sought his pallet and was soon asleep.

(To be continued.)

Wayside Meetings.

—
BY MARION MUIR.
—

STRANGE and new the Western Land,
But a moment hand meets hand;
Friends we might have loved go by
Like the clouds across the sky.

Yet the flower is bright below,
And above the planets glow;
In the hands of God, the Great,
Lie all strands of life and fate.

The Titans.

BY THE LATE REV. JOSEPH FARRELL.*

THERE are no modern stories which can compete in point of interest with the old fables of Grecian mythology. There is about them an air of simple reality which contrasts well with the marvellous character of the events they chronicle. It seems as if the people who received them—not merely as a portion of the bygone history of the world, but as a living, breathing religion—could scarce be aught else than the leading people of the world. One is sometimes struck by the deep thoughts which they awaken, and by the glimpses of great mysteries which seem to lie in these Old-World stories. It would seem as if he who framed them first (if indeed they be not forms of a half-forgotten primitive revelation) had penetrated to the core of life's great mystery, and had embodied, in the vast forms of religious fable, the deepest musings of man's intellect, and the profoundest feelings of his passionate heart. The Sphinx, with her riddle, insoluble so long; Ixion, on his wheel; Tantalus, consumed by thirst eternal; Prometheus, the friend of man, made immortal by the vengeance of a god; the Titans, with their great uprising and their woful overthrow,—all these seem to contain some attempts at the solution of life riddles far more insoluble than the riddle of the Sphinx.

Pondering these wild legends, one can scarce help concluding that the life of modern men is far less in its proportions than the life of their prehistoric fathers; or, perhaps more correctly, that our view of life, though necessarily more complex than the view of "the world's grey fathers," is infinitely less sublime. Yet perhaps—the deepest thoughts of men never die away utterly—they may as surely, though less palpably, underlie

our scientific theories of life and life's belongings as they did the dreamy notions of the uncultured children of a ruder state. And I believe that the fact is so. The mysteries which pressed upon the ancestors of humanity vex men sorely even now,—all the more sorely, it may be, because *we* can not drape our incomplete solutions in the golden mist of poetic fable. The Sphinx still propounds her riddle, and very rarely comes an *Œdipus*; and as man, and the deep heart of man, were in the beginning, so are they now, and so will they be for evermore.

One of these Grecian stories strikes me more than others; it is the story of the Titans. There is something strangely fascinating in the thought of that resolute but all so hopeless struggle. Vain was the fight of the strong Immortals against the supreme Jove, with thunderbolts for shafts and Fate for an ally. But not without glory are they even in defeat; scarred and defaced though they be, there is sublimity in the very vastness of their ruin, and human hearts must feel a sympathy for the baffled giants.

Did that story typify some ever-present mystery? Is there in it some deep moral which is practical for every generation? Is the Titan struggle a feature in the history of every society? Is it recognized, in other forms, in modern drawing-rooms as well as in the ancient palaces of Pilos? Are there Titans in our days also? Perhaps in the Titan story we see some far-off shadow of the fate of genius.

There seems, at any rate, to be an impression amongst thoughtful men that the "lives of men of genius"—especially of the poets, the chiefest among them all—is the saddest reading in the world, like the story of the Titans who battled against vengeful gods and were worsted in the struggle. It would seem that always the child of man who procures for his human brothers a spark of Promethean fire, must become, even in historic times, a mark for the unsleeping vengeance of some relentless Jove. The sorrows of men of

* For some unexplained reason, the present manuscript was never published by him.

genius move the heart of humanity deeply, and are elevated by the sympathies of the race. They become the household thoughts of each successive generation. Time, in its passing, takes away the mean commonplaces which might have grown around them, and they lie like summer clouds upon the life they once vexed sorely,—not obscuring but giving it depth and softened lustre which otherwise it would not have.

And so we come to deem that the sorrows of the longest human life are but a small price to pay for an immortality of fame. This seems to be the expression of an ineradicable instinct of our race. Preach, as dull men only can, of the emptiness of the "bubble-reputation," men will still look *only* to its brightness. How the great dead lie sleeping quietly, though their thoughts are graven deeply on the golden pillars of the universe! Do they dream of the busy world which, in all its business, has yet preserved their names? Or does one trumpet note of fame pierce the unlistening ears or wake one flutter in the silent hearts? Yet there must be something in that desire of fame, for no instinct of our nature is without its uses; and the fate of these heroes to whom men have decreed statues must be always glorious in the eyes of souls in any way kindred to theirs. They stand out from the centuries which produced them, monarchs in lonely majesty; but, like all monarchs, they are in some sort isolated, and in most instances have paid by lifelong sorrows the penalty of that isolation.

The "lives of the poets,"—how comes it that men should deem it sad reading? It is so great a thing to be a poet that it seems hard to believe that their lives can be altogether sad. Nor can I believe it. Even the Titan story of the Greeks has a better meaning than the sad one on the surface. And if the poets seem mostly to have been Titans in their ruin, were they not Titans, too, in power? Can it be that there is no brightness in

the lives of those whose thoughts and winged words have brightened all the world? How great a thing it is to be a poet; to appeal successfully to the sympathies of men; to nestle in the hearts and live upon the lips of future generations; to claim a place at human firesides, and to feel that the claim of the *poet* will be admitted long after the *man* has ceased to be; to leave to the world new shapes of beauty which will find a welcome upon earth forever!

It was a sublime thought of the old scholastic metaphysicians that creatures *in posse* were the thoughts of God,—*intellectiones Dei*. And, carrying the analogy further, may we not say that creatures *in esse* are His "words"? He spoke and they "were made." This vast universe is God's great poem. And, oh, what mingled strength and sweetness in its varied numbers! Pause, O man, and listen to the swell of harmony which the fingers of the Almighty have evoked from chaos! "Deep calleth unto deep" till the echo is to human ears lost in the outlying fields of infinite space. How sweetly blend the notes of that undying melody! The loudest have their sweetness, and the faintest are not lost.

Listen to the swell and the moan of the storm-tossed deep, and to the summer babbling of the gliding streamlet; and the quiet stars, with their own sphere music, solemn in its very silentness, gleam down upon the sea and on the stream. Listen to the organ peal of the loud tempest, and to the faint breathing of the balmy wind that wakens fairy tunes amid the rustling leaves of summer. Oh, what a poem! And mingling with every stanza, giving to each a pathos which else it would not have, breathe the throbbing notes of man's passionate heart. And so, at odd times, but not often in many centuries, some mortal man listens worthily to the ceaseless song till its myriad harmonies stir his soul to rapture; and he, too, seizes upon a lyre and imitates the music which he has heard, in such wise

that even the world's dull ear is pierced, and the world's dull heart catches in his numbers some far-off echo of the *divine*. And so they call the singer an inspired man, and throne him, in lonely majesty, among the world's poets. It is a great destiny, but it is a lonely one too.

The miseries of genius is a hackneyed theme enough. There would seem to be something strangely fascinating to the human intellect in the sufferings of its greatest champions. Long after the life struggle has been ended, men love to depict its bitterness, to dwell with sympathy on the sufferings of their great fellowmen, and to invest their commonest sorrows—sorrows which, after all, are but the heirlooms of the race—with a pathos which, in connection with the lives of ordinary men, might well seem exaggerated. Thus have we heard a thousand times of the poisoned chalice of Socrates, the long exile of Dante, the evil days of the later life of Milton. Indeed whoever wishes to harp on this theme will find, in literary and other history, quite enough to serve his purpose; and if these external sorrows were all we knew, or could imagine, of the biography of the world's gifted men,—were there no mysterious inner life,—it might be easy to conclude that the "lives of men of genius" is the saddest reading in the world.

Tasso in a madman's cell; Camoëns a beggar in the streets of Lisbon; Columbus made sad by black ingratitude; Cervantes a common soldier in the army of that land which can boast of nothing greater than his genius; Marlowe snatched by a sudden and an evil fate from the stage on which he might have rivalled Shakespere; Otway choked in ravenous hunger; the boy poet Chatterton lying dead in the early youth which had given such promise; Burns wasting in wild orgies the powers that might have been transmuted into immortal songs,—all these have pointed many a moral, and have perhaps comforted many a blockhead, for that he too had not been gifted with that perilous

gift which men call genius, and which places its possessors in the foremost rank of the world's army, in the post of danger as well as in the post of dignity. And this is well in its way. However we may question the utility of harping continually on the same sad string, there can be no doubt that there is a certain feature of such a subject which it is well to have insisted on occasionally, lest men should ever get to measure merit by success, and consequently to deem lightly of many lives whose highest success may be in the fact that, judged by certain of the world's standards, they were utter failures.

Indeed, it is not hard to see that there is such a tendency in human nature, especially in human nature as individuated in those men whose glory it is to be, and to be called, *practical*. It is this tendency which endeavors, half unconsciously, to form the literary history of every country upon the model of some "Grub Street" tradition; to brand genius as impractical and dreamy, to give currency to the time-honored joke which makes the name of poet a synonym for the name of pauper. There is at the bottom of such a view as this a deeply-rooted lie. Genius, given for the world's behoof, is the most practical of all gifts. All men of genius, in whatever department, may in a certain sense be called *poets*—"doers." They have been in every age the real workers, through whose work only was the work of smaller and seemingly busier men in any way possible. All the great things which have been done for the world have been done by genius. It has elevated and beautified human life; it has taught lessons of deepest wisdom to the human heart; it has soothed a thousand sorrows and deepened a thousand joys; and the so-called "practical men" who are able to effect anything of good for society do but adjust to present requirements the massive columns which genius had long since hewed from the quarries of human thought.

Genius has made the world better and

brighter; and yet it can not be denied that, viewed by the light of history, especially of literary history, genius and the world seem to be antagonistic the one to the other. The relations between society and society's greatest benefactor seem to have been, in many respects, hostile; and this hostility, or seeming hostility, gives rise to several intricate problems which everyone would wish to see satisfactorily solved, but the real, or even an approximately real, solution of which no one seems to have discovered. Has the world treated its most deserving unjustly? Have the "most deserving" richly deserved hard treatment? These are questions which have been asked a thousand times, and have been a thousand times answered variously.

Nor do I hope to solve them; but, like most men who have read anything of the great Titan struggle, I have felt compelled, oftener than once, to think the matter over; and in the present paper I wish to throw together loosely some few of the many thoughts which have arisen in my mind on a subject of such universal interest that many who may think lightly of my speculations will gladly welcome one more occasion of reviving the memories of illustrious lives. So let the reader look for no offhand solution of a great problem; for the writer has never found such a solution of *any* problem outside the sphere of pure mathematics. Let the reader look for no systematic theory ready to shape the facts which history gives us,—ready, too, to pare down any troublesome fact which will not be reasonable enough to harmonize with the preconceived theory; the writer has no theory of any kind to offer. He thinks it is not unreasonable to suspect such theories, and had rather appear in the character of a "sceptic,"—in the primary and I can not but think far more natural sense of the word, an unbiassed and deeply thinking "looker-on" at the world and the world's doings. He hopes, too, that those who read will take his words as

they are written—suggestively; and that his essay, however incomplete, may be kindly looked on as a well-meant tribute to the memories of men to whose works he owes some of the purest pleasures of his life.

There is something sacred in even the homeliest sorrows. They give a touch of dignity even to the humblest; and great indeed must be the sin for which consequent sorrow will not more than half atone. The human heart is never nobler than when it bleeds; the outer crust of worldliness breaks up utterly, and souls that we thought commonplace sometimes startle us by the change which passes upon them with sorrow,—just as some landscapes require the accessories of gloomy skies to bring out their quiet but deep sublimity. But the sorrows which make holy the common homesteads of humanity assume an unwonted pathos when they fall upon those lives which men feel to be great. It is in those facts of our mental constitution that we must look for the solution of that instinct which teaches us that life is evolved out of mysteries, most of which are sorrowful. *Omnia exeunt in mysterium*. Whoever, too, would touch a heart must cry out to it, *De profundis!* "Deep calleth unto deep." And so, above all, the poet, elevated by God to the priesthood of the beautiful, the expounder to men of the deep mysteries of God's world, must receive his consecration in fire, and be made holy by the holiness of sorrow. For is there not some nameless, some unutterable pathos lying deeper on our souls than its deepest thoughts? Do not our heavenliest joys seem ever to merge into some infinitude of sadness, which tears (the language of most heartfelt bliss) can but faintly shadow forth?

Think you he shall speak worthily of life who has never felt the keen, sweet agony of the pathos that underlies life,—the pathos which only personal sorrow can awaken? Think you shall he who basks in the sun upon the surface interpret

the mysteries which lie within the spirit of all God's creatures, waiting for a seer "God-gifted" to read them? Ah, this great universe, with its thousand blissful sights and sounds that intoxicate the spirit subtly, what is it, after all, but the prison house of immortal man? But on its "crystal walls" is traced full many a mystic character, true hieroglyphics; and at times, when infinite yearnings after the unknown and the unfound have made great spirits sorrowful, hope, first-born of sorrow, has taught them to penetrate the inner significance of the sacred symbols, and read in them some far-off shadow of the things to come.

So have the poets been men of many sorrows,—Titans struggling upward toward the heavens; and, let us hope, not utterly in vain. Who has ever touched the heart of man whose own heart sorrow hath not touched? I have often asked myself: Was Homer nothing but a garrulous old Greek, who sang the glories of the sires that the sons might give him a share of the "equal banquet"? And if *that* object was attained, were his sorrows over? Was Shakespere always "merry," even when, at times, he listened to the "sweet music" which comes from throbbing human hearts? In truth, I can not think so. In their lives indeed, as in the lives of all the greatest, we can see few traces of mere Wertherean sorrows; but to them also, as to other men, was not the Sphinx riddle proposed, vexing their heroic souls? Nay, genius, with the keen insight that it gives, can not fail to awaken deep thoughts, to suggest hard riddles which even genius can not solve, and yet which it is a keen agony to leave unsolved.

Are not all thoughtful men somewhat sad? Is there not a touch of pathos in the very laughter of the master-spirits? And how could it be otherwise? Every age has hard problems of its own, together with the ever-growing heritage of the unsolved problems of ages past. They lie not always on the surface; and only the "thinker," or he in whom thinks

something higher than mere human thought—the "inspired,"—only he, hearing these problems begging earnestly for solution, feels that he, if any, has a call God-given to solve them. Are not all great men earnest? Is not earnestness in a sense the measure of their greatness? And earnestness, thwarted as it mostly is by unworthy obstacles,—is it not the martyrdom as well as the life of the soul in which it burns? Think of the "Epic Father" at the banquets of the princes. Did he believe that his rude hearers, who invoked him as the minister of present pleasure, could feel a tithe of the golden meaning of the deathless song? And is it no pang to feel that men do but half appreciate the worth of our word or of our work?

We know but little indeed of the personal life of Homer; but when he makes Themius the bard say to Ulysses, "I can sing to thee as to a god; wish not therefore to cut off my head," we feel that here we have stumbled upon a personal reminiscence of the poet, and that *he* too was of the Titans. True it is that he, and souls kindred to his, may—nay, must—have felt conscious of the magic that was in their words to thrill through the hearts of unnumbered generations, and may have thought lightly of the hard present, when hope, and something surer than hope, promised so bright a future. But even on such sunny pictures there must have lain many a cloud; for to transmit to posterity a name and fame there is in most cases required, besides intrinsic worth, happy combinations of circumstances, with which worth has very little to do. "Before King Agamemnon reigned, reigned kings as wise as he and brave," but he alone looms large amid the prehistoric shadows; they, sons of the primeval *Κρονος*, have been swallowed up utterly. Who can sing even in strains deserving of immortality, "I and my words shall live through the centuries forever"?

I can not but think of God-commissioned

men of every age who had high messages for men, and who spoke them to unlistening ears. It has always been a touching story to me,—that story, recorded in the oldest and truest history, of Noe and the work which it was given him to do. I draw the picture in my mind of how the old patriarch spoke his dread message bravely, and how they laughed him to scorn; of how he worked and pondered, preached and prayed, through a whole century of time; and how the Ark grew large and shapely beneath his hands,—the living proof of his sincerity. How they must have laughed, those light scoffers, at the enthusiast! And, oh, how sadly must not the laugh have sounded on the ear of the earnest worker! Think you that he could turn aside coldly from the unbelieving generation, and draw comfort from the thought that one day they should perforce believe,—one day, too late? Not so: those who bring God's messages to men have deep, yearning love for those to whom they have been sent. So genius can not turn away from the dull, unbelieving world, and shrug its shoulders, and satisfy itself with a *Nous verrons*. Such may be the rôle of the ideal philosophic man, but not of the real human man, still less of the human man glorified by genius.

These are some of the sorrows which are consequent on the great gift. They may seem to the so-called "practical" men purely imaginary; but the reality and bitterness that are in them will be best appreciated by those whose soul can claim nearest kin to those whose lives they made immortal. Here, then, seem to be some reasons why the lives of men of genius should be, to say the least, not joyous; but here surely are no reasons why the "lives" should be sad reading. In truth, this is by far the most pleasant feature of our subject. Sorrows such as these rather glorify than sadden the memory of the lives which they made holy; they are like the shadows of summer evenings, from out which the nightingale

pours his sweetest melodies. Besides, these sorrows connote great joys which thrill through the very depths of life; for it is a great joy to be the instrument of great good, and genius has never worked altogether in vain. The seed-time may be dark and unhopeful; but the seed is under the care of a greater than we, and the golden harvest will come some time,—doubtless in the best time, too. So the great workers toil on amid neglect, building the ark which it is given them to build; and, though grieving for the dull ears and duller hearts around them, yet feel that in their work lie the hopes of a world. And they wait with the patience which only genius possesses.

But there is yet another bolt to be hurled at the Titans. As we read the story, especially the story of the poets, there is one sad thing seldom absent; and it is a thing more within the range of ordinary sympathies: the want of a true home life,—a want that seems to have been in most instances their appointed destiny. No sooner does poet begin to sing than down comes the hammer of fate, mightier far than Thor's great hammer, shattering the household gods. Ah! it is a lonely life, that poet life,—lonely at times as the latter life of Marius; often, alas! like his, too, in more than the loneliness. But even here there is something hopeful to be said; for, after all, home life, though precious, is not the highest kind of life, nor the training for the highest kind of work. Nor indeed is it so common as one might expect that to be which is sought after so eagerly. Do we not all, sometimes at least, agree that he was a keen observer who noticed the inevitable "skeleton" that grins behind the Penates? I think, too, of the mothers of old Sparta, who nursed their infants on a shield and hardened the young limbs for future battles. And I can not but think that Nature is such another mother to her bravest sons, and that here, too, we may say, "'Tis well."

But there is another portion of the

present subject, not at all a pleasant one, but which (as this paper, though far from being complete, claims to be suggestive) must be touched briefly. It is a fact, patent to all who read their touching history, that the "lives of men of genius" have been in many, perhaps in most, instances far from enviable. And it is a fact still more melancholy that their ruin may be traced in some cases to great follies and to inherent defects of character. There have been some (thank God not many, after all!) who seem to have weakly yielded in the great life struggle, and whose wretchedness and ruin have pointed the moral of the saddest of all stories,—the story of great gifts misused. These are indeed vanquished Titans, bearing the deep scars of vengeful bolts. But, sad as such a sight may be, it has a sublimity in it which awes us, and makes us feel that other than the ordinary standards of human judgment must measure the extent of ruin like this. Even from the scathed souls gleam forth, at times, flashes of the great original nature, like lightning through a ruin; and we gaze with a strange yearning, far deeper than mere compassion, at the large-hearted ruined men. Ah, surely it is sad that it should ever come to this! Does not Nature, Spartan mother as she is—Spartan in nobleness as well as in sternness,—does not she, too, cry out to the soldier child she has nurtured, ἡ ταν ᾗ ἐπὶ ταν — "Let thy shield preserve thee scathless or let it be thy bier"? Keep the large heart pure or die.

But how shall we judge of them and of their fall? Whose the fault? "The fault," says one, "lay solely in themselves." No man can be ruined but by his own right hand. No life can be made a failure if the seeds of failure lie not within itself. No man can be ruined, in the real sense of ruin, unless by a defect of that inherent nobleness which makes a man equal to any fortune. Well, it is a hard saying; harder still when we apply it to the case before us; so hard that one feels it can

not be the whole truth. "It was circumstances!" cries another. "Most of the ruin of great spirits is to be attributed to adverse environment rather than to defect of personal character." Well, this sounds merciful enough. But is it altogether just?

So fares it with the ruined mortal Titans. "It was circumstances!" cries one. "It was themselves!" shouts another. Ah, my worthy friends, is there no medium? Canst not *thou* temper thy justice with mercy, and *thou* nerve thy mercy with justice? Nay, can we not all recognize the truth that "not to judge at all" is not so much an act of mercy as an exercise of the merest justice? What know we of the case that we pretend to judge? Let the little minds which move within a limited circle, and with some narrow theory of life to steady them in their revolutions, strive to comprehend the position of those to whom were given "souls made of fire," and a view of life all too wide to be minute,—so wide indeed that the horizon melts into the infinite. Better let us say that indeed ruin in the worst sense comes from within; but to decide what is ruin, and when and how it is effected, is the province of a wiser than we. Great passions are dangerous gifts; but that they *are* gifts, I believe firmly. It is not so much force of intellect that rules men as force of character,—that effect which we can so well discern but so ill define, and which in the most famous instances seems to have arisen from the union of a great intellect with a passionate nature.

Pure intellect is a glorious thing to contemplate in the abstract, but I suspect it exercises over men far less influence than many would be disposed to admit. After all, it is the passionate natures that have moved the world. I will best express my thought by a simile. As the moon shines with equal lustre on the quiet pool and on the seething waves, and leaves the one calm and motionless, but draws upward to itself the swelling tides of the other till they toss great ships on their

waves; so pure intellect joined to a passionless nature lights but gives no motion, but, combined with a passionate heart, it endows the man with a force which at times appalls, and with an energy which is irresistible. And such have mostly been the men of genius. These are the ruined Titans. Think you were those men passionless who have thrilled the dull heart of the world? And, ere you judge them harshly in their mighty overthrow, think could the sea be always calm?

But what shall we say to the poisoned chalice which Socrates was forced to drink,—to the cold neglect and black ingratitude which the world has mostly given to those who made it better and brighter than it was? What to the starvation of Otway,—the mad deed of the boy poet, lying dead in his early prime, and stung to frenzy by injudicious sympathy, followed by undeserved neglect? Well, to these questions also I shall strive to suggest some (necessarily brief) answer. As for ingratitude and neglect, I can not but think that there is much more stress laid upon them than is at all expedient. The wisest sages have taught us always that he who sets his heart upon the gratitude of men will mostly be disappointed. But I believe that the world is not so much ungrateful as dull; that it is prepared to give, but to clamorous applicants, which men of genius mostly are not. And when men have had time to consider, they have always repaid real merit by lasting fame; and fame is the truest expression of the world's gratitude.

I think also that some persons are too fond of looking at the "world," "society," and so forth, as a very convenient abstraction which serves admirably as a scapegoat for the shortcomings of individuals. Many of what are considered as misfortunes have been but conditions of higher developments. To poverty we owe much; it has given us many a song which had else been left unsung, and which the world could ill spare. Nor should we think of genius as coming into the market-places

crying, "Give me bread and give me gold, O men, and I will sing you an immortal song!" Not so mean the aims, not so paltry the purposes of genius. Why should *they* think poverty a misfortune,—they whose own are all the riches of the universe? So let poverty come; for not Midas was so rich as the poor brethren of the lyre. Let the world pass unheeding by, and leave the Immortals to their immortal tasks. But the great misfortune is that sometimes the world will *not* be heedless, but will deal out stern sentence and sterner punishment. Well, it *is* hard; but the punishment, though sharp, was quickly over, and the Immortals have had a long posthumous revenge.

But were the Immortals altogether blameless? To illustrate the meaning of my question, and the answer I would give to it, I will take the case of Plato's friend and the world's teacher. Socrates was condemned nominally for corrupting the Athenian youth and lessening popular reverence for the gods of Greece. Nominally, I say; for that can not have been the real reason, even in the minds of his prejudiced judges. If history be true, there were corrupters of Athenian youth in high places; and the dramatists, whose highest guerdon was the judicious approval of the very men who condemned Socrates to death, had done more to bring the gods of Greece into disrepute than Socrates had ever dreamed of. For what, then, was Socrates condemned? Must I say it?—the philosopher had made himself far too busy. Could there be a greater offence against society than to convict it of ignorance and folly? Socrates had defeated the sophists with their own weapons, and on the ground chosen by themselves; he had gone, with his quiet sarcasm and simple-seeming irony, among all classes of men, and he had found the weak point of each. To the handicraftsman he had proved that he was little better than a mechanic; to the poet that he was an inspired idiot. The keen eye saw through every deceit, and the homologic

pierced through the thickest folds of self-complacency. Could human nature bear it any longer? The Enceladus, imprisoned beneath conventionalities, had moved his giant form, and the dwellings which men had built for themselves shook and well-nigh toppled over. What could they do but crush down the waking giant? And so we come to have the immortal Phædo, and another name in the martyr-ology of genius.

True, it was not just. But, ah, my friends, it is human nature as we find it in mobs! Some one has said, and said well, that "a mob is a mob even if composed of bishops." And even the Athenian mob, highly cultured though it was, what was it but a mob? Do we never nowadays crush down an Enceladus? Well, let us be just. These men acted after their kind, and human nature is the same in the streets of London as in the tents of Athens. But, on the other hand, could Socrates help acting as he did? Scarcely; had he not a *δαίμων* ever whispering in his heart, shaping the purpose of his life? He, too, acted after his kind; and the poisoned chalice, if it brought him death, gave him also immortality. Indeed, I believe that from this one story, rightly pondered, there is much instruction to be gained with regard to the many problems which have arisen from the peculiar relations which have at most times existed between society and men of genius.

I may not pause to dwell upon the saddest thing of all—that gifted men have sometimes forgotten the holiness of the consecration that was on them, and have ministered at unholy altars. There is something demoniac in men like these. There is a sweetness in the impure strains, but it is the sweetness of a siren voice. The ruined Archangel still holds an immortal lyre; but the strain it breathes is only an imitation, false and hollow, of the holy song his heart remembers. Let us turn away and weep, for even angels might sorrow at a sight like this.

But we are nigh the limits of our paper. From the story of the Titan sons of men, there is many a useful lesson to be learned, no less from those who sank baffled in the fight than from those who came triumphant from the battlefield and sit crowned with unfading laurels by grateful worshippers. No more useful one than this: that genius or talent, in whatever degree, is given for the good of men, and that the real work of the gifted is to make the world better by their labors; that success is to be measured not by the paltry standards of worldly merit, but by faithful adherence to the purposes for which genius has been given. For it is a gift which should bring with it a deep sense of responsibility, because it is so glorious. To the young aspirant, the story of the Titans preaches how eloquently! As he buckles on his shield, high-hearted and eager for the great life battle, great spirits whisper from their urns, ἡ τὰν ἡ ἐπὶ τῶν; and I can not better translate the noble words of the Spartan mother than by the nobler words of the dying Sir Walter, as he whispered to his nephew out of the shadows of death: "Be a good man, my boy; be a good man!"

WHATEVER we really are, that let us be in all fearlessness. Whatever we are not, that let us cease striving to seem to be. If we can rid ourselves of all untruth of word, manner, mode of life and thinking, we shall rid our lives of much rubbish, restlessness, and fear. Let us hide nothing, and we shall not be afraid of being found out. Let us put on nothing, and we shall never cringe. Let us assume nothing, and we shall not be mortified. Let us do and say nothing untrue, and we shall not fear to have the deepest springs of our lives sought out, nor our most secret motive analyzed. Nothing gives such upright dignity of mien as the consciousness, "I am what I pretend to be. About me there is no make-believe."

—"What is Worth While."

The Story of a Silk Gown.

"THE Boyers! And pray who are the Boyers, Jeannette?"

"They are the new lodgers; nice people. The husband works in a factory."

"And the eldest daughter is ill?"

"Yes, Madame. The doctor came twice yesterday. Pneumonia I think he called it. If Madame could help them in any way! Madame is so charitable!"

"Which story did you say?"

"The seventh, Madame, and the first door to the left."

"Very well. I will go at once."

"But Madame has her beautiful silk dress on. If Madame should spoil it?"

"Oh, never mind my dress! I will throw the trail over my arm." And, suiting the action to the words, kind-hearted, impulsive Madame S. caught up the folds of her skirt and turned to mount the staircase.

What a lovely dress it was! All tucks and lace, and lace and tucks. And how well Madame remembered the first time she had worn it, at Count Buloff's *matinée*! What a sensation she had created as she entered the room! And, then, the whispers she had overheard! "How lovely!" "Just perfect!" "What style!" A smile of gratified vanity rose to her lips as she recalled these flattering remarks. And how anxious she had been lest the dress should not be finished in time! "For Thursday? Impossible!" the busy dressmaker had declared. "We have already more orders than we can fill." But Madame S. knew how to get her way. "If that be the case," she said, knitting her pretty eyebrows, "I am afraid that I must take my custom elsewhere; for I have positively nothing to wear. I must have something new for the occasion." And the workwoman had given in at once. "Madame shall have the dress," she had promised, with a rather forced smile, "on Thursday at three o'clock."

These pleasing recollections brought

Madame S. to the top of the stairs. After pausing a moment to gather breath, she turned toward a door on which "Boyer" was written in large, sprawling characters, and rapped gently. A woman came in answer to the knock; she had evidently been crying, for her eyes showed signs of recent tears. Madame's kind heart was all sympathy.

"I hear that your daughter is ill. Is she better? May I see her?"

Receiving no reply, she followed the mother's glance, and became aware for the first time of a bed in which a girl of some fifteen summers lay propped up by pillows. Madame S. was too accustomed to sickness not to read aright the fatal signs in the face before her. With a feeling of intense pity, she turned once more to the mother.

"How did it happen? Has she always been delicate?"

"Oh, no!" said the poor woman. "Only a fortnight ago my child was in perfect health. You see it was this way. My daughter works at a fashionable dress-maker's, and with the New Year a press of work set in, so that the child rarely came home till nine or ten o'clock at night. But last Thursday week she was kept up till two in the morning, in order to finish a purple silk dress. It belonged to a lady who wanted it immediately. She couldn't wait, she said. Madame knows how people are. The cold was intense at that early hour, and, coming straight from an overheated room, my daughter caught the chill which has brought her to death's door."

"I pity the woman who ordered that dress!" said Madame S., indignantly. "I wouldn't be in her shoes for anything."

At this moment the sick girl called her mother to her side.

"Mother," she whispered, pointing straight at their visitor, "that is the gown—the lovely gown—we worked so hard to finish."

The words, though faintly uttered, were overheard by Madame S. As their full

significance dawned upon her, she stood speechless with horror. If the child should die, she would have caused her death!

Blindly she groped her way out of the door and down the staircase. In vain her self-love whispered in self-defence: "But you didn't know; you couldn't tell." Madame S. was too honest to make an attempt at self-justification. Throwing herself at the foot of her crucifix, she prayed long and earnestly that the child might recover and she herself be spared a terrible burden of remorse. Her prayer was heard: that night the sick girl took an unexpected turn for the better. Every delicacy that wealth could supply was placed at her disposal by Madame S., and before long the patient was on the high road to recovery.

Several years later, a relative who was staying with Madame S. made this remark:

"Dear Jeanne, you are now so much more considerate toward others. What can have effected the change?"

Madame S. laughed gaily as she replied:

"Ah, you would like to know? Well, the truth is that I possess a splendid talisman against selfishness. It hangs upstairs in my cupboard; and I wouldn't part with it for anything, though it is only an old silk gown."

Reclaiming Criminals.

ONE of the most important as well as the most difficult of sociological problems is the treatment of criminals, whether of the casual or the professional class. As to the latter, Sir Alfred Wills, writing some weeks ago in the *Nineteenth Century and After*, advocated that professional criminals be permanently incarcerated. To Sir Alfred's article there appears, in the January issue of the same review, "a reply by an ex-criminal," one who does not scruple to disclose his identity by giving his name in full. Speaking as he does with first-hand knowledge of his subject, the writer throws not a little

light on the whole problem, and he incidentally differs altogether from the titled contributor to whom he replies. The conclusion of his paper is of exceptional interest:

He is shocked at the knowledge that, in these civilized days, in this metropolis, the greatest city of the greatest empire the world has ever seen, the headquarters of culture, wealth and refinement, there should exist the most degraded and debased class of persons on the face of the globe, the English professional criminals. They are here. I admit, and I am quite as ashamed of the fact as is Sir Alfred Wills. But they are not to be got rid of by the simple expedient of locking them up. We must stop the process of manufacture. The remedy appears to me obvious, the necessity for applying it is urgent. I suggest furthermore, and these shall be my last words, that it is our duty to seek a remedy; for, after all, these men, degraded and debased though they be, are our brethren, related to us by the ties of a common humanity. Sir Alfred Wills and other advocates of the permanent incarceration of these criminals suggest, in effect, that we should wait until they are dead, and then, when the breath is out of their bodies, that we should depute the prison chaplain to read over them the sublime Burial Service of the Church of England, in accordance with which each one of them, when dead, will be designated as "this our brother." My suggestion is that we should recognize this human tie when the man is alive, not when he is dead.

If Society would only recognize and act upon the "this our brother" principle, and treat the prisoner as "this our brother," both in prison and on his release from prison, we should, in my humble opinion, have gone far to solve one of our gravest social problems. I believe—at any rate, I will hope—that in such a case the criminal, assured that he was not a human pariah, but a brother, stricken and sore, to be tended and cheered, and bid take heart and sin no more, would become sensible of his ties, recognize his human treatment, and determine that he, too, would recognize his human kinship, its duties, and its responsibilities. This, as I have said, I believe with all my heart and soul; and, through the medium of this review, I seriously and solemnly ask the public to attempt to solve and end for all time the problem of the professional criminal in this manner, and not by the methods suggested by Sir Alfred Wills and other writers.

This ex-criminal's contention that fraternal kindness will do much toward

solving an admittedly difficult problem is borne out by a concrete demonstration of which Frederic C. Howe writes in a recent issue of the *Outlook*. It appears that Cleveland, Ohio, has adopted, instead of the traditional workhouse, a Farm Colony, wherein petty criminals serve their sentences at tasks and under conditions less uncongenial and repulsive than obtain in workhouses generally. One outgrowth of the experiment is thus described:

The generosity of the city has awakened a gratitude on the part of those who have been helped by it. That love begets love, just as hate begets hate, has been determined by the change in the temper of the prisoners themselves. About two years ago one of the men who had been released saved up ten dollars from his wages and returned to the workhouse to grub-stake a friend. They took rooms together. Then they obtained the release of a third. Out of this grew the Brotherhood. The Brotherhood rented a house, upon which they have expended a total of \$2200 in furnishings. This has all been paid off by the men themselves. They go to the workhouse and take the discharged prisoners on the expiration of their terms, and protect them until they secure a position. They give them food and lodging. In two years' time four hundred and twenty-seven men have passed through the Brotherhood association, which is in no way connected with the city, but is maintained by the discharged prisoners themselves. They bring their wages to the parole officer to be kept by him for them, or paid out to their wives and children. Over \$12,000 has passed through the department's hands in this way. This, too, is an evidence of the reflex action of kindness. Men who previously left the workhouse with hatred in their hearts for society, now have gratitude for the city because it has helped them to escape from drunkenness, vagrancy, and destitution. It has re-established their self-respect and enabled them to begin life anew. They have been able to do this, too, without the brand of crime upon them.

As we have said, the Cleveland experiment tends to show that the ex-criminal contributor to the *Nineteenth Century* has correctly diagnosed the malady from which one portion of the body politic is suffering; and perhaps Sir Alfred Wills and other publicists might do worse than promote similar experiments in England.

Notes and Remarks.

There was a striking reference to the recent appalling tragedy in Portugal in a sermon by Father Bernard Vaughan, a brief report of which we find in our English exchanges. After remarking that the assassination of the King and Crown Prince had come not as a surprise but as a shock, that no thoughtful man with his hand upon the pulse of Europe could be surprised at any crime, no matter how diabolical it might be, the preacher said the terrible act that had put the world into mourning was an object-lesson from which we ought to learn that the weapon of knowledge without the directing force of religion was an instrument of destruction in the hands of any people. We had heard a good deal lately of the claims of science when divorced from religion, but science that was divorced from religion was only too often allied to assassination at home as well as abroad. The deadly deeds with which we were becoming daily more and more familiar were the work of those who boasted that it was their mission to show to the world what a purely secular education could do in the cause of humanity. The lesson was a ghastly one, and Father Vaughan hoped it would bear fruit in legislation.

A suggestive contribution to the February *Month* deals with "A Plea for Catholic Social Action." Of three pressing needs which the writer instances, the first is experts, and the second organized study of social questions in our educational institutions. Then, proceeds the paper:

Thirdly—and a matter of no less importance,—we need to organize (or reorganize) workmen's clubs in such a manner as to produce a generation of Catholic working-men who shall be thoroughly competent to hold their own in workshop or factory, mechanics' institute or public meeting, with their Socialistic companions. Catholic clubs, instead of being (as they sometimes tend to be) mere places of amusement, where young men loaf and old men vegetate, should, we submit, become the

training-ground of Catholic labor leaders and speakers. The men should be systematically trained by means of lectures, debates, personal advice, and the like, to become centres of influence in their district. We should like to see our educated Catholic laity helping in this work. A busy professional man may not see his way to "entertaining" the members of a club where nothing is done except card-playing and beer-drinking. But he will be more ready to help if he knows that a body of intelligent workmen are keen to learn from him something that may help them to be more useful members of society. That the workmen themselves will welcome such a transformation of their clubs if it be discreetly effected, we take for granted. The sense of power gained, of self-improvement effected, will undoubtedly attract them. This we have ourselves witnessed; for a certain number of such clubs fortunately exist,—for example, in Liverpool. If Socialist workmen find such occupation interesting, Catholic workmen, with their more satisfying ideals, will become no less attracted. And the more Catholic spirit there is in a parish, the more successful such a club will be, provided that the need has been brought home to the consciences of the men.

The sanity and practicality of this view will, we fancy, commend themselves to Catholics everywhere. There can be no doubt of the fact that many Catholic societies, or clubs, in this country as well as England too often degenerate into mere places of amusement, "where young men loaf and old men vegetate." Reorganization of such societies is one of the imperative needs of the times.

It is an exceptional day in anti-clerical circles in France and Italy when there is not manufactured some incident or story prejudicial to the Church or the Pope. The Catholic ex-President of Brazil recently spent several weeks in Rome, and dined with the King of Italy, "just as if," say the Liberal papers, "no such person as the Holy Father existed." The ex-President has now left Rome, they add, to visit some of the principal shrines of Italy (for he is a devout Catholic); and on his return he will be admitted, together with his daughters, to the presence of Pius X. They proceed to remark sagaciously that this plan may be resorted

to in the future: Catholic sovereigns will come to Rome first and dine with the King of Italy; then they will leave the city, to come back after a few days and be solemnly received by the Sovereign Pontiff.

Apropos of all which the editor of *Rome* tersely comments:

The only thing the matter with this interesting fabric is that it is based on nothing at all. The ex-President of Brazil is a private person, and will doubtless be received as such in due course by the Holy Father. He has probably some semi-official mission from his government to persuade Italy that Brazil is a wonderful country for Italian emigration. If he has deemed it an act of delicacy not to rise directly from the King's table to visit the Holy Father, the thought that inspired his little intermediate tour does him credit. But it leaves things exactly *in statu quo*.

Quite so. Señor Alves occupies in diplomatic circles just such a position as does our own Mr. Cleveland, or as will, next year, our present President.

Some of our readers may remember the tenor of the press dispatches, something more than a year ago, relative to the "disgrace" which had overtaken, in the estimate of Vatican circles at least, Mgr. Montagnini, whose papers were stolen by the exemplary French Government. This dispatch from Rome indicates just how deep the disgrace was thought to be:

Mgr. Montagnini, who was at one time Secretary of the Papal Nunciature at Paris, and who was forcibly expelled from France at the height of the Church and State troubles in that country, has been called to Rome, where he will be given a secretaryship at the Vatican.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop of Limerick, in his protest against attempting to read "Modernism" into Cardinal Newman, has some words about Modernists themselves that deserve to be weighed by less wise controversialists:

Of them personally I do not wish to entertain, much less express, one unkind thought. He that sees their hearts with larger, other eyes than ours, will, we may hope, make allowance for the special difficulties and temptations by which they are beset. That special difficulties,

of a new and peculiar character, have arisen from scientific developments in our time, no one can deny; and it is extremely probable that, in the near future, they will increase in number and intensity. But surely if there are any men on earth who can face these trials in patience and confidence it is the members of the Church.

Every Catholic must realize the truth of those memorable words of the great Newman, which we have so often quoted:

Either the Catholic religion is verily the coming of the unseen world into this, or there is nothing positive, nothing dogmatic, nothing real in any of our notions as to whence we come and whither we go.

The late Archbishop Murphy of Hobart, New Zealand, is still remembered in India, though it is now many years since he was Bishop of Hyderabad. A tilt he once had with a Parsee, in the palace of a prince with whom he was on friendly terms, is often recalled. "Can you subsist without God?" asked the Parsee. Bishop Murphy promptly replied in the negative. "Therefore," exclaimed the Parsee, "you are part of God!" With astonishing quickness the Bishop rejoined: "Can you subsist without the air and atmosphere around you?" The Parsee said he could not. "Then," remarked Mgr. Murphy, "you must be part and parcel of the air that surrounds you." It is to the Parsee's credit that he clapped his hands with delight at the Bishop's ready reply to his argument, and often repeated it in conversation with friends.

As if religious affairs in France were not a source of sufficient worry to the Sovereign Pontiff, Italy threatens to furnish him with further affliction of a similar nature. The well-informed Rome correspondent of the *Freeman's Journal* writes as follows:

If you put the question to many excellent Catholics here, they utterly pooh-poo the idea that Italy will ever go as far as France in the persecution of religion. Unhappily, there is only too much reason to believe that they are living in a fool's paradise. It is your corre-

spondent's humble opinion that within the next five years everything that has happened in France during the last fatal lustre will be repeated here. Religion will be banished from the schools, a savage onslaught will be made on the religious Congregations,—nay, the very position of the Pope in Rome may be made absolutely intolerable. This is no prophecy: it is simply applying the lesson of what has happened in France to Italy, where the enemies of the Church and religion are employing exactly the same tactics as have been adopted with such fatal success by their colleagues in France. The only hope is that the Catholics will at last shake off the appalling apathy and the foolish little divisions that have hitherto rendered them almost powerless, and that they will enter unitedly on the line of action traced out for them by Leo XIII. and Pius X. The pity of it is that throughout all the length and breadth of the Peninsula there is not, so far as one can see, a single layman capable of acting as a really competent leader. May God send one soon both to France and to Italy!

We may well re-echo the wish. French Catholics were supine until it was too late to undo the mischief their negligence had made possible. Italian Catholics can not be too rudely awakened to a perception of the dangers that are fast accumulating and that already threaten their downfall.

An incidental tribute to Cardinal Logue was a feature of a speech recently delivered in the House of Commons by Mr. Birrell, Chief Secretary for Ireland. Commenting upon a statement frequently made, that he had "entered into a corrupt bargain with the bishops of the Church of Rome," Mr. Birrell said:

The fact that such a statement should be an insult to me I pass over, because I am inured to that kind of thing; but it is also an insult to the bishops of the Church of Rome,—a gross insult. And as they are not here, and as they do not, perhaps, know the manners and customs of this House, I feel myself bound, on their behalf, to protest against any such imputation being made upon them. I went to see Cardinal Logue on the University Question. He is a member of the Church, I dare say; but he is also the simplest and most devout Christian man I have ever met. He thinks of nothing else so much as the spiritual interests of his country. I simply told him the lines on which we were proceeding, and suggested that he

might hereafter very likely tell what he thought of them. I made no proposals or suggestions of any kind to him; and the subject of cattle driving, I need hardly say, was not mentioned.

The Chief Secretary's estimate of the Irish Cardinal agrees with that formed of the distinguished prelate by all who have come in contact with his impressive personality; and it was quite proper that the House of Commons should hear it.

That Mr. O'Meara, the Police Commissioner of Boston, has sane ideas as to some of the primary duties appertaining to "woman's sphere," is indicated by his statement that, had he the right to issue a general order, not to his policemen but to their wives, it would read:

You are responsible for your husband's health and good conduct as much as he is. No duty to friends or kindred, or even to your children, should go before your duty to him. A policeman needs good care at home; for at best his hours for sleep and meals are trying. You would risk your life for him if he were in danger, and when he faces the possibility of losing a better position than he perhaps could ever get again, you realize his value. Take pains, then, to keep him in health and to help him to do his duty.

"This would not be a bad order," pertinently comments the *Sacred Heart Review*, "to issue to the wives not only of policemen but of all other men, too."

The most satisfactory explanation that we have seen of the deep-rooted feeling of hatred and resentment which the Poles in Prussia entertain toward the Government is afforded by a paper in the current *Fortnightly Review*—"The Race Question in Germany," by W. H. Dawson. The language grievance, which falls on the Poles with peculiar severity, because it is the grievance which is most universal and which touches them in the most susceptible part of their being, wounding alike national, domestic, and religious sentiment, is the chief cause of the animosity. The cup of exasperation was filled when the Polish language was banished from the schools, and it was decreed that religious teaching be imparted only in

German,—a language of which young Poles have little knowledge. The injustice of this measure is plain. Says Mr. Dawson:

Historically, the Poles unquestionably have right on their side, just as from the national standpoint they have justice, in demanding that their language shall be not merely tolerated but protected. On the acquisition of the Polish provinces by Prussia, King Frederick William III., "on his kingly word," promised "on behalf of himself and his successors" freedom of religion and the maintenance of the Polish language in administration, in the law courts, and in the schools. Gradually, however, the lingual right has been withdrawn, and at the present time the Polish language enjoys no special tolerance—indeed, no tolerance at all—in any department of civil life. It is literally true that, alike in pleading for justice before the judicial tribunals and in public intercourse one with another, the Poles are no longer permitted to employ the tongue which is natural to the expression of their thoughts, and the hardship is keenly felt.

The result of such tyranny and injustice is what might have been expected. The Poles are figuratively if not literally up in arms, and avowals of national aspirations are heard on all sides. In Prussia generally the Poles now openly fraternize with their kinsmen in Russia and Austria. Hence the significance of utterances such as those of the organ of the Polish Democratic Party in Russian Poland:

Poland will re-acquire her independence only after a great war, either between the Powers who divided Poland among them or between one or two of these Powers and other States, in connection with a national rising of so potent a character that it will have to be reckoned with. . . . When the Transvaal War broke out and there were rumors of intervention, and again in consequence of the Chinese difficulty, a ferment gradually and quietly spread through the population of Russian Poland, where the tradition of active measures for the national cause is most strongly developed. When the report arrived that the Reserves were to be called out, our political friends in touch with the people were overwhelmed with requests for advice as to the attitude that should be adopted. The people could not decide if they should flee the country or should remain hidden at home in readiness to respond to the call to fight for the independence of Poland. The people are convinced that such a fight will necessarily follow the outbreak of a great European war.



Tommy Jennings' Adventure.

IT was a bright, cool Saturday morning when Tommy walked out into the backyard after breakfast. He found Silas there, hitching the horses to the light wagon; and in the wagon he saw several sacks of grain. Silas was a boy of sixteen, who was living with Mr. Jennings that year, working through the warm months and going to school in the winter.

"What are you going to do?" asked Tommy.

"I am going to take this grain over to Spelman's Mill and have it made into flour," answered Silas.

Tommy watched him a few minutes, and then said:

"I would like to go, too. Don't you want me?"

"Want you! Well, I don't know as I need any help; but, then, you can go if you wish,—that is, if your mother will let you," replied Silas, good-naturedly. As Tommy hurried away, he added: "If you go, you must tell Helen to put you up some lunch, as we can't get back until toward evening."

Mrs. Jennings gave the desired permission, and presently Tommy came back with a lunch-basket well-filled for himself and Silas. He then helped with other preparations for their journey; and soon the light wagon, with the two boys seated therein, passed out the red gate into the lane, and then down toward the broad road. It was five miles to the mill, and the way was nearly all through a woody country, so the boys enjoyed the trip very much. Tommy did especially.

"I would like to be a hunter, and live in the woods all the time, and shoot deers and things," he said, as they rode along.

"It is a pretty hard life, though, and I expect you wouldn't like it," answered Silas. "If you tried it, you would likely wish yourself back in a comfortable home, with a good bed to sleep in, and your mother to take care of you. Beside, there are no deers about here now—but there's a squirrel!" he added, pointing to a gray-coat skipping along a fallen tree.

"So there is!" said Tommy, watching the squirrel until it disappeared in a hollow stump. "I wish I had a trap here, and I'd catch it and have it for a pet."

"They do make nice pets," replied Silas. "My uncle had a gray squirrel that lived eight years."

Tommy became very much interested in the subject, and talked and asked questions about it, and finally secured a promise from Silas to make him a squirrel trap at the earliest opportunity. And thus passed the time until the wagon left the woods and descended a small hill to the edge of a pond. And by the pond stood Spelman's Mill.

Silas drove up to the great door of the mill, and left Tommy with the wagon while he went in to see Mr. Spelman. Presently he came back with one of the mill men, and the sacks of grain were taken from the wagon and carried inside. As it would be several hours before their work could be attended to, so Mr. Spelman said, the boys began to find ways to pass the time. First, they went through the mill, looked at the hoppers where the grain was shaken down to the great millstones below, at the water-wheel turning slowly and solemnly around, and at the workmen passing in and out—all of them dressed in white, as Tommy thought. But Silas said it was the dust from the flour that gave them their white appearance.

After their curiosity was satisfied in the mill, they walked out to the pond. A small

boat was there, fastened to a tree on the shore, and Silas asked permission to use it a little while. This was readily given, and the boys rowed away up the pond to a group of small islands. They stopped on one of these, at noon, to eat their lunch; and after that they explored the others, until it was time to go back to the mill. They found their grist all ready for them, and in the wagon. Just as they were leaving Mr. Spelman's office, Silas saw a newly-printed notice on the door, and he paused to read it. This is what it was:

"\$100 REWARD.—On the night of the 12th, two men entered my house and robbed me of a pocketbook containing five hundred dollars in Government bonds, together with a small amount of money. One of the robbers was a tall, dark-featured man, dressed in dark clothing. The other was of small size, dressed in light-colored clothing, and seemed to lisp in his conversation. The above reward will be paid for their apprehension and the return of the bonds to me. Or fifty dollars will be paid for the bonds alone.

"HORACE RUSSELL."

"Why, did this robbery take place last night?" questioned Silas.

"Oh, yes," answered Mr. Spelman. "It was old 'Squire Russell, who lives in that large house over there, who was robbed. We have had a great excitement here about it. The villains entered his house about midnight, awakened the old man, and threatened his life unless he gave up his money."

"Did he do it?" asked Tommy, with wide-open eyes.

"Of course he did,—he had to," replied Mr. Spelman. "But, fortunately, he got a good view of the thieves, so he will be able to recognize them if he should meet them again. The officers are close after them now, and we hope they will soon be caught."

"I wish I could catch them and get all that money," observed Tommy, looking up at the printed notice.

Mr. Spelman smiled.

"I suppose 'Squire Russell would give you the reward as quickly as he would anybody," he said.

Some one came in to see the mill-owner just then, so the boys got into their wagon and drove off toward home. Tommy was greatly interested in the subject of the robbery, and he talked and asked questions about it for a long while. But when within a mile of home a new thought came over him.

"Why, Silas," he exclaimed, "you haven't let me drive one bit!"

"I can't," answered Silas.

"Why?"

"Well, for this reason. This morning I put in one of the colts that I am training to work in harness; she's rather frisky, as you can see, so it takes careful driving."

"I don't see why I can't," said Tommy, in a whining sort of way. "I won't let the horses run off."

"You might not mean to, but they might run off nevertheless."

"Why, they are my papa's horses, and I think I have a right to drive them," persisted Tommy.

Silas shook his head.

"Not if there is danger."

Tommy remained silent for a little while, but he looked very cross and sullen.

"Well," he said, "if I can't drive, I won't sit with you,—that's all."

Silas did not answer; but he stopped the horses, and Tommy sprang out. Then the wagon moved on again. Tommy stood and looked after it for a moment, for he rather expected that Silas would yield; but Silas paid no attention to him, and the wagon disappeared in the woods. Tommy then followed until he came to another road, leading in the same direction, and passing the school-house. He concluded to go that way. The school-house was in a quiet, lonely place, almost hid by forest trees; and as Tommy came opposite, he noticed the door was open a little way.

"Maybe Miss Baker is in there for

something," he said to himself. "Guess I'll go in and see."

He accordingly left the road and approached the school-house, pushed open the door cautiously and entered. But when inside, his eyes opened wide with astonishment. A fire was blazing in the stove, on the table was a quantity of food, while on one of the benches a large man was lying asleep. Tommy's limbs fairly shook with terror as he saw this, and he turned and tiptoed out into the entry again. But he heard steps near the door, and he was more frightened than ever. What should he do? His eye rested on a small ladder leading up to an unfinished space or attic above the school-room; and, as quietly and quickly as he could, he mounted it.

He was none too soon, for some one came into the entry just as he stepped off the ladder. Then he heard voices in the room. Who could they be, and what were they doing? There was no flooring where he was, and he remembered just then that a portion of the plastering had fallen from the school-room ceiling a few days before. So he crept cautiously to the spot and looked down. He had a good view through the chinks, and he saw two men directly beneath him. One was the large man who had been asleep on the bench, and the other was much smaller. They were not talking then, but were eating of the food on the table; and as Tommy saw them, he was heartily glad his presence was unknown.

"I expect they must be beggars or something, and just came in here to get warm," he murmured.

Presently the two men finished their meal; and then the smaller one produced a large pocketbook, and placed it on the table.

"Thay, Bill, I gueth we'd better divide thith money now, hadn't we?"

Tommy's eyes were almost round as he heard that voice. The whole truth came to him like a flash, and he understood it all. The one man was tall and dark-

featured, and the other small—and *he lisped*. The very description given in the reward-notice! Yes, right below him were the men who had robbed 'Squire Russell, and there was the stolen property in plain sight. The poor boy was almost wild at this discovery. If the burglars suspected his presence they would kill him, he thought, and he must—he *must* get away. He turned to go; but, in his excitement, how he knew not, he slipped, and then—and then followed a crashing, breaking noise above the robbers' heads, a scream sounded through the room, and like an arrow a small body came straight down upon them.

"O dear, Mr. Burglars!" Tommy said, "I didn't mean to; I really didn't mean to come—"

But the burglars never stopped to listen. Their guilty fear magnified Tommy into an attack by the police, and a whole company of detectives could not have frightened them more. In a moment they rushed for the door and disappeared.

Without knowing hardly what he did, Tommy caught up the pocketbook from the table. Fortunately, one of the windows was open, and he sprang through, and ran into the woods. On and on, as fast as his small feet could carry him, he hurried; through the woods, over brooks and across fields, never stopping to look behind him until he reached home, and fell almost breathless at his mother's feet, crying out:

"O mamma! mamma! I saw them, and then I fell through the plastering!"

"Saw what? Why, what is the matter?" said mamma, somewhat alarmed. "What did you see?"

"Why, the robbers!" answered Tommy. "They were in the school-house—that is, I was too; and then we all ran as fast as we could."

It was some time before Tommy became calm enough to tell a straight story, but after a while all understood it.

The pocketbook, so strangely recovered, contained all the stolen bonds; and

the next day 'Squire Russell cheerfully paid Tommy the reward.

"And just to think," said Tommy, as he came back with five new ten-dollar bills in his pocket, "if I hadn't got angry with Silas I would not have run away, and gone to the school-house and got the 'Squire's money."

"True enough," replied mamma. "And it seems to me that Silas' good sense in not letting you drive the colt really deserved a reward far more than your unreasonable pouting did."

"Say, mamma, I guess that's so too. Don't you think, perhaps, that I might get square with Si by giving him one of these ten-dollar bills?"

"Well, you might try the experiment, anyway, Tommy. I shouldn't wonder if it succeeded."

And, needless to say, it did.

Ruth's Day of Reckoning.

(Told by her Brother.)

BY FLORA HAINES LOUGHEAD.

IX.—FATHER'S EXPERIENCES.

When my father reached Victoria Street station, he rushed to the window and threw down the money for his ticket in such a way that the agent, who knew him, said:

"You're in plenty of time, Mr. Sherwood. The train isn't due for ten minutes yet, and I've just had a wire saying she'll be a little behind schedule time."

"You're wrong!" said father, all out of breath. "She's just coming round the curve."

He had rushed out again before the agent could explain anything; and he was in such a state of mind that he never noticed that all the other people who were waiting around the depot made no move to catch up their grips and bundles. It was a surprisingly short train—only two cars and an engine; but he paid no attention to that, because Sunset ran two

sections; and, for all he knew or cared, travel might have been so light that they didn't need any more that day. She drew up short of the station; and father, hurrying to board her, glanced up and caught the eye of the engineer, a friendly-looking man.

"Is this the first train to San Francisco?" asked father.

"You bet she is!" said the engineer, and he started to say something else; but father didn't wait to find out what it was, for he wasn't going to take any chances on missing the first train that could carry him to mother, and he jumped aboard the front platform of the rear car in a hurry. None too soon, either; for he had only just swung himself up when the bell clanged and the engine started, and, Geewhillikins, if she didn't go! I'd have given my new wheel to have been on her and seen houses and streets and trees and vineyards shoot past, as father says they did. He dropped into the first seat he came to and drew a long breath.

Along she sped, through the narrow strip of valley, with the mesa rising on one side and the Santa Ynez range on the other, past pretty homes and ranches; and suddenly the hills to the left fell away, and there was the ocean with the sun dipping into it like a big, glowing red ball; and the islands far out over the water looked as if they were tipped with fire. Cattle were grazing in the green salt meadows around Goleta, where the water comes in through a network of tiny inlets; and, worried as father was, the sight sort of rested him, with the knowledge that every mile the train marked off was bringing him that much nearer the hospital where mother was lying.

He heard a step behind him, and held out his ticket, which he had been carrying in his hand all the while; but the person did not take it.

"Sakes alive, sah! How did yer come in heah?"

Father looked up, and there stood a

colored man in a swell uniform, white duck clothes, with a red cap and gilt letters on it, his face the color of ashes on seeing father. One section of Sunset always runs nothing but Pullmans, and of course this was plainly a sleeper, all finished in shiny inlaid woods and mirrors. Father hadn't had time to engage his berth before starting, but he wasn't going to be sassed by any porter; so he gave the fellow a look and said:

"I'll arrange with the conductor about my berth when he comes around."

"Dey's no conductah on dis train, sah. You cain't *stay* on dis train. You got no business heah."

"I'd like to know why," said father, "when I've bought and paid for my ticket?"

"Dis yeh ain't no passengeh train," said the man, almost in tears. "Dis am de private cah ob Mistah Buhnett, president ob dis railroad. He take you' head off w'en he find you heah; an' my head too, sah. You jus' got to get off nex' time we stop."

"Where is your next stop?" asked father, rising from his seat when he found the pickle he was in.

"De Lohd knows w'en dat'll be!" said the poor fellow, in despair. "We're making fastest possible time to San Francisco. We got right ob way obeh all odder trains. Mistah Buhnett he fire me, suah, if he finds you heah! Wha' fo' you git on, sah? Dar he comes now! Oh, you done ruined me, sah!"

A heavy, slow step was coming,—a step that seemed to fall with the weight of riches and of power, the sort of step that it makes a poor man feel poorer and weaker to hear,—coming around some unseen passage; for father was in a sort of little room, with so many mirrors in the walls that you couldn't tell where you were going or which way anybody was coming, and that was what had made it seem like a big car when he first came in and sat down. And the next moment there stood the president of the

railroad, a richer man than the President of the United States. My! wasn't he angry, and ready to lay it on to somebody hot and heavy!

"What does this mean, Sam?" said the great man, red in the face, and glaring at father as if he was sure he was a train robber.

The colored man was going to speak, but father was too quick for him. When a man has his heart filled with a great grief, he is as big as even a railroad president. And my father is quite a fine-looking man, and I rather think quite as much of a gentleman as Mr. Burnett, if he was in broadcloth and fine linen, and father in the plain sack suit of a country storekeeper.

"I owe you an apology, Mr. Burnett, for coming in upon you this way," said father.

"Should say you did!" growled the president.

"I boarded your car at Santa Barbara, mistaking this for the first section of Sunset."

"Looks like it, does it? Thanks for your compliment to the common running stock of our road!"

But father wasn't going to be put off from what he had started out to say, and didn't care for the other's snubs.

"I was hurrying up to San Francisco, and wanted to make the best possible time. I trust you will kindly let me ride on to the next station, where I can board the regular train when it comes along, and not be delayed."

"What's your hurry?" he asked gruffly.

There was a light step in the passage along which he had come, and a girl came along—a girl about Ruth's age,—dressed all in black from head to foot. She had heard the strange voices and wondered who was there.

"I just received a telegram telling of my wife's dangerous illness," explained father. "Every moment counts. She may be dying, she may be dead, when I get there."

"Do you happen to have that telegram about you?" asked the president.

Now, it happened, by the purest chance, that father had held on to the telegram. He had read it over several times on the way to the station, and it was doubled up in the same hand that held his ticket. He gave them both to Mr. Burnett. And the girl put her hand on her father's shoulder, and he looked the ticket over carefully first, and the girl read the telegram with him; and when they had finished it they looked at each other, father and daughter, and the girl's eyes were full of tears.

"Who is Ruth?" asked Mr. Burnett.

"My daughter. This was the first I knew. She and my wife have been keeping this from me."

And the girl in black said:

"Why, papa, it's just like mother!"

And then she put her head on his shoulder and sobbed outright. And Mr. Burnett handed back the ticket and the message to father, and said:

"I think you've taken the right train, after all,—that is, if it will do you any good to reach the city at six o'clock in the morning."

And father said the sooner the better for him; and then they shook hands.

"It is all in the hands of God," said the president, solemnly; "and we can only pray to Him to let the cloud pass over. Sometimes He grants our prayers; but sometimes, in His infinite wisdom—"

He broke off and glanced meaningly at the girl's black dress, and father understood. And the rich man told Sam to make the gentleman comfortable in every way he possibly could.

Father would have been glad and thankful if they had let him ride all night on the platform of this fast train, but he found himself an honored guest. They had already dined, but Mr. Burnett insisted on having a nice warm meal served to father in their private dining-room, though father could scarce choke down a mouthful. And when father wouldn't go to bed or lie down, Mr.

Burnett sat up with him all night, and talked to him about all sorts of things that it would have made a newspaper reporter's fortune to hear, father says, just to keep his mind off the awful fear that was growing on him every hour. When they parted at the Oakland Mole, President Burnett shook hands with father as if he'd known him all his life, and made him promise to telephone him the next day about how he found mother.

The great bay of San Francisco lay fair in the morning light. The hills that border it were velvety blue, and the great ships rocking on the water were like sleeping birds, as father crossed in one of the big ferryboats. The city was waking into life. The pavements were wet from the fog that had been there all night, and the smoke rising from thousands of furnace fires in the factories, hung over the water-front, golden-brown in the sunshine.

(To be continued.)

Historic Dogs.

The brave pioneers in the New World had very few consolations, so it makes one feel glad to read in their records that they often enjoyed the companionship of faithful dogs. When Balboa was guided to the Pacific Ocean by the Indians, he had with him his dog "Leoncico," "the terror of the savages." Ponce de Leon's dog "Berezillo" was as good as a warrior to his master; it is said that he could distinguish those of the Indians who were allies from those who were enemies of the Spaniards. De Soto's favorite dog, a splendid hound, once sprang at a treacherous Indian who had killed a Spaniard, and tore the savage to pieces. "Pilot," another dog that figures in history, was one of the band which warned De Maisonneuve, founder of Montreal, of the approach of hostile Indians, thus giving the soldiers time to prepare for the attack which followed.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Strange as it may seem, the earliest printed book in reference to America was brought out in Rome by Silber in 1493. It was a translation into Latin, by De Cosco, of a letter of Columbus, and bore the title: "Epistola Christofori Colom: de Insulis Indiæ supra Gangem nuper Inuentis."

—A limited edition of "Will-the-Wisher," by M. Barry O'Delaney, has been published in Ghent. Our young folks, for whom the story was written, will agree that it is well worth appearing as a book by itself, and a good many grown-ups will express the same opinion. It is for sale in Paris at the Galignani Library. Price, 30 cts.

—A contributor to the current *Month*, Lillian Marion Leggatt, takes a somewhat optimistic view of French fiction, and gives specific reasons why she indulges the hope of which she speaks in this paragraph:

I do not doubt that all my fellow-Catholics in England share my devout hope that this revival of faith, and consequently of purer and higher ideals, will continue to spread through modern French literature; and that the one-time almost opprobrious term "French novel" will some day stand for all that is noblest in contemporary fiction.

—The particular Baltimore with which Mr. A. A. B. Stavert's book, "Boys of Baltimore" (Benziger Brothers), is concerned is situated, not in Maryland, but away down on the south coast of Ireland; and the particular boys whose stirring adventures are graphically set forth are a pair of Irish twins, Jerry and Terry Wentworth, nephews of that Lord Wentworth who, in the reign of Charles I., was made Lord Deputy of Ireland. The tale is full of life and action; here are smugglers' caves and Algerian pirate ships, flogging and fighting, tricks and trials; and, without being at all goody-goody, the book is thoroughly Catholic. The boys will like it, and so will their fathers.

—It is a pity that religious prejudice should crop out in a book dealing with the true likeness of the Prince of Peace. Let us hope that this Jewish will disappear from "The Christ Face in Art" when the author, the Rev. J. Burns, brings out a new edition. Of the illustrations of his work one critic says: "The book contains sixty-two reproductions of the Christ-face from the great masters, and it is intensely interesting to study these wonderful works of faith. Here, certainly, there is the manifestation of a divine spirit. The hand that guided the brush may sometimes have been of coarse clay, but the artist's soul which conceived any

one of these sublime portraits of the Man of Sorrows must have been filled with a spirit outside the flesh."

—A second series of "Short Sermons," by the Rev. F. P. Hickey, O. S. B. (R. & T. Washbourne), will be a welcome announcement to a great many busy priests. Having noticed the first series at some length, and praised both the form and substance of, the sermons, a mere mention of the present volume will suffice. Short, simple and substantial is the best description that could be given of Father Hickey's sermons. They are just the kind that people like to hear and generally profit by. "There is no excuse for long sermons," a Middle Age writer declares; "if a sermon is good it needn't be long, and if it isn't good it oughtn't to be long."

—In "The Secret of the Statue and Other Verses," Eleanor C. Donnelly has added yet another to the goodly number of volumes of chaste and uplifting verse with which she has already enriched American Catholic literature. While the years have brought to this veteran poet a surer touch and more symmetrical technique than marked some of her earlier productions, they have in no way abated the fervor of her aspirations or lessened the flow of her inventive faculty. The present volume contains some seventy poems, the first, though not the best, of them being a dedicatory sonnet to President Roosevelt. The book is tastefully printed and bound by Richard G. Badger. The Gorham Press, Boston.

—"The Last Battle of the Gods," by the Rev. Francis Clement Kelley, published by the Catholic Church Extension Society of the United States of America, is a book that will cause every reader to "sit up and pay attention." As Coventry Patmore said of his own little volume, "Rod, Root and Flower," "It's alive, but there is no help for it." The title "The Last Battle of the Gods" has been used to designate the war of the Emperor Julian against Christian civilization and for the supremacy of paganism; Father Kelley employs it to describe the present warfare against Catholic truth and Catholic ideals, which, begun in France, is likely to be extended to the rest of the world. His book is made up of selections from his writings on Church Extension,—earnest appeals to join the ranks of the workers who are helping to extend the blessings of the True Faith on every spot, no matter how poor and hitherto neglected, in our own country. "The salvation of souls,

the stability of law, the protection of social order, the happiness and welfare of family life, call to-day with stronger voice than ever before for organized and systematized effort." "The Last Battle of the Gods" reflects credit on all concerned in its production.

—Admirers of Ian Maclaren will not be disappointed in his last story, "Graham of Claverhouse" (John Murray). The publication of this book reminds us of the lamented author's friendship with the late Monsignor Nugent of Liverpool, who was among those who were present to say good-bye to Dr. Watson when he took his departure for a first visit to the United States. "It is the rule of the steamships," Dr. Watson said to an interviewer in New York, "that none except passengers may go aboard the ship. Adieu must be made at the gangway. On this occasion, however, one man, Monsignor Nugent, was permitted to come aboard, and he was the only one. He was the very last person I saw before my voyage began. He shook hands with me just before passing down the gangway, and gave me his blessing. So, you see, the last friend to bid me God-speed from English shores was Monsignor Nugent. He gave me letters of introduction to Cardinal Gibbons and some of the most famous Roman Catholic bishops in the United States. Such letters they are, too. 'Read them,' said Father Nugent as he handed them to me; 'then you can see what I really think of you.' I did read them, and I can assure you they breathed a spirit that was grateful indeed."

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

"Short Sermons." Second Series, Rev. F. P. Hickey, O. S. B. \$1.25, net.

"Boys of Baltimore." A. A. B. Stavert. 85 cts.

"The Secret of the Statue and Other Verses." Eleanor C. Donnelly. \$1.

"Cousin Wilhelmina." Anna T. Sadlier. \$1.

"Boulogne-sur-Mer: St. Patrick's Native Town." Rev. William Canon Fleming. 65 cts., net.

"The 'Dyed Garments from Bosra.'" S. M. P. 30 cts., net.

"Told Round the Nursery Fire." Mrs. Innes-Browne. 75 cts., net.

"A Key to Meditation." Père Crasset, S. J. \$1.

"Faithful and True." Lady Fullerton. 30 cts., net.

"Converts to Rome." D. J. Scannell-O'Neill. \$1.

"History of the Books of the New Testament." E. Jacquier. Authorized Translation by the Rev. J. Duggan. \$2, net.

"The Spiritual Conferences of St. Francis de Sales." \$1.80, net.

"The Blind Sisters of St. Paul" Maurice de la Sizeranne. \$2, net.

"The Story of Ellen." Rosa Mulholland. \$1.50, net.

"What is Most Worth Caring About." L. J. Walker, S. J. 30 cts.

"The Secret of the Green Vase." Frances Cooke. \$1.25.

"The Life of St. Jerome." Fray José de Sigüenza. \$3.50.

"Quivira." Harrison Conrard. \$1.50.

"The Bond of Perfection." Rev. P. M. Northcote, O. S. M. 60 cts., net.

"A Review of Hamlet." George H. Miles. \$1.10.

"A Colonel from Wyoming." J. A. H. Cameron. \$1.35.

"The Return of Mary O'Murrough." Rosa Mulholland. \$1.25.

"The Life of Christ." Mgr. E. Le Camus. Vol. II. \$1.50, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Charles Guendling, of the diocese of Fort Wayne; Rev. Richard Sadlier, diocese of Detroit; and Rev. Andrew Sammon, C. S. C.

Sister M. Gonzaga, of the Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary; Sister M. Ursula, Sisters of the Incarnate Word; Sister M. Agnes, Sisters of St. Ursula; Sisters M. Blandina, M. David, and M. Anyisia, Sisters of St. Joseph.

Mr. Norman Campbell, Miss Rosine Parnementier, Mr. Michael Murnane, Mr. R. Stehle, Mr. John Bergin, Mr. Charles Knable, Dr. M. M. Dooley, Mr. John Loyer, Mrs. S. N. McCarthy, Mr. Albert Franklin, Mr. James Cleary, Mr. Helen Sulier, Mrs. Mary A. Crimmins, Mr. J. I. King, Mr. August Wheeling, Mrs. Anne Burk, Mrs. Catherine Lumley, Mr. John Bertels, M. M. Broderick, Mrs. M. A. Rice, Mr. John Cronin, Mrs. Mary Kessler, Mr. Patrick Broderick, and Mr. James Warren.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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To Mary Mother.

FROM THE GERMAN, BY J. F. S.

SWEET Flower of earth, high heaven's
splendor,

Virgin most pure, to thee I lift
My eyes, and all my soul I render,

Praying thy love to send the gift
Of help in need, and comfort tender.
How can I fail to reach thy throne,
Since God Himself my heart has shown
The path to thee?

And when I pray,
Thou wilt not send thy child away,—
Thy child, bowed down with need and care,
For mother-help and comfort yearning.
Canst thou thy riven heart all burning
Close to the anguish of his prayer?

What though a useless son I be,
All poor and weak and blind, in thee
Shall I not trust the less? Thou hearest
The feeblest whisper far away;
To weakest child that strives to pray,
Thy heart stands open, Mother dearest!

THE Catholic Church has, from the beginning, cherished and preserved the Holy Scriptures with the most vigilant and jealous care. The saints of God have manifested their love for it with every token of veneration. St. Charles never read it except with his head bare, and upon his knees. St. Edmund of Canterbury kissed the page whensoever he opened the book, and kissed it again when he closed it.—*Cardinal Manning.*

Fact, Fiction, and Fancy.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

I.—FROM A BAY-WINDOW.



IT is a broad, deep window; and it is a broad, deep bay it looks out upon. In fact, it is the Bay of Monterey; in fiction, it is, to quote the local boomers and land speculators, "the only harbor on the Coast"; in fancy, it is a companion piece to the never-to-be-forgotten curve of the Vesuvian shore. True, there is no volcano at hand, with a smoke-plume in its cap; no terraced city, with its tiers of tall and narrow houses, and its castle atop of all; no temples, no towers, no picturesque villages stretching along the crescent shore, so near together that they seem to be holding one another by the hand, at arm's-length; no babble as of Babel; no buzzing as of the hiving of human bees; but there is everything else that nature, not art nor artifice, can do to remind one of the Bay of Naples. Artists, with their critical eye brightening and mayhap bedewing, have said it over and over again; poets have set it to the music of their song many and many a time; dreamers have come here to dream, because this is, or was, the City of Siesta. Alas, it is no more!

From a bay-window all mine own, and large enough to live in,—a window where my desk is drawn into the light, and I

can entertain a friend without being in the least crowded; where now, in mid-winter—I know it is winter, because it is so stated in the calendar,—I can place at my side my little oil-heater (it is a kind of pocket-stove), and turn up the golden halo of its flame, just because it is cosy and comfortable and winter. But I leave the window open for the sake of the sweet, salt sea-air that is swelling the gauzy curtain like a sail. Let us start again,—this pen runs away with me. From a bay-window all my own I can look down upon Decatur Street in front, where there are no sidewalks at all, and but ten houses; and upon Olivier (Olive) Street on the right-hand side, where also there are no sidewalks, and the grass grows green on both borders of it.

Just around the corner, to the east, stands the old Custom House, erected in 1814. It is an adobe building, with a two-story tower at each end. The first or southern tower was built when Monterey was under the Spanish rule; the northern tower, when it was under the rule of Mexico. The two towers were connected by a long, low chamber when this land became a territory of the United States.

Gertrude Atherton, in her "Patience Sparhawk" and in some of the tales in "The Splendid Idle Forties," has found rich material there. Looking up from my desk for a moment, I see the original flagstaff on which "Old Glory" was first raised on the Pacific coast. It stands at the corner of the north tower of the Custom House, but three doors from the El Casa Verde, my present abiding place, from the upper chamber of which this bay-window proudly protrudes.

Two doors above me, in the opposite direction, is a small building, the first one built of brick in California. Such an odd little house it is; two stories in height, yet hardly taller than one should be. If it ever boasted any kind of ornamentation, it has been shorn of it; indeed, its tiny windows look like eyes without brows or lashes, and it seems to have been

close-shaven all over. It swarms with young Italian fishermen, mere lads, who are flannel-shirted, wear rubber boots that reach halfway up their thighs, and who seem to lead a kind of community life when they are not casting their nets out yonder in the sea. A jovial crew, afloat or ashore, who pass under the window singing, or playing pranks like lads on their way home from school.

The house beyond, at the top corner of Decatur Street, is the old whaling station. I remember it when it was a tumble-down adobe where the whale hunters made their headquarters. There were giants in those days in the Bay of Monterey; schools of whales were often in sight—they always act as if they were playing "hooky,"—and then the whalers put out in their wonderful boats that seem never afraid of anything, for they bore tempestuous seas. From the hill yonder where the statue of Padre Junipero Serra now stands, one could watch the chase and capture of a leviathan that with one blow of its tail might have shattered the whole flotilla like so many eggshells, or crushed a boat and its crew with a snap of its mighty jaws.

Just over yonder, one enters a pretty garden, under a Gothic arch that seems to have been carved out of the whitest ivory; a tall person can reach to the top of it, and can also easily pass under it, without stooping: it is formed of the jawbones of a whale. The beach used to be strewn with them, and with ribs bleaching in the sun. The approach to the mission church of San Carlos, at the other end of the town, is paved with the vertebræ of a whale,—they are nearly a foot in diameter.

I remember how one evening, thirty years ago, I was wandering aimlessly through the deserted streets of Monterey. There was no sound save the sobbing of the sea. Surely it was a City of Silence in those dear old days. I had been to the Custom House, and lounged on the seaward veranda that then almost over-

hung the water surging below it. Everybody used to go there at one hour or another during the day or evening, to dream or gossip, or listen to the natives lisping in babbling Spanish. It made life seem like a pretty play. There was a delightful element of leisure in listening to a language that is a kind of lullaby lingo. Now the shore—a rocky height—has been built out so that the Southern Pacific Railroad may run its passengers and freight “between the sunset and the sea.” There are idlers in the shadow of the old veranda, but they do not tarry there to dream, and they are apt to leave a trail of peanut shells behind them.

On this night, turning up Decatur Street, I was about to pass the whaling station when I found the doors wide open and a bright light within. In the centre of the room, on an improvised bier, lay the stark body of a drowned whaler. A crucifix was there, and lighted tapers at foot and head of the sea’s last victim. Various members of the crew were sitting about the room, watching with the dead. They were talking in low voices; and, though at times some one lit a cigarette or drank a glass of claret, the scene was decorous and impressive.

I was invited to enter. I gladly did so. Through the watches of the night we conversed together, and I surely shared their affliction. We talked of their late fellow, and of his home and theirs, when they were young, far away in the south Italian country. They seemed all to have become as little children again, and recalled a thousand incidents which perhaps had not entered their minds for years,—so humanizing is the influence of a common sorrow. Not until the gray of dawn could I tear myself away from that pathetic scene; and then I wandered until broad daylight, thinking on many things, and asking the unanswerable questions that we all ask ourselves at intervals.

I was telling the incident to Gertrude Atherton, and she seemed interested. I imagine my surprise upon receiving the

author’s copy of her “Patience Sparhawk,” with a certain paragraph marked upon the margin; and on reading that paragraph to find recounted, in a dramatic way, the incident I have just related.

How quiet these streets were in those old days! What changes have taken place since then! Now, across the street, a row of small, one-story, semi-detached cottages partially obstructs my view of the shore. There is a cannery just beyond them that keeps late hours. Sometimes at two in the morning it blows a long blast on its whistle, and that summons the extra hands from their slumbers to assist in preparing the excellent Monterey sardine for the market. The fishing boats are just in from the sea with their catch, and it must be cleaned and canned at once. Most of these fish are shipped to Germany, where they are re-canned for the foreign market.

Just to the right, over the way, there is a triangular lot that would be vacant, did not the fishermen find it an ideal spot for the drying and mending of their nets. Very deft and industrious are they with their large, sun-browned hands, and as cunning as women at their tatting. They are always silent, unless hailed by some passer-by; and then for a moment the air is musical with sprightly repartee, which is always uttered in Spanish or Italian or Portuguese. The Japanese fishing colony is an exclusive body, and does not mingle with these; indeed the Japanese are rivals, and claim another part of the beach as their own.

A trolley car flies to and fro on Decatur Street, on its way between Del Monte and Pacific Grove,—a four or five mile ride. Just beyond the field of the fishing nets—how beautiful they look, festooned upon long rows of railings in the sun!—runs a branch of the Southern Pacific Railroad. Seventeen trains a day are a diversion; for I invariably count the number of cars on each train,—I know not why. If I fail to do this, I feel as if I had lost an opportunity or neglected a duty. Yet I know

most of these trains by heart; the freight trains of uncertain length are the ones that most excite my interest.

On the farther side of the S. P. R. R. track there are six tiny shacks perched upon the rocks at the very verge of the Bay. They have no backdoors, for one could not step out of them save into space. Often the surf climbs up to the top of the rocks, on which they perch with an air of uncertain security; these are the homes and haunts of fishermen, and they are all squatters. Again and again have the city authorities ordered them to take up their shacks and walk; but the warning is unheeded, and never will be taken seriously; for this is the heart of the Land of Lazy Manana. How prettily that word falls from the lips of the natives, who pronounce it Man-yana! It almost rhymes with banana. "To-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow" is the motto that is written in their blood.

It is but a hop, skip and jump from the squatters on the cliff to the little dock that juts into the harbor at the foot of Decatur Street. There the small coast steamers tie up, two or three times a week, and discharge or take on freight. Of a foggy night—and how many of them there are here!—it is diverting, if one is wakeful, to listen to the first faint whistle of the approaching boat lost in the blinding mist. It is as the voice of one crying in the wilderness,—but it is not unheeded. Again, and often, and steadily, it is repeated, like "horns of Elfland wildly blowing"; and a responsive and encouraging voice is raised at the end of the dock, where the fog horn is worked by hand. Nearer and nearer these voices come together, until they begin to blend; and the boat emerges like a phantom ship from the vapors that veiled it, and comes safely to her moorings at the docks. Then for an hour, two hours, three hours, the bos'n's whistle is heard, as the freight swings under the crane, back and forth over the bulwarks of the vessel. If I look out of my window of a clear night, I see

the ship's lights reflected in the water; by daylight I see everything that is going on, for all this is within a stone's throw of my glazed lookout.

Beyond the dock is the harbor, the haunt of the sea gull and the cradle of the mosquito fleet, fishing craft of every possible description. There they lie at anchor, rocking gently upon the gentle swell. At such times the sea gulls sit in rows upon the peaks of the fishermen's roofs, and look like so many stuffed birds. At another time they patrol the beach, retreating before an approaching wave, and chasing it as it recedes in search of food. It is beautiful to see them on the wing, they are so graceful, so unafraid. No one is allowed to shoot them, for they are the scavengers of the shore; and—alas! for those who see them feeding—their table manners are not above reproach.

The gulls are not always at rest: they fly by hundreds in a bewildering circle over the refuse cast out of some fishing boat. Sometimes the storm-wind blows them about the sky as if they were withered leaves, and the mosquito fleet is in danger of being driven ashore; then the breakers dash upon us with peals of thunder that fairly make the earth tremble and the windows rattle in the casements. The harbor is no longer like an opal set in a cincture of bright gold: it is dark as an emerald, and its surface is broken and fretted with frothing waves, that plunge furiously upon the shore and pile their foam-hills as high as winter snowdrifts. When the great rains come and the heavens are falling, I, in my bay-window, feel as if I were in a diving-bell.

I want to complain of the changes that have taken place so recently in this once dreamy old town. It was the first capital of California, and the first governor was the late Hon. Peter H. Burnett, my god-father. I want to complain, because the devastations of the Monterey Improvement (?) Co. remind one of a boom in the Land of Nod. I ask you, one and all, would you, could you enjoy the warning,

waking shriek of the factory whistle were you a dreamer dreaming in Dreamland? There is no repose in the life of the latter-day Californians; there may be idleness, but idleness is not repose: it is stagnation.

This narrow strip of land in front of me, thirty years ago, was naked to the sea. Even this window was not. I may give thanks for the window; though Decatur Street has become a thoroughfare where there is hardly a moment in the day but some one is passing. It may be a troop of soldiers from the Presidio up there on the hill, or civilians, or vaqueros in from the outlying ranchos, or globe-trotters with kodak on hip, or school-children skylarking on their homeward way. Now the whaling station has become a modern, up-to-date studio; and the Custom House has lost its dignity and its individuality. But I can still comfort myself with the unceasing symphony of the sea and bask in its luminous splendor. How often I do it when I should be following my fountain pen as it plays over the page shortly to start on its way to the press!

The sunrise gun at the Presidio on the hilltop wakens me; and presently the sun climbs over the eastern hills, and the harbor is like a crater flooded with red-hot lava. The sunset gun puts the period to my last paragraph, and, turning toward the Presidio, just over the top of Decatur Street, I see "Old Glory" slowly, majestically descending from its airy height, and hear the inspiring strains of "The Star-Spangled Banner."

How can I complain when I have all this within sight and sound of my bay-window? Then there is the Monterey afterglow that seems to be peculiarly its own. Oh, these afterglows! How much they are to me! I drink my fill of them nightly, and that lasts me until day-break which is their only rival. If I am a worm of the dust, I think I must be an afterglow-worm. Last evening in the twilight I felt for a few minutes as if I were in the hollow of a great pink pearl.

(To be continued.)

Exiled from Erin.

X.—PREVISIONS.

DURING that first night while Ellie was sleeping, her uncle and his friend Beauchmin had been in conference, and Malone had appointed the next evening for the introduction. They had debated some time as to whether it would be best to announce the important subject at once or to wait until the two had become better acquainted. The Frenchman was for a speedy arrangement of the affair in prospect; he wished to take no chances; and although he considered himself an excellent match for the girl, no matter how attractive she might be, he was fully aware that the secret of success lay in quickness of action. On the other hand, Malone, who was a good reader of human nature, had already divined Ellie's character sufficiently to feel doubtful whether she would be so easy a prey as he had imagined. It was borne upon him, moreover, that her affections might probably have become engaged by her fellow-traveller, which would render Bushman's suit still more doubtful of acceptance. He also felt that her surroundings were very distasteful, and thought that perhaps a longer sojourn in them would induce her to listen favorably to the wooing of his old landlord; especially if the prospect of a pleasant home, with attractive surroundings, should be the alternative. His own soul was so mean and sordid that, when he reflected on the chances, his spirits rose; he could not believe that any poor young girl would hesitate if a life of comparative ease were offered her, even with "Tidy Bushman" as an accompaniment.

On the whole, Malone was disappointed to find that the lines he had sketched were not so clear as he had imagined. He had fancied his sister-in-law and her children would have had their spirits

so broken by poverty and its attendant trials that he would have no trouble in making the girl conform to his wishes; but the first sight he had of Ellie made him doubtful of the certainty of his previsions.

When Bushman heard that Ellie had arrived he was eager to see her.

"Is she as pretty as you thought, Tim?" he inquired, his wrinkled face one broad smile, which revealed his jagged and scattered teeth.

"She's prettier," said Malone; "and well set up, too. She looked like a picture coming off the ship, in a blue gown and a red neckerchief."

"I don't care for the clothes," said the Frenchman. "I can give her all she wants of them. But I could not make the face over if it was ugly."

"You'll not have to make it over, Tidy. 'Tis one of God's own making. Her skin is clear as a rose-leaf. She hasn't a feature about her that isn't handsome."

"Well, I'm glad to hear it," said Aristide, rubbing his grimy hands together with satisfaction. "And when shall I see her, Tim?"

"Come over to-night. It'll be the best time. I'll have her into the room, and you can get acquainted."

"Have you said anything?"

"Have I? Not a word. I don't want to frighten the creature the minute she lands. I think it will be best to go a little slow there, Tidy."

"Just as you say," said the Frenchman. "You ought to know. But I don't want to be *too* slow, Tim; and you know what is at stake for yourself."

"Yes, yes, I'm not likely to forget! And I appreciate it, Tidy,—indeed I do."

After some further conversation they separated. Tim went home and to bed, but sleep refused to come. The events of the day crowding upon his mind—the visit of his wife, the loss of his children, and his uncertainty about Ellie's disposition—united to give him a restless night. But toward morning he began to take a more hopeful view of the situation;

the clouds of doubt and dissatisfaction rolled away, and he sank into a sound sleep, from which he did not wake until after nine o'clock.

When he went into the kitchen, Jule was alone.

"Where is the girl?" he asked.

"She went out looking for the church."

"It is not Sunday."

"No, but she said she was longing to say her prayers before the altar of God. She's very lonesome."

"All right, so she doesn't get lost. But I hope she won't take to going to Mass every day. 'Twould be bad for her."

"In what way?"

"The company she might meet."

"Sure she'd meet only good company there,—no one at all but a few old men and women and maybe a handful of children."

"And those nuns."

"Yes, but sure they wouldn't harm her."

"Maybe they would, now. They might be putting into her head notions I would not want her to have."

"That's likely," said Jule, dryly, pouring out the coffee. "I can't imagine you and any nuns being of the same mind."

"I've other views for Ellie."

"Not a marriage?"

"Yes, just that."

"Glory be to God! To which of the ward boys would you be giving her?"

"To none of them: to a fine, decent man that could buy and sell the whole of them, with myself thrown in; a man of property and well along in years,—no nonsense about *him*; a man that will give her a fine living."

Jule screwed up her forehead.

"'Twould never be Tidy Bushman?" she inquired.

"You've guessed it," said Tim. "He's the man. And if the girl should back out at first, Jule, give her the good word, and I'll remember it for you."

"'Tis a shame to be marrying her to the like of him," said Jule. "'Tis a mortal sin, no less."

"Will women ever learn sense?" cried Malone, angrily. "The whole of them, old and young, are the same. No matter what hardships they've gone through with worthless men—sons or husbands,—they're all turning up their nose at a man if he isn't handsome."

"Handsome?" said Jule. "That hasn't anything to do with it. There's many a kind heart under an ugly face. But the old skinny, trembling hands of Tidy Bushman, and the scraggy teeth of him, would sicken any woman."

"Tidy's not a bad-looking man when he's spruced up," said Malone.

"Is he ever that?" asked Jule.

"Maybe not, but a good wife could take him in hand."

"One suitable to his own age," said Jule. "I'm sure your niece wouldn't look at him."

"Especially if you aid and abet her," said Tim. "Mr. Bushman can give her a fine living, I tell you again; and he will. He intends to go out of this neighborhood altogether. If she knows how to do it, she can wind him round her finger."

"She's not the girl I take her for if she tries to wind any man round her finger. She's too straightforward and innocent," said Jule.

"You seem to have read her character well in the short time you have known her," answered Tim, sarcastically.

"This much of it I have read," said Jule: "she'll never marry Tidy Bushman."

"She will, then, or I'll turn her into the street," said Malone, striking his fist on the table,—“and you after her.”

"My wages first!" said Jule,—"my wages first!" she repeated; "or I'll have the law on you, Tim Malone. I'm not for stopping with you any longer. I want to go home to Ireland."

Malone laughed and changed his tone.

"Jule," he said, "you know very well your wages are all ready for you. I only kept them back for fear you'd be leaving me helpless with the children, that knew you and were used to you. I'll give you

the money this very day, if you'll promise not to leave me suddenly; and I'll give you a hundred dollars over and above if you'll be on my side in this marriage."

"You will?—honor bright you will?" said Jule.

"Honor bright I will."

"And is that what you brought her over for?"

"That's what I brought her over for."

"I'll wager you're getting something for it."

"To be sure I am. It's worth something. I never dreamed *you'd* be against me, Jule,—you who have lived in the 'Bend' so long, and know that there's not a girl in it that wouldn't jump at Aristide."

"You mean a good-living girl?"

"That's what I mean."

"Then, you're mistaken."

"Tut, tut, woman! You don't know what you're talking about. 'Tis so; and Ellie will be all right after a few days, even if she does refuse at first,—that is, if you give her a good advice. For all we know, she may make no objections at all."

"'Tis a hard task you're putting on me," said Jule. "'Tis a task I loathe."

"Look here, now!" answered Malone, who had finished his breakfast and come round the table to where she stood by the stove. "Don't you think any sensible girl—and Ellie is a sensible girl, by all sight and appearance,—would prefer a nice, pretty little home of her own, with a garden and gimcracks, to this place?"

"She would,—of course she would," replied Jule. "For her heart is breaking in this hole already. But that man! He's a toad and a viper even to think of wanting to marry that fresh-faced, innocent child. And she needn't stay here, Tim Malone. She could get a hundred situations to-morrow morning if she went to look for them."

Malone felt himself growing angry again; but it was his policy to conciliate Jule, for the present at least.

"Now, Jule, have sense," he said. "Here is this girl! Her mother and two fine boys, of brothers are about as badly off as they well can be, in the old country. If she marries Bushman, she will be able to give her mother a home,—or, at least, put the boys in a good way of giving her one. There will be peace and comfort and prosperity for the old woman to the end of her days, and the same for the boys. And as for Ellie herself, there's no telling what match she might make after Tidy 'passes in his checks,' which can't be very long, Jule."

"That's true,—every word you say is true," replied Jule, thoughtfully. "And, if the girl doesn't mind, she'll be doing a good action in a way,—in a way. But I misdoubt her willingness, Malone,—I misdoubt it. I'm thinking you won't have an easy time of it with her,—the two of you; and unless you handle her right she'll be very stubborn,—very stubborn, I tell you."

"That's just where your work will come in, Jule, if it's needed," said Tim. "Women know how to deal with one another better than men. When you get her all to yourself—that is, if she's not agreeable to the plan, which she may be, after all,—tell her what a good thing 'twill be for her people. She has a soft heart for them all, I'll warrant."

"God bless her for it!" replied Jule, beginning to clear off the table.

"Will you do it, now, Jule?" Malone asked coaxingly, lighting his pipe.

"I can't say *what* I'll do," was the response. "Pay me my wages, and I'll promise you I'll not go against you, anyway. I want my little bit of money. I want to be feeling and handling it. 'Tis all the chick and child I have. Pay it to me in gold pieces, Malone, if you want to soften my heart."

"I will, then," answered her employer. "As soon as the bank opens I'll run up and get it for you. 'Tis—how much?"

"Two hundred and fifty dollars, you know very well," said Jule. "Get it in

tens; they're not so small as fives, and nicer to handle than twenties, and there's more of them."

"All right! That it shall be, Jule," said Tim, in a caressing, soothing tone. "And if all goes as I want it, there will be ten more tens to boot,—honest, good pieces, my woman!"

But Jule was not to be wheedled, even though she saw ten golden eagles as the reward of her services.

"I'll follow my head," she replied. "If I see my way clear to it, I'll help. But that will all depend,—'twill all depend. If the girl is inclined, I'll try to make it smooth for her; but if she's dead set against it, I'll not lift my finger. I have a poor conscience, and maybe a broad one, but it won't carry me that far. And I'll not turn a hand for you till I see my own little bit of money, Tim Malone. My heart warms to that nice little creature," she continued, after a pause; "and I'll do a great deal to get her away out of this. She'll die if she stays long in it. She wasn't made for it. Better the farm that's in Ireland, without a roof but the blue sky to cover her, than to be here."

"And so say I," rejoined Malone,— "and so say I," he repeated, opening the door that led to the bedroom. "Keep in that mood, and none of us will be sorry."

He had hardly left the kitchen before Ellie entered it. She had been crying; her eyes were red and her cheeks flushed.

"What's the matter with you, *acushla*?" asked the old woman. "You're not ill?"

"No; only lonesome," answered Ellie, removing her hat. "I wanted to be back before this, to help you, Jule; but I found the church where you told me, and I went in. There were a few old women kneeling there; but the candles weren't lit, and I thought there would be no Mass; so I knelt down to say a few prayers. And soon there came in a young priest, the very image of a student that was visiting Father Kearney one summer at home; and my heart leaped in my breast."

"And was there Mass then?" said Jule.

"There was," said Ellie. "Oh, it was sweet and lovely to be kneeling before God's altar, the same way as it would be at home! But it made me cry, all the same."

"And do you think it was the young man you knew?" asked Jule.

"I don't really know," Ellie replied. "But I asked an old woman in the vestibule if she knew his name, and she said she didn't, but that he came over on an emigrant ship to see how the girls are treated. I'd love to know if it was he."

"Did you see that large house on the corner with big windows? 'Twas a handsome dwelling house in old times."

"I did."

"That's what they call the Mission. 'Tis for Irish emigrant girls that have no home, till they get places or find their friends. Many people haven't the time to call at Ellis Island during the day for the newly landed they're expecting: poor people have to work. The Mission takes the girls to the home, and then friends call for them in the evening. 'Tis a fine place. Many of them stay there a good while."

"Do they have to pay much?"

"They have to pay nothing."

"What a great charity!" said Ellie,—
"a great charity!"

"You talk like an old woman," said Jule, with a laugh. "You have such old-fashioned words in your mouth!"

"And I feel like one, Jule," rejoined the girl. "It seems a hundred years since I talked to my mother. But it does me good to know that some one is taking thought for the poor Irish girls alone and friendless in a strange country. Were you ever in that house, Jule?"

"Was I ever in it! What would I be doing there? Never a friend or relative have I coming over these forty years. I'd have no excuse for going there. But I'm told 'tis a very comfortable place. They have good treatment, and there's a priest living in it always, and a chapel."

"He lives in it always? What a good priest he must be! And so they have Mass in it?"

"Every day, I am told."

"I wonder could a stranger like myself go there to Mass of a Sunday?"

"I suppose you could."

"I wonder you don't go sometimes yourself, Jule."

"I to go! I never go to Mass anywhere,—not in many a year."

"Jule!"

"You're surprised? Well, I gave it up long ago. I had no heart for it, and I thought 'twas better be a fool than a hypocrite."

"And my uncle?"

"He! Faith, the church would fall down in astonishment if he put his foot on the threshold. Tim Malone at Mass?"

Ellie shuddered. Without another word she passed into the bedroom, more discouraged than ever. In a moment she reappeared.

"Jule," she said, "what do they call the name of that place over yonder? I want to tell my mother about it when I write again."

"Our Lady of the Rosary," replied Jule.

"What a sweet name!" said Ellie. "I'll go over there Sunday, or maybe before, if I can find the courage. I'd love to see that priest again."

"Listen, Ellie!" said Jule, coming close to her. "Don't say a word to your uncle about the Mission,—at least not yet. He wouldn't want you to be going there. He'd forbid you. He might think they'd be turning you away from him."

"I won't say anything," said Ellie. "I can be as close about my own business as Uncle Tim, Jule."

For a long time Ellie sat in the dark little bedroom, thinking and planning. Heartsick she was and disappointed, but one bright point of light had begun to scintillate in the gloomy horizon. It beamed from the Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary.

The Late Archbishop of Paris.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.

THE death of so prominent a leader as the Archbishop of Paris would at any time be looked upon as an event of some importance in the ecclesiastical world, but at the present crisis it is fraught with grave meaning. Apart from his sympathetic and winning personality, the venerable old man who on February 1 was taken to his last place of rest, through the crowded and silent Paris streets, leaves a blank in the Church of France that will not be easily filled up. However fitted for his post may be the new Archbishop, whom his predecessor, it is well known, loved and trusted, there was something in Cardinal Richard that can not be replaced. His age and experience gave weight to his opinion; his well-known kindness of heart made him universally popular; his patience and moderation with regard to *persons* seemed to give extra value to his firmness with regard to *principles*; the austerity and simplicity of his personal habits inspired even the enemies of the Church with feelings of esteem and respect.

François Marie Benjamin Richard de Lavergne was born at Nantes on March 1, 1819, of an ancient and noble family; and those who knew him best assert that, under his gentle exterior, he retained the tenacity of purpose that is supposed to characterize the sons of Brittany. He was educated for the priesthood at St. Sulpice, where so many generations of French clerics have, since the seventeenth century, been trained for the priesthood. The training of the Sulpicians is one that leaves its impress on the mind and character, and the late Cardinal Richard was an excellent and illustrious example of Sulpician education. He had the unerring prudence, the keen instinct of what in matters of faith is wise and safe,

the external decorum, the respect for tradition, that are supposed to characterize *les Messieurs de St. Sulpice*. He was ordained a priest on December 21, 1844; two years later he went to Rome, where he remained from 1846 to 1849.

On his return to his native diocese, he was, after some years, chosen by Mgr. Jacquemet to be one of his vicars-general. On December 22, 1871, he became Bishop of Belley; and four years later, on July 5, 1875, he was appointed coadjutor to Cardinal Guibert, Archbishop of Paris, with the title of Archbishop of Larissa.

The two prelates worked in perfect harmony. They had many qualities in common; among others, a great love of simplicity. One of Cardinal Guibert's first reforms had been to reduce the establishment of the archiepiscopal palace. Instead of two horses, he kept only one. "Formerly," he observed with dry humor, "two horses served for one archbishop, now one horse serves for two archbishops." He had deep esteem for and confidence in his coadjutor, whom he introduced to the diocese of Paris with these words: "You will find him assiduous in prayer, devoted to work, sympathetic to the sufferings of the poor, ever anxious to relieve them, and as ready to bring them back to God; full of respect for the priests of Jesus Christ; knowing how to temper authority with sweetness, and never forgetful of the fatherly character of ecclesiastical government; zealous for the maintenance of discipline, for the integrity of morality and of the faith; attached from the depths of his heart to the Holy Roman Church and to the person and prerogatives of the Vicar of Christ: an apostle as well as a pastor, ready to give his time, his work, and his life for his flock."

On July 7, 1886, Cardinal Guibert breathed his last. Three of his immediate predecessors had died violent deaths: Mgr. Affre was shot on the barricades; Mgr. Sibour was stabbed by an unworthy priest; Mgr. Darboy was murdered by

the insurgents of the Commune. Though his successor was spared so tragic a fate, his lines were cast among circumstances unusually grave. Almost from the first the responsibilities of his office weighed heavily on Mgr. Richard, but he met them with unflinching patience. The wanton persecution of the Church in France—a persecution so craftily conducted that during many years the Catholics of other countries failed to recognize its cruelty—culminated during the last year of his long life, and he died in a hired house, having been expelled from his palace by the Republican Government.

Before this crowning insult, which was borne, like the rest, in dignified silence, the Archbishop had given the measure of his worth. He was a zealous promoter of Catholic higher education, a loyal supporter of the Holy See in all circumstances, a kind father to his priests, a generous benefactor to the poor. As long as his health allowed him to do so, he strove to keep in touch with the humbler and less prosperous portion of his flock, and during many years his bent figure was a familiar sight in the Paris faubourgs. In May, 1889, he was created a Cardinal by Pope Leo XIII., with the title of Santa Maria in Via, the little Roman church in which he took a kindly interest, and where a solemn service was held for the repose of his soul.

Cardinal Richard was distinguished for his prudence, patience, dignity, wisdom, and earnest piety, rather than for the brilliancy of his eloquence. He never indulged in violent speeches or passionate denunciations, but neither did he suffer the rights of the Church to be infringed upon without due protestation. He had that "royal gift," an excellent memory, and never lost sight of the affairs that were brought under his notice, or forgot the persons with whom he had once been in contact. The religious Orders, on whom the weight of the Cross presses so heavily, possessed in him a firm and true friend; and the last time he appeared at a public

function it was to give the expelled Augustinians a mark of sympathy. Like Pius X., by whom he was fully appreciated, his thoughts, judgments, and words were inspired solely by a desire to fulfil God's will. Human considerations played no part in his decisions; he seemed to move in a sphere from which the passionate impulses of earth were absent, and where the peace and light of Christ reigned supreme.

"There could be no doubt," says an English paper, in which his personality is excellently described, "that it was in his quietness and good judgment that lay his strength." He was never aggressive, violent or bitter, "yet never was there any sacrifice or compromise of principle." The more enterprising soldiers of the Catholic army may sometimes have wondered at his quiet endurance; but in the long run all acknowledged the moral strength of this gentle old man, unyielding when vital questions of right and wrong were at stake, sweetly submissive when only his personal feelings were concerned.

His death was the fitting close of a long and holy life. His last public act was performed on behalf of the Augustinian Sisters of the Hôtel-Dieu, who, as our readers know, were last January expelled from the Paris hospital, to which they were bound by the tradition of centuries. In spite of his failing strength, the Cardinal was ready to welcome them at the Hôpital du Bon Secours, where they were received on leaving their old home; and his voice was raised for the last time in vigorous protestation against the injustice of men.

Only a few days later, on January 21, he began to suffer from his throat; but during two days more he continued to lead his usual life. On the 23d, however, he took to his bed, and the doctors in attendance became anxious. The Cardinal was perfectly calm and conscious; by his own wish, he received Extreme Unction at the hands of his coadjutor. He then gave his blessing to the priests who knelt round his bed, and to his old servants,

whose faithful service was about to end. By his side remained his confessor, the superior of St. Sulpice; and Mass was daily celebrated in his room during these last days of peaceful agony,—days filled with prayer; for when his Breviary fell from his dying hand, he kept his hold on his Rosary, and continued to recite it till the very end. On the 26th of January, without a struggle and without any acute suffering, he gently breathed his last.

Pius X., who had followed the brief phases of the Archbishop's illness with fatherly anxiety, answered the telegram that announced the fatal end by one in which he proclaimed Cardinal Richard to be "an unforgettable example of priestly virtue and of pastoral fidelity." The verdict of the common Father of Christendom was confirmed by popular opinion; all parties concurred in doing homage to the dead Archbishop, and the feuds that divide Frenchmen at the present day seemed to vanish on the threshold of the chamber where for a few days he lay in state. Men and women of every rank knelt before his venerable remains. The Paris workmen came in crowds, and their reverent attitude struck all beholders. From the lips now silent had issued only words of peace, pardon, and good-will; and in his borrowed house, driven from his palace, the Archbishop seemed drawn nearer, through suffering, to the majority of his flock.

Those who witnessed his funeral on February 1 will not easily forget the scene. According to his own desire, and in keeping with the afflictions that have befallen the Church in France, the ceremony was as simple as possible. The coffin lay upon a plain *char*, such as is used by the poor; only the red robes thrown across it reminded the bystanders of the dead prelate's exalted rank as a Prince of the Church. The procession made its way to Notre Dame, under a grey, dull sky, the scarlet cloak making a solitary patch of color in the gloomy picture. Behind it, quite alone, well to the front of the

priests that followed, walked the present Archbishop.

There was something curiously pathetic in the slight figure, with bent head and folded arms, wending its way through the slush and snow of the Paris streets, weighted down by a dread responsibility. Our thoughts flew back to those who in the past have borne the same title and the same weight of care,—those who fell on the barricades or against the prison walls, or who again, like the dead Cardinal, struggled long and patiently, with apparent unsuccess, against the victorious powers of evil. With a heritage such as this, no wonder that the new Archbishop's features were pale and drawn as he followed his predecessor's remains to the ancient basilica in whose vaults the Archbishops of Paris have their last resting place.

The *parvis* that extends in front of the great cathedral presented a striking picture, the central point of which was the humble *corbillard*, with its scarlet draperies. Around it stood over fifty bishops, countless priests, and innumerable Sisters of Charity, whose snowy cornettes fluttered in the breeze, a moving sea of white. Above, rose the grey, medieval towers that for centuries past have looked down upon the seething sea of Paris life, mute witnesses of many a troubled or bloody scene. The solemn sound of the great bell broke forth on the chill air as, followed by his children's tears and prayers, Cardinal Richard was borne aloft for the last time, up the solemn aisles of his own basilica.

A striking proof of the high position held in public opinion by the late Archbishop may be found in the fact that even the anti-clerical papers paid homage to his stainless character, to his devotion, kindness, and good judgment. The tide of irreligion runs high in France at the present day, but it instinctively swept back before the gentle old man, of whom it may be said that, like his Master, he passed through the world doing good to all.

To St. Joseph.

BY EDWARD F. GARESCHÉ, S. J.

PAST of the Patriarchs, with thee
 Bloomed the fair flower, virginity,
 From God's own gardens given.
 Threefold the snowy blossoms twine
 Round Jesu's, Mary's heart, and thine,
 Nor lack the airs of heaven!
 Last Lord of David's House, alone
 Of Mary's self and Mary's Own,
 Guardian and lover true;
 Thou hadst His breath upon thy cheek,
 Thou heardst His baby wisdom speak,
 Whom but in dreams men knew.
 Last of the Prophets? Nay! for thee
 Life was a silent ecstasy.
 To which no voice was given.
 Some rapturous years thy spirit spent,
 Breathless with love and wonderment,
 Then fled—and spake in heaven!

The Mother.

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

I.

WALKING quickly, she retraced
 her steps through the Champs-
 Elysées, quite regardless of the
 passers-by,—a small, slender figure,
 scarcely distinguishable under the droop-
 ing boughs of the chestnut trees, white
 and glistening with frost. On one arm
 she carried a heavy basket of provisions;
 the other hand held a bouquet of violets.
 From time to time her tired eyes, the
 lids wrinkled with age, rested lovingly on
 the flowers; at intervals she lifted them,
 dreamily and contentedly, to the bright
 blue sky above her, outlining, as it did
 so beautifully, the contours of the Arc
 de l'Etoile. And all the while upon her
 faded countenance, framed in bands of
 thin, gray hair, there hovered a sweet,
 soft expression, like the ghost of a happy
 smile. This half-smile was very pretty,

investing the old face with a charm,—like
 a ray of sunshine, after a long winter,
 finding itself once more in the place it
 had erstwhile known and loved.

She shivered occasionally on this cold
 February afternoon, under her serge gown,
 worn thin by long usage, and the short,
 scanty cape that covered her narrow
 shoulders. A scarf of black lace, knotted
 under her chin, afforded but slight pro-
 tection to her small ears, blue with cold.

Despite the poverty of her attire, it
 was evident that she was not an ordinary
 working-woman. By her walk and the
 carriage of her head one could see imme-
 diately that she was a provincial of the
 better class, driven to Paris through
 reverses of fortune or some family catas-
 trophe; a woman who had been hardly
 used by life,—moral sufferings, and con-
 stant solicitude for the morrow.

At length she reached the Arc de
 l'Etoile. Her feet, on which were very
 thin and badly worn shoes, slipped on
 the frosty pavement. In her effort to
 prevent herself from falling, she dropped
 her violets. "My poor flowers!" she
 murmured,—"my poor flowers!" Her
 numb fingers, in their coarse, black woolen
 gloves, recovered the violets with difficulty,
 stained with the dust of the sidewalk.
 She uttered a little sigh, half of regret,
 half of satisfaction. Rude contact with
 the defilement of the highway had not
 diminished the exquisite perfume of the
 flowers. Once more the face resumed
 the gentle, placid smile. When a little
 joy comes into a gloomy life, the poorest
 and humblest wish for flowers, the adorn-
 ment of souls *en fête*.

And now, in order to make up for lost
 time, she began to thread her way in and
 out among the carriages, and soon found
 herself in a maze of streets with high
 gray houses on either side. Night began
 to fall; a glimpse of the departing day
 still lingered above the mansards, but
 below it was growing quite dark. One
 by one dim points of gas, like clouded
 stars, began to illuminate the fog.

She paused at last, out of breath from her rapid walk, before a door obstructed by the tall, athletic figure of an old concierge. The man stood out of the way to allow her to pass, saying in a jovial tone:

"A bad night to look forward to, Madame Lestrade! Nine degrees above zero at five o'clock in the evening. Brrr! Will Monsieur be late to-night?"

"No, my good Etienne: I expect my son at seven." The voice was gay, joyous, almost young.

The concierge followed her with his eyes.

"Oh, what has happened to Madame Lestrade to make her so happy this evening?" he said to himself as she passed up the stairs.

Up, up, she toiled till she reached the fifth story; then she paused in front of a door at the end of the passage, on which was tacked a white card bearing the name "Raymond Lestrade, Artist." She took a key from her pocket, put it in the lock, turned it, and went in.

In the little dining-room a feeble coke fire faintly illumined the old-fashioned provincial furniture,—the massive oak sideboard, the inlaid secretary, the round table covered with an Indian shawl of the kind so dear to our grandmothers, the chairs and sofas with their backs carved by some cabinet-maker of the small town where they were made. In this narrow street, removed from the eternal hubbub and confusion of greater Paris, one could almost fancy oneself in one of those little bourgeois salons a hundred leagues distant, whose small green-paned windows overlook some dreary square, its sole attractive feature the elms which overshadow it.

The impression became stronger when Madame Lestrade, having removed her bonnet and cape, lit the porcelain lamp. On the sombre walls, from tarnished frames, smiled ancient, venerable faces; on the mantel-piece, exactly in the middle, protected by a glass globe, a large gilt clock repeated its ticktack all day and all night, as it had done for fifty years.

A large cat, comfortably rolled into a ball, was asleep on a rug of gray fur. Madame Lestrade was very fond of the old things she had brought with her from Fontaine-Vielle, the little city lost in the woods of Limousin.

Only one slight sketch of Raymond's infused a light, youthful note amid the sombre decorations. This sketch, moreover, was of springtime, and Raymond's mother loved the spring. It was a scene among the meadows, when the green things are just bursting into life, before the ardent rays of the sun have yet withered the breath of the blue field-flowers to make room for their successors, the peonies and roses.

The eyes of the old woman lingered on the faded photographs, framed in green silk, that stood on either side of the clock on the narrow mantel.

"Poor dears!" she murmured. "Why are you not with us to-night to share in our joy?"

A tear fell upon the thin old cheek. In days of sorrow, when one thinks of the dead, it is to say, "How good God was, although at the time we could not see it! He took them to Himself before this blow, which would have made them so unhappy, could come upon them." But when the clouds have blown away, when Happiness once more knocks at the portal, it is hard to know that they are no longer here to rejoice with us; that the dear face smiling at us from the picture has disappeared forever; and that our poor human joys, so fleeting, are never again to be shared by those whose participation would have made them doubly dear.

Five o'clock struck from the tower of a neighboring church. Madame Lestrade began to tremble. All the afternoon she had been thinking of the little feast she was preparing for her son. "Raymond must be so happy to-night!" And how delightful to think of their sitting together, talking of his good fortune, and enjoying their dinner in the warm dining-room!

She came and went in the kitchen, in

her blue linen apron, preparing with the most minute care the modest little dinner, entirely composed of the food her son liked best. From time to time she smiled at the huge gray cat that followed her about inquisitively, as though aware that there was something unusual going on. Once she stopped and patted him on the back, saying:

"Yes, my old Prince, you shall have an extra good dinner also. And you will be glad, I am sure, to know that we are so happy."

Happy! The word had a strange sound in her ears. For fifteen years she had not permitted herself to think of it. She had known nothing else during her childhood, girlhood, and the first years of her marriage. Then misfortunes came suddenly, one fast following the other. Unwise speculations had speedily dissipated her husband's fortune, as well as her own, which she had placed at his disposal that he might recoup his losses. She could never forget that September evening when, in trying to hide from her a letter he had been reading, he had fallen in a fit of apoplexy. She could see, whenever she recalled the dreadful picture, the poor limp head falling against her shoulder as she lifted him from the floor; Raymond calling for help through the open window overlooking the street; M. le Curé arriving in haste; the passing of the soul, the funeral, the grief of the old mother, the numbness of her own heart, the burning pain in her eyes that could not weep. And then the feeling of loneliness, of desolation that ensued, was but another step to the Calvary which she must now climb. Another week, another coffin,—the mother had followed her son.

In those days she had almost forgotten Raymond, the idol and pride of his father's heart,—Raymond, their only son, who had formed half her world. Suddenly she awoke to a sense of her responsibility in his regard; it was after her first burst of tears. Looking her sorrow in the face with the faith of a true Christian, she

besought the God of the widow and the fatherless to forgive her despair, saying to herself: "Yes, my life is ended; but what does my sorrow matter? I know that I shall see my beloved again. I will bury my grief in the depths of my heart and live for my boy; with him and for him I shall take up life again. I shall not only be brave but cheerful." And she had kept her word.

After her husband's debts had been paid, there was very little left. And Raymond must finish his education. But how was it possible for him to do so? They soon realized that it was beyond their means. And Raymond had no regrets. He wished to be a painter. One of his professors had often said to him: "My boy, you have a fortune at the tip of your pencil."

Yes, Raymond would be a painter; and only in Paris could he attain the desire of his heart. To Paris, then, they went, though all their friends opposed the step. The boy was determined to go; he was eighteen, and what could the poor mother do but follow him? For his sake she renounced her only consolation—that of living close to the graves of all she had loved; for him she bade adieu to the friends of a lifetime; for him she sold the old home with its tender associations; for him she went forth, in her early middle age, from the quiet provincial town where she had thought to spend her declining years, to the great city, the very name of which terrified her timid soul.

But Raymond knew nothing of all this; he did not even suspect it. They are nearly all alike, the poor young people! They do not mean to be egotists; they do not know that they are, their souls are so full of dreams, their hearts so occupied with their youth, their intelligence so keen for the things that seem to them the noblest, the most beautiful,—the things to be desired. They are absorbed in what belongs to their age and in one another. How can they take time to

study the souls that surround them; above all, the soul of a woman, sad, oppressed, no longer young, without great intellect or great aspirations,—a soul bordered by the petty horizon of a house and family? And yet it is among souls like these that the greatest heroism is frequently to be found,—those who suffer silently, yet go about their duties cheerfully day after day.

Those ten years in Paris had been long and arduous. There was no doubt that Raymond worked hard, and at first success seemed to smile upon him. He was admitted to the *Ecole des Beaux-Arts*; his masters esteemed and encouraged him. But soon disappointments began to follow each other in his path. It was the same old story: his pictures refused for the Salon one after another; the anguish of the artist, not a confirmed egotist, who begins to doubt his own talents, to realize that he lacks the most essential requisites to the perfection of his art.

Oh, that sad evening—she remembered it so well!—when Raymond, returning from the atelier, which he shared with several others, said to his mother:

“I shall never become a great painter. My talent is quite mediocre, mother. I have style, I have taste, I have color; but I have no originality,—not a particle: the gift of expressing what is in me. It is there, but I can not bring it out.”

She had not believed him, she did not believe it yet. Others had “arrived” with far less talent than he; others, again, who had prostituted the gift with which God had endowed them,—that Raymond would never do. But now it became more than ever necessary to find wherewith to live. The little capital derived from the sale of the house had about slipped through their fingers. The rent of a farm she still owned at Threuil was entirely insufficient for their needs.

Madame Lestrade would not allow her son to relinquish his art. She began to work, straining her poor eyes over fine embroidery and laces, for which she

received only a trifle. But, in spite of prodigies of industry and economy, the purse was still very light.

If Raymond could but have known the privations his mother had imposed on herself when he was not there! If he could have suspected that she passed the long hours of the wintry days without fire, that he might see a cheerful blaze when he returned in the evening! If he could have seen her near the draughty window, her head bent over her work, trying to catch a little of the feeble light that struggled through the fog and smoke! If he could have beheld her hastily snatching a morsel of bread and cheese, only to receive him an hour later with an excuse like this: “Are you not a little late, my poor boy? I was so hungry I could not wait any longer. You know old people have fixed habits: they can not bear to change their hours. I have already taken my dinner. Eat your soup quickly or the cutlet will be cold.”

Oh, if he could only have comprehended the priceless treasures of devotion that were poured out upon him so prodigally every hour, he would have thrown away his palette and brushes; he would have folded his arms around her, as he used to do in his childhood, in order to say to her, between sobs, between kisses: “You have worked long enough for me, mother. I will work for you henceforward. Let us go back home, where we used to be so happy, where we shall be happy once more.” But Raymond could not divine these things, and the days rolled by, filled with cares and sadness, regrets for the past, present sacrifices, and anxieties concerning the future.

At last God had pity. It is often thus. Just as the cup overflows, it is taken gently from our lips; and when we are exhausted with suffering, a ray of light sometimes pierces and brightens the night of sorrow. Fortunately, Raymond had attracted the notice and been admitted to the friendship of Emile Lorizier, the famous young painter, who was much

interested in the decorative arts, and had contributed by his original and daring talent to the creation of some of the most popular modern styles. Thanks to the advice of Lorizier, Raymond gradually abandoned his larger ideas for a new line of work. He began to take up panels, friezes, and other artistic decoration. He had found his *metier*, and thenceforward labored with enthusiasm and excellent results. His work had been admired at the exposition of decorative art; he began to receive outside orders; hope was born anew in the breast of mother and son.

That morning, while they were seated at breakfast, Raymond had received from Lorizier a telegram which made his heart beat high.

"It is about M. Martinette, the great tapestry manufacturer, who wishes me to enter his employment as a designer," Raymond had said. "I am to meet him this morning at ten o'clock, at Lorizier's. If we can come to terms, I will send you word at noon."

The word had come, freighted with joy. Eight thousand francs a year, with increase of salary annually, provided his work continued to show variety and originality of design. Ah, it must be a dream! It could hardly be true. And yet why not? He had talent, he was a genius; she had always known it. Now he could renounce the petty economies that had made life so hard, so narrow; now he could dress well, mingle with his equals, have the amusements so natural to his age, of which hitherto he had been deprived. Not a thought of herself,—not a single thought!

She started, looking at the clock. This was no time for dreaming, for reminiscences. Raymond might be here any moment now. Later they could talk over everything: the past, the future; the joy that lay before them, the freedom from care, the sweet content,—later, as they sat together at their dainty meal, before the little round table decorated with violets.

(Conclusion next week.)

A Feast in India among New Converts.

BY O. H. M.

A FEAST in India, especially a feast in a village of neophytes, always assumes the proportions of an important event. A month before the celebration, the Christians raise subscriptions amongst themselves, in order to meet the expenses for decorations, music, and illumination. While the treasurer keeps collecting the quarter-rupees, ordinarily the rate of subscription for each family in the lower circles, the well-to-do of the village take it upon themselves to make ample provision of gunpowder, because it is considered necessary that there should be abundance of noise. They manage to secure the services of the most celebrated musicians of the district, also order fireworks, and collect lamps, lanterns, flags of rainbow hue, cannon, and such other things as go to swell Oriental pomp.

It must be added that these zealous natives, wishing to do things in the best of style, send invitations to their brethren in the neighboring villages, informing them of the day and hour of the celebration and the ensuing display of fireworks. The invitation is written out in magniloquent style, with the details made so attractive that even those most indifferent feel themselves interested and are allured to attend.

These preliminaries being gone through with, we now come to the day of the feast itself. Let us first cast a glance at the church. One would take it for a little garden planted in the middle of an arid plain. The interior is decorated with garlands of gaudy colors; the altar is all but hidden under a mountain of flowers, while above it stands a fine statue of the Mother of the Redeemer. The effect is picturesque. It is our own young artists who have arranged all the decorations, and they are pardonably proud of the result. But while we are contemplating

these wonders of Indian taste, the first visitors arrive.

After saluting the *swamiar* (priest), they install themselves in a corner as comfortably as possible, and begin to cook their rice. If salt or pepper be wanting, they do not go to the bazaar to procure it, but simply ask the *swamiar*, who is apparently supposed to supply all needs. The flourish of trumpets and the noise of drums, which are already quite deafening, keep increasing by degrees, through reinforcements of musicians from other settlements. One brings a drum, another a clarionet; this one a pair of cymbals, that one a bagpipe; and each musician on his arrival is greeted with shouts of welcome.

The sun now disappears, and the moment has come to begin the illumination of the streets through which the procession will pass. Venetian lanterns are out of place for such a purpose; but Indian lamps, which consist of small earthen pots full of oil, answer as well, and the effect is magical. In the twinkling of an eye thousands of small lamps are lighted alongside the houses. The solemn hour is evidently drawing nigh.

A huge car decorated with flowers is brought before the church. The statue of the Blessed Virgin is placed therein. Before it, in straight lines, in two rows, stand the bearers of the banners and torches. Foremost march the pyrotechnists. Soon a murmur of something like impatience goes through the crowd. The *swamiar* blesses the car and gives the signal to start.

At this moment the music bursts forth like a thunderclap. The cannon roars with a tremendous crash. If but for five minutes the reader could lend his pain-stricken ears to the boom of the guns, the hammering of the drums, the flourish of the trumpets, the yell of the vast multitude, the din, the confusion which no words could adequately portray, he would perforce be led to imagine that the world was coming to an end. As to our Indians, they are simply jubilant.

At last the storm subsides. The procession keeps moving onward. The neophytes recite the Rosary aloud or else sing hymns in Tamil. Their devout demeanor and the perfect order observed, notwithstanding the great concourse of people, fill the pagans with admiration. They, too, follow the procession, and can hardly turn their eyes from the car which enshrines the *Deva Matharn*, (Mother of God), and which is so tastefully decorated with evergreens, festoons, and garlands of beautiful flowers. The procession wends its way through the principal streets of the village, and finally returns to the church, where the festivity terminates with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

The good effect which these solemnities and pious demonstrations produce in the hearts of those who assist at them is very considerable, and is not easily destroyed. In the first place, the numerous young neophytes are not only encouraged, but are almost transported with joy at the splendor of these religious ceremonies, and edified at the lively faith and pious demeanor of the Catholics; and they are consequently less drawn to idolatrous feasts. The pagans also, hardened as they may be, feel themselves drawn toward the Church, which allows them a place in its temple, and even permits them to take part in its festivities, whilst paganism always keeps them at a distance from its shrines.

WHY so honor an offence as to write it on the tablets of your memory? Is your heart so large that you can afford to give so much place to resentment? What a pity that the little which man saves from the wreck of forgetfulness should consist first of all of the wrongs which have been done him! There are deeds that are inexcusable. Is this sufficient reason for remembering them forever? Let the injury fall to the ground, and do not stoop to recover it. Stoop rather to pick the flowers, however humble, that smile up at you in this valley.—Charles Wagner.

Lourdes and the Medical Men.

A BELGIAN exchange observes that one of the most remarkable phenomena connected with the pilgrimages to Lourdes is that they are drawing thither an ever-increasing number of physicians. To our mind, the remarkable thing is that, in the course of fifty years, the medical profession of the world at large has paid such comparatively slight attention to the scene of an uninterrupted series of cures which some of the most accredited scientists of their fraternity have pronounced inexplicable by any natural process. Granting all that may be claimed for Nature and her recuperative forces, it still remains incontestable that one of the conditions required by Nature for the working of a cure is *time*. A broken leg, properly set by a surgeon and held stationary in a cast or in splints for a certain number of days, becomes "as good as new" through these recuperative forces. Well and good. But a leg like Pierre de Rudder's, that has been dangling for six or eight years, with more than an inch of distance between the extremities of the broken bone, and that suddenly becomes perfectly sound and of normal length through the instantaneous soldering of the osseous matter,—that leg has been healed, not by Nature, but by Nature's God, and 'tis preposterous to attempt evading this conclusion.

It is accordingly rather a mystery to us why physicians of renown in this and other countries have not in greater numbers gone to Lourdes and examined for themselves cures which members of their profession equally renowned and equally worthy of credit have declared beyond their capacity of explanation. Many doctors, it need hardly be said, have done so; and their testimony makes interesting reading. From a number of letters embodying such testimony, we purpose quoting one written last August. We translate from the French of *L'Express de l'Ouest*, issue of Sept. 2, 1907:

LOURDES, Aug. 25, 1907.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—When I arrived here a fortnight ago, I didn't believe in miracles. I said to myself: 'Nature's laws are immutable; supernatural facts have never been scientifically demonstrated. True, they talk about thirty-six marvels,—but I should like to see them before believing.'

Last year, in the course of my hospital practice, I had under my care a young girl affected with paralysis of the legs. She came back to me from Lourdes walking without any support. I attributed her cure to nerves, auto-suggestion, feminine impressionability. I had read Zola's "Lourdes." True, I had also read Bertrin's reply; but I told myself that the former had observed impartially, whereas the latter was prejudiced. As for Dr. Boissarie, I considered him a charlatan: there was, I thought, no such thing at Lourdes as science.

I was living quite tranquilly in my scepticism when, one evening, my wife and daughter said to me: "We wish to see Lourdes. Since we travel during August, anyway, let us this year go there." To please them, I agreed. As a tourist, I should enjoy some fine scenery; as a doctor, I might glean an observation or two worth while.

The day of our arrival was a hot one. I was tired, but curiosity overcame fatigue; and I repaired to the Grotto, to behold that famous nest of so-called miracles. There was a crowd there. Many were praying with their arms extended, in crucifix-fashion. Great candles were burning, and blackening with soot hundreds of crutches piled about. 'What I want to see,' I said to myself, 'is not crutches, but cured legs. 'Tis easy enough to leave those bits of wood here; once back home, other crutches can be procured.'

I proceeded to the Board of Verifications. I expected to be courteously excluded, as I am not reputed to be much of a Catholic; my observations would very likely be too impartial, not to say awkward, for the members of the Board. What happened was quite the contrary. I was welcomed as heartily as if I were an old acquaintance. Dr. Boissarie and the doctors present—there were three or four—chatted with me about what they had seen. Some were partisans, others enemies, of the supernatural; but even these latter acknowledged that at Lourdes there occurred things inexplicable, or at least, so far, unexplained.

I was rather impatiently awaiting the occurrence of some new event when they brought in a young girl from La Vendée. She told us that, afflicted with a tuberculous sore on the hip, she had for several years been unable to walk (*elle était impotente*); and, she declared,

she had just been suddenly cured in the piscinas. "Examine her," said Dr. Boissarie to me. I took the girl into a little room apart, and did so. The hip, except for some scars, was normal; the movements were quite free. The bandages appeared to me to have been saturated with pus. I was astonished — almost touched — before this strange case, when it occurred to me to ask the girl for the certificate attesting the nature of her disease. "I haven't any, sir," she replied. All my fine emotion evaporated. What proof had I that the girl had ever suffered?

I told the doctors of my doubt. A priest who was present hastened to say that he could get the required certificate by wire. Dr. Boissarie acquiesced; but I said to myself: 'Certificates after the event! That trick won't work. When I see authentic signatures underneath diagnoses that I myself have verified, then—'

Returning to the hotel, I found my wife and daughter rather bored and desirous of leaving. I told them they could go wherever they liked; but, as for myself, I was going to stay. The Board of Verifications held me fast. They went, travelled about, and rejoined me at the close of the National Pilgrimage.

Oh, the things I saw during that week! I had wished to see the signatures of doctors of repute: I saw some of the most illustrious names, and those least suspected of clericalism, at the bottom of certificates. More than that: I myself attended genuinely sick patients in the Seven Dolors Hospital; and, dressing certain wounds, I said: 'Here in very truth are incurable cases.' Some of these very cases I beheld, the next day, cured.

I auscultated two cases in the last stages of consumption, both condemned to a speedy death. One, I was told, had offered his life for the cure of the other. The next day the first died at the very hour when the second emerged from the piscina with new lungs. When I placed my ear on the breast I could not hear the slightest râle.

I examined a man affected with blindness for five years. He had gone to the Rothschild Hospital, but had been refused admission *because his case was incurable*. He then entered the Quinze-Vingts. The doctors certified that he had retinitis pigmentosa, a disease in the presence of which medical science declares itself helpless. To-day the man sees perfectly.

One must be a physician and know the lingering slowness of nature's processes, in order to appreciate the full meaning of these sudden transformations. As for those who attribute to "nerves" the fabrication of a fresh pair of beautiful lungs or the soldering of broken bones, I consider them worthy of incarceration in the Charenton lunatic asylum.

When I reflected that the remedy employed is a bath of a few moments in water cold enough to daunt the most healthy; that this water ought, naturally, to make an end of consumptives; that it should, naturally, possess no virtue to open eyes, weld bones, or close gaping wounds,—then I was confounded. Moreover, often enough the water remedy is not applied at all. It is altogether on a sudden, and without apparent cause, that the ameliorations are effected. Many recover their health at the Grotto itself, others while returning to their homes.

One feels that a superior Force is passing through the ranks. . . . The believers say it is the Virgin. . . . In any case, 'tis truly beautiful and consoling. You know that I can't conceal my impressions. I was captured. Fortunately, I am neither Jew nor Freemason, and I live decently; so that I have no violent prejudices. *I am for the truth*. Well, here is the truth: *I believe in miracles because I have seen them*.

Don't conclude from this avowal, my dear friend, that I am converted. . . . But I feel that my incredulous attitude toward the supernatural has been sheer stupidity. In the presence of facts thus verified, it is on account of personal reasons, *not* scientific reasons, that any one can venture to deny the intervention of God.

I have promised to return next year. Who knows? Perhaps the Virgin will cure my soul. 'Twould not be the least of her miracles.

In the meantime, *au revoir!*

DOCTOR LOUIS D.

We have only one comment to make on the foregoing,—or, rather, one thought to express in connection therewith. In view of the multiplied activities of our medical scholars and investigators nowadays, the commissions almost without number appointed to investigate this, that, and the other form of disease and the remedies applicable thereto; in view also of the efforts of the Society for Psychical Research to discover whether Spiritism gives any veritable proof of the preternatural,—would it not be congruous for some of our learned scientific societies frankly to investigate the Lourdes marvels, and give the world the result of their investigation? Their failure to do so can not but incline those who have studied Lourdes to the belief that, as Dr. D. says, personal, not scientific, reasons can alone account for the denial of the supernatural action habitually manifested there.

Notes and Remarks.

The unprecedentedly revolting crime at Denver, Colo.—the deliberate assassination of an inoffensive priest who had just deposited the Bread of Life on the tongue of the assassin,—may well arouse public sentiment in this country against anarchists and anarchism, against the glib exponents, on the platform and in the press, of anarchistic theories, not less than the half-crazed demoniacs who reduce those theories to practice. Freedom of speech and the liberty of the press are precious rights which no American will care to see curtailed; but neither right will be infringed upon by the drastic suppression of such unbridled license as is exercised with impunity in most of our large cities by these sworn enemies of organized society. Our President is sometimes accused of arrogating to himself the legislative and the judicial as well as the executive function of aiming at autocratic management of matters lying outside the domain of his Constitutional powers. Whether there be grounds for the criticism or not, we should welcome the sight of his transferring the blows of his "big stick" from the trusts and the railroads and predatory wealth to the backs of those inciters to murder and arson—the cribblers and spouters who are a standing menace to the peace and order of the republic.

It seems to have been a general custom in former times to screen the altar-piece all through Lent, just as we now cover the crucifix and the images of saints from Passion Sunday until Easter Eve. "It is not fitting," remarks the learned Dom Guéranger, "that, if the glory of the Easter be eclipsed, the servant should not appear." We find an explanation of the former custom, which must have been deeply impressive one, in a catechism printed in London as late as 1702. The question is asked: "Why is a Veil drawn

betwixt the Altar-piece and the people in the Lent-time?" The answer is: "To intimate that our sins are as a Veil which hinder us from seeing the Beatifical Vision, or Face of God. And as the Veil of the Temple was rent at the death of Christ, so is the Veil of our sins by virtue of his Cross and Passion, if we apply it by worthy fruits of Penance."

A sadly mutilated version of the following exquisitely beautiful prayer, from a sermon by Cardinal Newman, is being circulated among our separated brethren, with whom it finds much favor, being attractively printed on small cards of excellent quality. The changes from the original are probably due to carelessness. It is hard to believe that any one would attempt to improve upon a prayer composed by Newman. We have printed, on extra fine paper, from Missal type, with rubricated initial and lines, several thousand copies of this prayer as originally written, and shall have pleasure in sending one or more to any address:

"May He support us all the day long, till the shades lengthen, and the evening comes, and the busy world is hushed, and the fever of life is over, and our work is done! Then in His mercy may He give us a safe lodging, and a holy rest, and peace at the last!"

Matter-of-fact people who demand documentary evidence for everything and affect to despise tradition, might learn a good lesson from a block of stone to be seen in the principal Catholic church of Algiers. For three centuries and more tradition had told the story of a Moorish youth named Geronimo who, coming under the influence of Spanish missionaries, became a Christian, and a saint in all but name. He abjured the Faith, it was said, for a brief moment, under the pressure of bitter persecution and slavery; but returned to it with new fervor, and proved his constancy by an heroic

and terrible death—being thrown alive, with his hands tied behind him, into a block of liquid concrete, which was afterward built into the wall of one of the outlying forts near the city. Such was the tradition, singularly and literally true in the minutest details, as was proved in 1853, when part of the fort was demolished, and the block of concrete found containing the accurate impression of the martyr's body, face downward, and the hands behind the back. Before being secured for its present location, the block was preserved in a Mahometan mosque.

A truly valiant woman in the Scriptural sense of the word was the late Mrs. Elizabeth Spearman Lancaster, who passed to her reward at Rock Hall, Charles County, Maryland, on the 18th ult., aged eighty-three. Her long and eventful life would deserve an extended notice. She became a convert at eighteen, and was ever after an exemplar of strong faith and saintlike piety. Through her marriage with Mr. Ignatius Lancaster she became identified with one of the oldest of the Maryland Catholic families, and at her picturesque home on the Potomac Mass has been offered by many eminent priests and prelates. She counted in her treasures, and delighted to show to her guests, a Mass book brought over by Lord Baltimore. During the Civil War the Lancaster plantations were on the firing line a great part of the time; and in this trying period Mrs. Lancaster, with an invalid husband, and the alarms of war ringing in her ears, brought up a large family of children. Though her resources were temporarily crippled, and an ever-shifting burden of responsibility was laid upon her, she always found time for the thorough grounding of her children in their Faith, and the instruction of black servants, slave or free, in their religious duties. Schools were closed while the civil strife endured; but Mrs. Lancaster came to the rescue herself, and drilled

her children in their Latin and English classics. She only proved again what all serious-minded people realize: that when temporal burdens are heaviest and seemingly insurmountable, time may always be found to attend to the vital matters of life; and for her the most vital matter was, first and last, the Catholic Faith. Mrs. Lancaster was looked up to by all who knew her; and many who did not, found in the story of her brave life something that held them, amid all discouragements, to their own ideals of duty. Of her own family, the Spearmans of Delaware, she was the sole Catholic representative, until forty-one years later, in 1884, her youngest brother, a well-known writer, was received into the Church.

It is apparently still necessary to emphasize occasionally a point which we have frequently made in these columns, and which the *Boston Pilot* discusses thus adequately:

The American-born children of Irish parents are just as truly American as are the children of the Puritans. Racially, none of us, whatever our ancestry, have a right to the name, which belongs to the country's aborigines alone. The immigrant of whatever nationality who becomes naturalized and makes his home in the United States is under the law an American, with all the privileges inherent in that title, with the single exception of eligibility for the office of President. The Americanism of the child of any immigrant is unquestionable. The descendants of the English Puritans or Pilgrims would not set themselves down as English. Neither should they set down as Irish, French, German, Italian, Greek, or aught else, the American children or grandchildren of any of our citizens. It behooves Americans of other than English stock to insist on their Americanism.

And to continue, let us add, to treat with appropriate mirth the obsolete myth of this country's being an Anglo-Saxon republic.

Consecrations of bishops in this country are not so infrequent that a new one taken on the importance of a notable event but the elevation of the Rev. Joseph

M. Koudelka to the episcopal dignity as Auxiliary Bishop of Cleveland does measure up to that standard. Bishop Koudelka is not only the first of the Slavs to attain to the episcopacy in the United States, but he is invested with specific jurisdiction over those of the Slav races who make their home in this country. His consecration, and the coming one of a Polish Auxiliary Bishop for Chicago, mark a new departure in the ecclesiastical polity of the country; and there seems to be every ground for anticipating excellent results from what as yet must be termed an experiment. One thing is certain: the experiment could scarcely be entrusted to fitter hands than those of him to whom Bishop Horstman addressed the other day these gratifying words: "And now, my dear brother in the episcopate, up to to-day I looked on you as my spiritual son; and during all the years I have been here in Cleveland, you, as a true son, have been a joy, a consolation, and a support to me in the trials and crosses which are inseparable from the mitre. Often I could say with St. Paul "God, who comforteth the humble, comforted us by the coming of Titus."

The existence of the Catholic Oratorio Society of New York is something to rejoice over. Its aim is to make the Catholic public appreciate their own musical treasures, of which they have been sadly neglectful. Our separated brethren, Gentile and Jew, have hitherto done everything in the oratorio field, though its traditions are all distinctively Catholic. The same can not, of course, be said of our brethren abroad, but in this country Catholics have yet to make their own acquaintance as regards matters musical. In a true sense the Catholic Oratorio Society is a missionary movement, the immediate success of which has been a surprise and a delight to all its promoters. Carnegie Hall, which has a seating capacity of three thousand, was filled to overflowing on Sunday evening, Feb. 16,

to listen to the Society's rendition of "The Nativity," by H. J. Stewart; and it is no exaggeration to say that the vast audience was spellbound. Both solos and choruses were admirable, but the latter were the more noteworthy in a sense. The musicians and soloists being recognized artists, the best was to be expected of them; but that the chorus of the Society should have acquitted itself so very creditably was a delightful surprise. Critics were heard to say that they had never listened to a finer one. The credit of its formation and perfect training belongs to Madame Selma Kronold, who, after her conversion from Judaism, left the stage to devote herself to Catholic music for and by Catholics. She is to be admired for her superb devotion, and congratulated on her brilliant success.

Sir Oliver Lodge, the eminent English scientist, has become a pronounced convert to spiritualism. He maintains that his new views do not controvert those he has expressed in his work entitled "The Substance of Faith," but carry them to a logical fulfilment. Singular fact—thirty years ago science was materialistic, now it is becoming spiritualistic. A savant like Sir Oliver is not afraid or ashamed to assert that he has "scientifically" established the possibility of communicating with the dead. Shades of Huxley and Darwin!

The recent celebration in the Eternal City of St. John Chrysostom's fifteenth centenary was signalized by a special function, notable enough to warrant our reproducing from *Rome* the following comment on the event by Mgr. Respighi, writing in the *Rassegna Gregoriana*:

No past century offers so solemn a demonstration of unity and fraternity between the two great rites of the Church. Not even in the Councils of Lyons (1274) and Florence (1438), in which the Greek Church reunited itself to the See of Rome, did the Pope assist and take an active part in the Greek liturgy, although Greeks and Latins, fraternally united, assisted at the Latin and Papal liturgy. At the Council

of Lyons the Greeks repeated the Symbol in their own language after the Latins had chanted it in Latin, and then both Greeks and Latins joined in acclaiming Gregory X. After this Council, the Epistle and Gospel were sung in Latin in the Greek Pontifical at Constantinople on January 16, 1275; and the custom (still preserved) was introduced in Rome of singing them in Papal "chapels" in Greek by Greek ministers after they have been sung in Latin. And it is well to remember also that at the Council of Florence, by the wish of Eugenius IV., all the Fathers of the Council and the other Latins assisted, at Santa Maria Novella, at the funeral, celebrated in the Greek rite, of the Patriarch Joseph of Constantinople, who died toward the close of the Council (1439).

The presence of Pius X. at a Greek Pontifical Mass, and his active participation in the celebration, is an object-lesson to the religious world, and a patent proof that Catholics, of whatever liturgical rite, are one in faith and doctrine.

There was a mission in Butte, Montana, a few weeks ago. Leaving his home to attend one of its exercises, a Catholic husband and father pleasantly told his wife and children that he intended showing them how to make the mission well. Ten minutes later, while yet on the way to his parish church, he died. Then "the priests were stricken with sorrow because a stalwart Catholic, a faithful, active member of the Church, had been taken away. The press of the city and State exhausted its superlatives in leading editorials on his life and achievements. The people of Butte mourned and would not be comforted. Their recognized leader in civic and social affairs had been stricken suddenly. The friend of the poor and needy was called to his reward."

Several characteristics of the tribute paid to this deceased Catholic gentleman, Mr. Daniel J. Hennessy, by the Dubuque *Apostolate*, so differentiate it from the perfunctory press obituaries always accorded on such occasions, that we make no apology for reproducing a rather lengthy quotation:

Though Mr. Hennessy was the leading business man of Butte, since the days of Marcus Daly

and the merchant prince of Montana, yet no one remembered him as the man of millions after the tragedy of his sudden death. Thousands of kindly, sorrowful words were expressed concerning him. His memory was eulogized on every hand; and in the midst of it all it was not the millionaire, but the husband and father, citizen and loyal Catholic, that was mourned. It need not be repeated here that in life there are many things valuable far beyond the measure of silver and gold. Mr. Hennessy possessed these in generous measure. Great wealth was to him but a means to the lessening of sorrow, and increasing the happiness of those less fortunate in life's struggle than he. The Church, her mission and her achievements; were perpetual sources of inspiration to him; and the silent monuments which stand to his memory in the churches and schools of Butte will outlast the memory of the present generation. . . .

Among all the good things which have been said and written about Mr. Hennessy, the two which stand out prominently are his devotion to the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and his love for the poor. Protestant and Catholic observed on every hand that zealous devotion marked the years of his whole life. "Daniel Hennessy never left his religion at the church door on Sunday morning," said a Protestant layman; and a local Protestant minister eulogized the deceased in a sermon on Sunday morning for this very admirable quality of character.

It is worth while reading such testimony as the foregoing. Wealth or poverty is, after all, but an indifferent condition; what really matters is the way in which the condition is utilized,—is the character of the *man*, be he millionaire or pauper. That the late Mr. Hennessy was all that the *Apostolate* states him to have been we happen to know from independent sources.

There are now three widowed Queens of Portugal: the widow of the exiled King Miguel I. of the House of Braganza, who is a nun in the Benedictine Convent of St. Cecilia, Isle of Wight; Queen Maria Pia, born Princess of the House of Savoy, daughter of Victor Emmanuel I. of Italy, mother of the late King Carlos; and Queen Amalia, born Princess of Orleans, whose marriage with King Carlos was in a great measure brought about by Queen Victoria, ever a friend to the ladies of the House of Orleans.

Notable New Books.

Maryland; The Land of Sanctuary. A History of Religious Toleration in Maryland from the First Settlement until the American Revolution. By William T. Russell. Baltimore: J. H. Furst Company.

The first chapter of this notable addition to American historical works opens with the statement: "To Maryland belongs the peerless distinction of being in modern times 'The Land of Sanctuary'"; and the whole book, of some six hundred and sixty pages, is a cogent, well-ordered argument, or argumentative exposition, to make that statement good. A cursory examination of the volume discloses several features which impress the examiner with the conviction that it will well repay careful reading. To begin with, there is Cardinal Gibbons' statement, in the preface, that Father Russell spent three years in writing the work, and that he is possessed withal of the judicial temper which makes any historical writing worth while. Then there are a good table of contents, a very complete bibliography, a series of helpful appendices, and an index sufficiently copious to satisfy all reasonable demands. Of original and quasi-original sources there are mentioned no fewer than sixty, while the "authors referred to and consulted" are four times as many.

Apropos of these authors, it is to be remarked that they are in the main non-Catholic. Father Russell, very wisely, we think, decided that he would give his Protestant readers no ground or discounting his conclusions on the score that they are based on Catholic testimony, apt to be prejudiced and unfair rather than strictly impartial. His method, as he fully explains in his preface, "has been, first, to narrate the facts as they are unfolded by the most reliable testimony of the past; and, in the second place, to array these bare facts in the plain and color furnished by the comments of non-Catholic historians. Catholic writers have been consulted, but . . . they have been rarely quoted to substantiate conclusions creditable to the Church, and never without confirmatory testimony from other authorities. This will explain why references especially to Scharf, McSherry and Shea appear so infrequently in these pages."

From one Catholic writer, by the way—Father Hughes, S. J., author of "History of the Society of Jesus in North America,"—Father Russell differs very materially in the matter of the controversy between the Jesuits and Lord Baltimore. It remains to be added that, as Maryland's early history bears a close relation

to the early history of the Church in this country, the present work is of interest to many more than claim that State as their home. The book is well printed on good paper, and attractively as well as substantially bound.

Consecranda. Rites and Ceremonies Observed at the Consecration of Churches, Altars, Altar-Stones, Chalices, and Patens. By the Rev. A. J. Schulte. Benziger Brothers.

This book is intended primarily for practical purposes, and it is practical. It does not contain anything new as to its matter, since it is a collection of the liturgical ceremonies and prayers of the Church according to the official Ceremonial and Pontifical and their best interpreters; but its presentation of the matter is new, giving in one volume, and according to their practical order, ceremonies and prayers. The details of the ceremonies are given in English, the prayers in the liturgical Latin, their distinction being made very perceptible by the difference in the printing. Every chapter—one for each ceremony—is divided into sections containing preliminary remarks about the matter to be consecrated, the enumeration, order and quality of the things to be prepared, and the function proper in all its successive parts. Perhaps some would find the work more practical and better adapted to its use in sacred ceremonies were the binding more flexible. Anyhow, by its orderly compilation of both ceremonies and prayers, the fulness and precision of its details, with the numerous illustrations which accompany them, this book is what the author intended it should be—a useful one.

The Catholic Encyclopedia. An International Work of Reference on the Constitution, Doctrine, Discipline, and History of the Catholic Church. In Fifteen Volumes. Volume II. Robert Appleton Company.

In the case of individual authors, the crucial test of literary success or failure is not so much the writer's first book as his second one. There is a widespread belief in the oldtime dictum that every man has in him the material for one good book, and the second venture of any particular author is awaited by the critics as a much surer indication of his power and fertility. While the same rule does not obtain in the case of encyclopedias—the first volume of such a work being generally regarded as the standard of those to follow,—there is always a keen interest in the inevitable comparison between volume two and its predecessor, and a corresponding sentiment of satisfaction or disappointment according as the standard originally set has been reached or unattained. So far as the Catholic Encyclopedia is concerned, very few

of those who have given its second volume anything more than a cursory examination will dissent from the opinion that this latest issue of the monumental work, far from falling below the degree of excellence attained in Volume I., really surpasses the standard which it set.

On the score of topics preferentially selected, of space apportioned to such topics, and of illustrations, we note a distinct improvement on the preceding volume,—an improvement which indicates that the editors have had the good sense to pay attention to such adverse criticism as impressed them as being well-founded. This amenableness of the editorial board is a fact worth noting: it ensures for the forthcoming volumes not merely such excellence as the editors themselves are capable of dowering them with, but such perfection as comes from adopting the best advice of the wisest of their counsellors throughout the Catholic world.

In the lengthy list of articles treated in this second volume—they range from "Assize" to "Browne"—there are many of primary importance; and the thoroughly adequate manner in which they are handled is at once an intellectual pleasure and a gratification of the æsthetic sense. Ferdinand Brunetière's appreciation of Bossuet is a fine bit of literary, not to say theological, criticism; and the seventeen columns in which Abbot Cabrol, O. S. B., discusses the Breviary contain not a paragraph that one would wish omitted. The Book of Common Prayer is also noticed at considerable length, the writer of the five columns devoted to it being Dr. Scannell, one of the editors of the "Catholic Dictionary."

Space is wanting, however, to refer even briefly to the multifarious good points of the work; and inclination is wanting to dwell upon the inconsiderable number of errors, typographical or other, which we have met with in turning its pages. No one is likely, in any case, to be led astray by the printed statement that Bossuet was ordained in 1852; and, if Dr. Aiken is perhaps somewhat optimistic in his opinion that "Theosophy is practically obsolete at the present day," he is probably only anticipating by a few years the logical outcome of that rather nebulous, though once popular, creed.

On the whole, we have only to repeat and emphasize the praise bestowed some months ago on the first volume of this genuinely epoch-making work. Indeed, the more we examine these initial volumes, the more thoroughly are we convinced that the Catholic Encyclopedia is destined to become the most efficient mission to our separated brethren in all English-speaking countries that the world has heard of for several centuries.

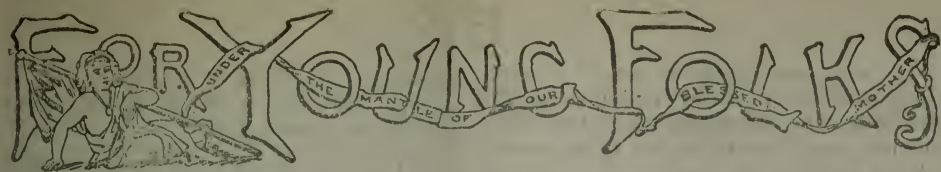
Lisheen; or, The Test of the Spirits. By the Very Rev. Canon P. A. Sheehan, D. D. Longmans, Green & Co.

Ever since the appearance of "My New Curate," new books by Canon Sheehan have been eagerly looked forward to and perused with avidity. Whether any of the successors of the volume mentioned have equalled it in the qualities that go to form a splendid Catholic novel is, of course, largely a question of taste; but it is probable, we think, that a majority of the Canon's readers would place "My New Curate" above either "Luke Delmege" or "Glenanaar." Nor is this latest volume, "Lisheen," while a fine novel, likely to contest the supremacy of "Daddy Dan's" immortal chronicle. True, it has many of the fascinating pages which Father Sheehan must perforce sprinkle through any work that comes from his hands; but neither the principal theme of the story nor the totality of character-delineations will appeal so strongly or to so varied an assemblage of readers as did those of the earlier book. This, however, is merely comparing the author with himself. As between "Lisheen" and nine-tenths of the "best sellers" for the past six months and more, Canon Sheehan's latest novel is distinctly the more interesting story; and ethically, of course, by far the better book.

The Education of Our Girls. By the Rev. Thomas Edward Shields, Ph. D. Benziger Brothers; Burns & Oates.

It is indeed true, as his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons writes in his preface to this work, that the problems discussed in the twelve interesting chapters that make up the book are among the most important with which the educationist, in theory and in practice, has to deal. Dr. Shields makes a plea for the higher education of women in institutes of learning devoted to the work of educating women. This means that co-education is discountenanced, and that religious must fit themselves for the work which seems, in a marked manner, to belong to them. The author urges a scientific training for religious teachers,—one that shall qualify them to meet the conditions of to-day, without, let us hope, losing any of the deeply religious qualities which marked those pioneers in the education of women, St. Angela de Merici and the first Ursulines.

"The Education of Our Girls" should be of special interest to Catholic teachers, and should be read by them carefully, as embodying in logical form opinions they themselves have always held, without, perhaps, considering the whys and wherefores.



A Little Lad on Lent.

BY UNCLE AUSTIN.

WEDNESDAY mornin', me and Fred,

We got ashes on our head,

'Long with all the other folkses went to Mass
at eight o'clock;

Mamma told us that it meant

We must be good boys in Lent,

And we promised her we wouldn't play again
outside our block.

Lent's a funny time of year,—

Well, not *funny*, p'r'aps, but queer;

Why, at breakfas' papa's finished 'fore us boys
have scarce begun;

Just a bite or two of bread,

With no butter on it spread,

Then a cup of steamin' coffee, and, first thing
you know, he's done.

As for mamma, she won't eat

Not a single bite of meat,

Cept on Sunday; other days she takes an egg
or else some fish.

Me and Fred, too, want to fast;

So till Lent is gone an' past

We'll not ask for more'n *two* helpin's from the
nices kind of dish.

Ruth's Day of Reckoning.

(Told by her Brother.)

BY FLORA HAINES LOUGHEAD.

X.—MY MOTHER.

FATHER got into a cab and had the driver go to the hospital as fast as the horses could trot. It was a large building on a hill near Golden Gate park, with a pretty garden around it, and it was very silent and still at that hour of the morning. A nurse in a blue gown and a white cap came to the door,

"I'm Mr. Sherwood, of Santa Barbara," said my father. "Please take me to my wife at once."

"Kindly step into the reception room," said the nurse. "I'll call the physician in charge."

Father took out his watch and counted the seconds. It was the chief surgeon himself who came.

"I must see my wife at once," father began, as soon as the Doctor came in. "Is she—living?"

"Your wife is asleep, Mr. Sherwood. I can not permit her to be disturbed for the present," said the surgeon.

"But I can not wait. I have made a race of four hundred miles," said my father. "Tell me, Doctor, is she going to get well?"

"She will get well, with little doubt, my dear sir, if nothing happens to cause a relapse. At this stage she must be kept perfectly quiet."

"But, great Heavens, Doctor, you don't understand the case! I wasn't told anything about her sickness until yesterday. I couldn't understand why she was so anxious to leave home for a pleasure trip without me. I naturally felt hurt about it. Why has this been kept from me all along? Why am I kept from seeing her *now*?"

"Mr. Sherwood, this is the best answer."

The famous surgeon rose from his chair, and, putting his hand on my father's shoulder, turned him around so that he faced the wall. There was a large mirror there; my father looked in it, and there stared back at him a wild-faced man, hollow-eyed, pale and unshaven.

"I would not answer for your wife's life, if you were to burst in upon her now in your present condition."

I am telling this just as my father told it to me, months afterward. He said it

was the most valuable lesson he ever had in his life; and that, as I was a good deal like him, he wanted to pass it on to me, and I'll pass it on to other boys. But he said it was like a blow in his face at the time. He sat down and covered his face with his hands and thought. When he looked up again he was ready to plead like a little child.

"Doctor, let me look through the door and see her without her seeing me,—for a moment!"

"You can not see her to-day."

"How soon may I hope to see her, if all goes well?"

"I can not say. Possibly to-morrow; perhaps not for a week. It depends mostly upon yourself."

"What shall I do? How can I bear the waiting?"

"Go and get a square meal. Take a long walk. Get a night's rest. Put yourself in shape so you'll be fit to see your wife when the time comes. I pledge you my word she's doing well, and her case is hopeful. If there should be a turn for the worse, you shall be called in time."

The next morning father stood again in the surgeon's office.

"Have you eaten?" asked the surgeon.

"Twice."

"Have you slept?"

"All I possibly could, Doctor. The fireworks made a great deal of noise."

"You may see her for fifteen minutes. It will do her good to see some one from home and to be assured you are all well. She worries about you. I will go in ahead and tell her you are here."

He led the way to mother's room. Through half-open doors along the hall father caught glimpses of white and suffering faces; and through one that was hastily closed he saw something lying on a bed with a white sheet stretched over it. They came to mother's room, and the surgeon put out his hand to turn the knob, when father caught his arm. The Doctor turned and looked at him in surprise.

"Wait, Doctor!" he said. "I can't trust myself. I'll be patient till to-morrow."

They went back to the office and had a little talk together.

"I'm ashamed of myself," said father. "There's my little girl Ruth, only sixteen years old. She loves her mother dearly, and has known all about this for months; yet she helped her to get ready to come away and to keep it from me, and parted from her like a major, not knowing whether she would ever see her mother again."

"And I'll warrant she has more sense in her little finger, and more self-control, than you have in all your whole big body," said the Doctor, smiling.

"She proved that the day I left home, when my little son was drowned in the surf, and they worked over him about three hours before they brought him back to life."

"Why, how was that? Who had charge of the case? What did they do?" asked the Doctor, all attention at once; and father gave him an account of it, while he made notes about it all the while for an article in the *Medicated Journal*. (I'm not quite sure of this name.) All about me! Then they came back to Ruth again, and father told of the suit-case she'd sent after him, so nicely packed, and of how cheerful she had been all summer, and how faithful to home duties.

The Doctor listened and said:

"That's the way with women in general. We talk about their delicate nerves, and they're the best soldiers alive. We have cases like yours every day, where strong men break down at the sight of suffering. It takes women to be patient and brave and cool when their hearts are bleeding. Men can't compare with them—except now and then one of us doctors!" And he laughed.

The next day father walked into mother's room, his eyes steady and full of cheer. She gave a happy little cry, and for many minutes he knelt beside her cot holding her in his arms, and kissing her

once on the forehead. And all he said was, "God be praised!" When he began to talk at last it was with the good spirits they say always do so much good in a sick-room.

"I've come to take you home, dear, and I shan't leave till I can. But you must take plenty of time to get well and strong first."

"I feel able to travel this very day, with you," said mother, brightly.

"Ah, but that wouldn't do at all! You must find an appetite first and eat. They tell me you're a bad girl, and won't even taste the nice things they bring you."

"It makes me hungry just to see you, dear. If eating is the road home, I'll take it. Nurse," she said to the young woman at the foot of the bed, "if you'll bring me that broth I refused this morning, I'll take every bit of it, if you'll only let my husband feed me."

They soon found out that father, now he had himself in hand, had a soothing effect on mother; and the head surgeon himself gave him a room in the hospital, so he could be there at all hours. Three weeks later mother was discharged as cured; and the head surgeon, on taking leave of them, declared he believed the help father had given by being there had hastened her recovery more than anything else.

It was a sad time for us waiting at home; for though father sent a letter every day after he began to see mother, and always wrote hopefully, we couldn't feel sure she would get well until we could see for ourselves. When the neighbors heard about mother's sickness they were very good to us, and Eleanor Cameron never once left Ruth; while Dr. Hugh was in and out of the house every day.

It seemed as if nobody could get downhearted with his pleasant face around and his jolly ways. He had been all over Europe, as well as his sister; and he offered to help Ruth about the studies in Paris that she had seemed so much

wrapped up in, and was quite surprised to find she had suddenly lost all interest in them, and wouldn't even look at the views of the Exposition that came every week.

Dr. Hugh did one fine thing. He took me down to the beach every morning, and gave me lessons in surf swimming until I could go through the water like a fish, and meet the big waves tumbling in as well as anybody there. He said he wasn't going to have me drowned again, if he could help it: it was too much trouble to bring me to life again. Evenings we sat out on the porch under the rose vines, and the girls sang together; and sometimes the Doctor would give us funny college songs, and make us laugh till my sides ached.

One bright August day mother came home. Ruth and I were at the station a full hour before the train came in, for we were afraid it might happen to get there ahead of time. It seemed forever before we heard the whistle up by Hope Ranch, and then caught sight of the engine rushing down the track, with the cars behind it growing bigger and bigger every moment. A great many people got off, and last of all came mother, thin and white, but with roses springing into her cheeks at sight of us, and with the first breath of Santa Barbara air. Father lifted her down in his arms. If any of you who read this have ever had a mother go down to Death's door and come back, you will know what Ruth and I felt then. Home was a new place with her there. It seemed to me I had never seen the rooms so pleasant and sunshiny before, or the flowers blooming so brightly and smelling so sweet. Little by little mother's face grew round again, and she came back to her old happy, cheerful ways.

Ruth was the one who was moping around those days. Father and mother didn't know what to make of it, for there seemed to be nothing the matter with her; but she ate next to nothing, and acted

all the time as if she wanted to go off and have a good cry.

I may not have lived quite so long as some of you who will read my story, but it has been long enough to learn that when you do a wrong thing, no matter how smooth and easy it seems, the day will come when you'll have to pay for it. Ruth's day of reckoning was coming.

(To be continued.)

Saint George.

Saint George became the patron saint of "Merrie England" in the far-off days when Richard of the Lion Heart was striking terror into the souls of the Saracens in Palestine. The story goes that, prior to the battle of Jaffa, the English King had a vision in which Saint George promised victory to the Christian army. In this way a great impetus was given to the cult of the warrior saint; and his feast-day, the 23d of April, became a national holiday in England. When the Order of the Garter was instituted by Edward III., the name of Saint George followed that of the Blessed Virgin amongst those in whose honor it was founded; and at the present day a very large number of the English Protestant churches bear the name of the soldier saint of the fourth century.

Saint George was born in Cappadocia of noble Christian parents. At his father's death, he accompanied his mother to Palestine, where she had large estates, and there entered the Roman army. He soon rose to the rank of colonel, and received many marks of the royal favor. When fresh persecutions were instituted against the Christians, Saint George ventured to appeal to the Emperor; but Diocletian only laughed grimly at the young soldier's pleadings. Saint George immediately threw up his commission, and tore down the imperial edict from the gates of Nicomedia. He was at once thrown into

prison, and there endured many tortures without flinching. As he continued firm in his profession of the faith of Christ, he was led into Nicomedia and there beheaded.

Saint George is usually represented in the armor of a Roman soldier with a dragon under foot. Old legends relate that while the saint was serving in the Roman army, the people of a city named Berytus, in Syria, were much afflicted by a daily visit from a great dragon dwelling in a marsh near by. At first he was satisfied with receiving a meal of sheep or oxen, but when the flocks were exhausted the children under fifteen years of age were sacrificed. The victims were chosen by lot, and one day the name of the only daughter of the King was drawn. There was universal sorrow, but the poor child was led outside the city gates to await the arrival of the horrid monster. As she stood dreading her doom, Saint George, mounted on his war horse, approached, and learned from her why she waited. At the same moment the dragon appeared, and the soldier raised his sword in the name of Christ, and, making the Sign of the Cross, dashed on the terrible creature. The struggle was fierce but brief. The gallant young soldier drove his lance through the beast's body, and led the maiden back to her father, who promised to grant Saint George any favor he might ask. The saint prayed that the King and his people should become Christians. This was agreed to, and twenty thousand people embraced the faith of Christ. This story, though very generally told in all European lands, finds no place in the Roman Martyrology.

'Tis Grievous.

HOW the blunders of childhood deceive us,
And through life are unwilling to leave us,
You may see any day
By the grown-ups who say,
As they used to do, "greevyus" for "grievous."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"The Men Bonapartes," to be published during the year by Messrs. Methuen & Co., is by Mr. A. H. Atteridge, to whom THE AVE MARIA is indebted for many valuable contributions.

—Father David Dunford's "Roman Documents and Decrees" has reached its sixth number, which covers the last quarter of 1907—October, November, and December. It is a most useful and carefully edited periodical, which should be known to the clergy everywhere.

—No. 21 of "Educational Briefs," a series of which we have frequently written words of praise, is "Catholic Colonial Schools in Pennsylvania," a reprint of a very interesting paper contributed to the *Catholic University Bulletin* by the Rev. J. A. Burns, C. S. C., Ph. D. A complete set of these Briefs would be a valuable addition to the library of any teacher.

—Messrs. R. & T. Washbourne, of London, whose American agents are Messrs. Benziger Brothers, have brought out a new edition of "The School of Jesus Crucified," an excellent book, especially suited to the holy season of Lent, by a priest of the Congregation of the Passion in Italy. It is a manual of devotions as well as a book for meditation and spiritual reading.

—An illustrated pamphlet, published in Paris, gives a very interesting account (in French) of the terrible conflagration that devastated Hakodate, Japan, in August last. Our readers are already familiar with the main facts,—the destruction of fifteen thousand houses, and the annihilation of all the Catholic works so laboriously erected by Bishop Berlioz and his fellow-missionaries.

—Imelda Chambers has adapted from the French of M. Paul Henry, and R. & T. Washbourne have brought out in the form of a slender brown volume, "In the School of St. Francis." While the book will scarcely appeal to those whose libraries contain larger biographies of the Poverello, it will do good among many on whose bookshelves Franciscan literature is as yet a negative quantity.

—We commend to Catholic choirs everywhere the Benediction Service, composed for voices in unison and organ, by Dom Samuel Gregory Ould. It consists of (1) the *O Salutaris Hostia*, (2) the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, (3) *Tantum Ergo*, (4) *Adoremus*. Unction and vigor are the qualities that especially characterize these compositions; all of which, moreover, are in

accord with the spirit of the Pope's *Motu Proprio*. Price 6d. net. For sale by the author at St. Benedict's Abbey, Fort Augustus, Scotland.

—From Mt. St. Joseph's, Davies Co., Kentucky, we have received a souvenir of "Maple Mound" that must be a delight to the alumnae of the noble band of Ursulines who have exerted, and who are still exerting, so uplifting an influence on Catholic youth in that region of blessed missionary memories. The Silver Jubilee of the convent called forth this brief history, which is not only a record of material progress, but a story of beautiful soul-life as well. That Mt. St. Joseph's may continue to be blessed must be the wish of all sympathetic readers of this brochure.

—May 10 of the current year will be the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of the Irish composer, Michael Balfe; and the Dublin *Weekly Freeman* advocates the celebration of his centenary. Balfe was a precocious boy and a versatile man. He played the violin with notable skill, was conductor of the Drury Lane orchestra, and composed no fewer than twenty-seven operas, most of them unheard of nowadays, although one, "The Bohemian Girl," has enjoyed unabated popularity for more than half a century. It was as a melodist that Balfe achieved special distinction, and that distinction bids fair to be enduring.

—Apropos of the announcement in these pages of an "American Catholic Who's Who," the London *Tablet* remarks:

The new volume will be awaited with interest by many readers on this side of the Atlantic; for Catholics in this country have much in common with their brethren in America. It is likely enough that the same example may also be followed in other countries where Catholics take a prominent part in the national life and literature. And in this way we may soon have a series of national dictionaries of Catholic biography. But might it not be worth while to attempt the compilation of a more comprehensive and cosmopolitan manual? In other words, might we not have a distinctively Catholic counterpart to Vapereau's "Dictionnaire des Contemporains"? Biography, like charity, may fitly begin at home; but there is no need that it should end where it begins. And while we are naturally anxious, in the first place, to make acquaintance with the Catholics of our own country, we may still find room for some curiosity in regard to the doings of our chief Catholic contemporaries in other lands. As in every case there must be many names of merely local interest it is obvious that a work which took this wider range would supplement, but could not supplant, the national biographical dictionaries.

—Justin McCarthy's work, "A Short History of Our Own Times," has been revised and brought to date, with special reference to the years extending from 1880 to the present day.

Certain it is that some of the events occurring at home and abroad during that time have been among the most important and thrilling in modern history; and the record of them as contained in this present volume is accurate on the one hand, and suggestive, clear, and vivid on the other. The author is a master of a vigorous, yet smooth and lucid, style; and he is especially happy in the portraiture of various statesmen, reformers, authors, and scientists whose lives figure prominently in the times of which he writes.

—"Regina Poetarum" is the happy title of a collection of poems in praise of Our Lady, selected and arranged by the Hon. Alison Stourton. The life of the Blessed Virgin is told in poems worthy, as far as may be, their inspiration; and from the opening gem, "God's Mother," by Laurence Housman, to the very end, there is only delight. Dante, Mrs. Browning, Rossetti, Lionel Johnson, Francis Thompson, Aubrey de Vere, Coventry Patmore, Crashaw, and not a few others, including Father Tabb and Miss Guiney, from this side the water, are represented among Marian poets. To the compiler, her work was evidently a labor of love, of which this book is not the first fruit, as witness "Our Lady's Book of Days," by the same daughter of the house of Mowbray and Stourton.

The Latest Books. A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

- "Maryland; The Land of Sanctuary." William T. Russell. \$1.75.
- "Lisheen; or, The Test of the Spirits." Very Rev. Canon P. A. Sheehan, D. D. \$1.50.
- "The Education of Our Girls." Rev. Thomas Edward Shields. \$1, net.
- "Consecranda." Rev. A. J. Schulte. \$1.50, net.
- "Regina Poetarum." Hon. Alison Stourton. \$1.
- "The School of Jesus Crucified." Father Ignatius, C. P. \$1.25.
- "In the School of St. Francis." M. Paul Henry. 40 cts.
- "Short Sermons." Second Series. Rev. F. P. Hickey, O. S. B. \$1.25, net.

- "Boys of Baltimore." A. A. B. Stavert. 85 cts.
- "The Secret of the Statue and Other Verses." Eleanor C. Donnelly. \$1.
- "Cousin Wilhelmina." Anna T. Sadlier. \$1.
- "Boulogne-sur-Mer: St. Patrick's Native Town." Rev. William Canon Fleming. 65 cts., net.
- "The 'Dyed Garments from Bosra.'" S. M. P. 30 cts., net.
- "Told Round the Nursery Fire." Mrs. Innes-Browne. 75 cts., net.
- "A Key to Meditation." Père Crasset, S. J. \$1.
- "Faithful and True." Lady Fullerton. 30 cts., net.
- "Converts to Rome." D. J. Scannell-O'Neill. \$1.
- "History of the Books of the New Testament." E. Jacquier. Authorized Translation by the Rev. J. Duggan. \$2, net.
- "The Spiritual Conferences of St. Francis de Sales." \$1.80, net.
- "The Blind Sisters of St. Paul." Maurice de la Sizeranne. \$2, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. James Smith, of the diocese of Covington; Rev. Patrick Honohan, diocese of Monterey; Rev. Michael O'Dwyer, diocese of Buffalo; Rev. Francis O'Keefe, archdiocese of Boston; Rev. Leo Heinrichs, O. F. M.; and Rev. Thomas Chambers, S. J.

Sister M. Gonzaga, of the Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

Mr. Samuel B. Stoddard, Mrs. Elizabeth Spearman Lancaster, Mr. Michael Broderick, Mr. Philip Benz, Mr. Martin Glynn, Mr. William Loch, Dr. Thomas Cleary, Mr. C. Lakemeyer, Mrs. Bridget O'Brien, Mr. E. J. Adams, Mrs. Ellen Real, Mrs. Sarah White, Mrs. A. J. Guest, Mr. Thomas Pacina, Mr. Owen E. Sweeney, Mr. Samuel Tuckerman, Mr. James Mulrooney, Mr. Lemuel Russell, Mrs. Frances Dixon, Mr. Peter J. and Miss Mary C. Doyle, Mrs. Grace Wagner, Mrs. Catherine Harkins, Mrs. James Berry, Mrs. Bridget McEvoy, and Mr. Daniel Bradley.

Requiescant in pace!

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the exiled French religious:

Friend, Idaho, \$5; J. H. Tissier, \$5.25.

The Gotemba lepers:

Friend, \$1.

The Franciscan Sisters, Jamaica:

B. S., Newark, \$5.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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I Know.

BY S. M. R.

WHEN I behold the sun's broad path,

Where no man's feet have trod,
Among the cloud-hills of the sky,
I know there is a God.

When I behold 'neath drifting snows
The green of winter grain,
I know a God of might and love
Above this earth doth reign.

When eager, laughing children pass,
On play and pleasure bent,
I know there is a God above,
Who hath these flower-souls sent.

And when I see the shadows dark
On brows by grief made fair,
I know the light of God's dear love
Hath surely lingered there.

When day is done and darkness falls,
And hushed is earth's great mart,
Beneath the stars my soul cries out,
O God, my God, Thou art!

LIFE is a building. It rises slowly, day by day, through the years. Every new lesson we learn lays a block on the edifice which is rising silently within us. Every experience, every touch of another life on ours, every influence that impresses us, every book that we read, every conversation we hold, every act of our commonest days, adds something to the invisible building.—*J. R. Miller.*

Dangers of the Day.

BY THE RT. REV. MONSIEUR JOHN VAUGHAN.

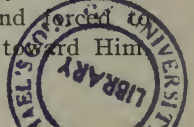
VII.—INTEMPERANCE.



UPON every side we are surrounded by the countless gifts of an all-wise and an all-loving Father. "His gifts are strewn upon our way like sands upon the great seashore," as Father Faber so truly observes. And if God has embellished our earthly and temporary home with so endless a variety of objects, it is not merely that they might administer to our present needs and secure for us much comfort and happiness, but far more that they should help us—some in one way and some in another—to attain the sublime and supernatural end for which He, in His infinite mercy, has destined us.

So admirably, indeed, has His design been realized that we may affirm without hesitation that there is no single object in the whole of this wide world which may not be of assistance to us in the acquirement of virtue, provided only that we use it in the manner intended by the Giver. "We know," exclaims St. Paul, "that to them that love God *all* things work together unto good, to such as, according to His purpose, are called to be saints."* Yes, all things without exception, if properly handled, may be pressed into the service of God, and help us upward and onward toward Him.

* Rom., viii., 28.



But this life is a period of trial. It is essential that our virtue should be exercised. If, therefore, on the one hand, it be true that there is no object in this world which may not assist us, it is equally true, on the other, that there is no object in the world that may not hinder us. Whether any given object actually hinders or helps, depends upon our attitude toward it. There is nothing, however holy and however admirable, so formed and endowed that it must necessarily, and in spite of ourselves, lift us up and draw us to sanctity. Even the best things may have a diametrically opposite effect; the effect, whether good or bad, being dependent upon the way in which the thing is made use of.

Are not the sublimest gifts open to abuse? Have not heretics abused the Scriptures—i. e., God's own word? Do not they who receive unworthily the Blessed Sacrament—i. e., Christ's own sacred Body—abuse this divine gift and receive it to their own damnation? Is there anything anywhere that malice may not abuse and pollute and prostitute to ignoble ends? No, nothing! Hence man's sanctity must ever be largely determined by his making a good rather than a bad use of God's creatures. If he allows them to serve the purpose God intends, all will be well. If not, then man becomes the author of his own misfortunes. He digs a pit and will fall into it. As a practical and pertinent illustration of the truth of this statement, consider man's attitude toward strong drink and spiritous liquors.

Wine must be allowed, most undoubtedly, to rank among the gifts of God to man. The Holy Scripture itself bears willing testimony to its exhilarating effects, and declares that it is bestowed to "cheer the heart of man,"* and that from the beginning it was created "to make man joyful."† Hence it occasions no surprise when we find St. Paul earnestly

recommending its use to Timothy, the Bishop of Ephesus, whom he had himself consecrated. "Do not still drink water," urges the Apostle; "but *use a little wine* for thy stomach's sake, and thy frequent infirmities."* Nay, more: we have it recorded for our instruction in the inspired page that Jesus Christ, the only-begotten Son of God, not only sanctioned its use but went so far as to exercise His divine omnipotence and to perform a stupendous miracle for the express purpose of providing wine for the guests of the wedding feast of Cana. The merry party had already drunk generously,† but the amount provided proved insufficient; so at last, "when the wine failed, the Mother of Jesus said to Him: They have no wine."‡ And Jesus, ever ready to accede to any request coming from His Blessed Mother, at once changed the water, stored up in six great waterpots of stone, into most delicious wine; so that the chief steward, in blank astonishment, exclaimed: "Every man *at first* setteth forth good wine; and when men have well drunk, *then* that which is worse; but thou hast kept the good wine *until now*."

From this it is abundantly evident that wine is a genuine gift from God, and something unquestionably good and innocent in itself. So much must be granted; yet, in spite of this fact, we are bound to confess that it would be extremely difficult to point to any gift that men have so grossly and so continuously abused. They have diverted it from its legitimate purpose and true end; they have made it the occasion of endless crimes and sins, and have thus converted what was intended as a blessing into a curse and a snare. They have forgotten the object for which it was bestowed, and, by their shameful excesses, have rendered it a fruitful source of drunkenness and

* I. Tim., v, 23.

† It seems, from the steward's remark, that they had already "*well drunk*." See his words quoted lower down.

‡ St. John, ii, 3.

* Ps., ciii, 15.

† Ecclus., xxxi, 35.

debauchery. Who will reckon up the millions upon millions of degraded men and women who have lost their souls eternally through an improper use of this one creature of God, which is in itself absolutely blameless and without guile! In the present age especially, its evil effects are almost everywhere conspicuous, and should be brought frequently before the attention of the public, so that those who have not yet been contaminated may be duly warned and put more upon their guard. "The Drink Question," says Charles Gide, "is one of the questions of the day."*

Wine and spirits and other strong potions are, in themselves, so simple and innocent that it is exceedingly difficult to realize how appalling and how far-reaching are the consequences of their abuse. Actual experience, and the undeniable testimony of contemporary history, are essential to enable one to measure with any degree of accuracy the extent of the havoc they have produced, and are still producing, all over the civilized world. For, certainly, without actual experience and personal observation no one would have imagined that drink, as an engine of death and destruction, could ever have competed successfully with such scourges as war, famine, and pestilence, much less that it should far surpass them all; yet this is the undoubted verdict of history, supported by statistics and by many most trustworthy authorities.

Judges upon the bench have often expressed the opinion that 99 per cent of the crimes brought before them are traceable, directly or indirectly, to excessive drinking. Similar statements have been made by the governors of his Majesty's jails; while medical men admit that it is done more than anything else to fill our lunatic asylums and houses for the insane. Many physicians have borne

witness against this terrible curse. They tell us not merely that over-indulgence in alcohol actually produces many diseases, but that such indulgence places the patient at an extreme disadvantage, even in cases in which the malady itself arises from quite other causes. No matter what the disease may be, a sober and temperate person will run a far better chance of recovery than one whose blood has been poisoned and whose whole constitution has been undermined by excess.

It is, alas! only too true that men who have contracted a habit of drinking soon become slaves to it, and that they will seek to justify their conduct by a hundred plausible pretexts. They will wax eloquent on the advantages to be derived from recourse to their favorite beverages, and will fill their glass on the slightest provocation. Any occasion suffices, such as:

A friend, good wine;
Or because they are dry;
Or lest they should be by and by;
Or any other reason why.

Yet, as a matter of fact, there is very little to be said in favor of alcohol as an article of food. "It is," Dr. B. W. Richardson* explains, "a product of the laboratory, belonging thereto, and is out of place when it is used for any other than a purely medical, chemical, or artistic purpose. It is no food; it is the most certain and insidious destroyer of health, happiness, and life."

The most stalwart peoples, in the zenith of their power, seldom touched these blood-stirring concoctions. The warlike Spartans, for instance, refrained from strong drink, and loathed nothing so much as the sight of a drunken man. If one were discovered among their slaves, they would point him out disdainfully as a warning to their sons. The ancient Britons, too, so noted for their fine athletic forms, their swiftness of foot, their great proficiency in wrestling, swimming, and other physical exercises, such as wielding the broad sword and drawing the long

* "Political Economy," p. 368. Speaking as a political economist, he says that drink leads to "incapacity for work, disease, madness, crime, and suicide."

* "A Ministry of Health," p. 92.

bow, never touched strong liquor of any kind. So, again, the classical author Cæsar writes that the Suevi were by far the most renowned warriors and the best fighting men in Germany, yet they never partook of anything stronger than milk. If, further, we consult the sacred books of the Indians, we shall find that the use of intoxicating drinks is forbidden; yet, notwithstanding this, the most observant among the Hindoos are far more vigorous than our own beer-drinking, gin-gulping laborers. The Sepoys for instance, will march from twenty to thirty miles a day, heavily burdened, and under a scorching sun, yet will not turn a hair or manifest any signs of fatigue.

In a word, it is quite evident that men may succeed in every walk of life, and endure considerable fatigue and undergo prolonged exertion, without seeking aid from either wine or spirits. Where this need is felt it is a factitious one, and born of an evil habit, which should never have been contracted. Indeed, "physicians, who have investigated the effect of alcohol on the system, have come to the conclusion that it is not a food, and does not in any way make flesh or tissue."*

The only correct inference to be drawn from this is that the more temperate we are in the use of fermented drinks the better it will be for us, both in soul and body. "If," writes Dr. B. W. Richardson,† "such a miracle could be performed in England as a general conversion to temperance, the vitality of the nation would rise one-third in its value, and this without reference to the indirect advantages that would, of necessity follow."

Designing men are well aware of the deleterious effects of strong drinks, and their general demoralizing influence. When they seek to persuade their dupes to pass the bounds of moderation, we may well grow suspicious; for it is generally for some sinister motive, such as to inspire

them with a false courage or to silence the qualms of conscience, and in order that they may consent to evil rather than to good. In the following words of Count Tolstoi we shall recognize a sad and humiliating truth: "If a person wishes to make others do wrong, he alcoholizes them. They make soldiers drunk before sending them into battle. At the time of the assault of Sebastopol, all the French soldiers were drunk. It is well known that robbers, brigands, and prostitutes can not dispense with alcohol. All the world agrees that the consumption of these narcotics has for its object the stifling of the remorse of conscience; and yet—unless the use of these exhilarants result in actual assassination, theft and violence—they are not condemned."*

That we may be strengthened to fight the battle against intemperance more valiantly, it is very necessary that we should understand as clearly as possible not only the evils that it causes, but also how these evils come to be associated with drink. For this purpose, we must begin by considering the special circumstances of our present life. Since man was first introduced into this world, he has undergone a radical change. He is not now in a normal state. The exquisite harmony that the Creator had established between the various elements of his complicated nature when he first issued forth, perfect and innocent, from the divine hands, has been rudely disturbed. The poison of original sin, entering into his system, bred disorder and dire confusion. Man is no longer a well-balanced being, in which intellect and conscience rule, and the lower appetites and impulses readily obey: he is a strange amalgam of conflicting inclinations and turbid passions, carrying on an internecine war within his very soul.

In every member of the human race, as now constituted, there are two very

* Dr. York Davies, *"Foods for the Fat,"* p. 66.

† "A Ministry of Health," p. 178.

* Quoted by J. Bigelow in "Mystery of Sleep," 2d edit., p. 187.

different parts to be considered. There is, in the first place, the reasoning principle within us; and, in the second place, there is the untamed and unreasoning principle,—i. e., our higher self and our lower self; or what the Apostle refers to respectively as the “spirit” and the “flesh.” Listen to his inspired words: “The flesh lusteth against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh; for these are contrary one to another.”* Or, again, weigh well the following passage, where he expresses the same truth in yet more personal and forcible language: “I am delighted with the law of God according to the inward man; but I see *another law* in my members, fighting against the law of my mind, and captivating me in the law of sin that is in my members.”†

The good and evil tendencies within us, or what St. Paul calls the spirit and the flesh, are ever striving for the mastery; and if we are to obtain the eternal fruits of victory, it can be only by weakening the one and strengthening the other. Hence it is to our interest, and indeed a positive duty, to put forth all our energy to repress what is evil and to promote what is good. But is that the conduct of the intemperate? Emphatically no! The man who yields himself up to the attractions of drink follows *precisely the opposite course*. He greatly fosters and encourages the flesh, feeds fat his rebellious appetites, and raises up innumerable fresh obstacles in the path of virtue.

For strong drink enkindles evil desires, and arouses the wild beast that lies dormant in every child of Adam. It quickens the blood, and causes it to course through the veins like liquid fire; so that, under its influence, man no longer retains the mastery over himself, and is not in a condition to act, or even to think, calmly and reasonably. The noblest gift that he has received from God, in the natural order, is reason. Deprived of that, man is inferior to the beasts.

He lacks their strength, their power of endurance, their keenness of vision, fleetness of foot, and much else. But man has what the beast has not: he possesses reason; and that one gift crowns him with a God-given authority, and enables him to “subdue the earth, and to rule over the fishes of the sea, and the fowls of the air, and all living creatures” (Gen., i, 28), as God in the very beginning promised him that he should.

Further, it is in virtue of his possessing memory, will, and understanding, the three great powers of his one indivisible soul, that we recognize in him the image and likeness of the ever-blessed Trinity, the three Persons in the one indivisible Unity of God. Now, the drunkard effaces this divine resemblance, since he throws his intellect off its balance, and loses all control over his memory and will, and renders himself wholly incapable of following the dictates of reason. He disgraces his manhood and removes every trace of his noble origin. He can not think clearly, he can not speak articulately, nor can he so much as regulate the motions of his feet. He can not walk, but staggers along, swaying now to one side, now to another, threatening each moment to measure his length along the ground; a picture of impotence and imbecility,—a sorry figure for scorn and derision to point their withering fingers at.

But the drunkard is not satisfied to extinguish all his highest and best gifts: he at the same time unchains the thousand hell-hounds pent up within him, that await but the occasion to run riot and to lay waste.

(To be continued.)

LITTLE self-denials, little honesties, little passing words of sympathy, little nameless acts of kindness, little silent victories over favorite temptations,—these are the silent threads of gold which, when woven together, gleam out so brightly in the pattern of life that God approves.—*F. W. Farrar*,

* Gala., v, 17.

† Rom., vii, 22, 23.

The Mother.

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

II.

MOTHER and son had finished their dinner. It had been a joyous meal. She had never seen him so gay, so full of life, as he related the particulars of his interview with the manufacturer.

And now, as he had fallen a little into silence, it was the mother's turn to speak.

"When I got your note to-day I felt so happy! Eight thousand francs a year! First, we shall change our apartments. These are too small and inconvenient. Besides, they are too far from your studio. And, now that you can travel, you can make that journey to Rome to which you have always looked forward. We must repair our house at Threuil, so that we may spend the vacation there. O my darling boy, how happy we shall be!"

Raymond did not reply. His countenance, so joyful a few moments before, had suddenly become serious. He got up from the table and went to the fire. His elbow resting on the mantel-piece, he seemed lost in contemplation of the dying coals.

"How grave you look!" his mother said at length, as she paused from time to time to watch him in her work of taking away the dishes and rearranging the table. "Come, my boy," she continued, seating herself in her favorite chair,—“come, sit beside me, and tell me what you are thinking of.”

The young man buried his face in his hands, as though to collect his thoughts. For some time there was no sound in the room save the ticking of the clock, the purring of the cat, and the falling of the coals on the hearth.

"Mother," he said at last, in a voice that trembled with emotion,—“mother, I do not know how to tell you.”

Madame Lestrade had taken up her knitting; the long needles flew mechan-

ically through her fingers. She replied anxiously:

"Quick, quick, Raymond! What have you to tell me?"

"Mother," he said, and the words came very slowly, "you can not guess, of course, why I am so happy to-night. Security for the future, a little money, the prospect even of being able to make life more comfortable and happy, would not make me as joyful as I am, nor flood my soul with the delightful anticipations that have filled it since morning. I am happy for other reasons. I am happy, mother, because these gratifying prospects, these new circumstances will permit me to realize my dream,—to marry the woman I love."

The clicking of the needles came to an end. Madame Lestrade became pale as death, and pressed her heart silently under the little gray shawl. It seemed to her that it would burst. But her voice was quite even and controlled as she replied:

"You have never spoken of it to me, my son."

"I made a vow to myself not to speak of it to any one until the proper time came—if it ever did come. Why should I have told you? It would only have made you unhappy to see me unhappy—unable to remove the obstacle to the attainment of my heart's dearest wish. How could I marry a poor girl when I myself was so poor? I had only to wait, patiently as I could. And that you did not even suspect it, mother, is proof that I have been patient; is it not? But it has been a long, long waiting."

"This young girl? You say she is poor. There was a time when you were wont to say that you would marry a rich wife or not at all."

"That is true. In those days I thought only of furthering my ambition. One may do that when one does not love; but when one does,—dear mother, when one does—"

"But who is it, Raymond? I have been thinking of all the girls we know at

Fontaine-Vielle. Jeanne Laroche perhaps, or Louise Lambertier?"

"Jeanne Laroche or Louise Lambertier! Those little convent-bred things, timid and awkward! No, mother; I would never look for a wife among the girls of Fontaine-Vielle. You do not know her at all—the one I have chosen,—though I have often spoken of her. Perhaps she may not please you as well as the good little girls down there. She is altogether different, in manner, appearance, and education. It is Lorizier's sister-in-law, Mlle. Artemise Le Clercq."

"She is not a young girl, Raymond?"

"She is twenty-seven. I am twenty-nine. No, she is not like those young girls of eighteen who play at marriage as they would with a doll. She has already struggled with the sorrows of life. She has suffered. She is a woman,—a true woman. Hers is a nature as noble as it is proud. I have said that she had no fortune. For two years she has worked incessantly, aided by the advice of her brother-in-law. Already she is becoming known as a water-colorist. She equals her masters: she will soon surpass them."

"I would have preferred a different wife for you, my son,—one less self-sustaining, more domestic. Those proud, fiery natures are not usually really affectionate. Passion is not love, it is not true affection. Devotion and tenderness are what a man needs in a wife. 'With great talents a woman is apt to become vain.'"

"Mlle. Le Clercq has not a bit of vanity in her soul, mother. She is too fine for that. And if you could see her caressing her little nephews, helping her sister, with a smile for everyone, you would understand that she has what you crave for me—a most affectionate heart."

"Is she pretty?"

"No, she is not what might be called really pretty. Her forehead is too high or beauty, her lips too thin, her chin too pointed. But the fine palor of her complexion, the fire of her eyes, the opulence of her black hair, her magnificent

carriage, her ease of manner, the grace of her every gesture,—is that not beauty, mother, and more than beauty?"

The needles again resumed their quick, monotonous march. Raymond went on:

"She is intelligent and ambitious," he said. "Together we will fight, we two, with all the strength of our being, to achieve fame, to acquire fortune. She is as aggressive as I am. We will join forces. When one loves the battle of life, when one is not dismayed by it, one is bound to conquer. Oh, to have near me always that delightful personality, that supreme charm of hers! Fancy, I have loved her two years,—two long years,—two centuries!"

"And I," thought the mother, but she did not speak, for her words would have ended in a sob,—“I have loved you for thirty years,—even before you came into the world? Alas! a mother's love, what is it? Nothing. It matters naught to their sons, that devotion of theirs. Poor mothers!"

Raymond went on, lost in the mazes of his own beautiful dream:

"If you could only see her and know her, you would realize what taste she has, what wonderful intelligence. She gives a charm to all she touches. Her toilets, always simple, are perfect. Her fairy fingers could transform the most unattractive room. When she arranges flowers in a vase, she groups them with the eye and hand of a painter. Those violets, now, she would—"

He did not finish the sentence; some bright thought, some reminiscence of his adored, interposed and carried him away. But the mother had seen the stray glance that had wandered with involuntary cruelty of comparison, to the table in the centre of which stood the stiff little bouquet of violets, the flowers crowding each other, surrounded by their regular collarette of green leaves, and they seemed to her, as they did to him, things of vulgarity and ugliness. What a pity that between their petals,

between those blossoms so inartistically arranged, the painter could not see the poetry, the love that had made them that day, to one poor, lonely heart, the expression of joy, gratitude, long-delayed happiness! Why could he not divine that in the pure, delicate perfume that filled the room they adorned, there was something more than the aroma of violets? He had rudely plucked the flower of joy from his mother's heart,—poor mother, who had still so much to suffer!

The frosty night, spangled with stars, smiled serenely down upon the sleeping city. It was a time of respite, when men forgetting the cares of the day, slumbered peacefully; when suffering souls, unable to sleep, hid their anguish in the pitying darkness. Heedless of the icy cold of the February night, the widow wept and prayed at the foot of her narrow bed. Her joy had been short-lived indeed!

"My God," she murmured, "help me to support this blow! I thought myself unhappy before the good news came, and then I believed Raymond's heart was all my own. Why did he tell me to-night,—to-night, when we could have been so happy together? As he spoke, it was as one talking to himself; I was outside of it; I was not included in his dream, not even in his happiness. A stranger has taken my place. I am banished! Forgive me, O my God,—forgive me! We mothers are egoists. The day was sure to come. Why should I be so selfish? How can I be? It is only natural that he should wish to marry. And yet how was it that I never suspected what was passing in his mind? I might have prevented it. But no: I could not have done so. The last time we were at Fontaine-Vielle, Madeleine's grandmother told me she knew the little one loved my boy. Madeleine, the richest heiress in the town, and so sweet, so loving, so pious! It would have been an ideal marriage in every way. And now this stranger! Alas! alas!"

For a moment longer she knelt, her face

hidden in her hands. Then she rose softly and went on tiptoe to her son's room. He was quietly sleeping. She pushed the long hair from his forehead, and, bending softly, kissed him. A tear fell, but it did not wake him. The mother stole away as quietly as she had come.

After two or three days, Raymond brought his fiancée to see his mother. Madame Lestrade, who had been informed of her coming, was preparing some slight refreshment in the kitchen when she arrived. The door was slightly ajar. She could hear the frou-frou of silken skirts, the tones of a high, clear voice, unconscious of its own carrying powers; could fancy the quick, penetrating gaze flashing from place to place as the words left the thin red lips.

"Ah, how old-fashioned, Raymond! And how *clean*! I can already describe to you how the little mother looks. And I am sure she loves every piece of furniture almost as well as she does you. How glad she will be to take it all back with her to Threuil!"

She heard no more, though more was said. Her poor head, low bent over the *chocolatière* began to throb as though it would burst. "Back with her to Threuil!" So it had all been arranged: they had taken it as a matter of course that she would return to Threuil. They had not consulted her,—had not asked her if she would have preferred a little corner in the new household. She was not necessary to them; they did not take her into their scheme of life at all. Then Raymond came into the kitchen, and, laying his hand affectionately on her shoulder, said in a joyful tone:

"Mother, Artemise is here. Come in!"

She followed him, all the kindness and hospitality of her nature rising to her gentle eyes, all the dignity of her fine, steadfast character asserting itself in her quiet manner.

They were soon gone again. When they had departed, Madame Lestrade

opened the window. She did not like the odor of patchouli: it seemed to her vulgar. After putting back the chairs from the table and removing the cups and saucers, she went to her own room. It seemed to her that she must throw herself upon her bed and remain there till they carried her back to Fontaine-Vielle, to rest beside her husband. But her tear-brimmed eyes fell upon a picture of the Sorrowful Mother at the foot of the Cross, and she knelt before it. And it seemed to her she could hear a voice from that cruel bed of death saying to her:

"Come to Me, poor soul! I am the consolation of those who suffer, because I have suffered. I will take care of thee and protect thee, though all the world forsake thee. I will never abandon thee. When thou art faint and weary with the burden of life and its sorrows, I will lift them from thy shoulders. Take up thy cross and follow Me. I will give thee comfort and peace."

And Mary's eyes also were full of hope and compassion.

"Ah, my crucified Saviour," she cried, "I will bear patiently the cross Thou hast laid upon me! Mother of Sorrows, be my Mother also. But thou,—thou hadst St. John, and I shall have no one!"

Sobs shook her bosom and the tears fell fast. But the outburst relieved her. She no longer thought of abandoning herself to grief. Raymond must not see her tear-stained eyes, he must not know that she suffered. She bathed her eyes in clear cold water, smoothed her hair and began to prepare dinner. When it was ready, a messenger brought word that her son would not be home: he was dining with the Loriziers. She went early to bed.

The next morning Raymond remarked:

"Artemise is lovely, isn't she, mother?"

"She is very attractive," was the reply.

"I hope you will be happy, Raymond."

"There is no doubt of it. Our tastes and ideas are alike, our views of life the same. Our happiness will be ideal."

"God grant it! When do you think of marriage?"

"In about three months. We are already looking about for a flat. We want to be entirely suited. We enjoy it so much, going about so. Artemise has exquisite taste. We are picking up furniture here and there already."

"Three months? That will be May. We left Fontaine-Vielle in May; it is beautiful then. I shall be glad to see the spring at Threuil once more."

"I can imagine how happy you will be in the old house, among your old friends and the familiar places. What a blessed change it will be for you, mother!"

"I hope so," she rejoined. Her voice, in spite of herself, was cold. "I shall go before—before, Raymond?"

"Yes, perhaps that will be better. We shall be so busy just then. But you must come to us every year, at least, for a visit; and we may go down to Threuil sometime for our vacation."

She did not reply. He went on eating his roll without looking at her. He was not thinking of her at all; he had not even observed the coldness of her tones, which she had striven in vain to make pleasant. He was entirely absorbed in himself and his great happiness. Taking his hat, he went briskly away, humming a tune. She thought her heart would freeze within her bosom.

In April the mother returned to Threuil. The house there was her only source of income. Raymond did not speak to her of money, and she did not mention it. She sold a few things, which left her but little ready cash. In the back garden of the old house there was a cottage of two rooms, formerly inhabited by the school-teacher, an old maid, who had left it in fairly good condition, and had kept it very clean. In this cottage she established herself with her beloved goods and chattels, and adjusted herself to the new life. After a while she began to feel comparatively happy. She had been

there nearly two years, when, seated one afternoon near the fire with her knitting, she heard a knock at the door. She opened it; a tall, large, prosperous-looking woman stood before her. They fell into each other's arms.

"Eugénie!" "Melanie!" each exclaimed joyously.

"But come in,—come in from the March wind!" cried Madame Lestrade. When they were seated together by the fire, she said: "And so you have returned from America? They told me you were expected. And is it to stay?"

"It is to stay. I have always longed for home, but Armand would not come. Since he died, I have waited only to put my affairs in order. And here I am!"

"You have not changed, except to grow stouter and a little gray. Life has gone well with you, Eugénie?"

"Yes, thank God! But you, dear one?"

"I have suffered,—yes. But now, in the evening of my days, I am content."

"Content, yes. But are you happy?"

"Is happiness for old people, Eugénie? I question it."

"It ought to be. Why are you not with your son, for whom you sacrificed everything, whom you idolized?"

"I sacrificed nothing unusual. The life of a mother must be a perpetual sacrifice. Paris was always distasteful to me. This is home."

"But Raymond wanted you?"

Under the merciless scrutiny of the eyes of her old friend, Madame Lestrade's eyes fell. She remembered that Eugénie was not easily deceived.

"Well—no," she answered slowly.

"Nowadays young people prefer to be alone. Apartments are small and rents high in Paris, Eugénie. They are fond of life too, and of amusements; both artists, both gay. I should have been out of place in their *ménage*. Raymond knew that as well as I. It is natural."

"I see. Is she nice, the wife?"

"Very nice, though different from the girls of Fontaine-Vielle."

"Naturally. Pity he did not marry one of ours! Little Madeleine now! They tell me she would have taken him."

"Perhaps. But Raymond would never have been content to live here, and Madeleine is not the kind of girl Parisian life would suit. She would have been out of place there. I fully realize that now, though at first I was disappointed."

"They come to see you?"

"No: their vacations have to be spent, they say, where they can find material for future work. Of course they are not rich, those two."

"But he has a fine salary, has he not?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Does he send you money? It is the interest of an old friend and playmate, Melanie."

"No," replied Madame Lestrade, lifting her head. "I do not need it, Eugénie. I have my fixed income, which is quite enough."

"The income of Threuil!" responded Eugénie, almost contemptuously.

"Yes, and it is quite enough."

"For this little hut, yes. I have come to take you out of it."

"To take me out of it?"

"Yes. You are coming to live with me. I have bought your old home. I always liked it, as you know. I bought it five years ago."

"And kept it waiting?"

"And kept it waiting—for myself at least, and I confess I had a hope it was for you also. Melanie, I have never had a child, and right glad of it I am; for I know something of the ingratitude of children, especially sons."

"Don't, Eugénie,—don't, if you love me!" said Madame Lestrade. "I can not bear it."

"You poor thing!" said kind-hearted Eugénie, folding her friend in her strong, warm embrace.

Madame Lestrade sobbed, but she was comforted. Some one still loved her, then. She was no longer abandoned, no longer to be alone!

"Ah, but you are good, Eugénie!" she murmured, as they wept together; and the other woman felt how sad and empty the life of her old friend had been until this hour.

"I good?" said Eugénie. "No: I am of the earth, earthy. I love fine clothes, a fine house, a fine table,—all creature-comforts that I can have. But within bounds, of course. But you, Melanie,—you are a heroine, you are a saint."

Madame Lestrade smiled feebly,—the ghost of the smile that had irradiated her sweet old face the day of the violets.

"A heroine? A saint?" she repeated. "Nothing like that, my dear faithful friend: I am only a mother."

(The End.)

Post-Meridian.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

IN the Land of Afternoon

There are all the songs we sang
When the morning's merry music
Through the dewy vapors rang.
There's the laughter of the children
And the humming of the bees,
The tinkle of a silver brook,
The whispers of the trees,
We can hear them very plainly;
For the world is growing still,
And it is a quiet journey
To the bottom of the hill,
In the Land of Afternoon.

In the Land of Afternoon

Tarry with me for a while;
You shall see the love that lingers
In the fading of a smile;
You shall gaze upon the faces
That you thought were lying low,
You shall pluck the meadow blossoms
As you plucked them long ago;
You shall scan the far horizon
To its utmost purple rim,—
Oh, the wonders in the picture
When the eyes are growing dim,
In the Land of Afternoon!

In the Land of Afternoon—

Happy Land of Afternoon!—

We have dropped our heavy burdens
And unlaced our clumsy shoon;
And our hearts have lost their fever.

For 'tis sweet to sit and rest

Where the turf upon the hillside

Slopes so gently toward the west.

And the Land behind the sunset?

We shall reach it—never fear,—

And with but a little travel,

For its blessed gates are near

To the Land of Afternoon.

Exiled from Erin.

XI.—A PROPOSAL.

FOR Ellie, the hours wore wearily by. Her "box" had arrived, but she resolved not to unpack it, as she had fully determined not to remain with her uncle a day longer than she could help. Toward evening he came into the kitchen, where she was seated with Jule, some knitting in her hand.

"You are industrious, Ellie," he said. "I like to see girls working that way. Most of them are lazy these days."

"I had but little time at home to be lazy, Uncle Tim," Ellie replied. "After the work of the day was done, and the chores, mother would always be busy with some kind of sewing or knitting, and she taught me to do the same. We're neither of us great hands at dressmaking, but we managed well enough."

"That's a dandy thing you're at now," said Malone. "What do you call it?"

"It's only a bit of lace for trimming. It's coarse, but it lasts forever. It's for ornamenting aprons mostly I do it."

Malone laughed.

"I've a long head and a keen eye," he said; "and I foresee the day when you can buy all the trimming you want, and not be spoiling your pretty eyes bending over the knitting thread."

Ellie looked up. Her frank, clear gaze met his as she answered:

"I wish I could see that day ahead of us, uncle; not from any wish to be idle, or for the fine trimmings, but only because if I could afford *them* I could have many another thing."

"What other things, pray?" said Malone.

"A home for my mother and the boys, for instance. Indeed, that's the only thing brought me over, uncle."

"Yes, I know," was the reply. "And it's creditable to you, my girl, that you feel that way,—very creditable. Where would you like that home to be, Ellie?"

"In Ireland, of course," said Ellie. "Where else?"

"A fig for Ireland!" said Malone, snapping his thumb and forefinger together with such vehemence that Ellie started. "Ireland's a back number. She's destined for desolation, and well may she be! The people have no push. Who'd want to be living in that God-forsaken spot so long as he could get rich here in America? Have no thought of going back there, Ellie. Yes, Ireland's a back number."

The hot blood rushed to Ellie McMahon's cheeks as her uncle spoke. But she was possessed of wonderful self-control for one so young and inexperienced. The crimson wave receded, and after a slight pause she said calmly:

"There's many a good man and woman left Ireland, Uncle Tim, and there's many a good man and woman in it yet. 'Tis only natural, it seems to me, to love one's own country best, especially when one is away from it so short a time as I have been."

"Yes, that is so," observed Malone, suavely. "I meant nothing by what I said, though it's hard not to get out of patience with some of the Irish I've seen."

"Here or at home, uncle?" asked Ellie, looking up at him with innocent eyes.

"In both places."

"I believe you," she answered quietly.

"Well, there's one thing *I* believe," said her uncle; "and that is, you're cut out for rare good luck, and it's right here in America it's going to befall you."

"God grant it!" said Ellie, resuming her knitting.

Malone shifted his position. Coming a little closer, he cleared his throat two or three times before continuing the conversation.

"Ellie," he began, "I've a friend calling to-night. He's a fine old gentleman, a foreigner; in short, he's my landlord, and has done me many a good turn. He isn't much acquainted among women-folks; in fact he has a prejudice against them. Now, I want to show him what a pretty, fresh-looking Irish lass, just from the sod, is like; and I'd be glad if you'd come in and talk to him a bit."

"Come into the saloon?" inquired Ellie, surprised.

"Oh, no, not at all! I'd never dream of asking you to do such a thing. I think I know my duty as your guardian better than that, Ellie. I mean to come into the parlor. You see yon door?"

"Yes," said Ellie, following his glance.

"The room is to one side of the bar. It's fixed up pretty nice. Will you come in and see Mr. Bushman?"

"Yes, uncle," said Ellie, unsuspectingly.

"All right. Put on a pretty red ribbon, if you have one. I want you to make a good impression, and show my friend 'Tidy' how different my niece is from most of the girls in the 'Bend.'"

"Yes, uncle," said Ellie, with a bright smile, which Malone thought would be sure to "fetch" Bushman at the first pop if she carried it with her into the parlor.

Jule was busying herself about the supper, but she heard every word that was said. Once she cast at the girl a compassionate glance, which she withdrew the moment she found it intercepted by Malone. Ellie suddenly lifted her eyes, conscious of something peculiar in the look her uncle exchanged with the old woman. A doubt sprang up in her soul. What did he want of her? Could it be possible—but no! She would not think it.

About half-past seven Malone made his appearance in the kitchen.

"Are you ready to come in?" he asked. "Mr. Bushman is beyond in the room. I told him I'd fetch you."

"Yes, I am ready," she answered, beginning to untie her white apron.

"Leave that on, my dear," said Malone, hastily. "'Tis very becoming."

He threw open the door of the next room. Ellie followed him. Two lamps were burning,—one on the table, the other on a shelf above the stove. Aristide Beauchmin was seated in a low rocking-chair, which made his small, shrunken figure look even smaller and thinner. He was attired in a suit of ministerial black, which he had accepted in lieu of rent from an unfortunate tenant, who had been driven from his high estate to the "Bend" and its associations.

Aristide rose at Ellie's entrance, and stood smiling and bowing as she advanced in the wake of her uncle. She thought him a most repulsive person. His sparse grey hair, cavernous eyes which joyful expectation had illumined with an unwonted and unpleasant brightness, his scattered teeth,—all combined to repel and disgust the girl for whom he had arrayed himself in what he considered most attractive and suitable garments. The coat hung far below his knees, having been made for a much taller man. The long-waisted effect it produced gave him the appearance of a dwarf, with trousers much too long and wide for the unshapely limbs they covered. Jule, peeping through the partly opened door, chuckled softly as she watched him; saying to herself: "I'd like to put a tuck in them. Faith, it's not one but three they're wanting,—the omadhan!"

"This is my friend, Mr. Tidy Bushman, Ellie," said Malone, with a magnificent wave of the hand in the direction of his landlord. Mr. Bushman, this is my niece, the flower of all Ireland."

Ellie blushed, bowed gracefully, and sat down, with the remark:

"I'm happy to make your acquaintance, Mr. Bushman."

The old man also resumed his seat, with a broad smile, so foreign to his countenance that Malone inwardly vowed he would not have known him 'outside the limits of the "Bend." As he arranged his long coat-tails, the landlord said:

"About the flower of Ireland, I think it is true, friend Malone; but I would rather you did not make a mistake in my name. It is not so easy to say in English, but it is better at first to get it right."

"Yes, yes, that's so, Tidy!" answered Tim, a little nonplussed. "But it is hard to say it so Frenchy, and I just named you as we're all accustomed to call you. My niece here goes by the name of McMahon,—Miss Ellie McMahon."

"But is it not her right name?" inquired Bushman, apprehensively, gazing quickly from one to the other of his companions.

"To be sure it's her right name," said Malone. "What do you mean, man?"

"Nothing,—nothing!" was the reply. "But you have a queer way of speaking English sometimes. That is all." And, with another smile and bow, he turned again to Ellie. "As I said a little while ago," he resumed, "I would like that you pronounce my name right. Here in the 'Bend' they what you call *murder* it. And here I do not care. But soon I hope to leave this neighborhood, and then—"

"Yes, sir," rejoined Ellie, feeling that she ought to say something.

"I will pronounce it for you," continued the Frenchman. "I am named Aristide Beauchmin. Can you say that?"

"Arry-steed Bo-she-man," she repeated.

"Not bad,—not bad!" said the old man, encouragingly. "Try it again."

Ellie made another attempt.

"Fine,—fine!" cried the Frenchman, clapping his bony hands together, and drawing his chair quite close to that of the young girl, who involuntarily pushed her own a little nearer the wall.

Tim Malone looked on with half-closed eyes. He did not wish Bushman to be too precipitate, and began to fear that his senile ardor might run away with him.

He was not wrong in this conjecture. Bushman hitched his chair forward once more, leaving no room for Ellie to change her position. Malone laid his hand gently upon the old man's shoulder, but he shook it off impatiently.

"My dear little flower," he simpered, at the same time endeavoring to take the girl's hand, while she drew away from his touch in alarm and disgust.

"What a shame," she said to herself, "to see such an old man the worse for drink!"

But Aristide had not been drinking.

"My flower of all Ireland," he repeated. "How would you like to live in a beautiful little cottage, with a pretty garden?"

"Very well, sir," Ellie replied fearfully, glancing at her uncle, who made her an encouraging sign.

"You would adorn such a home to be the mistress of it. How would you like, my dear, to be called Madame Aristide Beauchmin?"

"O sir," cried Ellie, springing to her feet, and standing as close to the wall as she could get, for the proximity of her aged suitor,—“O sir, I can't think what you mean! You can't know what you are saying.”

"You're making a mistake, Tidy. You're too much in a hurry," interposed Malone, sharply. "You should take things easy; give the girl time."

"No mistake, friend Tim," answered Beauchmin, with a leer which he meant to be a smile. "It is better so. Strike while the iron is hot."

"That was not well said," observed Tim, motioning Ellie to resume her seat. "The iron in this case is very cold indeed."

"There is no time like the present," rejoined the old man. Then he turned to Ellie, who had been slowly moving farther away. "I ask you once more," he went on, "and I admire your modesty: how would you like to be Madame—?"

"O uncle, I will go!" cried the girl in affright. "There's no reason for me to stay here and the old man in that condition."

"In what condition?" exclaimed Bush-

man. "Do you think I am not sober? My young lady, I *never* drink,—*never*!"

"Then, sir, if that is true, so much the sooner ought I to go," replied Ellie, her hand on the door-knob.

"Stop,—stop, my girl!" cried Tim. "He is in earnest, but he sprung it on you too early. Mr. Bushman is a man of means. He must have fallen in love with you at first sight. You'll have to excuse him on that account; and, remember, 'tis a great compliment he's paying you, Ellie."

"A compliment I'd rather not have," said Ellie. "Meaning no disrespect to his grey hairs, I'm thinking 'tis on the next world he ought to be reflecting instead of wanting a wife. I must be going, Uncle Tim. Good-night, Mr.—Mr. Bo-she-man!"

"Stay,—stay!" cried Tidy, while Malone put forth a detaining hand.

"I am a rich man; I have many houses," he continued hurriedly. "I can make a fine, easy life for you. You can ride in your own carriage, maybe, if you would like one. It is a good offer for you; many girls would break their necks to have it. I will give you time: I am not in a hurry. I will be satisfied in a month, if you like to wait; and I will give you the money to buy some pretty dresses."

"O sir, do not say any more!" Ellie cried. "I could never marry the like of you, if you hung me with gold and diamonds. I don't want to marry at all. I didn't come to America for that. Let me go, Uncle Tim!"

But Malone's grasp on her arm grew tighter.

"You're a fool, Ellie!" he said, in a whisper. "Don't make an enemy of the old man, or he'll not ask you again."

"Ask me again?" she cried aloud. "I'll never get over his asking me at all. How can you talk like that?"

"Easy, easy, my lady!" rejoined Malone. "'Tis an honor,—'tis a stroke of good luck for you. Sit down and be reasonable."

But the girl, now thoroughly alarmed

and vexed, shook herself free from his hand. As the door closed behind her, a sob burst from her throat; and when, a moment later, Malone followed her to the kitchen, he found her with her head bent upon her folded arms, seated by the table, violently weeping. He was extremely angry, and, with a wonderful lack of tact, shook her roughly by the shoulders. She lifted her head.

"Why do you do that to me?" she said. "What do you mean at all, Uncle Tim?"

"I mean that you are a three times fool," he said. "Bushman hadn't sense enough to go slow, but he is in dead earnest. You'll be worse than a fool to go on like that. Maybe he'll never ask you again, now."

"Don't talk that way to me, Uncle Tim!" she replied, tears streaming down her cheeks. "One would think you knew all about it beforehand. It was bad enough to take me from my dear mother and bring me here to this dreadful place, without springing such a terrible fate upon me the second day after I came."

"Terrible fate!" echoed Malone. "Girl, you're crazy! That old man is worth twenty thousand pounds. He'd keep you like a lady; and, Ellie" (lowering his voice), "he won't live long. You can see that for yourself. He's shaking with age. You can do what you please with him. He'll adore you."

"God forgive you, Uncle Tim!" cried the girl. "In my heart I'm thinking 'twas for this you brought me over. Something tells me 'twas a scheme; and if it was, no doubt you are to gain something by it. Oh, if my poor mother and my brothers could see me this night!"

She burst into hysterical weeping. Malone raised his arm as if to strike her; but Jule, from her dark corner, cried out:

"Don't do that, man,—don't you dare to do it!"

Malone dropped his clenched fist, and, turning quickly, disappeared into the next room.

(To be continued.)

The Lisbon Tragedy.

BY BEN HURST.

THE horror called forth by a dastardly crime intended to deprive Portugal of its reigning dynasty would naturally result in pity and regret for the victims, even if these had been guilty of serious delinquencies. But when we consider that one was an innocent boy, and the other merely culpable of enforcing dictatorially the State reforms acknowledged necessary by all, we are bound to admit that the "enlightenment" of present-day civilization can not eradicate man's primitive barbarity. Granted that King Carlos had lent his authority to blamable deviations from the recognized path of constitutional government, the terribly drastic punishment meted out to him forever dishonors his adversaries in the eyes of the world; and calm consideration of all the questions involved reveals, on the part of the murdered King, a noble purpose and a fearless determination to pursue it, which justify and explain his extraordinary measures for the regeneration of his realm.

Were he less zealous, less conscious of the duties of kingship, he would not have fallen a prey to miscreants, tools of the exasperated politicians whose plundering of the State coffers he had sworn to stem. Such a campaign as he had led of late in a gallant effort to cleanse the Augean stables of Portuguese administration, exposed him to attacks which he made the mistake of despising as innocuous because they were unfounded. The most extravagant lies were circulated about himself; he was made the subject of infamous accusations of speculation and greed. Yet he continued his patriotic endeavors, utterly regardless that they cost him his popularity.

The two chief parties, Progressists and Regenerators, had alike exploited the State for their personal advantage, taking

alternately the reins of government in order to bestow posts and emoluments on their respective adherents; and the unfortunate King had steered between the shoals, powerless to combat the corruption that drained the life-blood of the nation. At last he determined to confide the mission of sanitation to a man on whose integrity he could rely, whose reputation was above criticism, who was universally respected if not loved. Him he invested with absolute power for the effectuation of his reforms. Nobody has at any time aspersed the uprightness and purity of motive that inspired Senhor Franco to accept the herculean task imposed on him by his sovereign. All that can be said, in view of the catastrophe which followed his arbitrary measures, is that energy and honesty are doomed to failure when unaccompanied by political sagacity.

Senhor Franco began by retrenching the palace expenses, and to this the King lent himself with a good grace. The calls on the royal purse were overwhelming; for example, all the national museums in Portugal were dependent on it for support, and the caretakers were reckoned as the King's private servants, while his civil list was notoriously inadequate for even ordinary expenditure. It must be remembered that in 1892, when Portugal was passing through an economical crisis, King Carlos renounced one-fifth of his income; and that his generous endowments of various national foundations were a heavy drain. Franco was permitted to regulate the finances of the court as those of the country.

To abolish various sinecures and a myriad other abuses would have appeared an impossible task to any reformers less intrepid than Franco and less optimistic than King Carlos. The first steps in the purifying process brought such a storm of defamation, such frank incitement to revolt, that the press was subjected to a rigorous censorship; and this did much to alienate Franco's well-wishers.

Repression, even for the best cause, is out of date; milder methods are adopted in the present era even when dealing with murderers. Franco disdained to conciliate. He had his master's approbation, and he dreamed only of being just.

But what was no longer printed was whispered assiduously. The upholder of Franco was accused of every monstrosity under the sun. Forgotten his genial accessibility to subjects in distress; forgotten his generous gifts to the State; forgotten his unfailing kindness to all who approached him in public as in private; forgotten his exemplary life as husband, father, son. It was natural that the sufferers by Franco's stern reforming policy should retaliate on Franco's protector; but it is their eternal disgrace that they revenged themselves by the blackest of deeds. Alas! the minds of the multitude can ever be swayed to acts of frenzy by the vicious and the unscrupulous.

"Lazy giant," "good-for-nothing," were some of the epithets applied to the most active, if the most stalwart, King in Europe; to one who rose with the dawn, marched long miles in step with his soldiers, or through forests in search of game; who daily rode, shot, fenced, and was an adept in all manly exercises; so adverse to idleness that his painting-brush was seldom out of his hand when within doors. "Lazy," the ardent sportsman whose vivacity had actually led him into the bullfighting arena! "Sensual" and "luxurious," the indefatigable walker who tramped in sun and rain every day, and lived on simplest fare! Stories of Roman emperors were revived, with the substitution of Carlos' name, and were greedily swallowed by the ignorant masses.

To brand as an idler a prince whose industry had compiled a standard work on ichthyology, and whose researches on the fauna and flora of his native land are prized by savants, was not the worst to which his enemies resorted. But the charge of immorality was a conspicuous

failure. Here the poisoned shafts fell short. The domestic life of King Carlos, since his love-marriage with a daughter of the dethroned House of France, has been a model for all ranks and classes. Never was there a more united pair. It was their happy home life, their community of tastes, their constant companionship, their strong mutual affection, that enabled the sovereigns of Portugal to confront courageously the perils of their state. Both possessed the same traits of invariable good-humor, of genial vivacity, of tireless industry.

Queen Amalia is a familiar figure in the Lisbon slums, where, an early morning visitant, she hitherto came and went, unaccompanied save by a lady companion. She supports a hospital for the children of the poor, entirely out of her own resources. As foundress of the Anti-tuberculosis League, she encouraged the erection of sanitariums throughout the kingdom, and was allowed to draw on her husband's exchequer sums devoted to this purpose,—one of which no mention is made in a press that describes the squandering of money in "royal orgies."

Until lately, when the dark shadow of menacing revolt clouded even his cheery optimism, the blond, burly, broad-shouldered giant, whose hardened skin and ruddy complexion betrayed the outdoor athlete, was accustomed to laugh in his jovial way at the absurd defamations circulated by his enemies. King Carlos had never been inconvenienced by his size. He was of uncommon stature, but well-proportioned; and, were he a man of sedentary habits, might have become unwieldy, whereas his agility and dexterity were remarkable. He used to say, laughing, that he was the "weightiest" if not the wealthiest sovereign in Europe.

Both King Carlos and Queen Amalia disliked the mixture of politics with religion. Most Lisbon priests belong to families of pronounced political views, and however they themselves held aloof from parties, it was difficult to choose any

for the post of chaplain without giving rise to reports of partiality. The difficulty was overcome by appointing members of an Irish Order which had settled in Lisbon, and could not be suspected of any interest in party strife. It is an Irish priest who is still the director of young King Manuel. In the immensity of the misfortune which befell Queen Amalia, and would have overwhelmed an ordinary woman, her first solicitude was for the souls of her dear ones. The priests so speedily summoned to the tragic scene found the young prince still alive, though unconscious, and could administer Extreme Unction. The King had already expired, and it only remained to the devoted wife to pray for his soul. Masses were said unceasingly from dawn till midday every day while the bodies were above ground, and every ecclesiastic who entered the chapel to pray near the coffins received an offering and was requested to come again.

The Queen's greatness of soul was strikingly manifest even in the first moments of horror and grief. Nobody gauged her character more truly than the Sovereign Pontiff, who exclaimed, with streaming eyes, when he heard of the double crime: "Poor Amalia! May God strengthen her! And He will, for her trust in Him is indeed great!"

The piety and benevolence of this noble descendant of the Catholic Bourbons were as well known to Leo XIII. as to his successor. Nor have the Popes underestimated the sacrifice made by the late King and his father in refusing to visit the King of Italy in the Quirinal, although the mother of King Carlos, Queen Maria Pia, was sister of King Humbert. In every public act, as well as in their private lives, the sovereigns of Portugal showed themselves true Catholics, zealous in the cause of Christ, and exemplary followers of the Faith. A thousand anecdotes of the Queen's kindly disposition and strenuous charity are related in Portugal, in England, the home of her girlhood; and in France, the patrimony of her ancestors.

During her last visit to Wood Norton, the residence of her brother, the Duke of Orleans, on the occasion of her sister's marriage to Don Carlos, Infant of Spain, Queen Amalia spent every spare moment in the inspection of a local hospital, noting improvements and innovations worthy of imitation in her own Lisbon hospital. "How good of you," she said to the Sister in charge, placing her hands affectionately on her shoulders, in one of those charming unconventional gestures peculiar to herself,—“how good of you to allow me in and out here as freely as if I were one of yourselves! Do tell me of something I can do for you in return!”

Amalia's generosity is so spontaneous that it submits with difficulty to curb and restriction. Like her sister, the Duchess d'Aosta, she has the faculty of discovering cases of need or affliction in her daily walks and drives. King Carlos said of her philanthropy: “My wife's action is so rapid that, however I may strive to keep up with her, I am bound to lag behind.”

The perfect harmony that reigned in the royal family circle did not prevent the calumniators from spreading a report that the King and the Crown Prince were at variance on the political situation. The long-planned voyage to the Portuguese colonies—a trip similar to what every youth of his age and rank undertakes—was represented as the banishment of Don Luis for his criticism of Senhor Franco's arbitrary methods. But we know that the Queen was chief instructress of her sons, and that the Crown Prince was shot down as he started forward to shield his father. Everything we know of the character of young Luis points to careful training and filial obedience in the first place.

In the education of the Portuguese princes maternal tenderness never interfered with strict discipline. Fair promise was indeed here for every manly virtue; and bitter is the grief of Portuguese patriots for the noble youth made the

victim of raging factions. A supreme consolation, however, has been vouchsafed to the desolate mother. Her second and only remaining son, the light-hearted boy of yesterday, the sad King of to-day, shows a lofty sense of the responsibilities of government, a power of self-command, and a spirit of fortitude worthy of his parents. When, from weeping over the corpses of his father and brother, she turned to him in anguish, saying, “You are so pale, my love! Your wound is graver than I know,” he had the force to answer: “No, mother: it is not from physical suffering that I am pale.” Yet his wound must have given him acute pain. He could not lift his arm, bound in a sling, to make the Sign of the Cross; and on entering the chapel to pray by the biers, had to content himself by bowing very low.

Portugal is a medley of factions. An appalling task lies before the poor lad so unexpectedly called to direct its destinies. Franco the brave has withdrawn, and the holders of sinecures who made alliance with the most subversive elements in the land are momentarily rejoicing. But the work for which King Carlos was prepared to sacrifice his life has been begun. Political jobbery will never again be cynically rife as in the past. The enemies of reform may unite further with the enemies of peace and order in a common onslaught on the monarchy; but there will be no re-establishment of a corrupt system of administration such as Senhor Franco abolished at the price of a King's blood.

All honor to King Carlos, fearless, honest! His last words were, “The Queen, the Queen!” Of his wisdom as a ruler who may judge? He was no adept at practising, but he died as he had lived, a monarch and a man. For him who has taken up his burden, pursuing with sublime devotedness the same end, by apparently more gradual methods, we can only pray: “God assist his Most Faithful Majesty King Manuel II.!”

The Emblem of Ireland.

BY M. BARRY O'DELANY.

MOST people are aware that the shamrock is the national emblem of Ireland, and that it was employed by St. Patrick as a symbol of the Trinity when he preached that adorable mystery to the pagan Irish. But comparatively few pause to reflect that "the triple leaf of bard and chief" was probably venerated in Ireland during centuries previous to the coming of St. Patrick. Yet it is morally certain that such was the case; and, moreover, that it was for this very reason that the great Apostle used the shamrock to illustrate his forever memorable sermon—his first appeal to the people of Ireland.

In his "Musical and Poetical Relicks of the Welsh Bards," published in 1786, Edward Jones gives the following account of the plucking of the shamrock by St. Patrick: "When St. Patrick landed near Wicklow, the inhabitants were ready to stone him for attempting an innovation in the religion of their ancestors. He requested to be heard, and explained unto them that God is an omnipotent, sacred spirit, who created heaven and earth, and that the Trinity is contained in the Unity; but they were reluctant to give credit to his words. St. Patrick, therefore, plucked a trefoil from the ground and expostulated with the Hibernians: 'Is it not as feasible for the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost as for these three leaves thus to grow upon a single stalk?' Then the Irish were immediately convinced of their error, and were solemnly baptized by St. Patrick."

If, as will seem likely from what is to follow, the saint was influenced in his choice of the shamrock as an emblem of the Trinity by the fact that the trefoil was already held sacred by the Irish, it is but one more example of the tact and good sense for which he was so justly celebrated. As De La Faye tells us, in

his "L'Irlande au XIX. Siècle," the great Apostle did nothing to offend against the antique customs and secular institutions of the sons of Erin, when it was possible to conciliate them. He contented himself with directing them toward Christianity, "planting the cross on the menhirs and dolmens, and erecting the first altars beneath the shade of the sacred oaks, or in the shelter of the Druidical crypts."

In James Bonwick's "Irish Druids and Old Irish Religions" may be found much interesting matter in connection with the veneration of the Irish for the trefoil; and I am indebted to it for no small part of the information contained in this article.

According to the ancient bards, the trefoil was an object of worship with the Tuatha-De-Danaans, one of the earliest races to colonize Ireland. It was, moreover, the emblem of the vernal equinox with the Druids, who were all-powerful at the epoch of St. Patrick's arrival there. It is all the more easy to believe that the trefoil was venerated in pre-Christian Ireland when we reflect upon the antiquity of the Irish race, and its Oriental origin; for the shamrock, or its equivalent, was held sacred in the East from the earliest times. Nor is it surprising that this should be so, when we bear in mind that the signification given to the trefoil even in pre-Christian times was invariably that of three contained in one, and that the mystery of the Adorable Trinity was worshipped in the Garden of Eden.

Howsoever the original idea may have been subsequently distorted and corrupted, it is certain that the trefoil was regarded as emblematic of the Holy Trinity long before the advent of paganism gave any other meaning to it. And it is possible that in the veneration of the pre-Christian Irish for the trefoil, something was retained of that lost faith in the One True God inherited from their remote ancestors. And the man destined to direct the worship of the trefoil to its original and only lawful object, and cause it to be once more regarded in the emblematic sense of

primitive ages, was St. Patrick. Indeed, it seems scarcely too much to say that the unanimity with which the Christian signification of the trefoil was accepted by the pagan Irish—for we are told that there was not one dissenting voice—points not so much to the birth of a new belief as to the revival of an old one that had not been dead but was sleeping, till at the voice of Patrick it awoke, to slumber never more.

Setting aside altogether the pre-Christian veneration of the shamrock in Ireland, the fact of its having been consecrated as the symbol of Faith and Fatherland as far back as 432—the period of Ireland's conversion by St. Patrick—shows that it was honored as the Irish national emblem for over a thousand years before the English adopted the rose, or the Scotch the thistle. It is, however, very improbable that the *seamrog*, or *seamrag*, of St. Patrick's time was identical with the little green leaf known by the name of shamrock to-day. Its diminutive size alone would be against the likelihood of its having been selected by the saint as an object meant to attract the attention of a crowd; and, indeed, it is even doubtful whether the shamrock, as we now understand it, grew in Ireland in St. Patrick's time. The preponderance of evidence appears to be in favor of the wood-sorrel's having been the trefoil used by the Apostle to illustrate the doctrine of Three Persons in One God.

At the period of the saint's landing in Ireland—that is to say, in the early spring—the wood-sorrel must have flourished in abundance. The country was then covered with forests, and for this reason was often called "*Innis na Fidba*," or the "*Isle of Woods*." With the wanton destruction of the Irish forests by the English, the wood-sorrel grew scarce. This would in itself account for the "white clover"—the modern shamrock—having been selected in its place for general wear on St. Patrick's Day. Moreover, the wood-sorrel is both edible and nourishing as

well as palatable, which can scarcely be said of the "white clover," at all events from the point of view of human food; and it is of history that the Irish ate the shamrock. The Flemish botanist, Matthias Lobel, writing about the year 1570, tells us, in his "*Stirpium Adversaria Nova*," that the shamrock was supposed to possess very fattening qualities, and that it was the custom of the Irish to knead it with their cakes in butter, in order that they might have strength to endure the greatest fatigue.

The English writer, Spenser—"the gentle poet and rapacious freebooter,"—alluding to the state of famine to which the poor of Ireland were reduced in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, tells us that if they found a plot of shamrocks they flocked to it as to a feast. And George Wither, writing in 1613, speaks of those who "feed on shamrocks as the Irish doe." Indeed, as recently as 'the memorable famine of "Black '47," when the whole civilized world was thrilled with the sickening and heartrending horrors that marked that terrible year, a member of the English royal family laughed aloud, saying that the sufferings of the poor people were exaggerated, for that everyone knew the Irish could eat grass. "I do not believe," his Royal Highness is reported to have said, "that the famine in Ireland is as bad as they say. And even if it is, we all know that the Irish can live upon anything; and there is plenty of grass in the fields even if the potato crop has failed."

It is an interesting fact that mediæval artists frequently represented the Angel Gabriel as presenting a trefoil to the Blessed Virgin. And even now it is not unusual, in Ireland, to hear the four-leaved shamrock called "*Mary's Shamrock*." It is well known that Fra Angelico was fond of introducing the trefoil into his pictures of the Crucifixion.

The connection between the shamrock and the lily, as exemplified by the occasional substitution of the one for the other

by mediæval painters, may perhaps be traced to the adoption of the *fleur-de-lis* as an armorial bearing by Clovis I. of France. According to a pious tradition, an angel presented a lily to that monarch at the moment of his baptism, and Clovis ever after bore three *fleurs-de-lis* on his shield in commemoration of the Adorable Trinity. It is scarcely necessary to observe that the *fleur-de-lis* is triform.

The trefoil emblems on the heads of Isis and Osiris, worshipped by the Egyptians; the triple-leaved palasa, held sacred in India; and the presence of the trefoil in the ancient crowns of both Persia and Ireland, are so many connecting links between the followers of St. Patrick to-day and their Oriental ancestors in the past.

Two Celebrated Prayers to St. Joseph.

ONCE again, with the last wintry frosts, upon which are falling the first breath of spring and its early sunlight, in the midst of the austerity of Lent presaging the prospective joy of Easter, has come round the Month of St. Joseph. It is dear to many hearts,—dear, perhaps, from old and hallowed association; dear because it is entwined with memories of loved ones gone before; but infinitely more dear and precious because it celebrates the first amongst the saints, the most glorious of the Patriarchs, and that one amid all the hosts of heaven who was privileged to protect Jesus and Mary upon earth and to provide for their wants by the labor of his hands.

"I do not know," says St. Teresa, "how any one can think of the Queen of Angels, at the time when she labored so much during the infancy and childhood of Jesus, and not return thanks to Joseph for the assistance which he rendered both to the Mother and the Son." That glory of the Carmelite Order had, as every Catholic knows, a singular devotion to the foster-father of Our Lord, placing under his protection not only her community

but everything of importance which she undertook. Her famous utterance upon this subject has become a household word amongst the faithful from her time to the present day. "To the other saints," she continues, "it appears that the Lord may have granted to succor us on particular occasions; but to this saint, as experience proves, He has granted to help us on all occasions. Our Lord would teach us that as He was pleased to be subject to Joseph upon earth, so He is now pleased to grant us whatever this saint asks in heaven."

The illustrious Francis de Sales and innumerable other saints were specially devoted to the just man by excellence of Holy Scripture, and not only sought his protection themselves but strongly recommended the practice. For, as Cardinal Newman declares, "St. Joseph stands next to the Blessed Virgin in the affection and veneration of Catholics."

An efficacious and beautiful devotion in honor of this powerful patron of the Universal Church is the recitation of seven "Our Fathers," seven "Hail Marys," and seven *Glorias*, in honor of the Seven Joys and Seven Sorrows of the Spouse of Mary. To these may be added a prayer which is found in many prayer-books or on leaflets,—this prayer, however, not being necessary for the gaining of the indulgences, which are: plenary once a month for the daily recital, and plenary on the two feasts of March 19 and the third Sunday after Easter; there are partial indulgences of one hundred days each time, and three hundred days on Wednesdays and on each day of the novenas preceding the above-mentioned festivals.

The first of the griefs thus commemorated was that perplexity which disturbed St. Joseph as to whether he should leave his holy Spouse; the first of the joys, when the angel explained to him the mystery of the Incarnation. The second grief was the poverty of the Child Jesus at His birth; the second joy, the

angelic harmonies and the splendors of the holy night of the Nativity. The third grief was the shedding of the Precious Blood in the Circumcision; the third joy, the hearing of the sacred name of Jesus. The fourth grief was the prophecy of Simeon concerning the sword to pierce Immaculate Mary's heart; the fourth joy was the accompanying prediction of the resurrection and the salvation of many souls. The fifth grief was the flight into Egypt; and the joy, the presence of God and the fall of the Egyptian idols. The sixth grief was the fear of Archelaus during the return homeward; the sixth joy, the dwelling at Nazareth with Jesus and Mary. The seventh grief was the loss of Jesus; and the seventh joy, finding Him once more in the Temple.

These comprise, it may be said, the chief events, the chief interests, of that holy servant of God there where he lived amongst the hill-encircled city of Judea, pondering upon the things of Heaven. He did not, as tradition asserts, live to see the public ministry of Christ; he was not cheered by the first manifestation of His power at Cana in Galilee; nor did he behold the baptism by the Jordan, nor the gathering of eager crowds to hang upon the words of the Master. It was not his happiness to witness the succession of miracles which marked the pathway of the Messiah as a luminous trail of splendor. But he was spared the harrowing scenes of the passion and the death; and he died, calmly and peacefully, in the arms of Jesus and Mary, becoming for evermore the patron of dying Christians.

Besides the specific devotion of the Seven Joys and Seven Sorrows, through which signal favors have been obtained, as is recorded in the lives of many devout persons, there is another which partakes somewhat of the quaint character of ancient times. This is the "Responsory of St. Joseph." It is to be found in the *Raccolta*, or authorized collection of indulgenced prayers, and elsewhere in the older manuals of devotion. For con-

venience' sake, we may reproduce it here, premising that there is an indulgence of one year to all who recite it in honor of St. Joseph, imploring his efficacious protection in life and death:

To all who would holily live,
To all who would happily die,
St. Joseph is ready to give
Sure guidance, and help from on high.

Of Mary the Spouse undefiled,
Just, holy and pure of all stain,
He asks of his own foster Child;
And needs but to ask to obtain.

[After each stanza, the first verse is repeated.]

In the manger that Child he adored,
And nursed Him in exile and flight,
Him, lost in His boyhood, deplored;
And found with amaze and delight.

The Maker of heaven and earth
By the labor of Joseph was fed;
The Son by an infinite birth
Submissive to Joseph was led.

And when his last hour drew nigh,
Oh, full of all joy was his breast,
Seeing Jesus and Mary close by,
As he tranquilly slumbered to rest.

All praise to the Father above;
All praise to the glorious Son;
All praise to the Spirit of Love,
While the days of eternity run!

Antiphon.—Behold the faithful and prudent servant whom the Lord set over His house.

V. Pray for us, Blessed Joseph.

R. That we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ.

Prayer.—O God, who in Thine ineffable providence didst vouchsafe to choose Blessed Joseph to be the spouse of Thy Most Holy Mother, grant, we beseech Thee, that we may be made worthy to have him for our intercessor in heaven, whom on earth we venerate as our holy protector. Who livest and reignest world without end. Amen.

MORE real than the earth under our feet, which will pass away, is the presence of the Incarnate Word, which will never pass away.—*Cardinal Manning.*

Notes and Remarks.

On the principle of giving the devil his due, we admit that the French Government has shown consistency in its dealings with Christians. Hatred of Christianity in any form being the animus of the powers that be in France, Protestants as well as Catholics are made to endure persecution. The Governor-General of Madagascar, M. Augagneur, is now carrying on a fierce campaign against the Protestant missions there. He has not only closed many schools, but refused leave to build churches, and prevented natives from becoming missionaries and preachers, just as he punishes them for giving away quinine by applying the French law against unlicensed medical practitioners. Moreover, attendance at Christian worship is virtually forbidden to native functionaries.

Protestant ministers in this country have been singularly silent regarding the religious persecution in France; and of those who did say anything about it, few expressed anything like cordial sympathy with Catholics. Now that their associates are being treated to the same sauce, however, a storm of protest has begun to brew, and soon will break. The General Secretary of the French Protestant Missions is already out with an appeal to supporters, in which he says: "In a year or two, over regions where light had shone for half a century, the night of earlier days will again extend its shadow."

Apropos of our recent comment on the inadvisability of allowing freedom of speech to degenerate into intolerable license, we quote the following paragraph from the *London Academy*:

We are glad that the authorities have at last awakened to the necessity of doing something to put an end to the disgraceful license of the atheists and "freethinkers" who pollute the air with their disgusting blasphemies at Highbury Corner and elsewhere. One of these persons has been arrested on the charge of blasphemy. We are constantly pointing out that the attitude

of the police and magistrates toward these people is unnecessarily tender. By doing so we have incurred the wrath of our amiable contemporary, the *Freethinker*, which was good enough, the other day, to point out to us that even an atheist is a citizen of this country, and as such entitled to the protection of the police. We cordially agree. An atheist is a citizen, and so is a man in the most infectious stage of scarlet fever; and so, for the matter of that, is a convicted murderer. All these persons are equally entitled to the protection of the police. The murderer must not be lynched, but must be disposed of by the proper process of the law; the gentleman with scarlet fever must be put into an isolated ward or room, to avoid the danger to others of infection; and the atheist should be constrained to do his "freethinking" by himself and not inflict its contagion on the ignorant and the foolish. Nobody wishes him to be persecuted, but he should not be allowed to persecute other people; and those who venture to disagree with him and have the temerity to tell him so in public, should not be "run in" and fined, as some unfortunate man was not long ago.

The *Freethinker's* protest recalls the classic story of the old man who, sitting by the wayside and throwing stones at everyone who passed by, protested that all he wanted was to be let alone.

We have frequently commented in these columns on the comparative failure of our criminal law to effect the purpose of its enactment, and have on occasion cited notable authorities who have spoken in the same sense. Ex-Judge Taft, for instance, our present Secretary of War, is on record as declaring that "the administration of the criminal law in all the States of the Union is a disgrace to our civilization." We have accordingly read with special interest what Mr. Sydney Brooks has to say on the subject in the *London Chronicle*. It is not particularly pleasant reading, but it ought to be salutary:

Any American who can afford to engage a lawyer may commit murder with almost complete impunity. The odds are rather over seventy to one against his being executed. I am not speaking at random, but am summarizing the criminal statistics of the last twenty years.

They make appalling reading. They show that America is the only country where the proportion of murders to population is positively on the increase; that only in Mexico are more murders committed than in the United States; that in the last two decades they have multiplied fivefold; and that the number of executions during the same period has remained virtually stationary—less than 120 per annum for an average of 9000 murders. . . .

Beyond everything else the breakdown of the American criminal law is to be found in the worship and perversion of procedure. Just as Americans have over-elaborated the machinery of politics until democracy is bound and helpless in its toils, so they have magnified the technicalities of the law until justice has been thrown into the background and lost sight of. In a criminal case in the United States it is the judge on the bench, and not the prisoner in the dock, who is really on trial. The counsel on both sides polish up a thousand little points of pleading and practice and evidence, and fire them off at the judge, who has to decide upon them offhand. If he falls into a single error, no matter how trivial or how far removed from the question of the guilt or innocence of the accused, the Appellate Court will order a new trial of the case almost automatically.

What makes the foregoing criticism especially pointed is its notorious truth, at least as to the main lines. Our President himself not long ago, speaking of American emigrants to the Canadian Northwest, remarked that they would find in their new home laws as good as we have here, and far better administered. Reform in criminal procedure is clearly one of the crying needs of the day.

The Anglo-Roman Union is an association of leading clergymen of the Protestant Episcopal Church in this country. Its object is to bring about the amalgamation of the Church of England with the Church of All Lands. The Rev. Augustine Elmendorf, one of the organizers of the Union, has this to say about it:

The aim of the Anglo-Roman Union is to study the question of what the Anglican Church should do to restore unity, accepting as a basis the principle of the primacy of the See of Peter in spiritualities, as did most of the Reformers and the Tractarian leaders. Most Anglican writers seem to approach the subject from the point

of view of what Rome should do. If a man believes that the Holy Spirit presides over the destinies of the catholic Church and will guide it unto all truth, why can he not believe that Rome, too, will receive some measure of that guidance, and leave them to work out the problem for themselves? If A and B have a quarrel, it is obviously A's duty, if he will remain in charity, to determine what he owes B, and as far as possible act upon it. On the other hand, if he persistently refuses to discover what he should do until B reforms and comes to him, he is in grave danger of being out of charity.

The disposition here manifested to approach the subject of reunion from the point of view of what outsiders should do, speaks well for the Anglo-Roman Union. Unconditional submission to the Church is the only way of being united to it, and some day this fact will be plain to every Anglican.

While not a few lay publicists among the non-Catholics of Great Britain have candidly acknowledged that the Christian world, irrespective of particular creeds, owes Pius X. a debt of gratitude for his timely condemnation of Modernism, some Protestant prelates who, presumably, should be still more conscious of the debt, have been unable to resist the desire to make that condemnation an occasion for having a fling at the Papacy. To one such prelate, the Protestant Bishop of Meath, the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* thus pays its respects:

Now, in answer to all such objections, we would ask the learned Bishop or any of his supporters to point out a single doctrine condemned by the Pope which he or any person calling himself a Christian would undertake to defend. Is he prepared, for instance, to uphold the view that human reason can not lead us to a knowledge of the existence of God? that the Founder of the Christian religion was a mere peasant reformer who suffered for his views and was thrown into the common pit to rot? that the whole Christian teaching is only the evolution of the religious consciousness of the man Christ, as Buddhism or Mohammedanism represents that of Buddha or Mohammed? that the Scriptures, the New Testament as well as the Old, are of no value except to awaken in mankind the feeling or sentiment of religion?

that the Church, its teaching power, its jurisdiction, its hierarchy, are the work of men ages after Christ had disappeared from the world? If he and his friends are prepared to accept these views, then is he justified in joining in the cry against the Papal Encyclical; but if not, he and they ought in very gratitude to come forward and boldly proclaim their admiration for the courage and ability with which the Sovereign Pontiff has expounded the basis and the principles of Christianity in the face of the threatening forces of religious rationalism.

Up to the present, so far as we have been able to learn, his Lordship of Meath has not extricated himself from the rigorous dilemma in which he was thus placed. Dignified (!) silence is perhaps his adopted rôle; and 'tis not impertinent to add that silence, dignified or other, would have been his more congruous rôle in the first instance.

We find the following editorial remarks, on "The Church and the Anarchist," in the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*. Their robust common-sense will, we fancy, commend them to practical men the world over:

The higher clergy of the Catholic Church have taken a firm stand in Chicago against the socialist and anarchist agitators. By doing so they have elicited many protests from the local apologists of socialism and anarchism. Most of the protesters seem to contend that the clergy have confused an anti-church movement with a political agitation. Nonsense! This is a mere beating about a bush. It is a mere speculation on the ignorance of the public. What are the facts? Anarchism strikes with two weapons—revolution and atheism; with the one it would kill the present political order; with the other, the present religious order. The same is true of socialism,—that is, the militant socialism that we deal with in practical life. . . .

Anarchists and socialists both realize that the present Church and the present State must both go, before anarchism or socialism can triumph. It is therefore as much in order for an anarchist to assassinate a priest in Denver as to assassinate a chief of police in Chicago. Why deceive ourselves? Some day we have got to meet these people as they are, not as their helpers and helpers' helpers try to make them appear. And that day is not far off. The attitude of the higher clergy of the Catholic Church in Chicago is in this case simply a recognition of self-evident facts. It is a well-taken attitude. No other is possible for either a loyal

Christian or a loyal American. Any clergy—Catholic or Protestant—that takes any other attitude is simply condoning the destruction of its own edifice, is simply betraying its own cause. The Christian priest or preacher who countenances in any way the socialism or anarchism of to-day is countenancing a warfare on his faith and playing traitor to his creed.

Well said! Let the civic authorities act in the spirit displayed by the *Inter-Ocean*, and life in Chicago will be considerably less precarious than it promises to be so long as Emma Goldman and her ilk are allowed the license to which they have become habituated.

That the National Civic Federation is quietly accomplishing much good work of a very practical kind seems to be the inevitable deduction from the following extract from a speech of Mr. John Mitchell at the Federation's annual dinner:

I don't know whether the people of New York, or the people of our country, know how near they came two years ago to becoming involved in greater hardships than they endured in the great anthracite coal strike; but let me say to you now that, had not ten men met together in this city and talked to one another as reasonable men should talk, the great coal strike which occasioned you so much suffering in 1892 would have been repeated. I am proud to say that I found the anthracite coal operators much different when I got to know them from what they seemed when they were talking to me through the newspapers; and I believe that they now have a different opinion of those I represent and of myself than they had five or six years ago.

Talking to one another "as reasonable men should talk" would doubtless be an effective remedy for many of the evils incidental to the disputes between Capital and Labor. The trouble appears to be that, too often, representatives of both sides proceed on the principle that their opponents are the reverse of reasonable,—are "pigheaded" and obstinate, or autocratic and domineering, as the case may be.

A notorious anti-Catholic writer and speaker in England complains that when Protestant travellers go to Rome the first

thing they think of is to have an audience with the Pope. Unquestionably this complaint is well grounded. Protestant persons *do* like to visit the Pope, and when they return home they are apt to tell all their relatives and friends and neighbors how delighted they were with him. We have known Presbyterians and Baptists to bring back from Rome crucifixes, medals, and even rosaries which had been blessed for them by his Holiness, and to hold such objects in great veneration. Present-day Protestants really do strange things sometimes. Stranger still, however, is the cajolement practised upon them by Catholics, especially Jesuits, in Rome,—that is if we may believe a writer in the *Protestant Woman*:

A large number of the hotels in Rome are owned by the Jesuits, and they have spies in those which they do not possess. These spies examine the books in which the names of travellers are recorded, and report them to the Vatican. Every attention is paid to these visitors; they are called upon; they receive tickets for Papal ceremonies, and an invitation to have an audience with the Pope. I am sorry to say that many of them are weak enough to yield to these invitations.

Which goes to prove that the München family is not yet extinct.

Specificness, the quality which makes the author of "A Living Wage" so readable, is conspicuous in his latest addition to economic literature—a paper on "The Cost of Christian Living" in the February *Catholic World*. Writing of Catholics in particular, Father Ryan says:

Like other Christians, we speak much about the duty of avoiding excessive attachment to and misuse of wealth, but our utterances are mostly of the nature of platitudes. We do not often think into them any concrete meaning as to what precisely constitutes excessive attachment or misuse in the matter of food, clothing, houses, amusements, and "social" activities. Or, when our concepts are more specific, they are generally so liberal and lax as to fit only the very few whose offences under these heads are striking, notorious, and universally condemned.

We have space to reproduce merely an extract or two from this interesting paper.

Here is its author's own summarized statement of many of its paragraphs:

The annual expenditure for all purposes except religion and charity, in the case of the overwhelming majority of moderately-sized families, ought not to exceed \$6500. This amount should suffice for intellectual and educational needs, as well as for those of the physical order. Since the outlay for religion and charity ought to be in proportion to income, it can not be included in a general estimate of the maximum decent cost of living. Of the families that at present expend more than \$6500 for the purposes named, the great majority would be gainers, physically, mentally, and morally, if they did not go beyond that limit. Probably the range of expenditure which would afford the best conditions of Christian life for a considerable majority of all American families lies between \$2000 and \$5000 per annum.

The concluding paragraph of Father Ryan's paper merits careful reading. He states that throughout his article he has had Catholics chiefly in mind:

For they too are, to a deplorable extent, under the delusion that valuable life consists in the indefinite satisfaction of material wants. This delusion injures those who are below as well as those who are above the reasonable maximum. The former are discontented where they ought to be well satisfied, and envious where they ought to be thankful because of the temptations that they have escaped. The latter frequently see their children grow weak in faith and character, while they themselves become worldly, cold, and ungenerous. The contributions to religion, charity, or education, by Catholics who live sumptuously—by all Catholics, indeed, who exceed the bounds of simple and moderate living,—are, generally speaking, utterly inadequate as compared with their income. Herein consists the *inordinate attachment* to wealth which is contrary to the Christian principle.

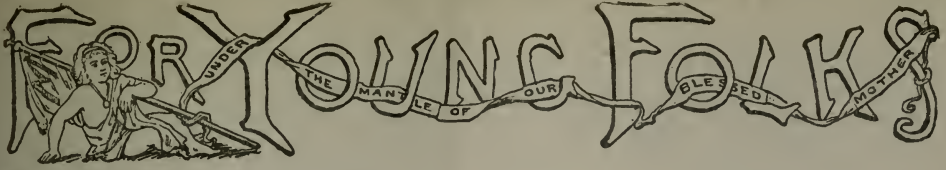
A correspondent writes from Ireland:

In setting forth the doctrine of prayers for the dead, Catholics are accustomed to cite the Jewish practice in favor thereof at the time of our Blessed Lord. It struck me that it may interest Catholics and support them in their arguments to quote from a modern Jewish paper. In the London *Jewish Chronicle* for January 17, 1908, one may read, again and again, under "Deaths," such prayers as:

"May his dear soul rest in peace!"

"God rest his dear soul in everlasting peace!"

"May her dear soul rest in everlasting peace!"



Uncle Nathan's Adventure.

IN my young days my father's family lived far back among the mountains of Vermont. Indeed, in one direction, we were the last settlers; and beyond us the big woods stretched away, so far as we had any knowledge, without inhabitants.

I soon acquired some skill in hunting and trapping squirrels, rabbits, woodchucks, and such game; and when I was thirteen my father gave me a small rifle. I was delighted with my gift, and wanted to be trying it all the time. As father would not allow this, I felt I was abused, and I used to talk to the younger children about running away. I thought it was too bad that a young person of my importance, and such a mighty hunter, should have to chop wood and hoe potatoes like any ordinary boy.

Well, one day when I was about fourteen, I was picking apples in the orchard behind the barn, when two men came up in hunting attire. I knew them by sight and reputation as men who made a business of hunting, but had very little personal acquaintance with them. Now, however, they seemed inclined to make themselves very sociable. After telling me a good deal about their hunting exploits, they said they were going to start in the morning for a big hunt through the woods, away up into Canada, and ended by proposing to me to go with them.

Father and I had had a little difference of opinion, I'll call it, that very morning about how I should spend the day, and I was still surly; so, before they left me, I had agreed to meet them at a neighbor's sugar-camp in the morning, prepared to make the trip in their company.

I had a good many qualms to choke

down that night; but I was on hand according to agreement, and we struck into the woods at a pretty rapid rate, which suited me well at first, as I was afraid father would follow me. But this was kept up most of the day, and I got very tired, and my courage kept oozing in spite of all I could do. When it was evening, the men stopped in front of a ledge of rocks, and told me they would camp there that night. They started a fire, and then ordered me to keep it going, and get together a lot of wood for the night. They then took their guns and fishing-lines and left me, while they plunged into the woods again.

It was dark when they came back, and they brought a large string of fish, which they directed me to dress, while they roasted some of the game for supper. I was dreadfully tired and hungry, yet I could hardly eat for thinking of home. After supper I was ordered to bring a lot of hemlock boughs and spread them on the ground for a bed. Then they gave me a blanket, and we all lay down, with our feet to the fire. I think I must have sobbed, for one of the men called out roughly: "Stop that noise now, and let us go to sleep!"

I was afraid of the men by this time, and had to keep still, and in a little while I was asleep. In the morning it was the same thing over. The men had nothing to say to me now, except to give orders about the work, most of which fell to my share. We started off again, and travelled till my feet were blistered, and it seemed to me that every bone in my body was aching. In the afternoon one of the hunters shot a fawn, and they stopped and dressed it; and then, hanging the carcass to a limb, they directed me to watch it, and at the same time prepare the camp the same as the night before.

"The wolves will likely want that venison," said one of the men; "but if you keep a good fire, maybe they won't come very close; and if they do, you must shoot them."

So I was left alone again; and I assure you I didn't have a good time. It seemed to me that I had been gone from home a month, and I would give anything to be back there again. But I did not dare to speak of this to my companions, and I had no idea how to get back alone.

The men did not return till after dark, and I was terribly afraid of the wolves; but they didn't come. The night passed somehow, and we started on again in the morning. I half believed I should always have to drag myself through woods over rocks and fallen trees, in punishment for my wicked conduct. I carried my rifle, but I had no more chance to use it.

The men walked so fast I had all I could do to keep in sight of them. I found out afterward that we passed some places that morning which I should have known if I had not been "turned around," as people are when they are lost, so that all things look strange, no matter how familiar they may be to us. A little before noon, however, we came to a clearing.

The men got into a pasture, for better walking; and I stopped at the fence and stared at the house and farm buildings for some time, when all of a sudden things began to look familiar; and, sure enough, this was my very own home! I sprang over the fence quickly, and ran to the house. I saw my baby brother at the kitchen door, and caught him in my arms, while I rushed in and found my mother getting dinner as usual. I don't know all I did; but I know mother and I cried and hugged each other. When father came in to dinner he shook hands with me, and simply said: "Why, Nathan, how are you? You look hungry. Come to dinner."

After dinner, father went out again, and mother told me to lie down on the lounge and rest, and the first I knew I was fast asleep. They waked me again at

supper time, and afterward I was ready for another long sleep. At breakfast next morning I did not feel altogether easy; for I expected one of father's whippings, and I knew just how they felt. But he did not scold or punish me: he only said:

"Nathan, you may finish picking those apples now." So I went back to work, but I could hardly believe that I had ever thought home a hard place.

None of our folks ever teased me about my trip, though the youngsters were very inquisitive about my adventures. I had to catch it at school that winter, though; for all the boys and girls had heard about my running away. But I gradually made up my mind to two things. One was, that I had got wisdom enough to pay all the cost of my runaway; and the other was that father knew more than he told me about the original arrangements for my trip to Canada. As a matter of fact, it developed later on that the two men had been hired by father to take me with them, and to give me so much work to do that the experience would utterly sicken me of hunting and its accompaniments. They earned their wages, too.

Ruth's Day of Reckoning.

(Told by her Brother.)

BY FLORA HAINES LOUGHEAD.

XI.—UNCLE NED IS ALARMED.

Away up in the Sierra Nevada mountains, a mining camp at the edge of timber line, with snow-capped peaks above it, looks dizzily down into a rocky cañon, just scarred with rents and fissures, so Uncle Ned says. Along its steep sides a narrow trail crawls and clings, looking like nothing so much as a scratch on the mountain side. Yet up that steep, narrow path came every piece of the heavy machinery used in the forty-stamp mill that stands in the midst of the settlement, as well as every tool used in sinking shafts and driving tunnels deep into the mountain where

they find the rich ore, and all the supplies for the men and beasts that toil there; and the bars of bullion go down over it on their way to the mint to be coined. But the men who work there, big and bearded and grimy, standing out under the pines one day in September, their eyes fixed on that scratch on the cañon wall, would have sworn that the most precious and valuable freight ever carried over the trail they were eagerly watching was put up in ounce packages—the letters from home, brought there once a week by Jerry Callinan, from the nearest post office, twenty miles away.

"There he comes!" one of them shouted, pointing to a tiny black speck far down the cañon.

The black speck crept slowly along, and pretty soon they could make out two black specks: one of them Callinan on his horse; the other, his pack burro carrying the mail-sacks. Some of the men lit their pipes and strolled back to their cabins, knowing that a full hour must pass before the man and beasts, laboring up the steep grade, and weaving in and out of all the small gullies and gulches, could cross the head of the cañon and come up to the settlement. Only one man, Edward Sherwood (my Uncle Ned), the working owner of the mine, still stood there, watching the postman climb the grade.

"Sherwood's mightily cut up over that Paris business," said one of the men.

"I don't blame him," replied another. "Funny how the letters stopped all at once, the last one not even signed."

"And mighty fine letters they were!" chimed in a third miner. "'Twas like being at the big fair to listen to the little girl's stories of the electric fountain, and the Eiffel Tower, and the great machine shop, and the picture galleries, and the California Building, and the Mining Exhibit. This camp's missed something since them letters stopped coming."

"I've written over to Paris myself to get figures on that dry washer she wrote about, that handles black sand and ex-

tracts the gold where you haven't a pint of water to sluice or 'pan' with," said another big fellow. "Maybe I can use it on a placer claim I have up in Montana and make a bit of money out of it. Blamed if I ever 'thought girls were any earthly good before!"

"If the girl's down sick, or any accident's happened to her, I suppose Sherwood'll feel kind of accountable, seeing he's the one that sent her there, according to what she said in the letters."

"'Tisn't probable. More like she's got her head so full of sight-seeing and running around, she's forgot to write. If so be, she'll make up for it when she gets to work again. She's a master-hand at letter-writing, and no mistake."

But when my Uncle Ned met Jerry Callinan alone at the head of the trail, the postman was quick to say:

"I'm sorry, but no foreign letters this time, Mr. Sherwood. Plenty from Frisco and the East, but they all have U. S. 'stamps on 'em."

Early the next morning Uncle Ned called his foreman to him.

"Dave," he said, "I'm going away for a week or two. You'll have to take full charge of the mine and the mill. I must find out what's happened to the little girl."

At the first telegraph office he reached, Uncle Ned cabled Aunt Lucinda in Paris just five words:

"What's the matter with Ruth?"

My Aunt Lucinda is a lady who doesn't like to spend money for nothing, so she cabled back a "collect," saying,

"No Ruth here."

It does seem as if she couldn't, if she had tried, have made up any other answer that would have puzzled Uncle Ned more. He couldn't tell whether Ruthie had run away or been carried off, or whether she and Cousin Juliet had had a falling out, or what. So he had to cable again:

"Where is Ruth?"

And Aunt Lucinda, who thought he must have gone crazy over an old grief

that I'll tell you about by and by, thought she'd bring him to his senses, or, at any rate, get him to go to his brother; so she cabled back:

"In Santa Barbara."

And Uncle Ned, not daring to trust to the telegraph any more, took the first train for the Coast, and reached Santa Barbara one evening, early in October.

Eleanor Cameron and Dr. Hugh were at our house; for he was going away soon, and had come to say "Good-bye." We were all in the parlor; and Ruth, roused up for the time from her moodiness, was chatting in the pretty, bright way she has when she's excited, with what I once heard Dr. Hugh call the "wild-rose color" in her cheeks, when the door opened and Uncle Ned came in. Father made a rush for him.

"Ned Sherwood! Where have you dropped from?" he shouted; and they hugged each other like two women, for it had been years and years since they'd met.

Ruth had risen to her feet and stared at him as if her eyes would burst out of her head; for the mountains, I suppose, had kept him young; and he was tall and straight, with not a touch of grey in his dark hair; and with bright brown eyes that had a habit of laughing, though they were sober enough the next minute.

"Where's Ruth?" was his first question. "Why did she come back from Paris?"

"Paris!" exclaimed my father.

"From Paris?" said my mother.

"Jiminy crickets!" I said. "Ruth's never been to Paris."

"Never been in Paris!" said my uncle.

Ruth had taken two steps out into the room, and there she stood stock-still, with her eyes cast down. The bright color had gone out of her face, and she looked like a criminal who has been found guilty and expects to be hung.

"Uncle Ned!" she cried, but couldn't seem to get any further.

My uncle looked at her strangely.

"So this is Ruth?" he asked.

Ruth only bobbed her head at him a

little, without looking up, her upper teeth biting her under lip. A very queer way, it must be owned, to receive an uncle she had never seen before.

"Didn't you get my letter, with the check in it, to pay your expenses to Paris? Haven't you been writing me letters from there right along?" asked Uncle Ned.

"Ruth, speak up!" said father. "Why don't you answer? Explain at once. Do you not hear?"

"That thousand-dollar check! O Ruth!" I heard my mother say in an undertone, too soft for Ruth to hear.

Eleanor Cameron saw that something very unpleasant was coming out, and she urged her brother to go.

"No," he said aloud. "I think Ruth would rather have us stay."

And then he did a strange thing; for he also took a stride forward, so that Ruth was no longer standing there all alone.

"Yes, please," she said softly; but there was a sob in her voice. She did not dare look at mother, afraid that this shameful discovery might undo her. She didn't dare look at father, who was always so scornful of anything in the least like falsehood; nor at Dr. Hugh, who she feared would never respect her again; nor at Eleanor. One instant she shut her eyes and prayed that the lump might go out of her throat so she could speak, and that she might have courage not to flinch, but to make a clean breast of her sin, and to bear seeing everyone turn against her and despise her; then she lifted her chin high, and looked Uncle Ned square in the eyes.

(Conclusion next week.)

Names of Fabrics.

Damask cloth gets its name from the city of Damascus; muslin, from Mosul; calico, from Calcutta; buckram, from Bokhara; cambric, from Cambrai; gauze, from Gaza; dimity, from Damietta; drugget, from the city of Drogheda; and satin, from Zaytown in China.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"A Missionary's Notebook," by the Rev. Richard W. Alexander, is the title of a forthcoming interesting and edifying volume of true short stories. The book will be issued from the press of the *Catholic Standard and Times* Company.

—From Messrs. J. Fischer & Bro. we have received "Chant Requiem and Libera" (Vatican Edition), with antiphons, canticle and psalm for the final absolution, translated into modern notation and harmonized by Ignace Müller. The work is excellently done, the organ accompaniment being particularly laudable.

—Thomas Scholes & Co., Chicago, publish in pamphlet form (48 pages) "Saint Patrick," a monograph in paragraphs by Hubert M. Skinner, Ph. D. The design of the little work is to give glimpses of Ireland's Apostle in history, in legend, in poetry and the drama, in picture and song; and a brief introduction by the Rev. Francis Cassily, S. J., intimates that the design has been successfully carried out.

—Perhaps the most interesting printer's mark in existence is William Caxton's, the first English printer. Its significance is not apparent, even the interpretation of the lettering being uncertain; the accepted version, however, making it read, "W. C. 74." The most reasonable theory regarding this date, if it is a date, is that it refers to some event in the printer's life. As a mark, it is one of the best, remarkable for strength and simplicity, and is found in twelve books printed by Caxton.

—"Proverbs and Proverbial Phrases" (B. Herder), is a collection of wise sayings taken from all nations and representing all times. These adages or proverbs are well chosen, are conveniently arranged in alphabetical order, and, in not a few cases, are accompanied with explanatory notes. In commendation of this book of proverbs, we need only quote Bishop Spalding's words which are cited in the preface: "Proverbs are the wheat which remains after a whole world of talk and writing has sifted through innumerable minds. They are the fine essence of literature, true embodiments of the experience of life, and they most abound in the most vital books."

—"The North Point Annual" is the year-book of St. Joseph's College, Darjeeling, some three hundred miles north of Calcutta, in British India. The college is conducted by the Jesuit Fathers, and its "Annual" is a very creditable

publication, readable, informative, and copiously illustrated. One item of information that will interest students in this country is given in the time-card used at St. Joseph's: breakfast is fixed for 10.15 a. m.

—We regret to announce the death, in his eighty-fifth year, of M. Jules Lammens, of Ghent, founder of the *Bien Public*, the leading Catholic journal of Belgium. He was among the greatest laymen of our time, and has often been called the "Louis Veillot of the Belgians."

—The Bulletin of the Catholic Educational Association, February issue, announces that the fifth annual meeting of the Association will be held in Cincinnati, on July 7, 8, and 9 of the current year. The Bulletin reproduces an excellent paper on "Vocations to the Priesthood," by the Rev. F. X. Steinbrecher.

—The "Report" of the President of the Board of Health for the Territory of Hawaii, for the year ending on June 30, 1907, is as systematically drawn up, and as replete with interesting data and statistical tables, as previous issues. The one thing lacking to its symmetrical completeness is a good index. We have been obliged to spend undue time in seeking information that should be available at a moment's notice.

—It is a distinct pleasure to announce a second edition (fifteenth thousand) of "Talks with Parents," by the Rev. D. V. Phalen, editor of the Antigonish *Casket*, a Catholic paper which for readableness and sanity of view takes rank with Father Ernest Hull's *Examiner* of Bombay. These "Talks" are reprints from the *Casket's* columns, and the wider their circulation the better for both parents and children. The publisher is Mr. Alex. McNeill, Halifax.

—Newspaper men, says the *Editor and Publisher*, ought to have easy times of it in the Polar Circle, where the papers are issued only once a year. There are three or four of these. One of them is the *Eskimo Bulletin*, edited near Cape Prince of Wales, on Bering Straits. As only one steamer lands at the place and that only once a year, the news it brings from the outside world is printed on a sheet of paper with the hektograph. The paper is very thick, and it is printed on only one side. The *Bulletin* claims to be the only once-a-year paper printed, but this is an error. At Gothaab, Greenland, there is another issued from a small printing-office which was established in 1862. The name of this sheet is *Atnagagdlintit nalinginarik*

tusaryminasassumik, which is supposed to mean "Something for reading; accounts of all sorts of entertaining subjects." The language is that of Greenland, a dialect of the Eskimo. There is still another paper published in Greenland called *Kaladlit*.

—In a substantial volume of some four hundred and forty pages, the Rev. James L. Meagher discusses "How Christ Said the First Mass." The size of the book implies that the matter is dealt with rather exhaustively, as also that it is characterized by diffuseness of style rather than its opposite. This declaration from the author's preface it is well for the reader to bear in mind: "We do not hold that every statement is absolutely exact, but is about as correct as we can reproduce the First Mass." And this extract from a letter of Bishop Gabriels to the author is as adequate a criticism of the work as it is necessary to give:

Founded as the details are on Scripture, history, tradition, some of it legendary, but given for what it is worth, they throw a great light on the figures and reality of the great Sacrifice of the New Law; and your mystical interpretations of them, if sometimes a little forced, are always in accordance with the saying of the Apostle: "Now all these things happened to them in figures."—(I. Cor., x, 2.)

Published by the Christian Press Association.

The Latest Books. A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

"How Christ Said the First Mass." Rev. James Meagher. \$1, net.

"Proverbs and Proverbial Phrases." \$1.

"Maryland; The Land of Sanctuary." William T. Russell. \$1.75.

"Lisheen; or, The Test of the Spirits." Very Rev. Canon P. A. Sheehan, D. D. \$1.50.

"The Education of Our Girls." Rev. Thomas Edward Shields. \$1, net.

"Consecranda." Rev. A. J. Schulte. \$1.50, net.

"Regina Poetarum." Hon. Alison Stourton. \$1.

"The School of Jesus Crucified." Father Ignatius, C. P. \$1.25

"In the School of St. Francis." M. Paul Henry. 40 cts.

"Short Sermons." Second Series. Rev. F. P. Hickey, O. S. B. \$1.25, net.

"Boys of Baltimore." A. A. B. Stavert. 85 cts.

"The Secret of the Statue and Other Verses." Eleanor C. Donnelly. \$1.

"Cousin Wilhelmina." Anna T. Sadlier. \$1.

"Boulogne-sur-Mer: St. Patrick's Native Town." Rev. William Canon Fleming. 65 cts., net.

"The 'Dyed Garments from Bosra.'" S. M. P. 30 cts., net.

"Told Round the Nursery Fire." Mrs. Innes-Browne. 75 cts., net.

"A Key to Meditation." Père Crasset, S. J. \$1.

"Faithful and True." Lady Fullerton. 30 cts., net.

"Converts to Rome." D. J. Scannell-O'Neill. \$1.

"History of the Books of the New Testament." E. Jacquier. Authorized Translation by the Rev. J. Duggan. \$2, net.

"The Spiritual Conferences of St. Francis de Sales." \$1.80, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rt. Rev. John Leonard, D. D., Vicar Apostolic of the Cape of Good Hope; Rev. Peter Catalano diocese of Newark; Rev. James Byrnes, archdiocese of New York; Rev. A. Birkhaeuser, archdiocese of Milwaukee; Rev. F. X. Mulville and Rev. William Dunworth, diocese of Hartford; also Rev. Moses Bloomer, O. P.

Sister M. Chrysostom, of the Sisters of Charity; Sister M. Seraphine and Sister Ann Cecilia, S. N. D.

Mr. L. C. Herr, Mr. John English, Mrs. Rose Heenan, Mr. Morris Zahm, Mr. William McKeever, Miss Margaret Bopp, Mrs. M. Hughes, Mrs. Catherine Newcomb, Mrs. Owen Harkins, Mr. Oliver Godreau, Mrs. Ellen Usher, Mr. J. D. Peters, Mr. Thomas J. Byrne, Mrs. Thomas Williams, Mr. Edward McElroy, Mrs. James Green, Mrs. Frances Duffy, Mr. J. L. Hirsh, Maria Murphy, Mr. Joseph Ehmann, Mr. Edward Galvin, Mrs. William Garland, Mr. D. Culkin, Mrs. Josephine Crossman, Mr. Michael H. Hagerty and Mrs. Anna Mack.

Requiescant in pace!

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For Bishop Berlioz, Japan:

A priest, \$200.

The Gotemba lepers:

F. J. M., \$1.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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Nazareth's Flower.

BY L. F. MURPHY.

WHAT childish wonder in her gentle face
That royal morning when she knelt in prayer
And heaven's envoy stood before her there,
His presence glorifying all the place,
Breathing Jehovah's word, "Hail, full of grace!"
As some frail blossom marvellously fair,
Bending its beauty in the noonday glare,
Was Nazareth's Flower, glory of our race.

And Gabriel, winging straight from Paradise,
The light celestial shining in his eyes,
Resplendent with high heaven's majesty,—
What mingled thoughts of reverence and awe
And love enthralled his being when he saw
The humble little Maid of Galilee!

Saint Edmundsbury.

BY MARIAN NESBITT.



MODERN life and progress have not destroyed a quiet country town within the "Hundred of Thingoe, in the Franchise of St. Edmund"; it is still stranded amidst its green meadows and waving woodlands. This town, formerly called Beodricsworth, and now familiar to us as Bury St. Edmunds, or, more correctly speaking, St. Edmundsbury, has recently enjoyed some notoriety on account of its having been chosen as the scene of one of those historic pageants that are rapidly becoming so popular.

In spite, however, of its temporary leap into prominence, there are comparatively few people who realize the important position occupied by St. Edmundsbury during the Middle Ages; nor are they aware of its great antiquity, for Beodricsworth possessed an abbey very soon after the introduction of Christianity into England.

The present town stands upon an easy ascent on the western bank of the river Lark, in Suffolk. "It has," to quote the quaint words of an old writer, "a most beautiful enclosed country on the south and southwest, and on the north and northwest the most delicious champaign fields, extending themselves to Lynn," in the neighboring county of Norfolk; whilst on the east the country is partly open and partly wooded, thus meriting the praise bestowed upon it by Leland, who says that "the sun shines not upon a town more agreeable in its situation."

Long years ago—centuries even before the erection of that magnificent monastic church which was built to enshrine the body of a martyr king, and which in time became so famous—another far humbler abbey was first built here by Sigebert, King of the East Angles, who, on its completion, about the year A. D. 638, retired thither, "and secluded himself from all temporal affairs." This fact is particularly interesting, because it proves how very soon after the religion of Christ was preached in this land, men of power and position, as well as their humbler subjects, withdrew from the world to end their days in penance

and in prayer, and, amongst those who had dedicated their whole lives to God, endeavored to learn such lessons of humility, self-effacement, and true Christian brotherhood, as would fit them to wear a heavenly crown.

In A. D. 855, Offa, King of East Anglia, resigned his throne in favor of Edmund, the young and noble son of a royal Saxon house. This Edmund was the child of Alkmund and Siware, his queen; and it was from him that the town of Bury derived its subsequent name and fame. How, "with twenty of his own knights, and the same number of his kinsman's [Offa's] nobles," he departed from his own country, and set sail for his new dominions; how he was crowned and anointed King of East Anglia by Humbert, Bishop of Hulm, on Christmas Day, A. D. 856, "having then completed the fifteenth year of his age"; how he ruled wisely and well, winning by his humility, gentleness, prudence, and just government, the hearts of his subjects, are facts of history almost too familiar to need repetition here. Nevertheless, they require recalling to mind, in order that we may better appreciate the character of one who, in the very flower of his manhood, gladly suffered martyrdom at the hands of the Danes rather than deny the Christian Faith.

The true inward piety of this Edmund, and his care for his immortal soul, is plainly shown by the following circumstance. Not long after he ascended the throne, fearing that the distractions, duties, and pleasures of his exalted position would engross his thoughts to the exclusion of higher things, he betook himself to the ancient city of Attleborough, in Norfolk, and there spent a whole year in solitude.

Fifteen happy, peaceful years passed away under Edmund's judicious and large-hearted rule; then, in the twenty-ninth year of his age, A. D. 870, East Anglia was ravaged by hordes of barbarous Danes, who encountered the King's

forces in such overwhelming numbers that, though he at first succeeded in routing a part of the invading hosts, he was eventually compelled to retreat to a wood near Eglesdene, now called Hoxne, in Suffolk. There his enemies offered terms which he felt to be inconsistent with his duty either to God or man, disastrous alike to his country and to the cause of religion. He was subjected, therefore, to every conceivable kind of torture,—“beaten with cudgels, torn with scourges, bound to a tree and shot at with arrows, until, while still living, he was transpierced in every part.” All this he bore with amazing patience and fortitude, calling upon the sweet name of his Divine Redeemer, the King of kings, for whose sake he was so soon to exchange his earthly coronet for a heavenly crown.

At length the Danes, weary of their own cruelty, struck off his head, and flung that and his body into the thickest part of the wood of Eglesdene, where, after the departure of the enemy, they were ultimately discovered by his sorrowful subjects, and buried in an obscure wooden chapel at Eglesdene,—a chapel which some say was built on the very spot where he was slain. Another historian asserts that “this chapel was in process of time converted into a cell, or priory of Benedictine monks” from Norwich. It was inhabited by a prior and seven or eight religious, and was called “the cell and chapel of the Blessed St. Edmund, King and Martyr.”

Time rolled on. For three and thirty years the sacred remains of East Anglia's martyred King rested in this humble sanctuary; then they were removed with all reverence to Beodricsworth, where a fine church had been built to receive them. Thus it was that Beodricsworth became St. Edmundsbury, and in later years a place of pilgrimage scarcely less noted than Walsingham, Canterbury, or any other of England's famous shrines.

From an account of St. Edmundsbury we learn that Athelstan built a monastery

there; but this must have been considerably later, seeing that St. Edmund's body was removed to Beodricsworth about 903, and Athelstan did not begin to reign before 925. It is not surprising to find that, owing to a great and continually increasing devotion to the Martyr King, Bury began to rise rapidly in importance. The revenue of the monastery was considerably augmented; and the old wooden church, or at best a church covered with wood, was deemed an inadequate shrine for the sainted remains. The Benedictines, therefore, who had care of the body, bestirred themselves to procure a more suitable edifice. Accordingly, in the fourth year of King Canute, the foundation of the abbey church was laid by him,—“the expense of this fabric being raised,” says one old historian whose work I have consulted, “by contributions derived from the annual payment of the sum of fourpence on every ploughed land in Norfolk and Suffolk.”

We can picture how willingly the pious landowners and farmers of East Anglia gave this offering in honor of their well-beloved saint, and how eagerly they hastened to be present at the consecration of the noble building which their generosity had provided. This imposing ceremony was performed twelve years later—i. e., on St. Luke's Day, A. D. 1032,—by Æglenoth, Archbishop of Canterbury; and the church was dedicated to “Christ, St. Mary, and St. Edmund, King and Martyr”; thus proving that however popular devotion to the saint had become, the name of our Immaculate Mother must needs also be associated with that of her Divine Son in giving a title to this magnificent abbey, wherein he was specially to be remembered; for, from the day of its opening to the dark hour of its destruction, St. Edmund's splendid church was remarkable for its images, altars, and chapels dedicated to the Virgin Mother.

Uvius, Prior of Hulm, was made the first abbot, A. D. 1020; and in the

following year the abbey was exempted from all episcopal jurisdiction by the Council of Winchester. Henceforward it was under the direct control of the Holy See, forming as it were a little Papal State in the midst of far-off East Anglia. The Abbot Uvius appears to have been a man of energy and enterprise. He it was who first encompassed the abbey and a part if not the whole, of the town with a wall and a ditch, some ruins of which may still be seen. Thenceforward the grandeur of the abbey increased year by year; for, as a noted non-Catholic writer has truly said: “Edmund was seen and felt by all men to have done verily a man's part in this life pilgrimage of his; and benedictions and outflowing love and admiration from the universal heart were his meed.”

The saint's shrine, perpetually illuminated, glows ruddily through the night, and through the night of centuries withal. Looking back, we strain our eyes in the endeavor to pierce the gloom of ages, and straightway a picture from the past starts forth from amongst the shadows. Once more the musical voices of innumerable bells echo not alone from the noble abbey towers, but from the many church steeples of the town, where we find processions, preachings, festivals, Christmas plays, mysteries, and fairs taking place in due course. We find also manufactures; we see *fullones* (fullers), cloth-makers, looms, dye vats, and spinners of yarn. We see parliaments held; in truth, one was held here by King Edward I., A. D. 1298; and another by King Henry VI. in 1447, when Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, was murdered—some say by the hand of Pole, then Duke of Suffolk. We see mints; Edward I. and Edward II. both had mints in Bury; and some of their pennies, coined here, are still extant; whilst Stow tells us that there was another mint here in King John's reign.

There were, too, the abbots, mitred peers of the realm, holding high authority, invested with singular rights and privileges. There were hospitals and religious

houses at every gate of the town,—those magnificent gateways the very ruins of which speak to us of a builder's art forever dead. There was a Hospital of St. Peter "without the Risby gate," for the maintenance of sick and infirm priests; a Hospice of St. Nicholas without the East gate; of St. John within, and St. Petronilla without, the South gate; the ruins of them were traceable up to a comparatively recent date. But the most famous hospice of all was that of St. Saviour's without the North gate. There was also a college of priests, to which was attached a "guild in honour of the most sweet and holy Name of Jesus"; and a House of Franciscans, or Grey Friars, at Barwell, or the Tollgate, without the North gate.

Of the innumerable chapels, oratories, churches, and religious houses which in former years added so greatly to the beauty and importance of the town, two stately churches alone remain. These, strange to say, both stand in the same churchyard, and are dedicated, respectively, to St. Mary (Our Lady) and St. James. The roof of the former is truly magnificent; and its sanctuary must have looked sufficiently imposing during the Ages of Faith, when clouds of fragrant incense rose in the air, and the Adorable Sacrifice of the Mass was offered with all the solemn ceremonial we know so well. There is a fine ascent of six steps to the altar, on the north side of which is the tomb of Mary, Queen of France, daughter of Henry VII., and afterward married to Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk.

The other church, dedicated to St. James, is famous for its remarkable steeple, which antiquarians believe to have been built considerably earlier than the reign of Henry III. The splendid abbey gate, which led to the private court of the abbot, is generally supposed to date from the time of Richard II., authorities asserting that it was erected during his reign. It is a masterpiece of Gothic architecture, and still remains,—a perpetual memorial

of the skill, faith, and piety of those ages which have been miscalled "Dark."

The overflowing heart feels it a blessedness to solace itself by giving; and thus it came to pass that, through the gratitude and generosity of different donors, St. Edmund's shrine began to gleam with diamonds and all kinds of precious stones, whilst "a plating of wrought gold" covered it; "stately masonries, long-drawn arches, cloisters, and sounding aisles begirdled it far and wide." Here generation after generation of holy men devoted themselves to God's service,—men whom doubt, or even the shadow of doubt, had never touched. For them religion was not, as it is for too many in these days, "a diseased self-introspection," and agonizing inquiry; their duties were clear to them; the way of supreme good plain, indisputable, and they were travelling on it. Religion lay over them like an all-embracing, heavenly canopy, like an atmosphere and life element, which was not spoken of, yet was in all things presupposed without speech.

Amongst these Benedictine monks, one stands forth with singular prominence,—a learned man, of devout, grave nature, who was "passionately fond of books," who had studied in Paris, and taught in the "town schools" of St. Edmundsbury; "a thoughtful, firm-standing man, much loved by some, not loved by all; his clear eyes flashing into you in an almost inconvenient way." This was the good Abbot Samson, who, before he became head of the monastery, had been a keeper of St. Edmund's shrine conjointly with "our monk Warnius."

It was during Abbot Samson's term of office that certain Lords of the Treasury, desiring to raise a sum sufficient for the ransom of King Richard Cœur de Lion, then a captive in Germany, suggested that St. Edmund's shrine, "covered with thick gold," was still untouched. Could it not, in this case of dire necessity, be peeled off, at least in part, with the proviso, of course, that it should be replaced when

times mended? Whereupon the Abbot, starting to his feet, exclaimed: "Know ye for certain that I will in nowise do this thing, nor is there any man who could force me to consent thereto. But I will open the doors of the church; let him that likes enter; let him that *dares* come forward!" These words, so emphatic and so indignant, caused quite a sensation amongst his hearers, who one and all drew back, crying: "The distant and absent who offended him, St. Edmund has been known to punish severely; much more will he those close by, who lay violent hands on his coat and would strip it off." These things being said, the shrine was not meddled with, nor any ransom levied for it. ("Jocelini Chronica," p. 71.)

Abbot Samson was a wise and just ruler, humble withal, and no seeker after place and power. He had a rooted objection to talebearers, and an overwhelming horror of debt. "My heart is tortured," said he, "till we get out of debt"; and he labored so strenuously to reduce needless expenditure that in less than four years the monastery debts were all liquidated. Despite, however, his hatred of extravagance, he was indefatigable in making improvements, building numerous pious edifices, such as churches and church steeples, and numerous useful ones also,—dwelling houses, barns, etc. He erected and endowed "the Hospital of Babwell," built fit houses for the St. Edmundsbury schools, and many are the roofs, "once thatched with reeds," which he "caused to be covered with tiles," or lead. He rebuilt, moreover, the high altar, which had been damaged by fire, replacing it by one of polished marble, wrought with all the skill that art could give and money procure. Need we add that he re-embellished the sacred shrine of the martyr, also lavishing upon it all that was costliest and best, keeping for its adornment the rich gifts offered by charitable burghers of St. Edmundsbury and other generous benefactors?

Amongst the altars in St. Edmundsbury

Abbey may be mentioned one "to the north of the choir,"—a favorite position, it would seem, for both Lady altars and Lady chapels, if we may judge from our old parish and cathedral churches. The reason of this arose from the general belief that our Divine Saviour was crucified with His face to the west and His back to Jerusalem, and that Our Lady stood at His right hand, and consequently on the north side. Hence we find a great number of the north doors, both in cathedrals and churches, dedicated to the Virgin Mother, besides the fact, just mentioned, of her chapels and altars being placed on the north side; though, as we have already seen, the east, and behind the high altar, was also often chosen, as we find in St. Edmund's Abbey itself; for there, too, in medieval times, was a Lady chapel and altar behind the high altar, and again "the crypt of Our Lady under the shrine of St. Edmund."

The "altar of St. Mary," in the beautiful church dedicated to her, had chimes; and her image stood in a "housyng," or tabernacle, above it. The reredos, too, was evidently ornate, and "painted with the story of the *Magnificat*." An image of Our Lady of Pity also stood in the south aisle; and there was a third image called Our Lady at the Pillar, as we find from the will of a pious St. Edmundsbury citizen, who says: "I will that the image of Oure Ladye that Robert Pygot painted be set up ageyne [against] the peler [pillar] near St. Mary's altar." This good man also bequeaths "a candlestick of latyn" and "a taper"; he mentions, besides, "chimes to be sette about Our Ladye at the peler."

But, alas! these evidences of faith and piety have long since been swept away; even of the glorious Abbey itself, nothing now remains save a black mutilated ruin; whilst amid the meadow lands surrounding it, where of old cowed Benedictines walked, we see oxen and sheep grazing, and prim botanic gardens taking the place of the sunny green monastic closes.

Exiled from Erin.

XII.—A BACKSET.

BEAUCHEMIN was moving uneasily about the room when Tim returned.

"I'm afraid the girl has a temper," he said; "she is not so meek a lamb as you made me to expect."

"Expect nothing," answered Malone, grimly. "'Twas your own fault, every bit of it. You should have gone easy, called two or three times before hinting at anything, and maybe took us out for a drive by way of showing her the city. Then you could have pointed out your buildings, your property. A few little attentions like that, a few plates of ice-cream, would have done the business all right."

"Why didn't you tell me that at first?" asked the old man, shamefacedly.

"How could a person know you'd burst out like that?" replied Malone. "Now you'll have to begin all over again."

"Will it do any good?"

"Certainly it will. She's a child,—nothing but a child. She's never been away from her mother's apron string till now. I'm sorry to say, Tidy, that you've given yourself a backset by several days."

"Several days? I don't mind that. I'm not in such good spirits about it as you are. She seemed to dislike me."

"Well, she thought you had been drinking."

"Yes, at first. But I told her I had not been drinking."

"Well—well—you didn't take the right way with her."

"Maybe not. What to do now about it, Tim?"

"I'll speak to her. She's fond of her people; came to America because she hoped to better their condition in some way. She'd do anything—barring a wrong thing—to help them. I'll talk to her."

"Ah, yes!" said Tidy, resuming his seat in the rocking-chair. "I see. But I told

you plainly, Tim, I would not support her family."

"Who's asking it, Tidy? Not I. The mother is an independent woman,—very; the boys no doubt are the same; you've seen enough of the girl to judge what *she* is. They're people that wouldn't take anything from you in charity. But it would be no more than right to promise her that you'd find good places for the brothers, and above all to have her understand that you'd leave her well off if you died. I can tell her all that and be telling no lie, can't I?"

"Yes, yes! That's reasonable. But I'm not so confident."

"Trust me, Tidy. I'll bring her round. I'll tell her a long tale of your goodness and kindness and—your riches. All of which will be true, eh?"

"Very well," answered Bushman. "I thought I heard her crying loud when you went in."

"And so she was. Must I tell you again that you frightened her?"

The Frenchman glanced at his host.

"I don't know but what her conduct is a very good feature, looking at it one way," he said. "It shows her to be a childish, simple girl, not after money."

"This is the time you're talking sensible," said Malone. "Be patient, Tidy, and I'll fix things for you. Go home now, and don't come back—that is as a visitor—till I send for you."

"All right," rejoined Bushman, moving toward the door. "But I tell you what it is, Tim," he added. "If she can't be brought round, I'll give up the marriage proposition for good."

"And so you may," said Malone. "But you won't have to; I'll persuade her all right, Tidy. Trust me. Don't lose any sleep over it."

"I won't," answered his landlord. "I'm not that bothered about the thing."

"That's good, Tidy,—that's good! And if I were you I wouldn't put on that rig when I was coming again. 'Tis ten sizes too large for you."

"I thought a man was expected to dress up when he went courting," said Tidy, with an idiotic chuckle.

"Not like an undertaker or a half-starved parson," replied Malone. "Wear your grey suit next time."

"I'm afraid I look too old in that," said Bushman. "It makes my hair and skin and clothes the same color."

"You'd have been a regular masher, I believe, Bushman, if you'd had the heart to spend the money. Get yourself a new suit, then."

"I haven't had a new one—that is to say a really new one—for years, Tim," replied the Frenchman. "They cost, Tim,—they cost."

"Sell the one you have on to the second-hand man, along with a pile of old duds you have in your rooms. What you'll get for them will put you far on the way toward paying for a new one."

Bushman laughed, but did not promise. He shuffled after Tim into the barroom, where a few loafers were sitting and standing, had a glass of beer, and went his way. Malone, his humor not pleasant, drank two or three glasses himself, and, dismissing his attendant, closed up the shop. If he had found Ellie in the kitchen, it would have gone hard with her. But it was dark and silent, and he went moodily to his room.

Ellie had eaten her breakfast next morning and stolen over to the church before he appeared.

"Where is that one?" he inquired gruffly of Jule, who was frying some bacon and eggs for his morning meal.

"I don't know where she is," was the reply, given in as curt a tone as his own. Jule had received her wages; she was feeling independent.

"Is she in her bed?"

"In her bed? At this hour? 'Tis nine o'clock. She left this with her hat on. Maybe she's gone for a walk."

"She's doing the fine lady act very soon. She can't do it here, unless she's more biddable than I found her last night.

She'll have to work hard, hard, till she comes to her senses."

"What senses? What did you do to her to have her crying all night?"

"Nothing but advise her for her good, and she'll soon find that out."

"I don't blame her for not wanting to marry Tidy Bushman, if that's what you mean."

"That's what I mean, and don't you be encouraging her in her stubbornness. I'll make short work of you if you do."

"Short as you please!" said Jule. "I'm under no compliment to you, Malone. What I said was that maybe I wouldn't *discourage* her, but I never promised to help you with your unholy plans."

"Unholy plans?" laughed Tim, putting the contents of the dish on his plate. "That sounds becoming from *your* mouth, Jule. Pour me a cup of coffee."

The door opened at this juncture and Ellie appeared.

"Morning!" said Malone shortly.

"Good-morning, uncle!" answered the girl, coldly. She removed her hat and took a chair near the door.

Malone finished his breakfast without making any other remarks. When he had done, he pushed his chair back, wiped his mustache, and, turning to the girl, said:

"A word with you, Ellie, if you please."

"Yes, uncle."

"I hope you're in a better frame of mind than you were last night. I hope you've considered the fine proposition that was made you."

"I spent the night crying. I was lonely and heart-sick. I wanted my mother."

"The sooner you do something for her welfare, the sooner you'll see her."

"Not what you want, Uncle Tim. She wouldn't have me do it."

"She's a fool, then, like yourself."

"Don't say that! I can't hear it."

"You'll have to hear more than that, if you don't change your ways."

"A fine method *you* have of persuading her!" observed Jule sarcastically from her corner. "A fine method *entirely*!"

"Your opinion is not asked," answered Malone, savagely. "Speak when you're spoken to, old woman."

Jule mumbled something under her breath, and Ellie remarked:

"I'm not for much arguing, Uncle Tim; so it's best, once and for all, that we talk of that thing no more. It's over."

"It isn't over by any means," said Malone. "I propose to thresh it out here and now."

"There's nothing to be said," rejoined Ellie, gently. "Sooner than marry that man" (she shuddered) "I can hardly say the word,—I'd beg my bread from door to door. And sooner than have me do it, so would my poor mother, side by side with me. And the boys,—O Uncle Tim, you don't know us at all, at all!"

"I know you too well,—the whole seed and breed of you!" cried Malone, angrily. "You're as stubborn as mules—to your own destruction."

"There's no reason to get angry," replied Ellie, with a calmness that exasperated Malone, for it seemed to portend defeat. He was no diplomat: his temper was too ugly for that.

"I'll give you the day to consider it," he said,—*"I'll give you the day."*

"Not the day, not the hour," answered the girl, rising. "Uncle Tim, it's as well first as last. I'll leave this, and go out to service. I'm not needed here, and I couldn't live long in this awful place. My box is packed,—I haven't opened it. I'll go, Uncle Tim,—I'll go."

"You will?" cried Malone, growing very red in the face. "You will not, then,—not till you've paid me what you owe me."

"What I owe you?" exclaimed Ellie, in surprise.

"Yes, what you owe me; and that's twenty good pounds, my girl. Didn't I fit you out and pay your passage over? Do you suppose I'm throwing my hard-earned money away by the handful like that on an ungrateful hussy, that braves me and scorns me in my own house the minute she lands from the bogs? Aha!

you're mistaken! Oh, no, no, my lass! Go slow,—go slow!"

"I'll not be beholden to you, Uncle Tim," answered Ellie, very near to weeping. "I'll pay you back every cent I owe you, as I earn it," she went on, still calmly. "I'll get myself out of your debt, every penny, before I send home a pound. Don't fear about that, uncle."

"You will get yourself out of my debt before you send home a ha'penny, and you'll do it right here on these premises," said Malone. "How do I know I'd ever see a cent of my money, or a sight of your face, after you left this? You'll pay it here; and, moreover, if you leave this house until you've paid it, I'll have you arrested—for stealing."

"Malone!" exclaimed Jule. "You know you're saying—"

"Silence!" said her employer, advancing with threatening finger; for he divined what she was going to say: that he could not have the girl prosecuted for an offence then and there invented. He had no intention of doing so: his aim was to frighten Ellie. The threat had its effect: she was greatly alarmed.

"Uncle, uncle!" she cried, "what do you mean? Tell me what you mean? How could you put me in jail for some thing I never did? And how can I earn money here? I'd be only too glad to do it, if you'd tell me how."

"You'll stay right in this house and wait on *me* till you've earned the price of your passage. That will take at least twelve months. When the time is gone by, I'll engage you'll be ready to marry Tidy Bushman, if he wants you by that time, which I greatly doubt. Make your choice now—this minute. Say 'Yes' to what he asked you last night, and there'll be no more trouble. I'll fix you out fine for marrying. I wouldn't have Tidy Bushman saying I sent you to him without clothes on your back. You'll have an easy living, and your people will get a lift. Don't be selfish, Ellie. Think of them beyond, that you came over to help.

Don't stand in your own light that way. You're too pretty-looking a young girl to be working hard; and you don't know what snares and temptations are lying in wait for innocent *colleens* like yourself. You can't even imagine them. Come now, be sensible, Ellie,—be sensible."

His voice had gradually changed from an angry tone to one that was almost caressing,—one to which Ellie could hardly endure to listen. Jule, with arms akimbo, was watching her intently.

"Tis of no use, Uncle Tim," said the girl, in a voice broken not from fear but sorrow. "Not if you coaxed and persuaded me till the judgment day would I think for a single instant of that old, ugly, horrible man. If it so be that I can't leave this till I pay what I owe, I'm willing to begin this very day, this very hour. Tell me what I am to do, Uncle Tim, and, God helping me, I'll serve you as well as I can, as long as I must."

Malone turned to Jule.

"Woman," he said, "pack up your duds and go! I'll stand here till you do it; I'll see you to the door; I'll speed you well on your journey; and if I ever see your face again within ten blocks of the house I'll have *you* arrested, and you know for what. *And you know I can do it.*"

The assurance of his words made it evident to Ellie that he had some hidden power over the old woman; her manner convinced the girl that Jule feared him. Silently Jule turned to the bedroom, from which she soon emerged with a black bonnet on her head and a small bag in her hand.

"Good-bye!" said Ellie, as she passed her. "Good-bye, Jule, and God bless you!"

"The same to you," replied Jule meekly, as she crossed the threshold of the door, which Malone held open. He closed it behind them, and Ellie was alone. Her uncle was not long absent. When he returned he said:

"Take off them fine duds and put on some working clothes. Unpack your box and settle your things in yonder room.

I'm thinking you'll be some time occupying it. Get a move on you now."

"Yes, uncle," answered Ellie, almost tottering as she left his presence.

Jule was gone; Malone had nothing to fear from the encouragement and information she would undoubtedly have given his niece had she remained. He began to breathe hopefully. He would hold a high hand over the girl; he would keep her at work; he would never allow her to leave the house until she came to her senses. Hardships, harsh treatment and close confinement, he reasoned, were sure to accomplish the end he desired. Lighting a cigar, he strolled leisurely up the street, wondering as he walked what plausible, encouraging story he could invent for Bushman.

(To be continued.)

The Daffodils of March.

BY E. BECK.

THE skylark tries a higher note
And soars on outspread wings,
And from the throstle's swelling throat
A joyous chanson rings;
The blackbird's merry shakes and trills
Stir tassels on the larch,—
They see by rills and woods and hills
The daffodils of March.

So loud they sing, the primrose pale
Looks up but half awake,
And violets in wood and dale
Stir 'neath the thorn and brake.
And while the birds sing high and gay
In air and forest arch,
They dance all day, from dawn to gray,
The daffodils of March.

In silken robes of yellow gold,
In saffron draperies,
Erect they are and brave and bold,
Confronting every breeze;
Till daisies on the new-grassed lea
That summer noons shall parch
Rise up in glee, again to see
The daffodils of March.

Dangers of the Day.

BY THE RT. REV. MONSIEUR JOHN VAUGHAN.

VII.—INTEMPERANCE.—(Continued.)

IT is a most extraordinary and melancholy fact, but nevertheless a most certain one, that under the influence of liquor man becomes an utterly changed being. It is just as though his own soul had temporarily deserted him, and that some foul, passionate, and reckless fiend had entered into his body and usurped its place, and were ruling and directing all his thoughts, words, and actions. No one can fail to note the contrast between the two states. Every good quality, every admirable characteristic, every virtuous impulse seems to have suddenly abandoned him; while the most unnatural and the most unwonted vices and passions seem to have all at once taken their place.

Again and again have we observed this lamentable transformation of the man into the beast, and the sight has filled us with almost as much amazement as distress. We felt as though we were contemplating the irresponsible vagaries of a maniac, not the actions of a reasonable being; the senseless extravagances of a demon, not the doings of a child of the Church. The whole character appeared turned inside out. Every engine of the soul seemed reversed, and every power misdirected. "*Nil fuit unquam sic impar sibi*," as Horace would say. The loving husband and gentle, doting father is converted into a brute and a monster. His very love is turned to hate. He violently attacks her whom he has sworn before God's altar to cherish and protect. He insults her with foul language, and wounds her with cruel and injurious words. Perhaps he raises his hand and, with a muttered curse, fells her to the ground. His little children, who cluster around him and clamber over his knees when he is sober, are now scared, and,

fearing to approach him, fly away to escape ill treatment and blows. He upsets the whole house, flings the furniture about, breaks all that he can lay his hands upon; and wherever he goes creates dread, sorrow, and confusion.

When the effect of the alcohol is spent, he begins to realize the evil he has done. His heart breaks to see the marks of his closed fist upon the face of the wife he loves so well, and to witness the horror and consternation depicted on the puzzled countenances of his trembling little ones. He feels sick at heart; he resolves never so far to forget himself again; he vows never more to break and destroy and lay waste. His vows to Heaven are perhaps quite sincere; he really means what he says,—at least *while he says it*. But, alas! habit has weakened him. When the occasion again arises, and the means of gratifying his unnatural thirst are at hand, the chances are that his good resolutions are forgotten, and he falls again an easy prey to the cravings of his evil passion, which, growing stronger and more unruly with every indulgence, at length drags him down to a lower and lower level, reducing him finally to a permanent state of irreclaimable shame and degradation.

Habit is a tremendous force, whether for good or for evil. It has rightly been called "a second nature," easily formed, and with difficulty broken. One who knowingly contracts an evil habit, deliberately yields himself up into the arms of a giant, and can scarcely free himself from his grasp. He becomes the slave and bondsman of passion, and forges for himself iron chains that (except by a miracle of grace) will never break asunder, but will hold him fast in the fires of hell forever. "A brain trained to respond to the calls of duty soon does so with ease and elasticity, just as the muscles of the blacksmith's arm or the ballet dancer's leg acquire strength and vigor by exercise; while, on the other hand, self-control is an effort to the soft and flabby brain which

has been weakened by self-indulgence." * Surely these last words apply to the victim of drink more than to any other.

It is hard enough, even under the most favorable circumstances, to walk along the narrow way of God's commandments, and to contend successfully with the many enemies who are ever plotting our downfall; but we render it immeasurably more difficult when we go out of our way to raise up other adversaries of quite exceptional vehemence and ferocity. Even the most temperate of men will have his battles to fight and his spurs to win; but his task is light compared to that of the intemperate man, whose reprehensible conduct has been, on the one hand, strengthening and increasing his enemies, and, on the other hand, rendering himself less and less capable of offering them any effective resistance.

It must be borne in mind that drink develops and brings out into greater prominence the lowest and purely animal instincts. It excites lustful desires; it stirs up the fires of concupiscence; it fills us with a hundred evil inclinations; it renders us testy and litigious, quick to pick a quarrel, and ready on the slenderest pretext, or upon no pretext whatever, to fight and contend and wrangle. How large a proportion of murders are committed through drink!

Even the best of men, under the influence of liquor, fling prudence to the winds, sacrifice what is dearest and best to indulge the whim of a moment; and are as utterly devoid of even the first elements of modesty and shame as the untamed beast of the primeval forest. In many respects, they sink not only to the level of the irrational animals, but far below them; since drink often incites a man to cruelty toward his own species, and murder and incest, and other crimes and abominations, of which the wildest denizens of the forest are wholly incapable. Drink does yet more: it saps his moral strength, and so enfeebles his will that

he falls an easy prey to every gust of temptation. If long continued, it not unfrequently brings about such perturbation of mind and such a dulling of the faculties that he scarcely realizes his state, or notices the imminent risk he is running of losing his soul.

At last the drunkard comes to fear neither God nor devil, defies hell and all its horrors, and, without any real consciousness of his impending fate, will stand with one foot over the dreadful abyss, ready at any moment to topple over should any accident sever the brittle cord of life. In other words, hardness of heart and spiritual blindness often take possession of the sinner who has so frequently and so deliberately closed his ears to repeated warnings, and who has so persistently shut his eyes to the light, until finally, to use the expression of Holy Writ, "God delivers him up to a reprobate sense." Such as these, more than others, seem to illustrate one of the most awful texts of the Gospel,—namely, "He hath blinded their eyes and hardened their hearts, that they should not see with their eyes nor understand with their hearts, and be converted." *

And now I wish to point out one altogether special consequence which often overtakes the habitual drunkard, and which is eminently deserving of our most serious consideration; for, whilst it is most appalling in itself, it seems to be quite peculiar to this special form of vice. It is that the drunkard not only sins, but by his sin often renders it impossible that he should obtain forgiveness; that is to say, he frequently places himself in a position in which neither priest nor absolution nor sacraments can render him the slightest service. He may truly be said, on these occasions, to render salvation itself a practical impossibility.

To realize the gravity as well as the reality of this danger, we must begin by calling to mind the infinite mercy and boundless compassion of God, and His

* "Modern Science," by S. Laing. p. 316.

* St. John, xii, 40.

eager desire that all should be saved. This desire is so strong and so sincere that He declares Himself ready to pardon even the deadliest offence and the blackest crime, provided only that we turn to Him even at the very last moment, and elicit an act of true contrition. Thus, a highway robber may be struck down at the very moment of thieving. His intended victim, in self-defence, may send a bullet through his heart. Yet if the robber find time enough, before expiring, to call upon God for mercy and to make an act of perfect contrition, that act will save him, and his prayer will not be refused. Yea, even though he be guilty not only of robbery but also of the foulest murder, and though his hands be still red with the blood of his victim, he may, even then, hope for forgiveness. For if only he repent of his crime, and be heartily and sincerely sorry, God will not close the door of His mercy upon him, but will wash away the foulest stain from his soul. "If your sins be as scarlet, they shall be made white as snow; and if they be red as crimson, they shall be white as wool."* For Christ "came not to call the just but sinners to penance."†

But—and this is the all-important point—before such mercy can be exercised, certain conditions are absolutely essential. All forgiveness is made dependent upon repentance. It is imperative that the sinner should be capable of eliciting, *and should actually elicit*, an act of genuine and conscious sorrow.

Now comes the question: Is it possible for any man to fulfil such a condition while laboring under the influence of drink? How can one whose brain is muddled, and whose reason is clouded, and whose faculties refuse to serve him, so collect himself and so view the whole situation at that supreme moment as to be able to weigh the gravity of his offence and the peril that is menacing him, and the goodness and mercy of the God he has

outraged? How can he realize his predicament sufficiently to enable him to break forth in humble prayer, and to utter conscious words of profound and heart-broken contrition? It is a physical impossibility. He can no more do this than a madman can work out a mathematical problem or decide an intricate point of law. His mind is in confusion; he is not in a condition to exercise any of its powers; he is, for the time being, as one bereft of reason, as one already dead.

No! Should death overtake him in this plight, his state is a desperate, a hopeless one, and nothing can rescue him from the bottomless pit. Should he fall in a drunken brawl, or be run over in the street, or be smashed up in a railway accident, or perish in any one of the countless other ways in which such men are wont to be hurried out of life, he can not save himself from hell by an act of contrition, for the obvious reason that he is hopelessly incapable of making one. In such cases—and they are exceedingly common—he must inevitably wake up from his drunken orgies amid the quenchless flames and Stygian darkness and the eternal desolation and agony prepared for the devil and his angels. O terror beyond all terrors! O horror surpassing all horrors! Yet this is the end to which drink naturally tends.

And who is to blame for such a consummation? Who alone is responsible? It is no other than the sinner himself. For, dispute it as we may, it is he who has bound fast the patient hands of God's infinite mercy so that He is unable to help; it is he who has wantonly placed himself beyond the reach of God's healing grace; it is he who has deliberately deprived himself of the power of uttering a cry for mercy in his extreme need; and without at least one strong, piercing cry for pity and forgiveness, he can obtain no redress, but must resign himself to his fate,—a fate too horrible to describe, too appalling even to imagine or conceive. For "which of you can dwell with devour-

* Isa., i, 18.

† St. Luke, v, 32.

ing fire? Which of you shall dwell with everlasting burnings?" *

This is no imaginary case, nor is it possible to regard it even as a rare and unusual occurrence. Indeed, it is a notorious fact that the drunkard exposes himself, *as no other*, to every kind of fatal accident and to every form of violent death. Innumerable are the instances in which the unfortunate victims of intemperance are hurried into eternity. Who, then, in his senses, will give himself up to a vice fraught with such exceptionally awful consequences? Who will expose himself to so terrible and ghastly a fate?

Yet even when death comes without violence, and when there is time to call in a priest, how often it happens that the wretched man is 'unable to avail himself of his administrations! Where a man is suffering from delirium tremens, and lies at the point of death, while still under the effects of alcoholic poisoning, the minister of God may indeed stand by his side, but he can do nothing. He may whisper into the ears of the dying; he may exhort him to make his peace with God; but it is like addressing words of exhortation and consolation to a corpse. He may pronounce the sacred formula of absolution over the prostrate form; he may anoint his trembling limbs with the holy oil; but all to no purpose. Unless the sinner can rouse himself from his stupor and put himself in the proper dispositions to receive the benefit of the sacraments, they will be administered to him in vain. And he, who would not obey the voice of God calling him to a life of sobriety in this world, will have to obey the summons to judgment, unrecornciled and unhealed, and to listen to the "Depart from Me, ye cursed!" issuing from the lips of the Sovereign Judge.

What man living, and realizing all this, can rest unmoved at the thought of the fearful prevalence of intemperance! Who is there that will allow this habit to deepen

and strengthen unchecked! A taste for strong drinks and ardent spirits is not a natural taste but an acquired one. The craving is weak at first; it increases by slow degrees; and, if taken in time, may easily be mastered, with a little resolution. *Nemo repente fuit turpissimus*. If the incipient drunkard would but look ahead, and reflect on the consequences of the habit, before it becomes inveterate, he might easily check its progress or arrest it altogether. Indeed, it is far more from inadvertence and want of consideration than from any uncontrollable attraction that so many thousands of men and women enter so lightly upon this road to eternal ruin.

This undoubtedly constitutes one of the great dangers of the day; and a danger it remains, in spite of the many excellent attempts to combat it. Would that it were within our power to sound a trumpet blast of warning that should resound throughout the world, and arouse men to reflect before it is too late! We priests must do at least what we can, or the blame will rest, in part at least, upon our own shoulders, according to the words of Holy Writ: "If, when I say to the wicked, Thou shalt surely die, thou declare it not to him nor speak to him, that he may be converted from his wicked way and live; the same wicked man shall die in his iniquity, *but I will require his blood at thy hand*. But if thou give warning to the wicked, and he be not converted from his wickedness and from his evil way, he indeed shall die in his iniquity, *but thou hast delivered thy soul*." *

* Ezek., iii, 18, 19.

IN the very depths of yourself dig a grave. Let it be like some forgotten spot to which no paths lead; and there, in the eternal silence, bury the wrongs that you have suffered. Your heart will feel as if a weight had fallen from it, and a divine peace will come to abide with you.

—Charles Wagner.

* Isa., xxxiii, 14.

Strangely Won.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

AFTER a separation dating from our boyhood, I met Joseph McKnight in Birmingham, and we considered it a happy accident. Six weeks later we again as unexpectedly encountered each other in New Orleans, and were moved to regard it as a rather unusual coincidence. When we met yet again, at the end of a month, in Mexico City, he declared it was a design of Providence, and insisted that I should be his guest while we remained in that charming place.

As we were stalking to his hotel, causing the easy-moving natives no end of wonder by our American haste, we passed a church. On its lowest step, prevented probably from entering the sacred edifice by the feebleness of age, sat an old woman, devoutly saying her Rosary. We had left her behind us by a few paces, when McKnight stopped, and going back, dropped a handful of coins into her lap, and then speedily rejoined me before the surprised woman could frame the musical benediction of the grateful Mexican heart. I laughingly admonished him for his bestowal of unsolicited alms, remembering the depleted condition of my own purse because of the persuasiveness of the many mendicants I had encountered in my week's sojourn in that wonderful city. But he said, gravely:

"I never pass by an old woman sitting on the steps of a church with a pair of beads in her hand without making her a gift. If I have money, I give her that; if not, something else. Once I had only a locket containing a curl of my mother's hair. I took out the hair and gave the locket. Another time, when I was very poor, I had only a bunch of wild violets I had gathered on my morning walk. But I always give something."

"Why—if I may ask?" I said, scenting a story.

"I am glad you asked me," he rejoined, with that quiet sincerity of his. We had by this time reached the hotel; and, as it wanted an hour of dinner time, we withdrew to a secluded place, and my friend began the story my curiosity had won for me.

"After the death of my mother, which followed my father's in less than three years, my two brothers and I passed into the guardianship of an uncle. I was then eighteen years of age, and, half wild over the loss of my mother, I should have been gently dealt with for a time at least. My uncle possessed the stern goodness of the religious Presbyterian. To him my ungovernable sorrow was wilful opposition to the decrees of God, and I think I grew to hate him as thoroughly as I ever hated any one in my life. The natural effect of this was to see enmity in every action of his, and I came to consider myself one of the most persecuted creatures that lived.

"The result of an unfortunate speculation, which I doubt not caused my father's death, and was an instrument in my mother's, as she had been burdened with cares she was unable to cope with,—this result, I say, had left us children with means sufficient to educate us, and nothing more. Without consulting our wishes or inclinations, my uncle decided upon our careers, and began to educate us accordingly. I was taken from the college where I was pursuing a classical course, which was in keeping with my tastes, and entered at a law school. All my soul revolted at the work which was thrust upon me. The nature inherited from a line of Presbyterian forebears would forever make it impossible for me to defend a man whom I knew to be guilty, and I read failure for my future long before I had received my degree.

"I laid the matter before my uncle, and he twitted me with mental incapacity, and saw evidence of my early 'Jesuitical training' in my effort to place the cause of my desire to relinquish my studies on

the principles of the legal profession. Needless to say that was a whip. I locked the door upon my true self, and surprised my tutors and fellow-students during the remainder of the course by my assiduity. I stood first in my class, was admitted to the bar, and then I handed my diploma to my uncle. 'Here,' I said, with all the bravado and ignorance of youth, which can not make allowances for the bent of the minds of others,—'here is the proof that I am able to master the intricacies of the law. As further proof that I spoke the truth that day when I told you I could never be a lawyer, I now announce my intention of quitting your home and making my own career.'

"I did so that very day, and went to New York with one hundred dollars in my pocket. I have no intention to enter into the details of my efforts. Suffice it to say I finally got a position as reporter on a newspaper, and after five years was sent abroad as a special writer."

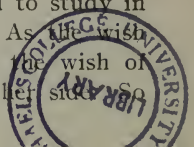
"Permit me to ask," I said interrupting him, "what your uncle now thinks of your opinion concerning your disposal of your life?"—for McKnight had even then an enviable place in the literary world.

"He still regards me as a fool," answered my friend, with a laugh. "I am now coming to my explanation of my almsgiving to old women saying the Rosary on church steps," he continued. "I had as my companion on that first trip across the Atlantic the president of the publishing company which owned the paper I was to represent abroad. On the steamer he met a party of friends, consisting of a man, his wife, son and daughter, and his wife's niece, who, it appeared, had long been regarded as a member of the family. The old gentleman—Brown was his name—had made a fortune in the Northwest, raising sheep or mining copper (I forget which); but while he was making it, unlike many others, he began to prepare for the position society would give him when he was rich enough to pay for it. So they must not be classed in

your mind with the average newly-rich American family.

"While still scarcely able to afford it, they had spent a part of each year travelling, either in their own country or in Europe; and to their son, daughter, and niece they had given every advantage. They were quiet, unostentatious and well-bred, and their culture would meet the demands of the most critical. The essence of life was distilled for me in that all too brief journey over the ocean. The companionship was what had been denied to me since the shadow of grim misfortune had fallen upon my happy childhood home. I revelled in it, I drank deeply of the sweet human pleasure it presented; and when after-days were dark and full of fears, I always thanked God for allowing me those untroubled hours among friends so congenial. I had supposed it would cease when we reached England, where my friend was to spend six weeks visiting relatives; but to my delight I found the Brown family intended also to cross immediately to the Continent; and at their invitation, seconded by my friend's kindly advice, who assured me he would make it all right with the editor, I allowed myself a two weeks' vacation, which was to be spent as the guest of my newly found acquaintances.

"I knew as soon as we touched European soil there would be a grand detour for Flanders; for the daughter confessed that all history, for her, centered around that country; and I had long ago discovered that Miss Brown's was the directing will in that amiable family. For Flanders, then, we set forth, Brown junior mildly protesting that Paris was his objective point; and his mother sighing for a second glimpse of the Alhambra, love for which, she artlessly admitted, had been implanted in her childish breast by a selection from Washington Irving in the Fifth Reader she used to study in the country district school. As for the daughter, she was always the wish of the father, my host was on her side."



I was with them, the place did not make any difference to me

"As the days progressed, however, I found myself wondering if it were the family collectively I found so attractive, or not one member of it—Miss Griffith, the niece. I thought then she was the most winsome girl I had ever met; I know it now. She had nothing of the great beauty of her cousin, who created a mild sensation when she went forth arrayed in the elegant gowns which she wore as a statue wears its drapery, as if they were a part of her; nor had she her brilliancy of intellect, which, were it directed into one channel, would have almost reached the height of genius. But her charm was there, stronger for me than that which her cousin unconsciously threw over all other men. Generally she reminded one of a spring morning with all its changeableness; but there were times when she gave glimpses of another self, possessing all the beauty, depth, and mystery of night.

"The knowledge of this growing attraction was like a cold hand on my heart. It was not because of the difference society made between us, for I did not know whether or not she possessed wealth of her own; but the fact of the difference of our religions. She was a Protestant, belonging to the Baptist sect; and I was a Catholic and the offspring of a mixed marriage. With the first dawn of reason, I had become conscious of the hard barrier that stood in our home between us and perfect happiness. Though the most perfect love and absolute devotion existed between my father and mother, and though we children loved both parents and one another with the deepest affection, still there was ever the consciousness of separation in that which is the soul of family life.

"Being a religious as well as an honorable man, my father rigidly adhered to the promise he had made concerning our spiritual training before his marriage; and, appreciating the value to human

beings of unwavering faith, he left us entirely to our mother's training in things spiritual; and, with a pathos the mere remembrance of which wrings my heart to this day, strove to conceal from his children the sad fact that, one in all other things, we were separated in the most essential. If the child felt and was troubled even in infancy by this estrangement of souls, what, I have often pondered, must not the mother and wife have endured? Often have I pictured to myself her feelings as we knelt at our evening prayer, in which his loved voice could not join; and my soul has wept tears as I stood by her in imagination watching him setting forth alone on a Sunday morning for his church, leaving her to go to hers in the glad company of their children.

"But keenest was my realization of the meaning of this religious separation when the shadow of death fell across our father's life. To him, of course, who loyally and conscientiously believed every tenet of his creed, the preparation for the great journey was ample and sufficient; and, though we were as those standing afar off, we were content in the peace and trust and love that deepened as the day grew shorter. But when he was gone—O my friend! the remembrance of that journey to the strange church, the sight of its unfamiliar chancel, the new songs, the sermon, and at last the consigning of earth to earth by the voice that was a stranger to our souls! It was a tragedy which did not end with the closing of the grave; and I hear again the shrieking cry of my youngest brother, as, days later, he broke from his little schoolmates, and, flinging himself against my mother's breast, demanded of her if it were true, as one of his companions had said, that our father was in hell."

The story-teller's face was ashen, and the slender, firmly knit frame was shaking under the emotion of a too sensitive heart. I said nothing; but, as my eyes rested on the sun-filled southern street, I saw the sorrow lengthening out until each son

was laid in the arms of Mother Earth.

"With this knowledge of what religious difference between the parents had been in our family, I could not bring it into another. Moreover, to sorrow would be added danger; for in our case the mother would be the non-Catholic. Thus the mind and soul stood; but against them was the heart,—a heart, too, that had suffered much and that was capable of loving greatly. Add to this the continual presence of the object of this growing affection, perhaps not unaware of it, perhaps not indifferent to it. God alone knows whether the recollection of my parents' lives, whether care for souls unborn, would have been powerful enough to restrain the passionate heart of manhood, had it not been for a beggar woman fingering her beads on the steps of an old cathedral. It held some great works of art, that gloomy temple built in the Ages of Faith; and to it Miss Brown led us one afternoon. Whether she had had a surfeit of Catholic art and architecture, or whether it was an irrepressible flash of levity, I do not know; but as we mounted the steps Miss Griffith made a remark, keen as the point of a Damascus blade, about the superstition of the poor peasant. It was intended for her cousin Albert's ear alone, but I caught it; and as such a blade would have cut in twain the object against which it was directed, so did the remark strike off the strengthening bands of love from my soul.

"By one of those happy chances, there were in this old church, besides the works of art which Miss Brown had sought, a series of remarkable paintings representing the fifteen mysteries of the Rosary. When we had admired and studied the masterpieces, I called the attention of Miss Brown to the Rosary pictures. From one to one we went, until the circuit of the walls was made; and when they had exhausted their words of praise for this pictorial story of the life of the Son and the Mother, I turned to Miss Griffith and told her these pictures were the represen-

tations of the prayer the old peasant woman on the steps outside was reciting. Even in that dim light I caught the flush that crimsoned her face; and as we were leaving the church she whispered her apologies.

"The day following, fortunately, was my last one; and I bade them good-bye and started for Rome, where my work as correspondent was waiting for me. But I did not stay there long. A new unrest had taken possession of me, and journalism no longer made its old appeal to me. I left it for literature; and after experiencing the usual ups and downs of the author, I found at length standing-room. Though since then I have practically followed the gypsy trail, at no time did I again encounter the Browns, nor did I hear aught concerning them, until one day, not so long ago, I found myself in an out-of-the-way place, not very far from the city where we last met. An accident to the train gave me some time for sight-seeing. The cross-crowned steeple of a tiny white church reminded me that it was the feast of the Annunciation, and I bent my pilgrim steps to it. Immediately on entering it, my eyes were attracted to a statue of the Immaculate Conception which stood on a pedestal to the right of the one altar. The statue itself was remarkable, because one does not expect to find an artistic piece of Carrara marble in a country church; but what filled me with greater surprise was the Rosary of large and perfect pearls that fell from the clasped hands.

"Where had I seen such a string of pearls? And then my hands were before my eyes, and I saw once more Miss Griffith's slender fingers toying with the priceless ocean gems wound around her white throat. I looked again, and their familiarity stirred me strangely. I tried hard to banish the thought of resemblance. How could *her* pearls come to adorn this statue? The Rosary was the gift of some rich friend, who probably had donated the statue. But, urged

something in my heart—my Good Angel surely!—might they not still be her pearls? Perhaps she is dead and her relatives sold them; perhaps she became poor and had to dispose of them. Anyhow, I decided to seek the pastor and make inquiries concerning the priceless Rosary. I found him in his study,—a typical old Frenchman, whose pleasure at the praise of his church was unconcealed. With many gestures and frequent lapses into his mother-tongue, he informed me that had I come a few years previous, I would have wept over the poor house of God I should then have beheld. He had prayed,—oh, yes! long and earnestly had he prayed to the good God, to work a miracle in his behalf and send him money to build a fair tabernacle for Him here in this 'wilderness.' And when his hair was silver, but his faith still undimmed, lo, the miracle had been wrought!

"It happened this way. A train, bearing many wealthy people from the North, had met with an accident in the village. Several had been killed, many injured. One of the first to fly to the rescue had been the old priest; and the first cry that smote his ears was that of an elderly woman for one (he supposed her daughter) who was still imprisoned in the coach, now on fire. The anguish of that woman drove the aged priest into the wreck to seek above all others the one she mourned. As soon as he saw a girl pinioned by the seats he knew intuitively it was the one he sought. How he released her he never could say. It was plainly his Angel who worked with him, he declared; for what could an old man do? In some mysterious way, too, he carried her out and laid her in the arms of the wailing woman; then he continued his work of mercy. The girl was unable to walk, and so he had her carried to the parsonage. In this way, she and the lady, who proved to be her aunt, were not taken with the other hapless travellers to the city. But, as the village doctor said the girl's injuries were not dangerous, and the priest's sister,

who was his housekeeper, was proving an efficient nurse, the two decided to remain in the parsonage as the guests of the good priest until the invalid should be able to travel comfortably.

"Incidentally he learned the history; and, unconscious of his listener's close acquaintance with them, he related it to me. And I heard that the husband was dead, Miss Brown and Albert were married, and the aunt's declining hours brightened by the companionship of her devoted niece, whose name, he discovered, was Alice Griffith. In some way—how could the old priest know that his lowly walls had ears?—the good ladies heard of the object of the long-made prayer, and they asked permission to build the church for him. And they were Protestants! The church was built and furnished as he now saw it,—all except the statue. On another day the young lady came back to him, but alone this time and in deep mourning. Her good aunt was dead, but she had, before leaving here, made her penniless niece equal heir with her own children to her husband's great wealth. The young lady was lonely and unhappy, and she asked to stay for a few weeks with the priest and his sister.

"Gradually to the gentle old man was unfolded the tale of long spiritual unrest, that had dated back, Miss Griffith assured him, to a chance meeting with a Catholic gentleman while she was travelling in Europe with her people. To him she related the incident that I have told you,—of the old woman on the steps, and the pictured mysteries of the prayer in the church above. Always were the representations of the prayer to Mary before her mind; and when she was pinioned under the seats when the train was wrecked, and death seemed imminent, unconsciously she had cried to the Mother of the Lord for help. When it came in the person of a Catholic priest, she felt it was more than chance. The priest told her to pray for light, and when she was leaving gave her the names of books that might

help her, and a letter of introduction to a learned priest in New Orleans. Some time afterward there came to him the beautiful statue of Our Lady; after another lapse of time he received the beautiful Rosary of pearls, made, as his sister assured him, from the costly necklace the girl had with her when first they had met. Two years passed, and then the girl herself came, happy beyond the power of words to tell in the newly found joys the Catholic belief possesses.

"I inquired of him where was Miss Griffith now," went on my friend; "and he replied that she was teaching at present in his parochial school, and asked me if I should like to meet her."

When McKnight stopped, I felt at a loss what to say.

"Well?" he asked, as my silence continued. There was something in his voice that made me turn quickly toward him, and I perceived that he did not look like a man who had just missed happiness.

"Where is Miss Griffith now?" I asked, not knowing what else to say.

"Upstairs," he answered, with a happy laugh. "Would you like to meet her? She had organized a little school in the parish," he added, "intending later to build and furnish a convent, and bring a band of Sisters to continue her work. I finally brought her to see that, if he had the money, the good priest could arrange this as satisfactorily as she. So we were married one morning by the old priest in the little church, and we are here on our wedding trip."

And then we rose, and I went upstairs to meet the bride so strangely won.



No prayer is lost. Every sincere approach to God is fruitful of good. In that sense every prayer is "answered." All who yield themselves to God so completely as to desire what He wills, are getting precisely that, as fast as time passes and as fully as they obey His laws and His leading.—*Marshall P. Talling.*

The Open Pulpit Issue.

THE Protestant Episcopal Church in this country is in a ferment over what has become known as the Open Pulpit Issue. High Church clergymen, who have been in the habit of treating their fellows of other Protestant denominations as heretics, and "churchly" layfolk who are accustomed to regard all other non-Catholics as sectarians, are up in arms, so to speak. Not a few have been heard to say that, *nolens volens*, they will be "forced to go over to Rome," where there is at least "some show of discipline." The going over to Rome in such cases, we submit, ought not to be rendered too easy.

Other dissenters among the clergy and laity of the Protestant Episcopal Church, who have no intention of submitting to the authority of the Bishop of Rome, as they are pleased to call the Vicar of Christ, propose to remain where they are, and protest against attempts on the part of bishops and general conventions to reduce the P. E. C. "to the level of the sects."

Do not other Protestants resent the attitude of Protestant Episcopalians toward them? some Catholics will ask. Not as would be supposed. They say nothing, but "look daggers" and laugh in their sleeves. Just at present, however, they are making no concealment of their mirth. The Open Pulpit amuses them, all the more because it has made the High Church party so indignant,—that portion of the Episcopalian flock who look down on "sectarians."

The most effective arraignment of the P. E. bishops that has come under our notice is a pamphlet by the Rev. William McGarvey, D. D., of Philadelphia, entitled "The Open Pulpit in the Episcopal Church." For the benefit of those who do not know or may have forgotten about the Open Pulpit, we quote the rule or canon passed at the General Convention of the Episcopal Church, held at Richmond in 1907:

No minister in charge of any congregation of this church, or, in case of vacancy or absence, no churchwardens, vestrymen or trustees of the congregation, shall permit any person to officiate herein without sufficient evidence of his being duly licensed or ordained to minister in this church; provided that nothing herein shall be so construed as to forbid communicants of the church to act as lay readers, or to prevent the bishop of any diocese or missionary district from giving permission to Christian men, who are not ministers of this church, to make addresses in the church on special occasions.

As will be seen, the latter portion of the canon really opens the Episcopal pulpit to all whom a particular bishop may be pleased to consider a "Christian man," be he Quaker, unbaptized Baptist, or even Unitarian. "As a matter of fact," says Dr. McGarvey, "the widest possibilities of the amendment have already been realized. Unitarian and Universalist ministers have been admitted to our chancels. A non-Episcopalian layman has, at the Sunday evening service in one of our churches, expounded the gospel of Victor Hugo. And a presbyter, whom we had deposed for Unitarianism, has been admitted to the pulpit as a teacher of our people. So for form's sake we put a heretic out of the pulpit by one door, and then provide another door for his immediate readmission. It is a significant sequence to all the talk and stir that was made over the deposition of Dr. Crapsey, that the very next General Convention should enact a canon, with the unanimous consent of the bishops, whereby it is made possible for any bishop to permit him to resume once more his office."

The viewpoint of Dr. McGarvey, and other High Churchmen who believe in the Catholicity of their church and in the Apostolic succession of its prelates and ministers, will be better understood by the majority of our readers if these latter can conceive what would be their own sentiments should they learn that, in accordance with a decree of a Canadian synod, Archbishop Bruchési had invited the Abbé Loisy to preach the Lenten sermons in Notre Dame, Montreal.

Notes and Remarks.

There is more than one lesson that American Catholics might learn from their coreligionists in Holland, where the Church, by the way, is now making admirable progress. How the dangers to which young men are exposed who attend secular universities or engage in business are warded off, is especially worthy of attention. There is no Catholic university in Holland; the need of one is not generally recognized. At each of the State universities, however, there is a Catholic students' society. The members hold regular meetings and discuss religious, scientific and literary topics; libraries and reading rooms are provided; and a special committee is charged to see that Catholic lecturers are betimes invited to the university. In this way non-Catholic students also are brought into contact with eminent Catholic scientists, sociologists, authors, etc. Once a year is held a general meeting of all the Catholic university students of the country, and this is followed by a spiritual retreat. The students publish a year book, containing (along with lists of names, accounts of lectures and meetings) articles and items of special interest to themselves. The result of all this is that Catholic students, instead of becoming indifferent to their religion, are advanced in the knowledge and fortified in the practice of it; while non-Catholics are enlightened regarding the Church. Many of the latter lose their old prejudices altogether; and others, not a few, receive the gift of Faith.

For young Catholics who "go into business," as it is termed, there are the societies known as Young Men's Patronages, which have been established in all the great cities and in many of the large towns of Holland. Each society has its hall or clubhouse; and, along with popular amusement, helpful lectures and literature are abundantly provided.

Occasional debates on questions of the day are another excellent feature of the Patronages. The amount of good effected by them is immeasurable.

If such things are possible in Holland, where Catholics are so few in comparison, what shall be thought impracticable or impossible in the United States in order to secure like results? The need here is more urgent, the means of supplying it incomparably more abundant.

The *Chicago Israelite* is, on general principles, more inclined to throw stones than bouquets at Catholicity and Catholics; but it can not forbear making a good point against the surviving element of the Know-Nothings and the A. P. A. Says the *Israelite*:

Rhode Island, it is claimed, has now 243,936 Roman Catholics and 236,186 of all other denominations. Nothing has been heard, however, of any legislation changing the character of the State Constitution, or even looking to a division of the public school funds. So far, the fears of the anti-Catholic secret societies as to what would happen if the Roman Catholics came into power have not been realized.

A good many Protestants nowadays, we surmise, would be secretly rejoiced if a division of the school fund, or some other plan permitting of the teaching of religion in the schools, were effectively carried out. Admission of error is not a pleasant task; but this country is rapidly awakening to the fact that the legitimate product of Godless schools is not a moral, though he may be a clever, citizen.

Of a mission recently given by the Paulist Fathers in Vicksburg, Miss., the *Herald*, the leading secular newspaper of the city, had this to say:

The work of the reverend Fathers was constructive, not destructive. Even when discussing the most keenly controverted points they adhered strictly to their rule never to criticise or pass judgment upon others. They made no attempt, as a means of recommending their own faith, to discredit or bring into contempt or ridicule what other Christians believe.

And in this they gave an example of how religious discussion may be carried on without losing that dignified tone that is essential to genuine Christian preaching. Fathers Healy and O'Hern on leaving Vicksburg may feel assured that all wish them well, and pray that they may continue to meet with success in preaching and exemplifying the characteristics of true patriotic citizenship. The tendency of their teachings is to bring men of all creeds and conditions closer together in the bonds of genuine Christian charity, thereby helping to realize in the lives of all the message of Christ to the world: "Peace on earth, good-will toward men."

A notable and suggestive tribute.

The following extract from "The Dream and the Business," the last book written by John Oliver Hobbes (the late Mrs. Craigie), describing the trials which the Catholic woman in non-Catholic society has to endure, is quoted without comment by the *Tidings*. We reproduce it with all the more pleasure because there are other passages in the works of the same author which we should prefer to forget:

If a Catholic woman is obliged to live in a Protestant family, or entirely in a non-Catholic atmosphere, she mentally starves to death. In her effort to live up to what she knows is right, but which appears like tyranny to her family and friends, her life becomes a sort of martyrdom. And what makes it harder is that those who surround her act as if she were wrong, they right, and that her peculiar ideas are tolerated because they like her personally. One of the reasons why a Catholic can never be indefinite and uncertain in her belief, or a prey to shifting opinions, is because Catholicity is a positive religion; it is not a thing of negations. . . . Catholicity leaves an indelible stamp upon the soul. It is not enough that Catholics should not do such and such a thing, or not believe certain doctrines, but it is a matter of positive doing as well as believing, of works as well as faith. It lays down positive laws; and, while making allowance for the weakness of human nature, yet it affects every breath one draws, every word uttered, every thought forged in the mind. . . . It will not be long before she discovers that the real Protestant mind and the true Catholic mind can never come together at any point. . . .

The Catholic woman in a Protestant family is constantly called upon for explanations—or

excuses—for her actions. If she goes to early Mass, she is faced with such a question as "Why is it better to go to church early in the morning than any other time?" And when she explains about Mass and the fasting priest, she is met with an incredulous stare or an ill-concealed sneer. The Catholic woman has to possess a very sweet disposition to bear these things with calmness. But the constant insinuation that she is fooled, deceived or cajoled wears on her mind in the course of time, and she must be almost an angel to stand it. If her friends do not imply that she is suffering from temporary aberration of mind, they hint that she is influenced by some designing priest or Catholic friend. Then if she shows any disposition to lose her temper or resent their remarks, if she is discouraged at the coldness at home, it is said she is unhappy and regrets her step.

Catholicity—thank Heaven!—is not fashionable: It is the religion of the poor, the humble and ignorant; but its detractors forget that, being universal, it is also the faith of princes, the rich and the intellectual.

A number of our readers are possibly unacquainted with the flourishing condition of a Catholic institution of learning the name and fame of which must, however, be familiar to them all—the University of Louvain. The annual report, recently published, gives these interesting particulars: The number of students inscribed for the year 1907 reached the record figure of 2144, of whom 139 were students of theology, 427 of law, 429 of medicine, 294 of philosophy and letters, 278 of science, 431 of special subjects, and 146 of agronomy. All but 260 of the students are Belgians. The foreigners at the University of Louvain comprise 25 from the United States, 30 from Spain, 40 from Holland, 22 from Germany, 26 from France, 20 from Luxembourg, and 11 Poles.

Our English contemporary in the Eternal City shares our surprise at the failure of up-to-date science to account for the prodigies annually occurring at the Grotto of Lourdes. *Rome* remarks:

During the fifty years that have elapsed since the first apparition, Lourdes has been visited by hundreds of thousands of devout

pilgrims from all parts of the world; and miracles, striking, patent, controlled by the most searching investigation which modern science could bring to bear upon them, have become so frequent that they have long since ceased to cause surprise. Here is a very curious fact. Modernists and other Rationalists have explained away the miracles wrought by Our Lord Himself nineteen hundred years ago, but not one of them ventures to give an explanation of the "phenomena" which are constantly happening at Lourdes. Nineteen centuries hence, perhaps, the Modernists of the day will be ready with a critical analysis, free from all control of logic or verisimilitude, of the wonderful miracles of our time.

And the Sovereign Pontiff of that day may be counted on to put the future Modernists gently but firmly in their proper place.

The imposition of a fine of \$150 on a newsdealer in New York for selling copies of French and Italian anti-Catholic publications is another illustration of the marked change in public sentiment toward the Catholic body in this country. Less than thirty years ago it was considered no offence to revile the Church, her clergy and members; now the people won't "stand for it," as the saying is. The day of the bigot and the defamer is passing. It would be easy to multiply proofs of the long-looked-for and blessed change. At a conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Los Angeles, some prominent laymen in attendance sternly rebuked the Rev. Dr. King for indulging in an attack upon the religion of Catholics. Like action was taken at a subsequent conference of the same sect in New England. The Presbyterian Church North has excised from its standards of faith denunciation of the Pope as Antichrist. The same spirit is shown in constant references to the Church in books, reviews, and newspapers, in sermons and public documents.

Old folk must wonder at the change that has come over the American people. Hardly more than fifty years ago Father Bapst was tarred and feathered in Maine

for the crime of being a Catholic priest. True, the citizens of Bangor condemned the outrage and sent him a substantial token of their sympathy; but the anti-Catholic spirit was then too strong to allow the perpetrators of the outrage to be brought to trial.

A new era has dawned, and we should rejoice and be grateful. The change of attitude toward us is due, first, to a prudential desire to have the conservative force of the Church remain as a bulwark of society in times when other forces are making strongly against the rights of property and the rights of individuals; secondly, to a growing recognition of the fact that for all foreign-born citizens of this country and their descendants the Catholic Church affords a home infinitely safer than either sectarianism or secularism.

So far as France is concerned, Modernism promises to fall as flat as did the French National Church which, a year or two ago, was, under the direction of the clerical impostor Vilatte, to inaugurate a veritable schism. When a system or a policy ceases to be interesting to our Gallic brethren, its effectiveness for any practical purposes at once becomes a negative quantity. And Modernism has ceased to be of much interest in France. Even the anti-clerical and Jacobin *Messidor*, of Paris, is constrained to allow M. Gerult-Richard to write as follows in its columns:

I would not like to say anything unkind about anybody, but the Modernists are becoming extremely tiresome, and it is impossible to feel sorry for them or to side with them against the Pope and the bishops who condemn them. Let us once for all come to an understanding as to the character and quality of religions, whatever they may be. A Catholic remains a Catholic only on condition that he believes everything taught by his Church. The day he begins to sophisticate about dogmas, or to pick and choose among them, accepting his one and rejecting that, that day he ceases to be a Catholic. Why should he then retain the name and appeal to the principles of Catholicism? This is what the Modernists are

trying to do. They prove by their writings that the greater part of the miraculous accounts of the Gospel are false, and thus they repudiate the very essence of the faith, and yet they remain priests, monks, confessors, canons, professors of seminaries, and so on! They are like the salesman who would say to his customers; "Everything sold here is rubbish, not worth twopence, and the proprietor is robbing you of your money." Any proprietor would put such a salesman at once outside the door, and nobody could say that he was wrong.

When one stops to think of it, perhaps the most surprising result of the Encyclical on Modernism is the testimony given by non-Catholics, and even agnostics, to the genuine wisdom and irrefragable logic of the Pope's position. The world has received another object-lesson, impressing upon it the oldtime truth that the Church is not only infallible in her teaching but eminently wise in her government and discipline.

More than half a century ago, a young Unitarian of Boston, Massachusetts, a tenor singer, attended Christmas Mass in the cathedral of that city to enjoy the music. He was converted, joined the cathedral choir, and died the other day after a faithful service of fifty-four years. Departing from the usual custom in Boston—which is old enough to have customs,—Archbishop O'Connell spoke, at the Requiem Mass, this graceful tribute:

It is not customary, in this sacred place, and at this solemn time, to speak words of eulogy above our dead. But this man has served God and has served this church for fifty years, and we can not let the occasion pass unnoticed. Fifty-four years ago, Samuel Tuckerman literally left all that he might follow Christ. You who listen to me here do not realize what it meant, fifty years ago, to embrace the Catholic Faith as this gentle, sweet soul did embrace it; and then, for fifty years, to practise it unflinchingly to the end. Such action shows that beneath our friend's great gentleness lay great firmness of character. His were high ideals,—not the ideals of this world, not of money, of success, of fashion and fame; but ideals of singularly chivalrous service of God's Church, and of constant devotion to the Lord who bought him. He gave one daughter to a life of deepest penance, close to the Cross of

Christ. He was himself the intimate friend of Bishop Fitzpatrick and of Archbishop Williams; and that in itself is a title of nobility of which his children may be justly proud. Archbishop Williams had, perhaps, no more intimate personal friend than Samuel Tuckerman. His children may well rejoice in this fact; they may well rejoice in their father's manly Christian life, in their inheritance of his memory as a Catholic and a convert who was loyally faithful unto death. To him may we apply St. Paul's words: "I have fought the good fight; I have kept the faith."

How infinitely preferable is such a eulogy as this to the columns on columns of perfunctory plaudits that would have itemized Mr. Tuckerman's life and habits and home and dress and friends and peculiarities, had he been a multi-millionaire instead of merely a practical Catholic!

A monthly devoted to "general fraternal and insurance interests" is not precisely the sort of publication in which one would look for a discussion of Modernism; but the *Western Review* discusses it, nevertheless,—not at length, but still adequately enough. An extract from its article may be of interest as illustrating the viewpoint of hard-headed, common-sense, non-Catholic business men:

It is perhaps true that no document issued by any authority for many years has created such a furor as this Encyclical. It may be on account of the vast importance of the subject, but it must certainly be admitted that the interest does not arise from any startling innovations in the document; for, while it is formidable and fortified at every point, yet the authority for it is chiefly the Bible and the old, old teaching of the Church. Just why it should be given so much prominence in the religious and secular world, does not appear quite plain; but it is certainly true that it seems to be in itself the concluding word upon a controverted subject. . . . We repeat that we see no innovation in these holdings and assert that they set forth the Christian understanding through all the ages since Christ.

On the whole, the business man's conclusion is considerably more logical than the views of many a theologian on the same topic.

Notable New Books.

Ancient Catholic Homes of Scotland. By Dom Odo Blundell, O. S. B. Burns & Oates; Benziger Brothers.

Mother Church has found in the Land o' Cakes as valiant defenders as any in Christendom, while at the same time the stern and unreasoning bigotry of the Covenantors and their descendants has never been surpassed. It is a noticeable fact, however, that, with some exceptions, the ancient Faith was held by the great and powerful families; and thus the story of the Church in Scotland is identified with all that is most beautiful and interesting in secular and ecclesiastical architecture. Father Blundell is eminently suited to tell the stories concerning these ancient buildings, speaking to us as he does from the first Benedictine monastery founded in that land since the Reformation, and having a family connection with several of the homes described. He has done his work well, especially in his account of the ancient sufferings for the Faith and the happy auguries of a "Second Spring."

Every son and daughter of the "leal Northern land" should feel under obligations to this gifted son of Saint Benedict. The illustrations, gathered, it is evident, from many and obscure sources, add to the charm of the volume.

Life Sketches of Father Walworth. With Notes and Letters. By Ellen H. Walworth. Albany: J. B. Lyon Company.

Son of a Protestant chancellor of the State of New York; a Presbyterian boy; an Episcopalian youth, lawyer, and theological student; a Redemptorist novice and Father; a founder of the Paulist Congregation; and, finally, during thirty-four years the secular pastor of St. Mary's parish, Albany,—such, briefly summarized, was the career of the Rev. Clarence A. Walworth, born in 1820 and deceased in 1900. That the "Life Sketches" which amplify and give verve to the foregoing meagre outline should be interesting, is a foregone conclusion; that they are of historical importance as well, will be the conviction of most readers of this attractive volume. American Catholics may be counted on to read with not a little avidity biographical incidents connected with Fathers Hecker, Hewitt, Baker, and Deshon, and with such Catholic laymen as Brownson and McMaster.

Father Walworth himself was a personality of marked vigor and of notable prominence in ecclesiastical and civic circles. He both believed, and acted on the belief, that a clergyman's ordination does not exempt him from the

duties incumbent on a good citizen; and, to mention only one of his activities in civic matters, the saloon evil found in him a vigorous opponent. A scholar of more than ordinary profundity, and an orator of exceptional distinction, he left his impress on more than one generation of Americans; and it is well that this graceful volume, written by his favorite niece and amanuensis, should perpetuate his hallowed memory.

The Life of Our Lord and of His Virgin Mother.

Translated from the German of the Rev. L. C. Businger by the Rev. Richard Brennan. Benziger Brothers.

The size and weight of this volume are against it in these days of convenience in the way of book-fashions; but the large, readable type, wide margins, and full-page illustrations by Feuerstein, give much in compensation. As to contents, the work offers a wealth of matter, devotional as well as historical and biographical. The moral reflections on the facts expounded awaken in the reader the dispositions urged by Thomas à Kempis as fitting for a study of Holy Scripture. But this reverent recital of the story of Our Lord's life and that of His Virgin Mother needs no commendation other than its title. The preface to the American edition and the introduction, though listed in the table of contents, do not appear,—at least not in the copy sent to us.

Poems of Sister Teresa, Carmelite of Lisieux.

Translated by S. L. Emery. Angel Guardian Press.

The soul of this young Carmelite nun sang in praise of God as naturally as the birds in springtime carol forth their lays. Sister Teresa entered the convent in her sixteenth year, and died in 1897, when she was but twenty-four. In that short time she won for herself the title of "The Little Flower of Jesus." Twenty-nine thousand copies of her *Life* have been sold in France within a few years; and it has been translated into Polish, German, Dutch, Italian, Portuguese, and English. Now we are privileged to read the inner thoughts of this favored soul,—the inspirations which found expression in poems. A deep note of piety runs through these verses, and the translator is in close sympathy with the poet and her songs.

Tabular Views of Universal History. By George Palmer Putnam, A. M. The Knickerbocker Press, New York.

This handy volume, of three hundred and odd pages, contains a series of chronological tables presenting, in parallel columns, a record of the more noteworthy events in the history

of the world from the earliest times down to 1907. Originally forming a portion of "The World's Progress," a cyclopedia of facts compiled by the late George P. Putnam, these historical views have, since 1870, been issued separately in successive editions. The present one has been revised and continued to date by Lynds E. Jones and Simeon Strunsky. The utility of the volume, both as a reference book and a companion work in the perusal of general history, lies in the reader's ability to discern at a glance what events and occurrences were contemporaneous. The headings of the parallel columns for the past half century are: "Progress of Society, etc.; United States; Great Britain; France (or, France and Germany); Europe, elsewhere; the World, elsewhere." A convenient volume that may oftentimes save reader or writer the trouble of consulting bulkier tomes of historical or encyclopedic information. Substantially bound in grey cloth.

History of the German People at the Close of the Middle Ages. By Johannes Janssen. Vols. VII., VIII., and IX. Translated by A. M. Christie. B. Herder.

Scholars familiar with Janssen's exhaustive history will be pleased to learn that the work of presenting an English version thereof is being prosecuted with commendable industry, and, on the whole, with notable success. Volumes VII. and VIII. of the English edition correspond to Vol. IV. of the German original, and deal with the general condition of the German people from the so-called religious pacification of Augsburg in 1555 to the proclamation of the Formula of Concord in 1580. That a period of only thirty-five years requires, adequately to cover it, two substantial books, of 416 and 456 pages respectively, indicates the minuteness of detail with which the story is told. Volume IX. discusses the politico-religious revolution from the proclamation of the Formula of Concord up to the year 1608, and is a somewhat bulkier book than either of the previous volumes, comprising, as it does, 544 pages.

The translation of all three volumes has been made from the fifteenth and sixteenth editions of Father Janssen's work, improved and added to by that other noted German historian, Ludwig Pastor, author of the "History of the Papacy from the Close of the Middle Ages." The improvements and additions have in many cases been made from the notes left by Father Janssen himself, and destined for use in a new edition. In other cases, Pastor has consulted later editions of works quoted from by Janssen, and, where necessary, has altered the passage cited. One particular in which the English work differs from the German is that, in the

latter, Pastor's alterations and additions are very generally relegated to the notes; whereas, in the former, the translator has, very sensibly to our mind, incorporated them in the regular text.

As for the literary merits of the translation, the work as a whole is very well done. Narrative, of course, lends itself to easy translation much more readily than do some other and higher forms of composition; but even in narrative there is abundant opportunity for the expert to prove his skill, and the bungler his want of it. While A. M. Christie's version will scarcely stand the highest test of a perfect translation—that is, its failure to suggest that it is a translation at all,—it is almost invariably of a notable degree of excellence.

Each of these volumes is supplied with an extended table of contents, and with a double index, of persons and places.

Society, Sin, and the Saviour. By Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J. B. Herder.

These addresses on the Passion of Our Lord were delivered, last year to the same congregation that, in 1906, listened with more than usual interest to Father Vaughan's rousing discourses on the "Sins of Society." The dedication which appears in the present volume is worth reproducing, as an indication of the preacher's downright methods and outspoken denunciation of sin and the occasions of sin: "To you, my brothers and sisters, who, like Annas, Caiaphas, Pilate, and Herod, are vainly striving to rid yourselves and your country of Jesus Christ, I dedicate these scenes, in the hope that you may learn from them not only the malice of your attempt, but its foredoomed futility. For 'know most certainly that God hath made both Lord and Christ this same Jesus whom you have crucified, . . . saying, Sit Thou on My right hand until I make Thy enemies Thy footstool.'"

The addresses, or "scenes," are eight in number; they vary in length from five thousand to fifteen thousand words; and their style is marked by the directness, vigor, and lucidity for which their author has acquired an international reputation.

Famous Irishwomen. By Katherine A. O'Keefe O'Mahoney. The Lawrence Publishing Co.

Bound in dark green and gold and bearing the ever-cherished Irish emblems, the harp and the shamrock, this little book of loving elegy and earnest eulogy should have a warm welcome at the hands of all who love Erin and are proud of Erin's daughters. Prepared as a lecture, the text, of course, does not pretend to give complete biographies of the "Famous Irishwomen" taken as types of that land, from the days of Scotia,

the bride of Milesius, to the brave Irish daughters who are giving honor to their country to-day as teachers, singers, and writers. Among those listed in this honor-roll are: St. Bridget, Eva MacMurrough, Sarah Curran, Nano Nagle, foundress of the Presentation Nuns; Catherine McAuley, who established the Sisters of Mercy; Mrs. Seumas McManus and Mrs. Jameson. American women of Irish descent also find place in this little "Who's Who" among Irishwomen: Mother Angela, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross; Eleanor C. Donnelly, Katherine E. Conway, Louise Imogen Guiney, and others.

Rambles in Eirinn. By William Bulfin. Benziger Brothers.

The preface to this book of "rambles" forestalls reviewer and critic. In it the writer states that the pages were written more or less hurriedly, with no thought of giving his thoughts and feelings more permanent form than that offered by the newspapers. He states also that "the heart of the writer was in the writing." It is this last fact that gives the book its charm, for it is altogether out of the beaten path of tourist books, and has a breeziness which is American, inasmuch as it breathes of the Argentine Republic, long the home, or, rather, the dwelling-place, of the author.

Through Ireland on a wheel,—could anything be more delightful to one who loves Erin? There are history and geography, legend and poetry, politics and piety, humor and good, sound sense, in this graphic outpouring of impressions; and many a reader of its pages will be carried back in dreams and longings to the green fields and flowery hedges of the Land of Smiles and Tears.

Catechismus Romanus ex Decreto Concilii Tridentini ad Parochos. Pii V., Pontificis Maximi Jussu Editus. Edit. Quarta. Sumptibus et Typis Frederici Pustet.

This is a new edition of the Roman Catechism, edited after the Decree of the Council of Trent by order of Popes Pius IV. and V.; a truly "golden book," as Leo XIII. called it. There is no need, on our part, of commending it: it bears its own commendation. It should be in the library of every priest and educated layman and catechist. The doctrinal value and richness of its contents, the precision and clearness of its style, are well known. Let us say that the printing and binding are excellent. The appendix indicating the adaptation of the contents to the divers Sundays of the year and the index containing the doctrinal terms with reference to their explanation in the book, increase its helpfulness as an instrument for preaching and catechising.

FOR YOUNG FOLKS

Greetings from Heaven.

BY FATHER CHEERHEART.

THERE never was maiden but one in this world

Since it grew 'neath the hand of its Maker,
To whom were the secrets of Heaven unfurled,
Who was made in God's counsels partaker:
'Twas she on whose vision bright Gabriel loomed
With a glory that well might entrance her;
At his "Hail, full of grace," was her visage
embloomed,
But "Behold me, God's handmaid," her
answer.

To maidens to-day comes no angel of light
To announce to them Heaven's high favor,
Yet many whose pleadings are worded aright
Hear a whisper of heavenly savor;
Not Gabriel's self, but his Lord, 'tis who calls,
"In thy heart I would have thee infold Me!"
Thrice blest whom that greeting with rapture
enthalls,
And who answer, "Thy handmaid behold me!"

Ruth's Day of Reckoning.

(Told by her Brother.)

BY FLORA HAINES LOUGHEAD.

XII.—THE DAY.

I SUPPOSE I really stole—
misappropriated—your money,
Uncle Ned," said Ruth.

It was Uncle Ned's turn to look
troubled and embarrassed.

"Of course it was all right, Ruth, if
you preferred to use it for anything else,"
he answered. But his eyes said a heap
more than his words of how he felt.

My father looked at my mother, and
my mother looked at my father, and their
eyes said: "So *that* was what he sent the
money for, was it?"

And Ruth went on, between sobs:

"I honestly meant to use your money
as you said, at first, uncle. But that very
afternoon, after I had posted the letter
to you, mother came home from the
doctor's, and he had said nothing would
save her but an operation by Dr. Percy,
up in San Francisco, at the hospital. We
knew father wasn't able to pay for it,
and mother was going to give up. I didn't
let her know what you'd sent it for, for
fear she'd refuse it; and I took every
dollar and gave it to her. I wrote the
letters, and sent them to Paris for Cousin
Juliet to mail—they were sealed, and
she didn't know what was in them,—so
that you might not suspect I was making
a different use of it. I have been very
unhappy, and I know I've been very
deceitful. But mother went to the city
and she got well!"

In spite of her shame, Ruth's voice
rose to a little crow of triumph with these
last words. Then it dropped, and she went
on slowly, in a trembling voice:

"I'm sorry about the letters; but I'm
afraid I'd do it again, Uncle Ned."

You could tell they were all down on
her, they kept so still. I don't go much
on girls, as a rule, but it seemed to me
that was the time to stick up for my
sister if ever I was going to.

"Bully for you, Ruth!" I cried.

It started them off like a lighted fire-
cracker in a chicken house filled with
fireworks.

Mother came to Ruth and took her in
her arms, and Ruth flung hers around
mother's neck, crying as if her heart
would break. She'd always been so
truthful all her life and now she felt as
if she'd disgraced herself and the family
and all her friends.

All mother could seem to say was:

"O my girl! my girl! And this is what

has been troubling you so! Why didn't you tell me, darling?"

"There,—there! Don't worry about it any more, Ruth," said father kindly, patting her on the shoulder, and his voice sounded thick and queer.

Eleanor and Dr. Hugh were whispering together, and Eleanor had her handkerchief to her eyes.

"I don't think we *are* quite through with this transaction yet," said Uncle Ned, in a sharp, clear voice. "This matter will have to be squared up somehow. I'm willing to make terms, but Ruth will have to abide by them."

"Oh, will you let me pay it off?" asked Ruth, coming up to him and laying a pleading hand on his arm. "I've thought of it day and night. If you'd only let me give it back, little by little, as I can earn it, I'd be so glad! I don't care if it takes a lifetime."

"My little girl! my little Ruth!" said Uncle Ned, slipping the arm around her, and smoothing back the shining brown hair from her face.

I heard father tell mother afterward that he knew uncle was thinking then of some other Ruths,—of a young wife who had died years before, and been laid away with a baby Ruth on her arm.

"I can't agree to that, Ruth," Uncle Ned went on, in a strange, softened voice, "because, you see, our reckonings are so different. You suppose that you are under obligations to me for a little money. My reckoning shows me deeply in your debt for something that is worth much more than money."

He might as well have talked Choctaw to her, for all Ruth understood of his meaning; but he went on:

"I'm willing to make terms, and you'll have to accept them, Ruth. Your letters this summer, describing the sights you didn't see but ought to—the historical buildings and monuments and works of art, and other things in the Old World,—have made me hungry for foreign travel. And the penalty you'll have to pay is to

go with me across the continent and the ocean next spring. We'll travel all over Europe, and you shall be my guide and teacher. You see you don't get off the Paris trip, after all, little one. What do you say, brother? And can you spare her by that time, sister?"

"Of course she can go. It's high time you both took a vacation," said father.

"I can spare her easily," said mother. "Every day I am growing stronger. And this—this helps me a little farther ahead, I verily believe."

Ruth cast a shy, sidelong glance at mother. She was smiling. We were all smiling or laughing. Uncle Ned bent down to kiss her, perhaps happier and less lonely than in all the long years since he had buried those two together beneath the pine trees of the Sierra Nevada.

As for Ruth, her face at first was wondering, then it dimpled and her eyes sparkled. Then suddenly she wore the shamed look again.

"But not to Paris, Uncle Ned!" she coaxed. "Anywhere else, but not there!"

"We'll see about that when we get over there. I'll let you decide for yourself, then," said uncle, good-humoredly. "The only thing I don't quite like, Ruth," he continued, speaking more soberly, "is that you did not write to me about your mother, and give me a chance to speak for myself."

"But you see I didn't know you then!" Ruth put in eagerly, which made everyone smile again; while Uncle Ned declared:

"That's the nicest thing that's been said to me in twenty years."

Eleanor and her brother said they really must be going; and so the latter said "good-bye" to all of us, stopping for a little talk with my uncle apart.

Ruth was still quite dazed when she followed her friends to the front door. Eleanor, passing out first, gave Ruth a hug.

"You've made me feel more ashamed of myself to-night than ever I've been in my life before," she said. "To think of the way I've frittered money away

on foolish, worthless things, and never counted it or thought that it might mean life or death to others! It's going to have more worth to me after this," she whispered, and ran down the steps and out to the gate.

Out in the hallway, where the Japanese bronze lamp, hanging from the ceiling, shed a faint light upon the man and girl standing together, something else happened. Dr. Cameron was holding Ruth's hand in his own.

"It is 'good-bye.' I start for Heidelberg to-morrow," I heard him say.

"To-morrow?" said Ruth.

"Yes. I'm going to be awfully homesick. Will you answer my letters, Ruth, if I write to you?"

"Oh, yes, gladly!"

"I have another comfort. Your Uncle Ned has promised to bring you to Heidelberg next summer. Will you come?"

His hand was tightening on hers. Ruth whispered her assent, and was conscious that the simple words were somehow a pledge full of meaning. He tarried an instant longer, then closed the door softly behind him, and ran down the steps, leaving Ruth standing alone in the hall, holding one hand pressed close to her cheek, aware that something very strange and pleasant had happened. In the darkness Dr. Cameron had carried her hand to his lips. I saw him do it.

When we were all back again in the sitting-room, I asked Ruth why she didn't tell about the money in confession, and let it off her mind. She said she did,—at least tried to. One night she went to confession to Father Powers, and after telling her sins—it couldn't have taken long—began to explain about the money. He listened for a while; but I guess he was thinking about the crowd of people waiting to go to confession, and concluded that the story didn't amount to much, anyway. So when she stopped to take breath he said: "It'll be all right. Always be good to your mother. Say five 'Our Fathers' and 'Hail Marys' for the conver-

sion of sinners; and hurry home now off the streets."

This is the end of my story about Ruth, but maybe I'll add more to it, if I can think of something to tell.

P. S. [By Rob Sherwood, four years later.] As this story is to be printed for boys and girls to read, I see I'm in for a lot of explanations that may as well be made now, and save me the trouble of answering no end of letters from youngsters, who will want to know what happened to everybody and what became of everybody, as I used to long ago, when this yarn was written and I was in knickerbockers. I myself am in the junior year at the High School now, and captain of the football team; and a year from next September I'm going to college to take a civil engineering course. I can't tell yet which university it will be. Father says I can have my choice. Of course I'll go wherever Joe Scoville, the famous football coach, is; for when it comes to an education, a fellow naturally wants the very best advantages.

My mother and father have changed little, except, perhaps, that their hair is frosting (strange how people at that age stand still); while I don't mind telling you that I've got a safety razor, and shave regularly in my room, on the quiet, once in two weeks. Billy Staples is working 'longshore, on the ships that dock here off and on. I don't see him often nowadays.

Uncle Ned is back in the mines. He has any number of claims over in the rich Goldfield district, and is on the way to being a multi-millionaire, they say. He'll make good use of his money. Already he has endowed a home over in Nevada for the widows and children of poor miners; with a manual training school attached to it, to fit out the children to earn an independent living. His wife, who used to be Eleanor Cameron, is a tramp, and they have a pair of children that are called the prettiest twins in the Sierras.

You could have knocked me down with a feather when they told me Ruth

was going to marry Dr. Hugh Cameron. They must have made it up in their letters, or when she went to Heidelberg with Uncle Ned. They are living in Oakland, where he is building up a fine practice.

P. S. No. 2.—Here's surprising news, come just in time to add it. There's a baby up in Oakland, and *they're going to call it after me!* My! won't I have to toe the mark all my life, to make a proper god-father for that youngster!

(The End.)

Brother Anselm's Chaplet.

The recent discovery of an unknown opera by Gluck recalls a story of him which has been told a thousand times; however, it will bear retelling as many more.

Gluck was a pale, delicate boy. His parents were very poor, and they begged the priest of the cathedral in Vienna, where they lived, to let their son sing in the choir. His voice was so pure and beautiful that the throngs that filled the great edifice listened with delight.

Gluck grew in piety as well as in art, and the melody of the organ often moved him to tears. One day, after he had sung an anthem to Our Lady with more than his usual fervor, an old Brother came up to him and took him in his arms and pressed him to his heart.

"My son," said the man, "you have just made me shed the most delightful tears of my whole life. I have nothing to give you as a token of my admiration excepting this chaplet. Take it and keep it in memory of Brother Anselm. Tell these beads every day; and if you are faithful to this habit, you will be as dear to God as you will be great among men."

Gluck was much moved, and he promised to obey the Brother's request.

Later, a celebrated choir-master took the boy to Italy, where he was to complete his musical education. He made rapid strides in his art, but he always remained faithful to his religious practices. In the

midst of the gayety of the court of Vienna, the illustrious musician and composer would often slip away to tell his beads in solitude. When, after a life full of earthly glory, death came to him, it found him ready; and at the last he clasped the poor but precious chaplet given him in his boyhood by Brother Anselm.

Fashions in Dress.

The origin and meaning of fashions in dress present an interesting and instructive study, though it receives little attention. Who, for instance, thinks of inquiring why a man has two buttons at the back of his coat? Yet where is the morning coat without the inevitable buttons, which serve no purpose at the present day? In former times these held the skirts of a longer garment. The coat was shortened, but the buttons remained. What is the meaning of the slit at the bottom of an overcoat sometimes fastened with three or four small buttons? It is difficult to determine. One must go back to that strange period when there were no trains, not to mention motor cars and airships, and men made their journeys on horseback. It was, therefore, convenient to have a slit in the coat.

Why are the plumes or cockades of military hats always at the left side? Because in olden times the feathers were much longer and larger, and if placed at the right side they would have impeded the work of the valiant sword-arm.

We have only to glance at the attire of the modern Albanians to discover why stripes are still worn on the outside of trousers. They were formerly fastened from the hip to the ankle either by hooks or buttons, and a band of braid was employed to cover them.

The narrow ribbon, which is indispensable to every hat, is a relic of the substantial piece of cloth once used to keep the head-covering in place; and the tiny bow, a reminder of the knot.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—From New South Wales comes the "Almanac of the Diocese of Maitland," which is as well a family and home annual. It contains a fund of information, some excellent reading matter, and two good colored engravings.

—F. Pustet & Co. have published a new and revised edition of the handy little "Sodality Manual of the Blessed Virgin Mary." This *vade mecum* contains a sketch of the history of the Sodality, a summary of the rules, the ceremonial of reception, and a collection of devotions eminently suitable for the devout Child of Mary.

—The proprietors of a Siamese newspaper have distributed handbills containing the following notice:

The news of English we tell the latest. Writ in perfectly style and most earliest. Do a murder git commit, we hear of and tell it. Do a mighty chief die, we publish it, and in borders of somber. Staff has each one been colloged, and write like the Kipling and the Dickens. "We circle every town and extortionate not for advertisements. Buy it. Buy it. Tell each of you its greatness for good. Ready on Friday, Number first.

—We are gratified to see in pamphlet form a recent Pastoral Letter of the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Trenton, touching on "Some Modern Problems,"—viz., The Catholic Press, Parish Libraries, etc.; The Teaching of Religion, Sunday Observance, Religious Rites, Bible Reading, Liberty of Thought, The Solemnity of an Oath, Modernism, Socialism, and Race Suicide. The Pastoral concludes with an appropriate quotation from St. Paul to St. Timothy.

—From the German Literary Board, of Burlington, Iowa, comes "The First Page of the Bible," by Father Bettex, translated from the second German edition, "with the former translation compared and revised by the Rev. F. C. Longaker, A. M." Typographically attractive, his pamphlet of ninety pages discusses the harmony between the Biblical narrative and the definite findings of true science. The usefulness of the little work for any other purpose than mere cursory reading would be enhanced by applying it with an index, or at the very least with a table of contents.

—There is no more appropriate exercise of piety for the Lenten season than the oldtime one of "going round the Stations." While the absence of the exercise remains the same, no matter what method be followed in making it, routine may perhaps be avoided by an occasional change in the considerations accompanying one's pause at each Station. For such change Benziger Brothers have provided by

issuing four booklets, each containing a different "Way of the Cross." Three of these represent the Eucharistic, the Franciscan, and the Liguorian method; and the fourth is by a Jesuit Father. They are of uniform size, and neatly bound in stiff linen covers.

—"Practical Preaching for Priests and People," by the Rev. Bernard W. Kelly (London: Thomas Baker), is a stoutly bound volume containing twenty-five short sermons on doctrinal and historical subjects. A feature that differentiates this work from the great mass of sermon-books is the synopsis prefixed to each discourse,—a convenience for which the average pastor who uses the book will be thankful. "Short" has become so elastic a term as applied to sermons that it may be useful to state that Father Kelly means thereby a discourse containing from twelve or thirteen to nineteen or twenty hundred words. If the book reaches a second edition, we trust the publisher will spare the readers the trouble of cutting its pages.

—Mr. Joseph F. Wagner announces for publication in the early autumn a refutation, by Monsignor Paul Maria Baumgarten, of the more serious misstatements regarding the Church and things Catholic to be found in the writings of Dr. Henry Charles Lea, who is regarded by many persons as an historian of first rank, and whose books are in all large libraries. Dr. Lea has given ample proof of partisanship, and has already been convicted of some egregious historical blunders; however, a thorough refutation of his errors will be welcome. It is to be hoped that Monsignor Baumgarten will deal with all of Dr. Lea's books as satisfactorily as Father Casey, S. J., has dealt with one of them. The title of the new work will be "Henry Charles Lea's Historical Writings: A Critical Inquiry into their Method and Merit."

—"Well Spent Quarters" is a title which rather irresistibly suggests to the ordinary reader some discussion of financial, or perhaps charitable, topics and themes. As prefixed, however, to a volume by a Sister of Mercy, it means a collection of fifteen-minute meditations adapted to the young, with a three days' retreat added thereto. The author has foreseen the probable objection that will occur to many in the correlation of the words "meditation" and "children," and has, be it said, rather effectively answered it. As a book to take up, at least occasionally, for a change from fiction, biography, and history, "Well Spent Quarters" may properly find its

place in the young folks' library, even if it be not put in daily use according to its pious author's desire. The Christian Press Association.

—We cordially endorse the following rebuke administered to the *Popular Science Monthly* by the *Messenger*:

The *Popular Science Monthly* used to be looked upon and deservedly, with suspicion by all those who were interested in religion, and for a time it was frankly the journal of Materialism in this country. Exaggerated notions with regard to the significance of Evolution found their way into its pages. With the change of thought in evolutionary circles, we were inclined to think that the *Popular Science Monthly* would become really what it claims to be—a journal of popular science and not a magazine making propaganda against religion. It seems that we were deceived, however. This article ["German Influence in Latin America"] makes it very clear that its pages are freely open to those who wish to attack the Church, even though they do not write science but historical errors which every unbiased observer in recent years has tried to correct.

There are many Catholic libraries and colleges where the *Popular Science Monthly* is taken for reading by our young folk. It is evident that the magazine can not be trusted. It even goes out of its way to present matter against the Church. If all Catholic institutions in this country would cancel their subscriptions to it, and would write to the editor stating their opinion of this gratuitous insult to our faith, it is very probable that more good would be done than in any other way. The only action that really hurts men like the proprietors of such a periodical is the one that affects their pockets.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

"The First Page of the Bible." Father Bettex. 30 cts.

"Practical Preaching for Priests and People." Rev. Bernard W. Kelly. \$1.25, net.

"Well Spent Quarters. 85 cts.

"Society, Sin, and the Saviour." Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J. \$1.35 net.

"Ancient Catholic Homes of Scotland." Dom Odo Blundell, O. S. B. \$1.50, net.

"Tabular Views of Universal History." George Palmer Putnam, A. M. \$1.35, net.

"The Life of Our Lord and of His Virgin Mother." From the German of the Rev. L. C. Businger by the Rev. Richard Brennan \$10, net.

"Poems of Sister Teresa." Translated by S. L. Emery. \$1.

"Life Sketches of Father Walworth. With Notes and Letters." Ellen H. Walworth. \$1.50, net.

"Catechismus Romanus." Edit. Quarta. \$1.50, net.

"History of the German People at the Close of the Middle Ages." Johannes Janssen. Vols. VII., VIII., and IX. Per two vols., \$6.25, net.

"Rambles in Eirinn." William Bulfin. \$2.25, net.

"How Christ Said the First Mass." Rev. James Meagher. \$1, net.

"Proverbs and Proverbial Phrases." \$1.

"Maryland; The Land of Sanctuary." William T. Russell. \$1.75.

"Lisheen; or, The Test of the Spirits." Very Rev. Canon P. A. Sheehan, D. D. \$1.50.

"The Education of Our Girls." Rev. Thomas Edward Shields. \$1, net.

"Consecranda." Rev. A. J. Schulte. \$1.50, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rt. Rev. Monsig. Dauffenbach, of the diocese of Brooklyn; Rev. Robert Walsh, diocese of Springfield; Rev. George Burkard, archdiocese of San Francisco; Rev. Hugh Rafferty, diocese of Rochester; Rev. Michael Ward, C. S. Sp.; Rev. James Curran, S. J.; and Rev. Joseph Fitzgerald. Brother Eustace, O. S. B.

Sister M. Consolata, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross; Sister M. Beatrice, Order of the Visitation; Sister M. Bathildis, Sisters of the Holy Names; Mother M. Berchmans, Order of St. Ursula; Mother M. Francis and Sister M. Paul, Presentation Nuns.

Mr. Charles A. Rogers, Mrs. Isabella Drake, Mr. Thomas Mullen, Mrs. Katherine Williams, Mr. William Liddle, Mrs. Anna Bonnet, Miss Margaret McNamara, Mr. Charles Graft, Mrs. Michael McCloskey, Mrs. Julia Stapleton, Mr. William C. Walsh, Dr. W. A. Stuart, Miss Ellen H. Keefe, Col. F. J. Crilly, U. S. A.; Mr. Joseph O'Connell, Mr. Alexander Cameron, Mrs. Mary Furlong, Mr. Joseph Schmidt, Mrs. Catherine Walsh, Mr. Arnold Hersant, Mrs. John O'Neill, Mr. Henry Gordeman, Mr. Edward J. Kearns, Mr. Henry Ricker, Mr. Albert Flynn, Mr. Walter Bulger, Miss Mary Cavanaugh, Miss Anna Phillips, Miss Marion Tighe, Mr. Martin Meyer, Miss Mary S. Kelly, Mr. Henry Rahe, Mr. Patrick Murphy, and Mrs. Mary Anne Blettner. *Requiescant in pace!*



THE ANNUNCIATION.
(A della Robbia.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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At Thought of Death.

If Thou, O God, shouldst summon me to-night
And bid me put the things of time away,
Nor let me even for a moment stay
To set the day's unfinished tasks aright,
How should my soul shrink back in sore affright,
And eager unto Thee for respite pray,
That I the penalty of sin might pay
Ere standing, bowed with shame, in Thy pure
sight!

I know this, Lord, and yet the days go by
With little heed that one must be the last.
O help me so to live that I may die
With no dark thoughts of unforgiven past;
And grant, as on the bed of death I lie,
All fears may in Thy Sacred Heart be cast.

Our Faith.

BY THE RT. REV. BISHOP HEDLEY.

HERE can be no doubt that the more educated classes in English-speaking countries are in great danger, at the present day, of losing all faith in revelation and in supernatural religion. Even with our own Catholic flock, those who read and think are distinctly threatened by the same peril. This is partly because, in modern life, no Catholic can escape the specific influences of his surroundings; and partly because it is a universal law that the more active the intellectual life, and the more intelligent the grasp of religious truth, the greater reason is

there to expect intellectual difficulties. The more rapidly a man walks, the worse will be the consequences of a stumble.

It may be useful, therefore, to explain in a brief and homely way what the Church means by faith in its wider sense. There are among Catholics some who are foolishly afraid of examining the grounds of their faith; there are others who, in ignorance of real Catholic teaching, are oppressed by imaginary burdens, and sometimes give way to disaffection without any valid reason; and there are yet others, against whom it is necessary to be warned, who make it their business to attack and undermine the Catholicism of the time they live in, and to discredit the divinely appointed pastorate of the Church of Jesus Christ.

The question of faith regards, chiefly, certain facts and truths about God, the human soul, and man's destiny, the acceptance or non-acceptance of which necessarily makes a stupendous difference in our estimate of life and our behavior in this world. Sin, redemption, grace, and life everlasting; Church and sacraments; Our Lord's divinity, and such dogmas as the Holy Trinity,—we can not ascertain these things as we ascertain the visible facts of this universe, or arrive at them by the reasoning process which serves us in science, politics, and literature. We have to take them on faith, as it is called.

One of the chief elements in modern religious confusion is the meaning which people attach to the word "faith." There is, first, the strictly Protestant acceptance, derived from Martin Luther, that

faith is a mere trust in the 'Saviour, with a conviction that you are "saved." Such "faith," apart from charity, obedience, contrition and amendment, is not faith in the New Testament sense, but rather impertinent and unreasonable presumption. But with many people—perhaps with most people outside the Church—faith is a vague acceptance of God, Jesus Christ, and the world to come. It is a weak and colorless persuasion that there is a God above and a world out of sight. The common view is that faith comes natural to some people and not to others.

We often hear people say that they would like to believe, but they can not. Their minds, they will tell you, are not made that way. Others, they suppose, with temperaments more inclined to the mystical, the spiritual, and the supernatural, do not find the same difficulty. In the earlier ages of the world, faith, or credulity, was the rule,—as it is yet among the ignorant and the young. But education and culture destroy faith, and make it less and less prevalent. And whilst educated and self-sufficient people talk like this, it is quite true that the sort of faith which they attack, and which suffices for ordinary non-Catholics, is really open to the scorn with which they treat it. Their faith is a mental feeling which makes them respectful to the New Testament and to clergymen; which recognizes an Almighty, and produces feeble and infrequent prayers; which fears a bad future for very bad people, but almost equally dreads "heaven" as an exchange for this world which they love. These feelings and persuasions they have derived from various sources—from their bringing-up, from the church-going, from reading, from the common talk of the world they live in, and from their own imaginations. Much of what they hold is, as it need not be said, Christian and true, so far as it goes; but it is not faith. It is only an inadequate, weak, and unstable state of feeling and opinion. The views they hold rest

on no consistent rational or Christian foundation. They may, and often do, vary from day to day; they disappear and reappear, and they are seldom the same in two consecutive generations.

The ordinary and popular Protestantism of to-day is as different as possible from what it was even half a century ago. Sin, grace, redemption, the world to come, our Lord Jesus Christ, and Almighty God's own nature, have all, in spite of the letter of the Bible, in spite of the text of the formularies, undergone in many minds a perceptible and essential alteration. It is true that these persuasions, changeable and changed as they are, are still called "religion"; and there is enough of the air and features of religion about them to justify us in admitting the word. But in the meantime the thinkers, the men of science, the philosophers and the oracles of the modern press, are insisting more and more that all religion is the coinage of the mental faculties, and that there is no proof whatever that any of its so-called mysteries exist outside the brains of human beings. That is the reason, they tell you, why religion alters from age to age. In the early Christian centuries, religion meant one set of ideas, in the Middle Ages another, in the eighteenth century still another. In our own day, they say, changes occur more rapidly; and it will be no wonder if, in a few generations, the faith of men becomes so weak and attenuated that Religion will disappear and Science take her place. There can be no question that Religion will disappear, unless she is saved by the Church, and by those plain and unshakable principles which Catholicism makes use of to establish and maintain Religion.

The great Catholic and Christian principle is this: that you can *prove* your religion, either by the help of your own faculties, or by the fact that God has spoken and revealed it. In either of these two ways you can make sure that a certain thing is a fact and not a mere persuasion of your own mind. Thus, I can prove the

existence of lions in Africa either by going to Africa myself and hunting them, or by accepting the testimony of people who have been there. Thus, again, if I have to make sure of the distance of the sun from the earth, I can either make a number of very intricate calculations, or I can accept the assurance of the astronomers and mathematicians who have made the calculations for me. In either case I can be perfectly certain of the facts. No one will deny that there are these two ways of ascertaining actual fact—viz., personal investigation and authority.

Let it be well understood, in the first place, that the Church holds very decidedly that the foundations of a man's religious views must rest upon his own faculties. The existence of God, as our Creator and sovereign Judge, which is at the bottom of all religion, can be ascertained and proved by man's senses and reason combined. Given a man of average intelligence, who takes the trouble to think and inquire, evidence can be placed before that man which will satisfy his mind that this universe had a Creator, that that Creator sees all things and can do all things, and that He is absolute justice, righteousness, and truth. Into this matter we can not enter at the present moment. It is only alluded to, first, in order to lay stress upon the fact that, in the Catholic view, religion is not manufactured out of our fancies, but pressed upon the mind by things outside; and, secondly, to clear the way for what has to be said about faith. It is true, we do speak of faith even with reference to God. We say, "I believe in God." But we prove Him first. When, however, we have proved Him, there is so much about Him that our poor faculties are unable to give a clear account of, or to appreciate, that even here we have to call in the help of faith. As regards the rest of that grand system which is known as the Christian religion, we should practically know nothing of it were it not for the work of faith. Let us see, therefore, what faith is.

Every Catholic child knows that faith means belief or acceptance on authority, and that such authority is the voice or assurance of God Himself. We have seen already that a man may be just as sure of a thing on authority as when he uses his own research. When, therefore, we talk of grace, redemption, the Blessed Eucharist, the Holy Trinity, and the other teachings of the Catholic Creed, we are certain of them, because God has declared or revealed them. Faith, therefore, is no fancy or imagination, or the mere working of the brain, but a persuasion arising out of solid outside fact. That fact is that God has spoken.

And it is to be carefully observed that you can not have "faith," in the Catholic sense of that word, unless you are certain, on sufficient and reasonable grounds, that God *has* spoken. It will not do to have sentimental impulses or feelings, or to think that Catholicism will "suit" you or satisfy your aspirations. In the scheme of faith there is a place for all these things. But faith must always rest on something more substantial,—on something less "subjective" and less liable to change and disappear.

The human mind can make certain that God has spoken by the ordinary use of its faculties. The prophecies, the miracles of Holy Scriptures, and especially the life, passion and resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ, are as certain as any historical facts can be. Hence the message of Moses, the message of the Old Testament prophets, and above all the message of Jesus Christ, whether by His own mouth or by that of His Apostles, must be a message of the eternal God Himself. For authentic miracles and prophecies prove the interference of God. Still more strongly is the divine interference proved when we have such a history as that of Jesus Christ, in which miracle, prophecy, and moral evidence are found in their most powerful combination. If a man denies that such things can happen, he can not be argued with; for he refuses to

accept what human eyes and ears have testified. If he says the Gospel history is not proved, he is equally unreasonable; for that history, in its main outlines, is admitted even by infidels. Then there is the Church herself, a great fact that can not be ignored. Her history, her ancient and ascertained connection with Christ, her martyrs, her saints, her unbroken record of teaching, her miraculous unity, and her survival in all her living activity to the present hour,—all this is proof, ample and satisfying, that God has spoken, and still speaks, by that Church.

The visible and living Church gathers up in her hands the whole of the evidences of the revelation of God. Her generations go back, one behind the other, like those who carry torches in a long procession, to the miracles and the prophecies, to Jesus Christ in Palestine, to the morning of the first Christian Easter, to the great Pentecost, to the Evangelists and to St. Paul. As she lives and grows through the centuries, she becomes herself a greater and greater miracle; and whilst she guards the precious records of her origin, every age of her existence shows more convincingly her credentials as the herald of Almighty God. All this men can ascertain; and, ascertaining, can be secure that God has spoken. The more they inquire, test the records and examine the facts, the more does this evidence stand out.

But it is not merely the learned historian or the cultured scholar who can convince himself by facts that God has spoken. The evidence is of such a nature as to bring reasonable conviction and practical certainty even to the uneducated, the simple, and the child. History, and especially the history of the Church, together with her personality, are, as we have seen, the main sources of evidence. The student and the scholar can read history for himself and study the Church with his own intelligence. The uninstructed, the workers, and the children can not do this in any adequate way; but they can accept the testimony of those

who have done it. The unlearned can interrogate the learned, the multitude can follow the intellectual, the child can ask his father and mother, the simple can depend upon the word of the priest and the pastor. For the question is, Has God really revealed certain great doctrines, and above all has He really established a teaching Church to be the guardian and interpreter of His message? The evidence for this is like the evidence for the Alps or the Mississippi.

There may be those who, for one reason or another, can not ascertain for themselves; but the matter is so big and imposing that no human being need fail to know about it with sufficient detail and complete certainty merely from the talk of the world. Our faith, therefore, rests on evidence; it is not imagination, sentiment or poetry; and even the unlettered multitudes and the little children of every generation can attain a sufficiency of proof of the fact of revelation to secure their acceptance from being rash, and to distinguish their belief from credulity.

But the mere proof that God has spoken even when the mind has taken it in, is very far from the full act of divine faith. For the act of faith is a moral act as well as an intellectual one. It is an act which has to be made by the human will as well as by the human intelligence. The believer virtually says: "I see that God has spoken; I know that what God speaks to me and to the world is for my salvation; therefore it is my duty to adhere to what God says and to embrace it." Here we have a most interesting point of difference between natural human knowledge and religious knowledge. Religious knowledge we are bound to cling to, like a man clings to his coat or his purse. It would be ridiculous to think that we were bound to love the information of a geography book, or the conclusions of logic, or the demonstrations of science. But it is a part of our duty to God to love the things He has revealed; that is, we must accept them as His gift,

resolve never to part with them, and take every means to guard them in all their integrity. Thus there enters into the act of faith what divines call an impulse of piety,—that is, a movement of the heart toward our Heavenly Father. When the two things concur—viz., the evidence that God has spoken and the pious affection here spoken of,—then the soul says: “I believe, I firmly believe, and I will always believe.”

From what has been said, one conclusion is quite clear: that faith is not within the power of unassisted nature. The gift and the exercise of faith both come from the grace of God. This is not to say that a man can not believe if he likes. When we say that no man can believe without grace—without the supernatural help and motion of God,—we must never forget that a man can have this help if he takes the means to obtain it. These means are, first, the living up, as far as we can, to our natural lights; and, secondly, regular prayer. A man requires grace even to adopt these means, but there can be no doubt that God is always ready to give it to him. As the Council of Trent says, quoting St. Jerome: “God does not command the impossible, but by His holy precepts He admonishes thee to do what thou canst and to ask for what thou canst not; and He aids thee that thou mayst be able.”*

The act of faith, then, is a work of God's supernatural grace in the soul of man; and our holy Catholic tradition and teaching impress upon us from our first lessons in the catechism how wonderful and how adorable is that visitation of the Spirit of God which elevates the soul to faith. First of all, in the case of adults who are yet without belief, the Divine Spirit stirs up good desires, repentance for sin, aspirations after a Christian life, and those impulses which lead the heart to seek, to ask, and to knock at the door of heaven. Such things are the beginnings of faith. Speaking generally, they are

not, in themselves, beyond the natural powers of human nature. But, in so far as they lead to supernatural and saving faith, they are the work of the grace of God.

This grace we often see with our very eyes to be clearly and plainly operating. We see men and women awakened, aroused, attracted, by teachings that have hitherto been strange to them and virtually unknown. We see educated men bowing down their intelligences, simple men exerting their best powers; the rich ready for sacrifice, the poor unheeding of increased hardship; the ties of family and of society broken, the hearts of children filled with ardor and fortitude. Thus the grace of God leads to the study of faith, to reading, to acceptance of instruction, and to the searching of the conscience in preparation for reception into the Church. Then, at some point determined by the grace of God, whether in the actual ceremony of reception or before it, there is formed in the anxious soul that momentous, august and divine act which is called the act of faith. This act belongs to the spiritual world—the sphere of Redemption. It is made possible for human nature by the redeeming blood of Christ, and plays a part in the preparation of man for the eternal vision of God's face. It is no longer a mere conviction of the evidences of Christianity, no longer a mere pious impulse to obey God and save one's soul: it is an eager assent to the speaking God, as if He came again in the mists of Sinai; a firm grip, of intelligence and will combined, on the infallible truth of the Godhead; the reaction and response of human faculty to a blaze of light from the inner heavens which conceal the God of Knowledge. This is the act of faith—supernatural in its object, supernatural in its performance, and supernatural in its impulse; an act that human science takes no note of, which the world in these days does not believe in, and which even Catholics too often neglect and ignore.

But in the gift of faith God's grace goes

* Session VI., Cap. 11.

further. He infuses into the soul and imparts to it a quality not found in nature, but produced in the universe of divine things, which is called the habit of faith. This is a steady, permanent, always energizing force, which tends to keep up both the light and the warmth of divine faith. This habit is received with our baptism. It is not lost by mortal sin, though the faith of a sinner will not by itself save the sinner. It is forfeited by apostasy, heresy, and rejection of revealed doctrine. When non-Catholics, unbaptized, believe, and are received into the Church, this glorious endowment of habitual faith is given them when they are "regenerated," or justified; that is to say, in ordinary cases, in their baptism. Those who have wilfully rejected faith, recover habitual faith when they worthily receive the sacrament of penance.

What a mighty, strange and awful world is this of which we have here a glimpse! The astronomer, when his telescope brings home to him in the silent hours of the night the distances and the forces of the universe, shrinks away sometimes in a kind of dizziness and terror. Christian men are not sufficiently impressed by the wonders of the world of faith. They must live in that world more constantly if they would feel its full influence. They must read, listen, meditate and pray. They must deny themselves to the world of sense and the attractions of temporal things, and shake off that fatal spiritual indifference which blights all religious feeling, if they would keep their faith from growing less and even failing altogether. For the great treasure of faith may be lost. Like all other gifts of God, it has to be cherished and protected by prayer and holy practice. Faith, although there is so much that is convincing in its process, is a matter of piety and resolution. If worldliness corrupts your piety, and occasions of sin weaken your resolution, your faith is in danger. It is necessary, therefore, to avoid dangerous books, to be on our guard against the pernicious press, to keep away from those who are likely to

argue, to object and to sneer at our belief. It is necessary to keep up our instruction and to be familiar with Catholic teaching, to read books and to follow sermons. It is necessary to frequent the sacraments and dread mortal sin.

Take a man out of the atmosphere of religion, and his faith is apt to wither like a flower in the winter's frost. It is for this reason that we insist upon having Catholic schools for our children. It is for this that good priests try to draw their people together, not only in church and before the altar, but in every kind of association, society, guild or union which is likely to make Catholic ideas circulate, to bring home the value of Catholic unity, to make the flocks feel there is a kingdom of God, and to keep them, in some measure at least, apart from that scandalous neglect of God's holy teachings which marks the world of to-day. And it is this spiritual and moral view of faith that makes every good Catholic cherish a filial reverence for all the utterances of the living Church of God.

It is only occasionally, and in matters of extreme moment, that the Church exercises her divine gift of infallible teaching. This may be quite true; but it is also true that whenever the Sovereign Pontiff addresses the Church, he is certainly guarded from error and mistake in all serious matters. This is the feeling of the pious Catholic, grounded on good reasons that need not here be set forth. Therefore the pious Catholic does not carp or criticise or distinguish or remonstrate. If the Holy Father's teaching seems to contradict what a Catholic has hitherto held, or what he thinks he finds in his books, the genuine Catholic impulse leads such a one to alter his views, to correct his words, and to adopt in good faith what is laid down by an authority so intimately connected with the supernatural order of things. If anything in the Pope's words appears to be rash or inconsiderate, calculated to scandalize men of science, to

hinder conversion, or to unsettle any section of Catholics, Catholic piety is inclined to think that these possibilities may be left to the providence of the Holy Spirit, who works in ways of His own which human prudence will never understand. For if God has willed to save the world by divine faith, and if faith is in the keeping of the Catholic pastorate, then if men follow like docile children what their pastors teach, it is not likely that Jesus Christ will let them be led astray in anything that matters.

Exiled from Erin.

XIII.—LETTERS FROM HOME.

ELLIE McMAHON had been in New York a month,—a sorrowful month, which had seemed the longest in her hitherto happy life. One morning her uncle came in from the barroom with two letters in his hand.

"Here's something that may put an end to your grumpiness," he said, throwing them on the table.

Ellie did not answer. She had just finished washing the dishes and putting the kitchen in what order she could for the day. When her uncle had gone she took up one of the letters and opened it with a trembling hand. It was from Willie. He wrote:

MY DEAR SISTER ELLIE:—My heart gave a jump when I got your letter. But why was it so short? Since that black rainy morning I parted with you at Queenstown, I have been thinking,—day and night I have been thinking. I start up at night thinking. It looked so bad to tell you to go! I used say to myself: "I had only one sister, and I told her to go away to—I don't know where." Sometimes I could nearly drown or hang myself in remorse. I used to say: "Why didn't I go myself and leave poor Ellie at home? Wasn't I better able to fight the world than she?" It was no use for

me to say: "Sure it wasn't I was asked to go, but Ellie." And there was no use at all saying: "Why didn't Joe go in her stead?" Then "the cracked *modhaun*" (the name you used to call him when you wanted to vex him) used to come into my head, and I'd laugh to myself. But it was, I think, because it used to remind me of you, Ellie, and the way you'd laugh. O goodness, look at the way I am *codhrawling*, and I wanting to say to you there is a pain in my heart since I read your letter!

Something is wrong, I know, Ellie dear. You would never have said so little only that you didn't want to say much. God help you outside there, poor sister! I don't like to tell you that mother is nearly always crying; but you and I agreed that we'd tell the truth to each other, whatever it might cost. And when I see her crying, I try to put the best color on it. But it is all no use. And then a hundred times over I give in against myself. "Only for me she'd never have gone!" I say. When I am ploughing in the garden, with the turnips or the potatoes, I turn back in the middle of the drill and fancy you're standing in the stile of the haggard, and maybe calling me. But Ellie is not there, and I turn away and tell the horses to go on. Oh, I wish to God you were home! And if anything is wrong with you, Ellie darling, I wish it a thousand times more!

When the breeze blows on my face, I begin to think what kind of sky they have over there. Has it broken clouds like packs of wool, with little dots of blue? I look out through the window as I write, and see the sandpit field. The sod is as smooth as ice, and, oh, so green and so glossy! And the whitethorn bushes at the fort are as white with blossoms as if we had two feet of snow. And I am saying to myself: "Oh, if Ellie were here to see!"

You'll be glad to hear the cows have calved, and all is well. Joe and I milk them, and mother "strips" them. Joe takes the milk then to the factory, as he

used to do last year. We have five calves, two little heifers, and only one died on us. So you see that is not bad, thank God! We have a big lot of your friends, the little *gollaheens* [goslings]. And it is as lovely as always to see them in the dusk, in their down coats, lying round the old ones outside in the yard; and to hear their crooning, like bells tinkling, tinkling. I always thought, you know, that it was as if they were at their evening prayers; and they seemed to be repeating, as it were, the children's rhymes that we used to say when we were young:

The robber to the robin said:

"A crown of thorns is on His head;
Take even one, sweet bird, I pray!"
The bird took one, and flew away.

"O bird, because you gave Me rest,
My blood shall sanctify your breast!
And, robber, up beyond the skies,
You'll be with Me in paradise!"

It may be "doggerel," to use one of the magnificent words of our reading-room secretary; but it gives a good advice: we will be rewarded even for a small thing.

But, for fear I'd forget it, wait till I tell you about the gander. You know what a "holy terror" he is to the children going down across the fields from school. Well, he's a "holy terror" now to one that is not going to school, and little use in taking him there—to Tippler the jackass! My brave old Tippler took it into his head to go and count the goslings. The old general of a gander did not at all cotton to this. He gave a few fierce *ssee*, *sssee*, *sssees*, ordering him off the ground; but Tippler, the stupid, did not understand. The old general wasn't long giving him intelligence. He opened up his wings and made a dart at him. I was looking on. With his bill he pecked him between the two eyes and flapped him with his wings on the two jaws. Tippler gave a snort (you'd easily hear it half a mile away) and took to his heels, with his head in the air, and the gander after him. The calves were up on the high field; when they heard the snort, they at once

took to their heels too and fled. After Tippler had got away a piece, he turned round, lifted his head and ears, stared like a wild animal, snorted, and away helter-skelter again. The calves would be just about to settle down when they'd hear the snort; then away they were again. The end of it was the calves didn't stop till they broke through Moloney's briar ditch into the grass corn; and Tippler never stopped till he got into the corner of the two hedges behind, and then every now and again he'd lift his head and stare wildly, and snort and run round the corner, and stare and snort.

I might as well tell you now as I'm at it what "the cracked *modhaun*" did the other day. "Mother," said he, "will you go out and see if there isn't something wrong with the calves?" Out she went. She called me to see them. I went with her. We were hardly there when we heard the gander hissing like mad in the yard. The donkey began to snort "torrents of snoring," as the old man we called "woolly-head" used to say long ago, when he was telling us of the giant asleep. The minute the calves heard the noise and saw the donkey rush into the bawn, *oss go bra* with them! Out with the gander after the donkey, hissing and flapping, and in all your life you never saw so big a gander.

It was "the cracked *modhaun*." He had made a gander of himself. He had drawn an old white blouse of yours over his head, and had tied on two pieces of white bandbox to his arms for wings. On account of poor mother and the calves, I was so mad I had a mind to blacken every bone in his body. But if you were to see him creeping on his hands and knees, and heard him flap his wings, and "saw" like the gander, if you had only one laugh in all the world you'd give it. And what do you think! After he had hunted the donkey in terror round the field, as soon as he threw off his feathers and war-paint, and began to call Tippler, over Tippler came to him, and the next

minute the two were as "thick as a cow and a cock of hay." Something will happen to the *modhaun*, Ellie. He'll be hanged or he'll drive in his carriage, take my word for it. And then, on the other hand, he's so affectionate!

Now, the other night my cheek was all swollen and I had a pain in my temple and out through my ear. I couldn't think of going to bed, and sat up by the fire. There he sat at the other side. It was no use to tell him to go to bed,—there he sat. One time he'd want to bring me a pillow to lay my head on it; another time he'd coax me to take a sup of hot milk. He went out and milked the goat and boiled the milk. One time he'd croon an air soft and low; another time he'd whistle under his breath. You'll hardly believe it: he never left the hearth till he set me to sleep.

There is the way we are, dear sister. I wrote small in order to write you a long letter, for I know you will be like a hungry person for it. And Joe also is writing to you. Mother sends her love and her blessing; and you will be glad to hear her cap is as well "tallied" as ever.

I am, dear Ellie,

Your affectionate brother,

WILLIE.

With her eyes blinded by tears, Ellie read the letter through, and then turned to the other, eager to drink in every word that the loved ones had written. It ran thus:

MY DEAR ELLIE:—This is a remarkable thing, mind you,—the first letter from your decent brother Joseph. Keep this, and, as poor George Mack used to say at the school, it will be an "air-loom" to hand down to your posterity. But, Ellie, ink and pens and paper must be very scarce over there in the land of the free and the brave. I was expecting you'd tell us all about the big ship and the waves, like Shauneen Dufny did when he told his mother that the captain of his boat was a very affable man. But no matter; your decent brother isn't

going to scold you like Kit the Curser, by any means. So now for some pleasant news.

No doubt you'll be thinking the girls have new fashions since you left. Faith, then, so they have, avourneen! And if the big ones have fashions, the small ones are not letting it go with them. And who do you think was the first to lead? Your "holy saint," his reverence the parish priest—Father Kearney himself. Talk of a cloak or a cape, or whatever you call it, but his beats all you ever saw. It is made just like a big cloak my grandmother used to wear, and it makes a man of him. Lovely soft black. I was near him, and you'd think it was a blanket you had in your hand. 'Tisn't stiff like frieze, you know,—the thing with the nap in it. And there is a velvet collar to it; and a brass chain holding it at the throat, like the crup of a hunter; and a bit of a cape coming down to his elbows. The long and short of it is, he's a real man in it. They say it was made in one of those convents where the Irish industries are carried on.

And the clerk, to be up to his master, has a pair of brown boots, in pardon to you! And he needn't ring the bell either: of a Sunday morning you'd hear them creaking all over the parish. The new curate made him put on the black long thing like the priests do have, and the white little thing that the boys have on them serving Mass. I went into the sacristy to ask the young priest to be captain of our hurling team. And he was just saying to Andy: "I saw all the congregation gaping to-day, to know, I suppose, what kind was the new priest."—"Faith no, sir," said Andy; "'twasn't at you at all they were gaping, but at me when they saw me in the surplice and soutane."

Now I'm on for the dolly-vardens, if you are ready. You'll be glad to hear of your chum, Nellie Ahern. They had the races the other day. Any amount of style there. Nellie, so the lads over at Honors

say, had a new silk blouse, lace from the elbows down, avourneen, and long white gloves. She had them airing in the paddock. You know she wouldn't put them on a hedge, for fear of the thorns. Nellie sat down in the sun, and was busy counting her money, or maybe it was at her prayers your chum was. But the calves came behind her, and before Nellie could bless herself they made ribbons of her silk blouse. Nellie wasn't at the races, and "every tear would turn a mill she shed from dark to dawn."

But that wasn't all about Nellie. The bishop was here, and the parish turned out in its finery. Poor Nellie was walking up the middle as straight, you know, as if she had swallowed a ramrod. You'd hear the swish, swish, as if her dress was just after coming from the box-irons. Nellie's head was in the air, as if she was carrying a boiler of water on it. Everyone was looking, when all at once her poll broke and something she had inside her hair fell down on the floor, to the great admiration of them all.

We have two leagues now. It used to be the United League and the Land and Labor League. But now it is the Woman's League and the Servant Maids' League, and I've joined both. Above at the Creamery and again at the Cross Roads the servant maids hold their league. The Woman's League was held up at Auntie Nora's.

It's getting dark, dear sister, and I must say good-bye. There are only two things I'd care to be in America: either the President or the fellow that has Barnum's circus. Keep one of the two for me.

My mother had a Mass said for you the other day, Ellie. I joked her about it,—“as if she were in purgatory!” said I. Said she, trying to laugh: “And maybe she's that same, Josie.”

Write as soon as you can, and tell us all about the grand sights there, so that my mother may soon be turning (in her mind) your purgatory into paradise.

Willie is calling me this half hour to get in the calves, so you'll excuse me, my dear. How I'd like a bit of “slim” made by your own dainty hands! Maybe it's not so long till you'll be preparing it for

Your affectionate brother,

JOE.

When she had finished reading the letters, Ellie sat a long time silent, her head in her hands, as she leaned upon the table. In fancy her thoughts swiftly traversed the wide ocean, between the home she was now forced to call hers and the dear little cottage where she had been born and from which she had never been absent a single night during her happy life of twenty years. Yes, happy it had been,—supremely so, she now fully and fruitlessly realized; a heaven upon earth, where peace reigned continuously, even though plenty had not always dwelt within its walls. Ah, what was poverty if shared with those who loved her! What were hunger and cold even! Love could make them endurable, and piety resign one to the privations they enforced.

The roses would be blooming now against the southern wall; the spicy pinks that grew beneath her window would be sending their delicious perfume through the little garden. And the bees,—the bees! She could almost hear them buzzing and humming above the green bench on which the hives stood. Maybe at that very moment her mother was gathering a comb of honey, for they must have swarmed by this time. She could not bear to lift her head from her cold hands, to open her eyes upon the dark, gloomy kitchen, that no amount of labor could ever make clean or comfortable.

(To be continued.)

“NEVER get mixed up in lawsuits or the law,” the late Lord Brampton once said; and the career of this eminent jurist emphasized the addition: “and I think I know something about it.”

St. Veronica's Veil.

BY M. L. ESTRANGE.

SHE stood erect before the Jewish rabble,
 A form of wondrous majesty and grace,
 Then gently passed her veil of snowy whiteness
 Across that woful, tear-stained, blood-soiled
 Face.

The Saviour turned His sweet, sad eyes upon her
 With gratitude divine and tender love,
 Ere once again they roughly urged Him forward
 To gain the sacred height which lay above.

She watched Him out of sight with wistful
 yearning,

Then looked upon her precious veil once more,
 To find thereon in faultless lines depicted

The Saviour's Face, all stained with dust and
 gore.

All praise to her who braved the Jewish soldiers,
 Who stood before their lines, unknowing fear,
 Who brought His thirsting Heart sweet conso-
 lation,

Undaunted by each ribald jibe and jeer!

All praise to her! Wherever Christ's anointed
 The story of His Passion shall unfold,
 Throughout all time—yea, to the end of ages,—
 There too her deed heroic shall be told.

An Anniversary and a Commemoration.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

QUEBEC, the oldest, the most historic
 city in British North America, is
 about to celebrate its tricentenary.
 Three hundred years, close crowded with
 vicissitudes, have winged their flight
 since Champlain, most intrepid of ex-
 plorers, most adventurous of mariners,
 burning with the twofold enthusiasm of
 religion and patriotism, planted the lilies
 of France on the Gibraltar of America,
 in the Name of God and his Most Catholic
 Majesty.

The city which he thus founded has a
 whole hecatomb of memories, which have
 been variously exploited by the poet, the

romancer, and the historian, according
 to their several points of view,—as often
 as not missing the true perspective.
 Quebec has numerous advantages. Stand-
 ing upon a rocky eminence, its narrow
 and winding streets give vistas of rare
 loveliness; and its magnificent Dufferin
 Terrace commands a noble prospect, dom-
 inating the broad river, and confronted
 by the Laurentians, snow-capped in
 winter, and in the warm season rich with
 clustering verdure. In common with the
 rest of Canada, the ancient capital rejoices
 in a phenomenal purity of atmosphere,
 a brilliant sunshine, gleaming as it does
 on frost and snow. There is a peculiar
 beauty in the nebulous splendor of its
 aurora borealis, in the marvellous coloring
 of its wintry sunsets, the glow and glory
 of its northern stars. All these are rivalled
 by the almost tropical warmth and
 luxuriance of its summers. For every-
 where about the rock-bound city lie fertile
 meadow lands or stretches of uncultivated
 ground, covered with the wild vines and
 trailing plants which caught the eye of
 the primal colonists. Pine forests, fragrant
 and aromatic as those of Chiassi, occupy
 vast tracts, or mingle elsewhere with the
 oak, the ash, the birch, and the maple.

The history of Quebec, and of those
 concomitant elements that have trans-
 formed it into an epic, is to be sought
 in a variety of sources, beginning with the
 journal and letters of Champlain himself,
 written in simple and hearty sailor fashion,
 with frequent sallies of humor and terse
 and graphic power of expression. Between
 the lines may be read a manly and
 unostentatious faith, a deep reverence,
 and the aspirations of a mariner who made
 his earthly quests subservient to a higher
 one. Those were immortal words of his:
 "The salvation of one soul is of more value
 than the conquest of an empire." The
 story of his struggles and defeats, his
 contests with the aborigines, and the
 indomitable resolution wherewith he
 maintained the white flag of France with
 the Cross upon the summits of Cape

Diamond, is not less inspiring than the order and discipline he maintained under difficult conditions, and the explorations by which he discovered the Lake that bears his name, and those of Ontario and Nipissing.

The tale is taken up by the "Relations of the Jesuits," a veritable mine of historical information, by Father Charlevoix's fragmentary story, by Abbé Ferland's brief but valuable "Course of History," and Garneau's voluminous and exhaustive work. This last, despite certain defects which the author desired to correct in his later editions, is truly a noble monument. It met with international recognition, being hailed with special enthusiasm in France.

The spirit, the philosophy of the foundation of Quebec, over which the personality of the great Richelieu seems to brood, is shown to a greater or less degree in the character and deeds of those most conspicuous in its inception or its progress. There are the viceroys, differing in temperament as in policy or achievement, but in the main impressed by the responsibilities of their position and anxious to maintain the Christian ideal. They stand out distinctly from the canvas: Frontenac; the indomitable Montmagny, Knight of Malta, with the chivalrous traditions of his Order; De Lauzun, gaining a reflected glory from the heroism of his son, the intrepid Seneschal of New France, who gave up his life for others; the fiery and quarrelsome D'Avaugour, who ended an adventurous career fighting against the Turks in Croatia.

Amongst the intendants, likewise, were to be found more than one man of mark. Bigot, the spendthrift, the prodigal, who maintained an almost regal splendor in his celebrated chateau, and attained a "bad eminence" by public and private unscrupulousness; Hocquart, the honest, the practical; and Talon, the apt pupil of Colbert, who has been styled "the creator of Canada" in whatever concerns its civil organization.

The soldier-colonist of Quebec is almost

unique in the annals of colonization. Apart from the fact that the exigencies of that strenuous pioneer existence required a preponderance of the military element, many gentlemen of ancient lineage but narrow fortune obtained grants of land from the French King. The *Grande Monarque* himself has borne testimony that there was more good blood in New France than in any other dependency of the French crown. Of the seventy officers of the famous Carignan regiment, for example, a large proportion married in the country of their adoption. And in addition to these settlers, who followed arms as a profession, it is certain that the skilled mechanics and hardy tillers of the soil, who formed another preponderant element in the emigration of those days, were almost invariably called upon for military service.

Women played a conspicuous part in the drama of colonization, and this fact is in evidence in such works as "The Annals of the Ursulines," where the feminine love of detail gives a whole compendium of history in the footnotes. The wives and mothers of that time yield to none in those qualities of courage and endurance, of faith and piety, which were particularly admirable amid the continual alarms, the unspeakable hardships of their situation. Rarely, indeed, do the chronicles of a naissant state record so absolute a purity of morals and decorum of conduct.

The women of the cloister, too, have written their names broad and deep on the national annals. Behind the bars of the Hôtel-Dieu, that hospital founded by the Duchesse de Bouillon for the relief of the sick and wounded, such women as the celebrated Mother Augustine, mystical and holy, spent themselves in the service of suffering humanity. Marie de l'Incarnation, the "Teresa of the New World," captivated all who approached her by her beauty of person and charm of manner, her courage, and absolute self-abnegation. She and her associate Ursulines were as a strong support alike

to the infant Church and State, no less by their conspicuous example of charity and holiness than by the services they actually performed in the matter of education to the white and red children, in the instruction of neophytes, and, when necessary, in the care of the sick. There are few more touching pictures than Marie de l'Incarnation herself, with her co-foundress, the royally generous and saintly Duchesse de la Peltrie, under the ancient trees in the monastery garden, teaching the little Indian waifs of the forest, whom they had been obliged, at first, to reduce to something like cleanliness.

The missionaries of New France, who had their headquarters at Quebec, rest upon an exalted plane, where the brown habit of the Récollet appears beside the black cassock, beads, and crucifix of the Jesuit. "A fervor more intense," says Parkman, "an abnegation more entire, a devotion more constant and more indefatigable, can scarcely find a parallel in the pages of human history." And it is certain that a more inspiring page can hardly be found than the record of those labors wherein the sons of St. Francis rivalled the sons of St. Ignatius. In the case of the latter, the splendor of their martyrdom, the unsurpassed heroism which caused their war-cry, "For the greater glory of God," to penetrate from one end of the continent to the other, have somewhat obscured the services they rendered in various directions.

Take the single example of Father Jogues. His is a thrilling story of torment, mutilation, escape through the good offices of the Lutheran Dutch; and voluntary return, at the call of duty and the promptings of evangelical zeal, to a cruel death, which he himself foretold,—all this is familiar to the average reader. But how many have stopped to consider his weary and toilsome marches through league upon league of untrodden snow; his valuable service to the country as a peace negotiator with the ferocious Iroquois;

his skill in engineering, which was utilized in erecting fortifications that withstood time and weather and the onslaughts of savage foes; and, to crown it all, his explorations! Pushing far to the northward and westward, it is almost as dramatic a moment as that of his death when, leaning upon the arm of his younger companion, he pointed out with unerring finger that path which, fifty years later, Marquette was to pursue in reaching the Mississippi. So, too, with the others.

From Quebec they set forth to visit all the tribes from Hudson Bay to the countries watered by the Mississippi, preaching as they went in the various dialects of their hearers. The region of the Great Lakes was visited, in thirteen years, by eighteen Jesuits, despite the fearful perils of those districts inhabited by the Iroquois. While Father Druilletes went southward, to establish amity with the warlike Abnakis, Father Dablon aimed at penetrating to the North Sea, hoping to establish a passage to the Sea of Japan; Dolbeau explored the region of the Saguenay; Allouez covered more than two thousand leagues of ground; and Raimbault conceived the idea of finding a passage to China, and thus completing a circle of missionary endeavor around the world. Yes, those messengers of the Gospel, "outstripping the most intrepid of voyageurs, with their breviary around their neck and cross in hand, discovered vast regions, and made treaties with numberless tribes." Truly those were grand schemes that were thought out in the ancient Jesuit college, the oldest educational institute upon the continent; and these are traditions of which Quebec has most reason to be proud.

Always in the background of any colonial picture were the tribesmen, the Iroquois, whose ferocity was tempered by their foresight, subtlety, and something approaching to statesmanship. These qualities enabled them to overcome the brave though fierce Hurons, as well as the gentle and peace-loving Algonquins. Nor

is their part in the colonial drama altogether one of savagery, torture of victims at the stake, wild ambushes in the forest, or massacres of unoffending whites. Very frequently the great chiefs, amongst whom were notable personalities, appeared in the streets of Quebec, at the historic Chateau of St. Louis, in the chapel of the Jesuits or the Ursulines, as guests, as envoys, or as neophytes. Added to these were the voyageurs, the trappers, the woodsmen, the St. Castins, the Cadieux, whose huts in the trackless wilderness adjoined the lair of the wolf and the bear, whose exploits were thrilling, whose adventures bordered on the marvellous.

Quebec and its environs are encircled, moreover, by legends, "the poetry of history." Up the broad St. Lawrence, when fogs were thick upon the Newfoundland coast, came the "Admiral of the Mist," leading his ill-fated squadron to death upon the rocks. The lovely but perilous "Jongleuse" still haunted the banks of streams, to lure passers-by to destruction; and "the Corriveau," wicked witch, exercised her bad arts. And, touching the subject of magic, when witches were being burned in the neighboring colonies of New England, accusations of witchcraft brought against certain persons in New France were dismissed with indignation and contempt by the Jesuits and their fellow-members of the council.

To complete the dramatic and picturesque tableau of early Quebec, sidereal phenomena were not wanting. Meteors in the form of serpents appeared, writhing and interlacing, in midheaven; and seismic disturbances of an unusually severe and prolonged character threatened the very existence of the town. Thus, on a calm and bright afternoon in February, 1663, when the Carnival was at its height, a distant rumbling noise was followed by a violent shock and a medley of confused sounds. For half an hour these terrible convulsions struck terror into the bravest hearts. Houses rocked, walls cracked; the steeples of churches swayed, the bells

ringing of their own volition; domestic animals rushed through the streets howling with fright; strong men, overcome with fear, prostrated themselves in the public thoroughfares; crowds of suppliants thronged the places of worship; the cloistered religious intoned the *Miserere* and implored the divine mercy for the menaced city. During the next seven months, that tremor of the earth recurred at frequent intervals, mountains being levelled, others arising in their place; streams were turned from their course and trees violently uprooted.

It would be interesting to follow the progress of the city after the events which are about to be considered had become an accomplished fact; when, succeeding to the Conquest, numberless British emigrants came to enjoy the peace and liberty of the new civilization; when alarms again arose from over the border; when the gallant Colonel Dambourges saved Quebec against its latest foe; when the ultra-loyal Britons armed themselves, *needlessly*, during the insurrection of 1837, and the Canadians uprose for their constitutional rights. It is, in fact, a series of pictures wherein humor and tragedy and romance are strangely blended.

To Quebec belongs the honor of initiating the first intellectual movement in Canada. During the pioneer times, and the troublous period preceding and succeeding the Conquest, letters were, with but slight exceptions, necessarily neglected. What is known as the group of 1850 may be broadly considered as the founders of French-Canadian literature; that, of course, antedated any other. Within the walls of the ancient city, after the Jesuits had been driven away, the Seminary of Quebec acted as the hearthstone of literary activity. Under the inspiration of the celebrated Abbé Holmes, the young and ardent spirits of the day took fire. While the *élite* of the city gathered in the chapel to listen to the elegant and polished discourses of the eloquent priest, whose

almost phenomenal knowledge, it has been said, to embrace very nearly every department of human learning, a circle of literary men began to give their thoughts to the world in the pages of the *Répertoire National* and the *Soirées Canadiennes*, and to work the prolific soil of their country. Gerin Lajoie, Taché, Etienne Parent, Chauveau, the Abbé Ferland, Garneau, and Cremazie were foremost in that original group; and the names of their successors who have maintained the standard of culture on that historic ground can readily be brought to mind. Their number includes many members of the clergy and of the professorial staff of the University of Laval. With its tradition of learning and the completeness of equipment, this splendid institute is a worthy monument to Quebec's first Bishop, Montmorency de Laval. Few more impressive figures appear upon any canvas than this magnificent prelate, wearing the Roman purple with the same majesty that his proud and warlike ancestors displayed for successive generations at the court of the Bourbons; and equally remarkable for apostolic zeal, abounding charity, and unremitting devotion to duty.

It was the fortune of this fortress city of the North and its surroundings to be the theatre of sanguinary conflicts during those wars which, in the eighteenth century, engaged the principal European powers. Rival fleets sailed up the St. Lawrence; maritime contests resulted in victory, now for one flag, now for the other. The bold headland of Quebec and its rugged cliffs were long held to be impregnable. The narrow strip of land lying below, which constituted Lower Town, being directly exposed to fire from above, to projectiles of every sort, rendered escalading an impossibility. So matters stood when, during the campaign of 1759, were pitted against each other two of the most prominent of contemporary commanders — Louis de St. Véran de Montcalm, commander-in-chief of the

French army of North America; and Wolfe, the dashing young soldier in the service of Great Britain.

Fresh upon the brow of the former were the laurels of Oswego, Fort William Henry, and Carillon. Montcalm had, in fact, measured swords victoriously with nearly all the great soldiers of his day; and the glamor thus cast around his name was almost as advantageous as his apparently impregnable position. That position he defended for a considerable time, with his customary skill and success; though after the strategy by which Wolfe gained the heights, critics declare that he should not have immediately given battle, but awaited the concentration of his forces. In any event, it seems certain that he was at the head of a much inferior force, numerically and in point of efficiency. In his previous letters to the Minister of War, he laments the rawness of his recruits, who would be at a sad disadvantage when arrayed against highly disciplined and effective troops. Whatever the causes, the result was a vital one, and the splendid courage and resolution displayed upon both sides are undeniable.

Familiar as are the chief details of that memorable combat, it is always inspiring to read of the last gallant charge of the immortal Wolfe after he had gained, by a veritable stroke of military genius, the Heights of Abraham. At forty paces from the enemy, he was met by so deadly a fire that his men were momentarily thrown into disorder. Though already wounded in the wrist, he led forward his grenadiers in a bayonet charge. He received a mortal wound before he had proceeded many paces, and was carried to the rear to die, declaring that he died happy since the enemy were in flight.

No less thrilling is the heroism of the French leader, contesting the ground at every point, and endeavoring to the last to rally his scattered and disorganized troops. He seems to dominate the scene, surrounded by the captains of many combats — Bougainville, Bourlamarque,

and the rest. Riding his black horse, his sword-arm raised, the wide sleeve of his uniform falling back, showing the white linen of his wristband, his slight and graceful figure was everywhere conspicuous. Those wonderful eyes of his, which an Iroquois compared in nobility to the oak, and in vivacity to the eagle, gazed undaunted into the very face of death. Even after he had been wounded three times, the third injury being mortal, he caused himself to be supported upon his horse by two of his grenadiers, and so passed through the gates, a dying man.

The surgeon informed him that he had but a few hours to live. He answered: "They will suffice." He at once began to make the best arrangements he could for the army, recommending his soldiers to the opposing commander, urging him to be their protector, "as I have been their father," and expressing satisfaction that he should not live to witness the defeat of the French arms. From that time forth he turned his whole attention to spiritual concerns, making his preparation for death, and receiving the Last Sacraments with the utmost fervor. Two things, therefore, are clear: that the rival leaders were foemen worthy of each other's steel, and that no more glorious combat was ever fought than that wherein the bravest of the brave dyed the red field of war with their blood on the Plains of Abraham.

In one respect Quebec is unique, for it preserves with equal honor the memory of victor and vanquished. In a public square overlooking the water stands a monument commemorative, on the one side, of General Wolfe, and on the other of the Marquis de Montcalm. This latter was composed by a member of the French Academy, and was originally intended for a mural tablet which was to be placed, by the subscriptions of the soldiery, in the Ursuline chapel.

The personality of that dead leader, so pre-eminently a man of action, seems to haunt the peaceful cloistral solitudes of the Ursuline monastery. There, under

a pall, rests the skull of the chivalrous Louis de St. Véran, and there was offered up a solemn Requiem for the repose of his soul. That monastery, it may be remarked, played in many ways an integral part in the history of the settlement,—now as a provisional hospital, providing the same charitable ministrations for friend and foe alike; now as a barracks, being put into a state of defence and highly fortified.

The Battle of Ste. Foye was the last victory won for France on the soil of North America. The success there attained was largely due to the military skill, courage, and resourcefulness of the Chevalier de Levis. It was a gallant effort to retrieve a lost cause; and Levis, with his then unsuccessful antagonist Murray, is commemorated at a spot overlooking the St. Charles. Quebec may therefore be said to pay equal honor to the *Diva parens*, or "Death personified," of the poet; preserving everywhere the *munera notæ*,—familiar tokens. Everywhere the visitor is confronted with the shades of the illustrious dead.

Now it is proposed to honor those two fields of glory—on the Plains of Abraham and on the heights of Ste. Foye—as a commemoration of the tricentenary of the city's birth. This proposal emanates with singular appositeness from a Governor-General who, from the outset of his viceregal career, has pursued a policy of conciliation, stretching out the right hand of amity to the great Republic on the south, as to Newfoundland, which still tenaciously clings to its own autonomy. He has also striven to bring into cordial understanding the constituent elements of Canadian nationality, especially the two chief divisions which may be broadly classed as English-speaking and those of Gallic speech.

Earl Grey proposes, in the first place, by means of a national subscription, which has been already inaugurated, and headed by King Edward, to convert the two battlefields above mentioned into public

parks; and, in the second place, to erect, at a point commanding the St. Lawrence, a colossal statue of the Angel of Peace, which Lord Grey desires shall be "peaceful, calm and majestic." He fully explained his views upon the subject at a mass-meeting held in Ottawa, where Sir Wilfred Laurier, in his usual graceful and forcible manner, and several other speakers, endorsed the project.

In this design, as on many other occasions, Lord Grey has been true to the best traditions of his distinguished house. His present idea is a singularly beautiful one, and it is difficult to see how even one dissentient voice can be raised to its execution. The embellishment of those scenes of strife will mark the cessation of old differences, and the angelic figure will be the embodiment of a principle toward which is the trend of humanity at large, despite the gathering of armaments, the perfecting of torpedoes, and the scientific vision of future warfare in the clouds. Upon that territory, which has witnessed so many sanguinary conflicts, that symbolic image will stand, overlooking the stream too often crimsoned with the blood of many a gallant heart. So standing, it will proclaim to the world that, whatever conflicts may agitate the older civilizations, here is a land where the arts of peace will lead the naissant state, with all its magnificent promise, to unparalleled prosperity.

And the Angel of Peace will be no mere symbol; for, despite the inevitable small friction of differing racial proclivities, Celt and Briton do meet in Canada on a basis of mutual good-will and patriotism toward their common country; and the broader spirits amongst them are continually striving to promote this good understanding and to render homage to the noblest qualities of two noble races. The British can not forget the stanch and chivalrous loyalty to crown and sovereign displayed by their late adversaries upon many a memorable occasion, from the plains of Monongahela to the

veldts of South Africa,—a fact which was tactfully pointed out by Sir Wilfred Laurier in his elegant and forcible speech on the above-mentioned occasion. On the other hand, the French owe a special debt to the British crown for its just and enlightened toleration of their customs, their language, and above all their religion; and this point was emphasized by the representative of the Sovereign Pontiff, Mgr. Sbaretti, in the hearty and unqualified approval which he gave to the project of his Excellency.

"The events which these battlefields recall," says Mgr. Sbaretti, "have for us Catholics a deeper and even more important meaning. In the all-wise designs of Divine Providence, they were destined for the protection of our Church against persecution and oppression, old and new; as also for the maintenance of her sacred rights under the beneficent folds of the English flag. The Canadian hierarchy and the Catholic people have on many solemn occasions and in no equivocal manner, by word and deed, shown how much they appreciate this recognition and guarantee of their rights. The National Park will be a perpetual reminder to future generations of their debt of loyalty and gratitude to the British crown."

It appears, indeed, absolutely certain that the French in Canada have enjoyed under English domination a wider toleration, a more unhampered freedom, than could possibly have been the case under the spurious liberty and actual violation of the most elementary and the most sacred rights witnessed under the Tricolor. Their individuality, ethical and religious, has been preserved upon the banks of the St. Lawrence as it could not have been on the borders of the Seine; and the France of the *Grande Monarque* finds its truer reflection amongst the Bretons and Normans of Gaspesia and the Laurentian district than in many portions of France under the Republic.

Nevertheless, the heart of the French

people turns, and will always turn, tenderly and sympathetically, toward the land of their sires; and it is a sentiment which all must respect. Cremazie, who has most forcibly expressed the longings of his race, their aspirations and their sympathies, describes the old soldier of France, half blind and tottering with age, led out each morning to the ramparts to descry, if he might, the approaching fleet of France with the white flag at its head. The years passed, and the old soldier was gathered to his fathers; and his grandson, a man grown to full maturity, beheld the flag of France once more waving in the breeze before Quebec; but it had come not as conqueror or as avenger, but in the interests of commerce and as the envoy of one friendly nation to another. So was the dream of the old soldier realized in the best manner possible. And the passionate accents of that veritable song of a lost cause, "The Flag of Carillon,"

O Carillon, je te revois encore!

were merged in that other song, wherein all may find a voice,

O Canada, mon pays, mon amour!

And it is that sentiment of the new and present nationality that his Excellency the Governor-General desires to promote by his twofold project.

SPEAKING of the Cross, the Blessed Curé of Ars said that it distilled balm and exhaled sweetness; that the closer we embraced it and pressed it with our hands and to our heart, the more we made it give out the unction it was full of; that it was the most learned book that could be read; that those who did not know this book were ignorant, even if they were familiar with every other; that they alone were wise who loved it, consulted it, fathomed it; that, bitter as it was, nothing was so pleasing as to plunge into the depths of its bitterness; that it was a school where was to be found all knowledge without weariness, and every sweetness without satiety.

The Last Story.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

"MY dear young lady," said the grey-haired dispensary doctor, seriously regarding the slight form in the big armchair, "you must rest both mind and body for a time; otherwise, there will be a rather grave state of affairs."

"Oh!" Betty Butler gasped. "But, Doctor Nolan, I can't stop working, writing! I must live."

"You won't," the man of medicine replied brusquely, "if you continue as you are doing. You are completely broken down, mentally as well as physically."

"But," Betty pleaded, "I have no money, and I have a brother at school depending on me. I am to get twenty pounds from the *Challenger* for a few short stories. I shall not receive the cheque, though, till the last one is published. I have only one more to write, and it must be in London by the 12th of the month."

"Well, well! Write it, then, and get it off your mind. Have you no relations?"

"No,—at least I should have an uncle, my mother's brother; but he went to England when a lad and was not heard of again. I have some acquaintances, that's all."

"Poor thing!" Doctor Nolan ejaculated mentally. Aloud he inquired: "Your parents are both dead?"

"Yes; they died four years ago. We had some ready money, and until lately I earned a fair share by writing. Now—" Betty began to cry.

The Doctor let his patient sob for a few minutes, then Betty dried her eyes. In more favorable circumstances, the girl might have been good-looking; as it was she was too thin, too worried-looking. There were black shadows beneath her feverishly bright blue eyes, and her long thin fingers moved nervously.

"I don't cry usually," Betty apolo-

gized, with a passing smile. "But I have tried and tried to write that last story, and I can't."

"Oh, well," Doctor Nolan said soothingly, "you will; and then you'll have a good long rest." ("What a pity the poor thing is not a good dressmaker!" he thought to himself.) "I'll send you some medicine, Miss Butler," he said; "and Mrs. Jordan will see that you take it regularly. I'll call round to-morrow."

The medical man left the sitting-room and proceeded to interview Mrs. Jordan in her big, roomy kitchen.

"Do you know the girl?" he inquired, with a nod toward the room.

Mrs. Jordan shook her head.

"No. She's acquainted with a lodger had last summer—Miss Byrne, you know. Miss Byrne told her about the poems, and a Dublin doctor had ordered her (Miss Butler) to the country. So she came to Mountside Farm a few days ago, and got worse instead of better. I made her send for you. What's the matter?"

"Want and worry. She's on the verge of brain fever, I'm afraid," the Doctor answered. "We must just do our best. Keep her in company a bit, and feed her well."

"There's an early chicken in the pot this blessed minute," Mrs. Jordan said. "The poor thing! I'll do all I can."

"Oh, aye!" the Doctor assented. "If she had some foolish story written, she might rest. You couldn't write a story, Mrs. Jordan?" he asked whimsically.

"I! Lord bless you, man! when I can't do much more than read my prayer-book and scrawl my own name! But she writes and writes, and then tears up the good paper, just as Mr. Carroll did."

"Well, if ever she gets that rubbishy story written, pack it off to the post office at once. Don't let her read it again. I know Miss Butler's in good hands."

"Troth she is, though I say it myself," Mrs. Jordan assented. "Sure any one would be good to the poor creature."

A little later Mrs. Jordan carried the

spring chicken and other edibles into the sitting-room, and sat with her lodger till a small quantity of them was eaten. She also endeavored to cheer Miss Butler up a bit by various items of information concerning other guests.

"And there's that old bureau," Mrs. Jordan observed, nodding her head toward the article mentioned; "and the gentleman took a fancy for it. He said there was bound to be a secret drawer, and sure enough there was. He never rested till he found it out. Poor man! he got the bad news here. His wife and daughter were drowned in a boating accident. There's danger in every small pleasure-boat. That I'll say and maintain."

"Who was he?" Betty inquired with languid interest.

"Oh, he was a great writing gentleman! His name? God bless me, sure I mentioned it to Doctor Nolan a minute ago. Well, it has slipped my memory. Now, Miss Butler, *alanna*, just try a bit of that cauliflower,—do!"

Good Mrs. Jordan peeped out and in of the little sitting-room during the afternoon. When she looked in toward eleven o'clock at night, Betty was writing fast and furiously, and looked up only to answer Mrs. Jordan's good-night. Next morning there was a litter of torn paper in the grate and a folded manuscript on the table. Mrs. Jordan, mindful of Doctor Nolan's instructions, took it up. It was not addressed.

"I'll take a look in at the bedroom," Mrs. Jordan said to herself. She opened the door leading thereto. Betty was lying, staring with bright, glistening eyes at the ceiling.

"And how are you this morning?" Mrs. Jordan asked, and had to repeat her question before obtaining an answer.

"Oh, I don't know!" Betty replied, lifting a hand to her head. "But, Mrs. Jordan, please post that paper on the table. There is a slip of writing paper saying whom and where it is from."

"It isn't addressed," Mrs. Jordan said.

"Oh! isn't it? Please, you address it. I can't write or think any more. Send it to the editor of the *Challenger*, London."

It was Doctor Nolan who addressed the manuscript lying on the sitting-room table. He also added the information that it was from Miss Butler and gave her present address.

"She's a bit light-headed," he said to Mrs. Jordan; "but I hope she isn't going to be very ill. My sister is interested in the case, and will help you with the nursing; so we won't need a professional."

Mrs. Jordan snorted.

"No, that we won't. I saw one of them ladies once with her cap, and her apron, and her *thermoneter*; and I don't want to see another. If Miss Nolan does the day work I'll be on hand at night. Be in peace on that point."

It was weeks later; and Betty Butler, thinner and paler than ever, and with her brown hair cropped close as a boy's, was lying on a couch in Mrs. Jordan's patch of garden when an elderly gentleman came up the path. He paused at sight of Betty, and raised his hat.

"Do you—can you tell me is Miss Butler in?"

"I am she," answered Betty, in astonishment.

"Oh!" (The stranger eyed the girl.) "I—I am afraid you have been ill."

"Yes."

"I came to see you on a matter of business, and also to renew my acquaintance with Mrs. Jordan."

"On a matter of business!" Betty repeated.

"Yes: about that last story you sent to the *Challenger*," the stranger went on.

"Oh, then I did send one! It was just before I fell ill."

"The story was written by me. I never could remember where I left the manuscript till I received it as yours. Then I recollected I placed it in an old bureau of Mrs. Jordan's."

"Oh!" Betty raised her hands. "Oh, yes, yes! I found the manuscript the

night before I grew very ill, and Doctor Nolan or Mrs. Jordan posted it, I suppose. And it was yours! How dreadful!"

"Don't look so dismayed, please," the stranger pleaded. He had journeyed to Ireland filled with indignation against the lady who had appropriated a story of his; but Betty's appearance was calculated to disarm resentment. "I have nothing to do with the *Challenger*, for which fact I am duly grateful; but I undertook the editor's duties during his wife's serious illness, and thus found my own story submitted to me for perusal."

"Why, Mr. Carroll!" Mrs. Jordan made her appearance. "Where on earth did you come from?"

"From the railway station lastly," Mr. Carroll replied, laughing.

"Carroll!" Betty murmured the name. The gentleman caught the sound.

"Do you know the name?" he asked.

"It was my mother's," Betty rejoined.

"Your mother! Was your mother Effie Carroll?" he asked.

"Yes," Betty answered.

There was a pause.

"Then you are my niece!" Mr. Carroll replied.

There were many questions and answers before all was made clear; but when Mr. Carroll returned to London, Betty went with him.

"I can't say whether Betty's stories will set the world on fire or not,—possibly not," Mr. Carroll remarked; "but I am a lonely man, and if Betty isn't satisfied she can easily recross the Channel. At any rate, I feel the richer in having found a nephew and a niece."

HOWEVER well proved a friendship may seem, there are confidences which it should not hear, and sacrifices that should not be required of it.—*Abbé Roux*.

In silence and solitude the soul comes to its own; in silence and solitude it passes through the ultimate gate into the final mystery.—*Anon*.

A Point of Controversy.

STILL is the objection urged by our separated brethren that the Catholic Church not only invents new doctrines—for example, the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin,—but has altered old beliefs into something different; as, for instance, the headship of St. Peter into the supremacy of the Pope. On the other hand, ill-instructed Catholics are sometimes heard to speak as if they really believed that new doctrines were revealed to the Church, or that old ones were susceptible of adaptation to the spirit of succeeding generations of mankind. There is, of course, such a thing as the development of Christian truth; but it is not what non-Catholics assert or what so many Catholics understand.

"I am willing to allow at once," writes Father Dalgairns in his admirable introduction to "The Fathers of the Desert," "that the practical system of the Church has developed; but by development I mean nothing vague or indefinite. Some writers speak of development as though they believed in a theological transmutation of species,—as if one doctrine could come out of another utterly different in kind. Others write as though the process of development was a contest, the result of which has been that, by a sort of natural selection, the strong doctrines outlived the weak; as though the truths thus developed were connected together only by historical sequence, without any internal cohesion. On the contrary, doctrines were delivered whole; and their growth is a process of evolution by which the hidden harmony of the parts is rendered visible, though all those parts were previously taught or implicitly held. The development consists in bringing to light by reflection what was spontaneously believed before. It is the unfolding of an idea which was given whole. Christian truths were thus planted whole like the trees in Paradise; they grew, they unfolded

blossoms and they developed into fruit, but they never sprang from seed. If the principle is to be of any scientific use, we must not be content with indistinct germs, any more than we could hope to satisfy a man who asked for an oak by showing him an acorn."

The assertion that the Church has imposed new doctrines and corrupted the original teaching of the Apostles is as old as the hills; and the evolution of dogma, of which we now hear so much and are likely to hear much more, was under discussion centuries ago. Truly there is nothing new under the sun, was our thought when reading the other day a little book printed in Paris in 1647,—an early English convert's description of his "Road to Rome." Let us quote the title-page in full: "A Lost Sheep Returned Home; or, The Motives of the Conversion to the Catholike Faith of Thomas Vane, Doctor of Divinity, and Lately Chaplaine to His Majesty the King of England, etc." That the doctrine of development was well understood by this doughty controversialist will be plain from the following extract, the quaint English of which renders it all the more interesting:

The Protestants doe charge the Church of Rome, *De Facto*, to have falne into errors, and to have changed her faith; and that because points of doctrine undefined (about which Doctors have disputed, and held different opinions) have been afterwards defined by the Church; so that it was not lawfull for any after that, to make doubt thereof; the Church by this meanes hath held in later ages, that to be *De Fide*, a matter of faith, which the former ages did not, and so (say they) hath changed the faith, and believes and delivers more than shee received from the Apostles. But this I found to be no change of faith, but only a declaration of some point explicitly, which was implicitly and involvedly believed before. For all the Articles of faith were immediately revealed by Christ to his Apostles, and by them againe delivered to their posterity; so that since, there have been no new and particular revelations, but the first being laid up in the treasury of the Church (for which cause S. Paul calls it a *depositum*, stock, or pawn), other truths have been deduced from thence, as occasion hath required. For when any one endeavours

to corrupt the doctrine delivered by the Apostles, the Church calls her Pastors and Doctors to examine the matter, and being infallibly assisted by the Spirit of truth (which our Saviour promised should be with his Apostles to the end of the world,—that is, with the Church their Successor, which was to continue to the worlds end) shee declares what is true, and what is false; as agreeing with, or disagreeing from that doctrine which shee hath received from her Fore-fathers the Prophets and Apostles, upon whom shee is built; as S. Paul saith, built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets. (Ephes. 2, 20.) For as in a building there is not the least stone which rests not upon the foundation; so in the doctrine of the Catholique Church, there is not the least point which is not grounded on, or contained in that which was delivered by the Apostles.

For example, in the principles of every Science are contained divers truths, which may be drawn out of them, by many severall conclusions, one following another. These conclusions were truths in themselves before, though they did not so appear to us, till wee saw the connexion they had with the premises, and how they were contained in them. And by the many severall conclusions so drawn, the truth of those principles doth more shew it selfe, but doth not receive any change in it selfe thereby. Even so in the prime principles of our faith, revealed immediately by God, and delivered to the Church, are contained al truths, that any way belong to our faith; but it was not necessary that the Church should manifest all these, at their first meeting in Councell, but only so much in every severall Councell as should concerne the present occasion of their meeting; which is some particular heresie, or heresies then sprung up, and so more according to the successive growth of heresies; which when shee hath done, shee cannot be charged with creating of a new faith, or altering of the old; but shee doth only, out of old grounds and premises draw such conclusions, as may serve to destroy new heresies, and shew them to be contrary to the antient faith.

In this manner the Church hath grown and increased in knowledge by degrees, and shall still do so to the end of the world. And as the sun spreads the raies of his light more and more betwixt morning and noon, and his beames display themselves in a valley, or some roome of a house, where they did not before, without any change of light in the sun himselfe; so may the Church spread the light of her faith, shewing such or such a point to be a divine truth; which before was not known to be so; or which though it were a divine truth in it selfe, yet it was not so to us, for want of sufficient proposall,

that is, of the Churches; wherein the Church resembles our Blessed Saviour, her Lord and Spouse, who, though he never received the least increase of grace and knowledge from the first moment of his being conceived, yet the Scripture saith, *He grew in wisdom and age, and in favour with God and men* (Luc. 2. 52), to wit, because he shewed it more and more in his words and actions.

This also appeares by the method which Catholique Fathers and Doctors observe in and out of Councells, in proving and defining points of faith,—namely, by having recourse to the authority of God's Word, contained both in Scripture and Tradition, and to the belief and practise of the Church; in searching whereof, the Holy Church joynes humane industry with God's grace and assistance. For when any question or doubt of faith ariseth, particular Doctors severally dispute and write thereof: then if further cause require, the Holy Church assembles her Pastors and Doctors together in a generall Councell, to examine and discusse the matter more fully, as in that first Councell of the Apostles whereof the Scripture saith, *The Apostles and Elders assembled together, to consider of this word.* (Acts 15, 6.) The Pastors being thus come together, and having the presence of our Saviour and his Holy Spirit (according to his promise) amongst them, out of Scripture and Traditions, joyning therewith the consent of holy Fathers and Doctors of foregoing times, shee doth infallibly resolve and determine the matter, not as new but as antient, orthodox, and derived from her forefathers: making that which was ever in it selfe a divine truth, so to appeare to us, that now wee may no more make question thereof. So that from hence it appeares that the Church makes no new Articles of faith, such as then may be said to have their beginning, but only explications and collections out of the old, which were delivered to the Apostles, and by them to us.

And though the Church doe thus grow in the knowledge of points of faith, yet this is no newnesse of faith, but a maintenance of the old, with a kind of increase by way of explicating that which was involved, clearing that which was obscure, defining that which was undefined, and obliging men to believe more firmly and explicitly, that which before they were not bound so to believe.

That is only to be called a new faith, which is contrary to that which was held before, or hath no connexion with it; and when we cease to believe that which we believed before; this indeed is change of faith, the other is but encrease. And if this encrease of faith by the declaration of Councells, may be called a change and innovation of faith, there is no Heretique

but may challenge antiquity to himself, and put novelty on the score of the Church. . . . Yea, by this absurdity a man may deny divers Books of the Scripture, as the Epistle of S. Paul to the Hebrewes, the second Epistle of S. Peter, the Epistle of S. James, of S. Jude, and the Apocalyps, with some others, because they were not admitted for Canonically until 300 or 400 yeares after they were written. Yet when they were declared to be Canonically, there was no change of faith in the Church thereby; for the believing of these Books was involved in this revealed Article, *I believe in God*; and the believing of them to be Canonically was involved in this revealed Article, *I believe the holy Catholike Church*; onely hereby was an increase of the materiall object of our faith to us, not in it selfe; we being bound upon the declaration of the Church, to believe that thing firmly and without dispute, which before perhaps we were not so obliged to doe.

How far back this precious little book takes us! Protestantism was new-born when the author wrote it. In a chapter on the marks of the Church he says: "As for the *Antiquity* of the body of the Professors of the Protestant religion, . . .

could not indeed find it more antient than some very old men, somewhat above sixscore yeares; old *Parre* that died in England but few yeares agoe, might have been grandfather to the *Religion*, or at least elder brother to the *Father* thereof, *Martin Luther*?"

Having quoted so much of what is very old, let us conclude with something very new—a definition of development by an Anglican divine, the Rev. Spencer Jones. His doctrine is learnedly, if not completely, expounded in a well-known work by the great Newman; but there is need of a brief explanation of it for the lamp-followers of the Modernists, who teach that religion is as progressive as science; and for those Catholics who fail to understand that there is a wrong kind of development as well as a right one. Here is the definition—the briefest and best that we have ever met with: "The development of revealed dogma is not a process of accretion from without, but of elucidation of that which was always within."

Notes and Remarks.

If we were compiling a new edition of such an oldtime book as "A Ladder for Lent: Reflections by which Devout Souls may Ascend to the Heights of Christian Perfection," we should place as the first rung the following extract from the current number of *St. Mary's Chimes*, and exhort the reader to rest on it a while before taking another step. "What do we think of penance, of sacrifice, of fasting, of abstinence, of the right of Mother Church to impose obligations on us?" are questions which modern Christians would do well to put to themselves, at least during the present season. Neglect of the Lenten observance and the Friday abstinence and the Ember Day fast accounts for many things, among them the existence of much Modernism:

The spirit of sacrifice is a means of sanctification at all times, but a special virtue is no doubt attached to works of penance performed during those periods set apart by the Church as times of mortification and self-denial. The fact that Lent is of Apostolic institution, that it is observed wherever the Church is known, and that all Catholics come within its prescriptions, lends a dignity to the holy season and its practices, and kindles us anew to a sense of the unity, the unchangeableness of our great Mother, the Church.

Father Faber tells us that Lent is the spiritual rudder of the year. It does, in a manner, determine the way in which we are going. What do we think of penance, of sacrifice, of fasting, of abstinence, of the right of Mother Church to impose obligations on us? Our answers to these questions must show how far we have advanced in the way of the spiritual life.

If we did not know Mr. Richard Davey to be a thoroughly reliable and exceptionally well-informed witness, we should be disposed to question the accuracy of certain of his statements regarding the religious condition of France, made in a letter addressed to the secretary of the Catholic Union of Great Britain. And there are others who give precisely the same testimony. Everyone who has

lately visited France has been struck by the intense hatred of, or utter indifference to, religion manifested on all sides. Not to speak of closed and desecrated churches, the secularization of schools, the elimination of the name of God from text-books, the prevention of any religious exercise in State institutions, the spread of immoral literature—"the foulest that has ever been conceived by the foulest imagination,"—the prostitution of the stage to blasphemy and immorality of the most horrible character, there is the deplorable but unmistakable deterioration of the moral fibre of the young. A generation is rising that will be so atheistic as to render the existence of more than one church in a hundred entirely unnecessary. Mr. Davey presents some statistics to show how the tide of juvenile crime is rising. "In 1902 there were 18,000 non-adult persons of both sexes taken up for various crimes in Paris; in 1906 there were 27,000, the eldest of whom was under twenty years of age; in 1902 there were 17 cases of suicide of boys and girls under twenty years of age, and in 1906 there were 87."

Should France survive the present deluge of crime and irreligion, it will be one of the greatest miracles the world has ever witnessed.

Apropos of civic duties, we find in the *Glasgow Observer* a practical hint on one aspect thereof. A motion for convent inspection recently brought up in the House of Commons was defeated. Our Glasgow contemporary publishes the list of Scotch members who took part in the division, and advises its readers to forward to their representatives who voted "Aye" some such letter as this:

SIR:—I observe from the published list of votes given in the House of Commons on the motion submitted by Mr. T. L. Corbett for the inspection of monastic and conventual institutions, that you voted with the "Ayes." I write to say that I most strongly resent such a vote being given by my representative in Parliament. It is hurtful to my feelings,

inasmuch as it imputes the existence of habitual crime or criminal intent in convents or monasteries in Great Britain, and inflicts upon such institutions a stigma of suspicion, without established proof to sustain so unwarranted and calumnious an imputation. I think Catholic monks and Catholic nuns ought to have the same liberty in this free country as is enjoyed by any other citizen, and I propose to make my view effective at the ballot box at the earliest opportunity.

We rather favor the *Observer's* plan. Just as the anti-Catholic merchant or publisher is best punished through his pocket, so the anti-Catholic politician, be he in the British Parliament or the American Congress, may be most effectively reached through his interest in keeping, not losing, the votes that have placed him where he is.

The restoration of the motto "In God We Trust" to the new gold coins, is gratifying assurance that our government is not disposed to follow the example of France in removing the name of the Deity from its coinage, and that the people of the United States have more religious sentiment than their President gave them credit for. It is very unlikely that he will veto the bill which Congress has passed, or that he will not think twice before repeating an act so unpopular as the removal of the motto proved to be. The bill was reported in Congress from the Committee on Weights and Measures by Representative McKinley, its chairman, was considered without an opposing voice, and passed by a vote of 255 to 5.

Dr. A. B. Richardson, for many years in charge of institutions for the insane—among others, the United States Hospital at Washington,—was recently asked about the amount of insanity in his institutions that could fairly be attributed to religion. His answer is interesting:

You have asked me a very easy question I have tested that matter thoroughly. There are only two patients in this hospital whose insanity has any relation to religion; and think, from their predisposition to insanity

that they would probably have become insane on some other subject, if they had not on religion. Now, if you had asked me how many people in Ohio are kept by religion from insanity and out of these hospitals, you would have given me a question hard to answer; for they are a multitude. The good cheer, bright hopes, rich consolations, good tempers, regular habits, and glad songs of religion are such an antidote for the causes of insanity that thousands of people in Ohio are preserved from insanity by them. But for the beneficent influence of religion, the State would have to double the capacity of her hospitals in order to accommodate her insane patients.

The most recent psychological researches are in agreement with Dr. Richardson's views; and it is practically certain that religion has been bearing for years past one source of odium for which it is in no way responsible.

We have often said that one of the instances in which the whirligig of time brings in its revenges is the fact that the Church, long accused by the sects of corrupting and suppressing the Bible, has become in these latter days the Bible's sole protector. An Evangelical Dean, quoted in the *English Church Times*, seems to be of the same opinion. He says:

When I read the Pope's Encyclical, I was verpowered by a sense of shame. We accuse the Church of Rome, with too much reason, of corrupting the simplicity of the Gospel with accretions of human thought; but now we see that same Church standing firm against new errors; while in our own communion, the greater purity of which has been our confident boasting, the same errors are freely propagated by men who speak in the name of the Christian ministry.

We have been reading recently a consensus of French opinions as to the probability of a new French revolution, and were somewhat astonished at the certitude of its occurring that was very generally expressed. But our astonishment was lessened when we read of Minister Briand's recent remark to the judges of the Court of Cassation. "The only guarantee we have," he said, "of a loyal interpretation and application of the laws is in the

sincere attachment of the magistracy to republican institutions." In plain words, the French Government must control the decisions of even the Court of Cassation! Verily, the new revolution seems to be about due.

We have received a marked copy of the *Pittsburgh Post*, containing a report of a meeting at which was discussed the organic union of the Presbyterian churches. An attentive perusal of the report, and some sober reflection on the actual and the desiderated outcome of the meeting, prevents us from endorsing the *Post's* declaration that "the affair, many agreed, marked an epoch-making event in the history of religion." But we confess to some interest in several statements of the speakers. The Rev. Dr. McClurkin said, *inter alia*:

In a village of only three hundred that I visited, I found three churches—Episcopal, Presbyterian, and Methodist. There were three pastors at work. The rivalry was keen. This ecclesiastical condition is duplicated in multitudes of hamlets throughout our country. Such a condition is neither wise nor right.

If "one religion is as good as another," possibly not; but if twenty-five of the three hundred were Catholics, we should certainly advise their being supplied with a fourth church or chapel, in which they could practise their own religion. Dr. Callen much prefers the business-like action of our own church authorities to the methods of his confrères. Witness this:

Several Reformed churches are often located within a square of each other. We have no parishes. The presbytery has forgotten her episcopal authority, and leaves the planting of a church in the hands of any minister out of a job. This criticism can not be made of the Catholic Church. Her priests enter a community and purchase the finest and best located real estate in the town. Her plans are not laid in the light of an ephemeral day, but in the light of eternity. A thousand years with her are but as yesterday. The Roman Catholic Church is the greatest piece of machinery the world has ever known; her organization is well-nigh perfect for conquering the world; her parishes are well planned; her churches do not compete

with one another,—they are one. Her wastes are entirely eliminated.

Not entirely, Doctor, but fairly well. As for the Church's being the "greatest piece of machinery," etc., why not? She was founded by Christ, is ruled by Christ, and has Christ's word for it that she will last to the end of time.

The eminent congruity of solemnly celebrating the centenary of the New York diocese is made apparent by this extract from a recent statement of Archbishop Farley:

The history of the See shows that we had about fifteen thousand Catholics in New York and New Jersey in 1808. There were four or five priests, one church—St. Peter's, in Barclay Street,—and one parochial school. Since then the Church has grown more rapidly than the population of the United States. The fifteen thousand members of the Church in 1808 have grown to three millions. Since then the diocese, which is now one See, has been divided into nine dioceses; there are about twenty-five hundred priests, and a proportionate number of churches and schools. There are, in the archdiocese of New York alone, 1,200,000 Catholics, 130 churches, and 135 schools with an attendance of 65,000 pupils. Besides this, the Church has many charitable institutions—hospitals, orphanages, asylums, etc.

From 15,000 to 3,000,000 means an increase of two hundredfold. Verily, the mustard seed has grown.

The more one reads of Dr. H. C. Lea, author of the "History of the Inquisition" and other books, or of the books themselves, the more pronounced becomes one's conviction that this American pseudo-historian is not only temperamentally incapable of treating impartially matters Catholic, but that he seems to be dishonest both in his methods and his statements. A case in point is his declaration, in the "History of Celibacy," that sacerdotal marriage was "defended by St. Ulric of Augsburg." Apropos of an alleged epistle of St. Ulric to the Pope, Dr. Lea says: "The authenticity of the document, I believe,

is generally admitted by unprejudiced critics." A writer in the *Month* asks:

Now, what is the truth? This supposed letter of St. Ulric thus championed by Dr. Lea is a notorious forgery, which, in point of fact, no serious scholar, Catholic, Protestant, or agnostic, for the last fifty years, has ventured to defend.

Fortifying this statement by references to authoritative non-Catholic critics, the *Month* writer pertinently concludes:

But the worst feature of the case, as the reader will readily perceive, is not that Dr. Lea should have hastily blundered, as any one may do, into accepting a forgery for a genuine document; but that, having made up his mind *a priori* that it was genuine, he should then proceed to convey the impression that he had carefully looked the matter up and had found that all "unprejudiced critics" agreed with his verdict. We venture to challenge Dr. Lea to produce one respectable authority upon medieval literature, prejudiced or unprejudiced, who has ventured in the last sixty years to defend the authenticity of St. Ulric's epistle. Even Schoettgen, the Protestant continuator of Fabricius in the eighteenth century, freely admitted its spuriousness. Is it too much to say that a writer who stands convicted of a piece of bluff of this discreditable kind, is the last person in the world who, in this or any other matter, can afford to assume the airs of a judicious and "unprejudiced" inquirer?

The rebuke is well deserved. Dr. Lea resembles Froude in one respect: he "writes without restriction."

What seems to be a despicable piece of chicanery is thus exposed in the *Chicago New World*:

There is a Jewish organization incorporated under the title "Sisters of Charity," which is advertising a grand ball to be given for the benefit of the poor in the Coliseum Annex Saturday evening, March 21, 1908.

It will be hard to convince ordinary people that the organization in question is honest. On the very face of it, their assumption of a name identified throughout the world with a universally lauded body of Catholic nuns is a patent instance of sailing under false colors. Is it quite certain, by the way, that the incorporation is valid? If it is, then Illinois needs another law in her statute books.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

Colston's School.—A Bristol Legend.

NOW, build me a noble school-house
 As any may wish to see;
 Let the walls be fair and strong,
 The light of heaven be free.
 'Let the door be wide and grand,
 The entrance easily known;
 And over that entrance place me
 A dolphin carved in stone."
 So spake the good old merchant,—
 With trembling joy spake he;
 For his heart was full of thanks
 For the miracle wrought at sea.
 He was passing the Bristol quay
 In the teeth of a fearful gale;
 And he told of his home-bound ship,
 And his listeners all turned pale.
 The rocks, the rocks in the channell!
 She must soon be dashed to a wreck,
 With all the wealth in the cabin,
 And all the souls on deck!
 "That wealth shall be God's," said Colston—
 And he made Him a solemn vow,—
 "If He graciously spares this gallant ship
 Safe through the tempest now."
 On the ship was wild confusion.
 "She has sprung a leak!" they cry.
 "To the pumps, and pump for your lives!
 If the water gain, we die!"
 Then the water suddenly lessened;
 The captain went to the hold,
 With wondrous looks returning:
 "God's ways are manifold.
 "We could not check the water,
 Nor stop the leak," quoth he;
 "But God hath stopped it thoroughly
 With a dolphin from the sea."
 And the school was built by the merchant,
 And the children wear to this day
 A dolphin deftly woven
 On the sleeves of their garments gray.

The Adventures of a Village Dog.

BY NEALE MANN.



HE recent importation of some
 European dogs designed to do
 police duty in several of the
 larger American cities, gives a certain
 timeliness to the story of one canine hero
 whose deeds of renown have so far escaped
 the fame, or notoriety, of the press.
 One probable reason therefor is that
 Connorville, the small town, or large
 village, which was the scene of the advent-
 ures that I purpose chronicling, has not
 as yet attained the dignity of having a
 paper of its own; and another may be
 that the city journalists who occasionally
 paid the village a visit concluded that its
 residents were departing more or less from
 the strict accuracy that ought to charac-
 terize historical narrative, whenever the
 doings of "Bully" became the subject of
 conversation.

Did I mention, by the way, that
 "Bully" is the name of the canine hero
 in question? Well, it is, anyway; and so,
 for the rest of this story, the name will
 appear without any quotation marks.
 The dog would probably object to such
 marks in any case, as implying that he
 didn't have, or rather *hasn't*—for he is
 still very much alive, is Bully,—a perfect
 right and title to that honored appellation.
 Bully is a great, good dog all right. As
 Artie Frauley put it the other day:
 "Police dogs! Huh! Them city fellers
 ought to see our Bully. *He's* police,
 detective, judge, and jury all in one;
 and it's blamed hard sometimes to keep
 him from being sheriff and executioner,
 besides."

Just where Bully was born and "raised,"
 and just when his birth occurred, are

questions that have never been definitely settled. He must be at present at least nine or ten years old, because it is all of eight years since he made his first appearance in Connorville; and he was no undersized pup even then, although he *was* a decidedly underfed one. Artie Frauley was the first to have the honor (as it later turned out to be) of making Bully's acquaintance. At the period specified, the said Artie was a roly-poly little toddler of four or five, the baby of his home, and the perpetrator, so said his folks, of as much mischief as if he were twins.

Be that as it may, one morning while Master Artie was toddling around the yard back of his father's house, he noticed a dog lying down just outside the gate. The animal was evidently suffering; and the pathetic gleam in his eyes as he looked at the little fellow who approached him, at once won the latter's sympathy.

"Oo poor doggie!" was Artie's greeting. "Oo want a dink?"

Without waiting for any affirmative sign on the dog's part, he hurried into the kitchen pantry, climbed up on a chair, and possessed himself of a good-sized pitcher of cream. Norah, the maid-of-all-work, was upstairs making the beds at the time, so he carried out the pitcher without hindrance. Pushing open the gate, Artie was soon on his knees beside the dog's head, and managed to give the animal a refreshing drink.

Satisfied with his first attempt at hospitality, the boy surveyed the dog critically for a moment; and then, with the emphatic statement, "Oo's hungry; Artie knows oo is," made another trip to the pantry, from which he returned this time with a soup plate full of uncooked mutton-chops. The dog had greedily devoured four or five of these before Norah suddenly appeared on the scene, irate and voluble. Artie's pleading, however, and her own natural kindness to all sufferers, eventually calmed her; and she didn't protest very strongly against

the little fellow's inviting "Artie's bully doggie" into the yard. And when, rising to accept the invitation, the dog held one of its fore-legs up from the ground, and Norah discovered that it was broken, Bully forthwith made a second conquest.

Artie's eldest brother, Dr. Tom Frauley, set the leg; and in a very few weeks Bully was as stout and hale and active as any dog-loving boy could wish. What was he like? Oh! yes; I've forgotten to tell you that he was, even then, tall and long, with a more or less sleek coat of dingy white, variegated here and there with brown patches. His ears were long and rather silky, his jaws strong, nose halfway between the pointed and the snub, teeth even and formidable-looking, and eyes,—but hold on! Bully's eyes deserve a sentence to themselves. They were half a dozen colors according to circumstances, and had more different expressions than the optics of any other animal or human that I have ever met. They could smile and weep and plead and threaten and awe and attract and—but I give it up. To understand Bully's eyes, you'd have to know him well and see him often.

As for the breed of this invader of the Frauley household, the dog-fanciers of Connorville were undecided for some time; and, later on, when one of Bully's exploits seemed to indicate descent from some particular canine species, he shortly afterward became the hero of a further adventure which pointed to his belonging to another race entirely. When, for instance, he jumped off the Lower Bridge twenty feet above the water, and, grasping Ella McArdle by the sleeve, swam ashore with her; and, returning to the middle of the current, performed a similar service for Mary Lynott—both little ladies having been capsized from a birch-bark canoe,—it was thought that Bully must have had for sire or grandsire a genuine Newfoundland.

The very next week, however, when Judge Wetmore's span of spirited greys frightened at the first automobile the

had ever seen, took the bits in their mouths and dashed down Water Street at a breakneck pace, Mrs. Wetmore and her three children sitting terror-stricken in the bounding carriage behind them, Bully convinced the bystanders that the first syllable of his name was honestly come by. He ran out of Frauley's yard to the middle of the street, stood there perfectly quiet till the horses were almost upon him, and then—one jump and the dog had the nigh horse by the nostrils, and, despite the maddened animal's furious attempts to dislodge him, brought the brute to its knees, and forced its mate to stop as well.

When little Miss Mabel Wetmore, lifted out of the carriage by her anxious father, who reached the scene just in time to see its climax,—when Miss Mabel, I say, ran over to Bully and, putting her chubby arms around his neck, gave him an endearing hug, everybody thought it quite natural; and Bully's expressive eyes danced in grateful acknowledgment of the compliment.

For a month or two thereafter the opinion prevailed that Bully was half Newfoundland, half bulldog; but the thought that the Merchants' Bank was broken into, the wiseacres were compelled to admit that our canine hero had another grain in him. This burglarizing of the bank, and Bully's discovery and arrest, single-handed—no, single-footed—of the burglars, is one of the stories that the credulous city reporters refused to believe; but 'tis perfectly true, all the same. The burglars, Red Jim and Pete McCoy, reached the village on bicycles about a half hour after midnight. They wheeled directly to the bank, found the outdoor and only watchman snoring on the steps outside the entrance, gagged and bound him before he was well awake, and proceeded to the work of effecting an entrance at the side door by employing the brace and bit method,—that is, boring a circle of augur-holes around the lock and then removing that article.

The circle was almost complete, Red Jim doing the boring, while McCoy kept watch on possible though improbable disturbers of their plan, when there came a rush through the alley. McCoy had his feet knocked from under him; and a moment later, as some thoroughly sharpened teeth met in the fleshy portion of Jim's right leg, that astounded individual emitted a yell, or a succession of yells, that effectively awakened all the inmates of the neighboring houses. When McCoy picked himself up and looked about, he saw lights moving in two or three houses near by; and, calling out to Jim, "It's all up, pal; cut it!" he hurried over to his wheel, mounted, and was spinning away cityward before the first awakened villagers, Bob McMaster and Charlie Epps, reached the bank. As for Red Jim, 'twas all very well to advise him to "cut it," but Bully objected to that plan; and he didn't relinquish his grip on the burglar's leg till McMaster appeared. Apparently thinking that burglar No. 1 would be looked after now without any further assistance from him, he dropped Jim, and without even a bark darted away in the direction taken by McCoy.

That gentleman was easing up about two miles outside of Connorville, when, glancing behind him to see whether his pal were coming, he beheld a white streak a few hundred yards in his rear. With a thrill of nervous dread he recognized the dog, and no victor in a bicycle race ever sprinted as did he for the next three minutes. All in vain, however. Bully gained and gained on him, till at last he sprang clear over the rear wheel, clutched McCoy by the coat collar, and dog, man, and bicycle came to the ground in a mix-up.

Half an hour later, when the village constable and George Austin drove up, McCoy was lying at full length and face downward; the wheel lay in the middle of the road, and Bully was quietly sitting on his haunches by McCoy's head, one paw persuasively resting on the back

of the burglar's neck. "Newfoundland with a strain of bulldog!" said McCoy, later on. "Rats! he's a full-blooded greyhound, and the Sam Patch of the kennel at that. See? If there's any cross in the critter at all, he's got the bloodhound strain in him solid."

But what's the use? You can't begin to tell my favorite's adventures at one sitting; so let this just serve as a starter; and, sometime within a month, if all goes well, I'll let you know more about this "genuine dog from dogville," as Charlie Epps always makes it a point to call my canine friend Bully.

The Little Hero of Haarlem.

At an early period in the history of Holland a boy was born at Haarlem, a town remarkable for its variety of fortune in war, but, happily, still more so for its manufactures and inventions of peace. His father was a sluicer,—that is, one whose employment it was to open and shut the sluices, or large oak gates, which, placed at certain distances, close the entrances of canals, and secure Holland from the danger to which it seems exposed—of being submerged.

The boy was scarcely eight years old when one day he asked permission to visit a friend who lived at the other side of the dyke. His father gave him leave, but charged him not to stay too late. The boy promised, and set off on his journey.

Returning home, he went along by the canals, then quite full—for it was October, and the autumn rains had swelled the waters,—stopping now and then to pull the little blue flowers which his mother loved so well, and humming some merry song. The road gradually became more solitary; and before long the little fellow perceived that the blue flowers in his hand were scarcely distinguishable from the green of the surrounding herbage, and he looked up in sore distress. He had missed his way.

The night was falling,—not, however, a dark winter night, but one of those beautiful, clear moonlight nights, in which every object is perceptible, though not so distinctly as by day. Suddenly a slight noise, like the trickling of water upon the pebbles, attracted the little wanderer's attention. He was near one of the large sluices, and soon discovered in the wood a hole through which the water was flowing. To see, to throw away the flowers, to climb from stone to stone till he reached the hole, and to put his finger into it, was the work of a few moments; and to his delight he found that he succeeded in stopping the flow of the water.

This was all very well for a little while, and the child thought only of the success of his device. But the night was closing in, and with the night came the cold. He looked around: no one appeared. He shouted: no answer. He resolved to stay there all night. But, alas! the cold was becoming every moment more biting, and the poor finger held in the hole began to feel benumbed, and the numbness soon extended to the hand, and thence through the whole arm; the pain became greater, still harder to bear, but the boy moved not. Tears rolled down his cheeks as he thought of his father, who was now searching for him; of his mother, of his little bed where he might now be sleeping so soundly; but still he stirred not.

We know not what faltering of purpose, what momentary failure of courage there might have been during that long and terrible night; but certain it is that toward daybreak he was found in the same painful position. "In the name of heaven, boy," exclaimed the man who first saw him "what are you doing there?"—"I am keeping the water back," was the simple answer of the child, who had been evincing such heroic fortitude and courage.

History has handed down to posterity many a warrior, the destroyer of thousands of his fellowmen; but she has left us in ignorance of the name of this real little hero of Haarlem.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Issue No. 2 (April, 1908) of the *American Catholic Historical Researches* is entirely taken up with Mr. Martin I. J. Griffin's very interesting and authoritative historical work, "The Story of Commodore John Barry, the 'Father of the American Navy.'"

—Vol. III. of Ranke's famous "History of the Popes during the Last Four Centuries" (York Library), which completes the work, contains a catalogue of manuscripts and original authorities, with extracts and critical remarks, together with a full index.

—We regret to notice the death, in his seventy-seventh year, of the well-known Belgian painter, Ferdinand Callebert, director of the Academy at Rouliers. He made a specialty of religious subjects, and examples of his work are to be found in many Belgian churches.

—Messrs. George Bell & Sons have just published a new book by Dom Gasquet—"The Last Abbot of Glastonbury and Other Essays." The first one was published in 1895 as a separate volume, which has long been out of print. The other essays are collected from various magazines, including THE AVE MARIA, and have not previously appeared in book form.

—"Out of Many Hearts" is the title of a neatly-printed booklet, by an anonymous compiler, containing thoughts on the religious vocation from a great variety of sources. It is intended chiefly for young men who aspire to the religious life but not to the priesthood; they will find it helpful in every chapter. Copies may be had on application to the Brother Superior, Dujarie Institute, Notre Dame, Ind.

—Recent issues of the London Catholic Truth Society include Walter Hylton's well-known Parable of a Pilgrim"; Dom John Chapman's masterly pamphlet, "The Condemnation of Pope Honorius"; and the ever timely discussion of Social Questions and the Duty of Catholics," by the late Charles Stanton Devas, M. A. The last two booklets are reprints from the *Dublin Review*.

—A remarkable instance of the appropriation of ideas—a well-known modern essayist cribbing from "a mediæval monk"—is cited by the *Casket*:

When Coleridge found among the writings of St. Thomas Aquinas the same thoughts, in the same order, and with the same illustrations, as in the "Essay on Association" by David Hume, he regarded it as a remarkable coincidence; he could not believe that the sceptical Scotsman had ever thought it worth his while to read the Angelic Doctor. At some time afterward he learned that Sir James Mackintosh had seen some volumes of St. Thomas which had

belonged to Hume, and been read by him, as pencilled notes on the margin testified. Among these volumes was the very one in which Coleridge had found the supposed coincidence. The Rev. W. H. Kent, who mentions this fact in the *Tablet*, makes the appropriate comment: "It is all very well to write on the 'association of ideas.' But we imagine that a more interesting essay might be written on the appropriation of ideas."

—In a pamphlet of two hundred pages, printed by the *Pittsburgh Observer*, we have a full and most interesting report of the "Proceedings of the Fourth Eucharistic Congress of the United States of America," held in Pittsburgh in October, 1907. The report includes the sermons delivered and the papers read during the Congress, and is enriched with a score of portraits.

—Our English exchanges announce the death of two well-known priests of the Order of St. Benedict: the Rev. Basil Weld and the Rev. H. Philbert Feasey. Both are a great loss, not only to the religious family of which they were devoted members, but to Catholic literature, to which they were industrious and valued contributors. Dom Feasey, the elder of the two, was a Fellow of the Royal Historical Society. *R. I. P.*

—"Doctrinal Explanations: Confession," by the Sisters of Notre Dame, has reached its fifth edition, and deservedly so. A booklet of about one hundred pages (and costing only twopence), it gives an excellent and attractive exposition of the matter contained in the English penny Catechism, and can not but prove of genuine utility to the young—or the mature whose knowledge of elementary theology is more hazy than definite. R. & T. Washbourne, publishers.

—"A Turnpike Lady," by Sarah N. Cleghorn (Henry Holt & Co.) is a story of pre-Revolutionary times in a Vermont village. It is woven of sombre strands, but there are also some bright threads of love and romance. The story is realistic in substance, but is lacking in artistic qualities. Naomi is the heroine, and a strong-hearted Vermont maiden she is. One feels glad that the end of the story leaves her in a fair way to happiness.

—With well-calculated timeliness Mr. B. Herder has just brought out a second revised edition of "The History of the Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ," by the Rev. James Groenings, S. J. This second English edition has been prepared from the fourth German one, and it embodies likewise such improvements as will appear in a possible fifth German edition. As an 'excellent explanation of the history of the

Passion, and an adequate commentary on the greatest drama that has ever been enacted, the book is well worth attentive perusal. During the present season, it may well replace most other books for spiritual reading.

—Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co. will publish next month "An American Student in France," by the Abbé Felix Klein. Just as the author's previous volume gave the reader an original and clever insight into American institutions and people from the standpoint of an acute and observing Frenchman, so this new book gives a picture of France as it might be viewed by a student from America. Some illustrations from photographs will enhance the interest of the work.

—The general reader will scarcely discover in the bookstores a more satisfactory exposure of Modernism than "Old Truths, Not Modernist Errors," a clearly-printed booklet of some fifty pages, by the Rev. Father Norbert Jones, C. R. L. The salient excellence of the little work is its lucid directness, its intelligibility, the quality of being "understanded of the people." One instance will suffice: "Here are a few things out of many that they [the Modernists] want to alter in Catholic authority and morality: 1. Allow laymen and simple priests to do the work of bishops, to help them in ruling the Church. 2. Let priests be permitted to give up their holy and consecrated lives of special purity and sacredness, and let them live like ordinary men." R. & T. Washbourne; Benziger Brothers.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

- "The History of the Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ." Rev. James Groenings, S. J. \$1.25.
- "The Life of Antonio Rosmini-Serbatì." Rev. G. B. Pagani. \$3, net.
- "Social Questions and the Duty of Catholics." Charles Stanton Devas, M. A. 25 cts., net.
- "The First Page of the Bible." Father Bettex. 30 cts.
- "Practical Preaching for Priests and People." Rev. Bernard W. Kelly. \$1.25, net.

"Well Spent Quarters." 85 cts.

"Society, Sin, and the Saviour." Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J. \$1.35 net.

"Ancient Catholic Homes of Scotland." Don Odo Blundell, O. S. B. \$1.50, net.

"Tabular Views of Universal History." George Palmer Putnam, A. M. \$1.35, net.

"The Life of Our Lord and of His Virgin Mother." From the German of the Rev. L. C. Busingier by the Rev. Richard Brennan \$10, net.

"Poems of Sister Teresa." Translated by S. I. Emery. \$1.

"Life Sketches of Father Walworth. With Notes and Letters." Ellen H. Walworth \$1.62,

"Catechismus Romanus." Edit. Quarta. \$1.50 net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rt. Rev. Gustave Rouxel, D. D., auxiliary Bishop of New Orleans; Rev. Thomas Moyla, archdiocese of Boston; Very Rev. Henry Hagediocese of Belleville; and Very Rev. Domin Gazzola, Institute of Charity.

Sister M. Loretto, of the Order of the Visitation; Sister M. de Ricci and Sister M. Lucia (Macklin), Sisters of the Holy Cross; Sister Teresa, Gabriel, and Mary Helen, Order of Mercy; Sister M. Loyola, Community of St. Joseph; and Mother Roberta, R. S. H.

Mr. William Baldwin, Mr. Joseph Harr Mrs. Peter Rodgers, Mr. T. G. Pickett, M. Bridget Kearney, Mr. John Green, Miss Ann McKenna, Mr. C. and Miss K. Moone, M. Mary A. McCloskey, Mr. Edward Boutall, M. Mary Meighan, Mr. Emil A. Flusche, M. Thomas Ryan, Mr. Charles Huletz, Miss Ma Hayes, Mrs. Elizabeth Rucker, Mrs. Elizabeth O'Connor, Mr. John Dean and Mr. Frederic De

Requiescant in pace!

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the exiled French religious:

A. G. S., \$10; F. H., \$2; M. B., \$3.

The Gotemba lepers:

L. M., \$1.

For two poor missionaries:

B. J. M., \$5.20.

To supply good reading to hospitals, prisons, etc.:

Client of Saint Anthony, \$1.25; Thomas Kearney, \$3.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, APRIL 4, 1908.

NO. 14.

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Like Simon of Cyrene.

BY DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

OH, had I been among the throng
 On that most dark and awful day
 When Jesus, mocked and flouted long,
 Went forth upon His dolorous way,
 Would I have left His side, so dear,
 When cruel hands my Master slew?
 Ah, coward heart of mine, I fear
 I would have been a traitor too!

And yet—and yet—perhaps I might
 Have gathered courage when I thought
 Of that most wondrous Thursday night,
 The miracle of love He wrought;
 And pushing, trembling, through the crowd,
 With Simon of Cyrene, there,
 Despite the cries and murmurs loud,
 I might have helped His Cross to bear.

O Simon of Cyrene, you
 Were no disciple of the Lord;
 You never felt, you never knew
 The pressure of His hand adored;
 And yet when all whom He had loved
 And called and chosen, left His side,
 Your stranger heart more faithful proved—
 You bore the Cross on which He died!

THE deaf and dumb Massieu, having been requested by the Abbé Sicard to give a definition of gratitude, wrote with chalk this sentence on the blackboard: "Cicero calls it *animus memor*. The counterpart to this is, *L'ingratitude est l'indépendance du cœur*.—'Ingratitude is the independence of the heart.'"

Modernism and Mysticism.

BY O. S. B.



IS the complaint of Modernism, as voiced by one of its ablest exponents—one by no means to be classed among the extremists,—that the Holy Father's recent Encyclical is pervaded by a "harsh intellectualism," by an "almost fierce antagonism to all inward religious experience and union with God"; in a word, to that form of the spiritual life commonly known as mysticism. The writer, indeed, speaks of our Holy Church as "the mother of saints and mystics," and of mysticism as "that firm basis of religion which no logic... can ever supply"; but would have us believe that such mysticism is a prerogative, a characteristic of his "school" rather than of the Church generally.

Let us concede, for the sake of the utmost fairness, that Rome—meaning thereby the governing authority of the Church Universal—has ever been practical rather than mystical, fonder of action than of speculation. Yet when this is said what, after all, does it amount to more than that Rome is the ruler rather than the spiritual director of souls, and deals rather with the great majority of "ordinary" Catholics than with the extraordinary few whom we call saints and mystics? What, further, does it mean but that the best title these favored ones have, both to their special graces and

to our reverence, is that, like their Lord, they have learned first and above all else to obey? "He is truly great," says the supreme master of the spiritual life, "that doeth the will of God, *and forsaketh his own will.*"

Let us concede also that, as Newman says, there is not a little "Roman miasma" round the base of the Rock of Peter, pure and clear though the air be at its summit. Yet, even so, how does this affect our duty of obedience? "Who art thou that judgest another man's servant?" It is not for the failings or shortcomings of those whom God has set "to shepherd the Church of God" that we shall have to answer, but for our own, since "every man shall bear his own burden." "Obey them that have the rule over you," St. Paul tells us; "for they watch for your souls as they that must give account." "What is this or that to thee? Follow thou Me."

But if mysticism be, indeed, as has been well said, the love of God, what "fierce antagonism" to mysticism, thus rightly understood, is to be discovered in the Holy Father's Encyclical? Does not love teach, first and chiefly, not the duty of obedience as a duty but as its most natural and only perfect expression? Love means an utter resignation to the will of the loved one, or it is not love. "My Beloved is mine, and I am His." "I live; now not I, but Christ liveth in me." Where is the duty of obedience here? There is no duty, as there is no fear in love, which gives all and asks for nothing less than all. And mysticism is such love as this. Will any Modernist presume to say that this mysticism is even deprecated, much less opposed, by the Vicar of Christ?

The writer of this apology for Modernism speaks, as we have seen, concerning "inward experience and union with God,"—a not inadequate definition of mysticism, since love is union; and the witness of our own heart, our "inward experience," must, in truth, be for each of us the last court of appeal in the sphere of the spiritual life. But there is, as

Father Baker has shown in his "Sancta Sophia," a difference that is no less than infinite between the inward light that love gives to the soul and the "illumination" to which certain pseudo-mystics have laid claim in all ages and in all countries. Between the indwelling of the Holy Spirit and the "immanence" of the Modernist, which is Pantheism, there is no less a difference. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

But the Modernist has yet another complaint to make, somewhat inconsistent, one might be tempted to object, with that already made,—in this case, against Scholasticism and against Mediævalism. "When the Encyclical," we read, "tries to show the Modernist that he is no Catholic, it mostly succeeds in showing him that he is no Scholastic—which he knew." Does the Holy Father, then, profess to identify the one with the other? Yet the vast majority of devout, practical Catholics know less of Scholasticism than they do of astronomy or the binomial theorem, with equal absence of spiritual detriment in either instance. Scholasticism indeed, as generally understood, might well, for most of us, be classed among the "many things which to know doth little or nothing profit the soul." But it is surely the cheapest and most captious of all forms of argument to which the writer has here resorted—that, namely, of setting up a bogey of "Scholasticism," wherewith to frighten Christ's little ones, and thereby, if possible, turn them from the "pleasant pastures" of the One Fold into the barren wilderness of "modern science."

Even the Scholastics, moreover, are entitled to a fairer judgment than is here implied. The writer from whom we are quoting has, in happier times, insisted on the truth that "the law of prayer is the law of belief." Measure the greatest of all the Scholastic theologians, St. Thomas, by this law, and then say, if you can or dare, that his Scholasticism was at odds with his mysticism, his science with his love of God. "How does he

pray?" It is that with which we are concerned; it is his faith, as expressed in his prayers, that is our common heritage, rather than the philosophy which is the concern of students and theologians. To say that we must judge of St. Thomas by his philosophical writings rather than by his *Adoro Te Devote*, is to say that we are to judge of David, "the man after God's own Heart," by his wars and government rather than by his Psalms. Moreover, even in respect to Scholasticism, taken in its narrowest and most technical sense, it is well surely, if only as an aid to humility, that we should remember to what manner of men we owe it.

In respect to "Mediævalism" as matter for complaint in an Encyclical charged with antagonism to mysticism, the Modernist is, if anything, even less consistent than in regard to Scholasticism. If this matter were the philosophy of Mediævalism, then, equally, mysticism was in very truth the characteristic of its spiritual life. If St. Bernard and St. Bonaventure, to name only these two, were not mystics, then surely none ever were. If, again, each of these saints was not typically mediæval, whom may we name as types of that phase of human development? Yet it is in their very mysticism—that is to say, in their love of God—that all loving souls feel their likeness, their kinship in Christ and to Christ; nor does any question as to Mediævalism intrude itself into this Communion of Saints.

It is for this reason that to speak of the thirteenth or of any century as "dead and buried" is wholly misleading, as it is wholly false. "God is not the God of the dead but of the living." Is the thirteenth century "dead and buried" with respect to God, or in God's sight? Nay, are the years, the experience, of any "past" life "dead and buried"? Is not, rather, true to say that they form an integral, inseparable part of all that is really myself? If so, then for the Church, a living, growing, conscious entity, the "past" centuries must necessarily

form integral, inseparable parts of all that is truly herself. They are stages in her growth, the effects of which must remain with her as she still grows, day by day, century by century, in likeness to her Lord. The "categories," the speech, of those earlier years may, indeed, need enlargement, as does the speech of one who has grown from child to man; but the speech does not, in any real sense, change; the experiences of childhood are verified by those of later life, and the child's love remains in that of our maturer years. Well for us, indeed; if it so remain! And since love is the sum, as it is the essence, of all spiritual experience, there can be no question, as our writer claims, of "pouring new wine into old bottles"; for love is ever old and ever new, and interprets all experience by its own knowledge of the Beloved One, bringing out of its exhaustless treasure-house "new things and old."

It is in vain, therefore, that this skilled apologist for Modernism would persuade us that he whom Christ has set to shepherd His sheep is in antagonism to mysticism, since mysticism is but the love of God, and love is first and chiefly humility, self-resignation, obedience; that the Vicar of Christ strives to identify Catholicism with Scholasticism, since Scholastic Philosophy can be understood only in the lives of those with whom it originated, and a man is as his prayers are. It is in vain that he claims "enlightenment" for his school, and charges the Church with "rigid Mediævalism," with "Inquisitorial methods"; since love, once more, is the only true enlightenment of the soul, and "Mediævalism," in its true sense, a phase of the Church's experience, wherein she learned much, and from which she has still much to learn; since, lastly, it is not for the child to accuse his mother of "Inquisitorial methods," or, indeed, to criticise in any way those of whom his Lord has said: "He that heareth you, heareth Me; and he that despiseth you, despiseth Me."

The Wise Men of Thendara.

BY JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

I.



T may be fanciful to give the wild district this name, but it happens to fit my purpose. Among the Indians of the Six Nations, famous in history up to 1800, Thendara signified what might be called a council city, selected as a meeting place for the secret council of the tribes, and might be anywhere; after the council had been held, it vanished; and so it never had more than a momentary existence, although the Indians spoke of it with bated breath, holding it in the highest reverence, because its influence directed the fate of the nation. Strangers, hearing it named with profound reverence as a place of importance, imagined it to be the greatest town of the Six Nations; failing to discover its precise whereabouts, they fancied it a hidden city of the deepest wilderness. And thus weird legends grew around it as the thicket grows in the forest, hiding the open path and shutting out the curious. My Thendara and its wise men once existed in the sweet country where the Sacandaga sings on the east boundary and the Mohawk on the south,—leaders in a chorus made up of many little streams, which carry the songs of the wildwood to the Hudson, which, in turn, carries them to the loud-resounding sea. The rivers are still there, but Thendara, my Thendara, is no more. Is not every generation a Thendara to the next? Oh, well sang the poet through the lips of dying Arthur:

The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the
world.

In the happy day, full twenty-five years back, when Thendara was, there lived in

the region a peaceful people, in love with the orderly course of their lives and content with the world. A soft haze lay on their minds and hearts like the haze of Indian Summer, through which they saw not only the wild storms of the colonial time, the nearer tempest of the Civil War too, but also the wrecking of the world outside in such horrors as the plagues and famines devouring the far East. All was well in Thendara, because everything that contrived to exist was considered proper and worthy. One surprising event had happened in the district of Canienga: old Tim Casey had made a deal in real estate by buying a lot in the town park, just opposite the Methodist church.

"What are ye thinking of, Tim?" said his friend the innkeeper.

"I got it for five hundred," said Tim; "and I have a suspicion that I can sell it next year for one thousand."

"No one has built on the park in ten years," the innkeeper replied; "but with the New York people exploring the Adirondacks, I dunno but what ye've hit a good thing. Any time ye think of taking six hundred for it, lemme know."

"And I jist felt bad talking that way to him," Tim said to his wife that evening; "for he's the best friend I have. But of course I cud not tell him the truth. I wuddn't let him pay a cent for it, for he'd lose his money. No one will ever build again on the park except the new priest."

"So ye bought the lot for the new priest?" said his wife. "Well, I wish y luck o' the bargain when the neighbor hear of the trick played on them. Y might as well get ready to leave this town I don't see why Father Mullen chose yo to do the trick."

"I have the Catholic look, I suppose more'n the rest of the boys. He took it me. Dominie Warren told me many time that forty years in Canienga hadn't washed an Irish or a Catholic line out o' my features."

Mrs. Casey laughed heartily as she studied her husband's ruddy, Celtic face, in which native vivacity daily contended with the repose of Thendara. Then she became anxious again about the new priest.

"I don't see why he came here!" she grumbled. "We were getting on well enough. Them that wanted to go to church went down to Utica; them that didn't, stayed at home. Now I can see the trouble that's coming when he starts in to build a church in the best place in town."

"Well, if we're to have a church, why not in the same square with the others? We have as good a right there as the best of them."

"Just as good, but it makes trouble for us all. You'll find that some people won't speak to others after it's built, and that it won't be so easy for Catholics to get work just when they want it, and lots of other mean things."

Mrs. Casey expressed the popular feeling of the Catholics of Canienga, from whom the purchase of the lot on the square was kept a secret. A month's experience with his people had convinced Father Mullen that the task of rousing the spirit of the faith in them would be more difficult than appeasing the ire of the Protestants at his invasion of the square. He felt certain that if they got wind of his purchase of the lot through Tim Casey, their opposition would strengthen any attempt of the Protestants to annul the transaction. And, in spite of Tim's honest face, he did not feel too sure that the secret would be safe long enough for him to awaken the faith and the pride of the little flock confided to him. He had all Thendara, in whose three villages not even a shanty had ever been dedicated to the expression of the Catholic faith; the poor people had lost all sense of difference in religion, of difference in doctrine, and had sunk into the unhealthy drowse of the indifferent. Scores of them, from one motive or another, already attended the nearest

church; and all but the few looked with cold eyes on the advent of a young priest commissioned to build up the faith in the three missions.

At first, he seemed rather sociable than industrious, more engaged in exciting interest than in preaching hard doctrine. As a matter of fact, the situation had confused him; for he had never seen or heard of anything just like it. Brought up in a thoroughly Catholic community, surrounded in college and seminary by the sweetest and strongest influences of religion, and serving as curate in a city parish where the faith had fine and free expression, the religious stupor of Thendara left him dazed. In the three villages he found no one a candid believer. He knew not just where to begin, and therefore he did not begin at all. He went about making the acquaintance of the people without respect to creed,—sitting on the hotel verandas, chatting with the apothecary, the grocer, the doctor, and the oldest inhabitant.

The Sunday service was usually held in the hotel parlors or in a hall, and sometimes in a farmhouse; but not many showed interest until a friend came to his aid with an idea. The friend happened to be a singer of ability and taste, in charge of a male quartette in the nearest town of importance. He suggested the steady use of the quartette during the summer in order to attract the multitude. The singers took up the work as a recreation, and the people of Thendara, who had never heard such excellent singing before, came out of their haze in numbers to listen to the beautiful hymns of all nations pleasingly sung. The priest had considerable shrewdness in spite of his youth. He put the quartette forward. In the farmhouse gatherings, after the duties of the Sunday were over, a social meeting was held, in which the singers rendered the ballads of the people and the latest good songs.

Believers and unbelievers assembled at these affairs and made Father Mullen's

acquaintance. Things began to move in a very simple and natural way. Many watched with pleasure the ceremony of baptism, of marriage, of conferring the Scapular. Shyness vanished; little works of interference came into demand. The priest's advice was asked; he was invited to give the pledge to hard drinkers, and his simple instructions received many compliments. He discovered the character of the haze which had enfolded the souls of the people. It had two elements: ignorance and comfort. When he spread some information about the practices of the faith, comfort yielded to the sting of conscience. For a whole summer he travelled about, preached at the Mass and chatted in the streets, while the quartette sang sweetly at the gatherings; and in odd corners on various occasions results made themselves known, openly or secretly, in the appeals of a mother for her children, the desire of the civilly married for the blessing of the Sacrament, the multiplied requests for the priest's intercession in trouble, until, with a relieved heart, Father Mullen saw that the conclusion, good churches in the three towns, would shape itself within the year. He confined his work to securing sites for the future churches, knowing that the opposition would either shut him out altogether or place the churches beyond the village. It was at this point Tim Casey bought the lot on the park square of Canienga village. At the same moment Elder Dennett sounded the alarm.

"What's he up to?" was his question to the ladies of the Dorcas Society at the regular meeting. "What's he after? No one can tell me a Romish priest isn't going about seeking whom he may devour, even if he is singing and shouting like a nigger minstrel show all over the county."

"He is looking up the lost sheep of Israel," replied Dominie Warren, blandly; "and when he has them in the fold, he will build churches to hold them. I am

glad to see him doing it. No church in these parts has been able to get hold of the Catholics. Oh, yes! We have thirty or forty children scattered around, and perhaps as many members among the grown-ups. But, man! there's a thousand Catholics in Thendara."

"Do you hear that, ladies?" cried the Elder. "He's glad of it. Very likely you will contribute your mite to the erection of the three churches,—three hotbeds of Popish iniquity, three nurseries of the Scarlet Woman in a country that has so far escaped the contagion of the cities?"

"If I am asked," said the Dominie, looking at his watch. "By the way. Dennett, this is the year 1885 in the State of New York in the American Republic. Rather late in the century to play dog-in-the-manger, isn't it? Good-day, ladies! Try to soothe the feelings of Mr. Dennett."

"Good man, fine preacher," said the Elder, looking after him: "but no stay and support of the faith in the Popish storm which is almost ready to burst upon the county. By gum—I ask your pardon!—but I really think he'd build the three churches if the priest asked him."

The thoughtful people, however, had now begun to ask themselves, as Father Mullen's meetings grew in popularity, what will be the end of it all? Elder Dennett had his reply: three churches! And a spectre grew up in the imaginations of sound Protestants: three untainted towns disgraced with Catholic spires and made noisy with the Sunday tramp of the vulgar, superstitious herd! In a quiet way, they planned to hinder the shame, or at least to keep it in the backyards of the threatened towns; and Elder Dennett became the executive committee to carry out the schemes suggested. He talked it over with the great man of the Catholic party, Simpson Hennessy, a successful lawyer, a faithful Catholic, allied by blood with the great families of the county

sympathetic with both sides, and, while ready to aid all good works for the faith, fully determined to keep the Catholic body as decorous, orderly, and stupid as the meanest sect in the land. Elder Dennett put the problem to him in its economic aspect.

"Fine man, this new priest of yours," he said, "and pushing too. If he gets his way in this district, he will load you up with enough debt to make interest a big question once a year."

"How do you make that out?" said the lawyer.

"His way of doing things tells me. I've seen his kind before. A young man, anxious to make his name, gets into a county where his people have nothing, and makes up his mind to do everything all at once. So you will have a church here at Canienga. Then Honnedaga must have one. Nehasane will be last. And of course he must have the best locations, the most expensive and handsome buildings. When the work is done, he can pose as a creator and get away to a place where there is no debt, leaving your poor people to get along with the big debt."

"I don't think he's that kind," the lawyer answered thoughtfully. "He has not asked for anything yet. Besides, our people are closefisted. They have not encouraged him so far. When it comes to a question of raising thousands, he will get less encouragement. He should not have been sent here at all, for we were getting on nicely. His instructions are to build only where he must, and very modestly. There must be no debts."

"But who will hold him to that instruction?"

"I, for one, the moment he shows any signs of highflying."

"He's doing it now, I warn you; and you had better begin to hold him."

Simpson Hennessy thought the matter over seriously and resolved to have a talk with the priest, who seemed an inexperienced but prudent young man, in no

hurry to incur debt or to build even one church.

"If you are going to build this year," he suggested genially to Father Mullen, "now is the time to think of plans, when the summer is ending."

"I am leaving the decision to the people," Father Mullen replied, with a shake of the head. "They are not very enthusiastic and not very generous, but I am announcing a meeting at the hotel for Wednesday night to discuss two questions: Shall we build a church? And where shall we build it? Come down and talk to the meeting."

"With pleasure; and of course the answer to the first question will be all right. We must have the church, and we shall build it where the expense will be lightest, and where its presence will not hurt the feelings of all our good friends in Canienga. We can get to heaven from a side street as well as from the public park, can't we?"

"Surely," said Father Mullen, looking with a smile at his lot on the other side of the square. "You encourage me, sir. Come down to the meeting and talk like that to the people. It will do them good."

"Well?" said Elder Dennett a few minutes later. "Was I right?"

"You were wrong, Elder. He doesn't know what his people will do. He seems ready to give up and go home, but I encouraged him. Wednesday night the whole matter will be settled at a meeting."

"Too good to be true!" the old man said to himself.

The meeting to discuss a new church and its site filled the spare rooms of the hotel to overflowing, while the singing of the famous quartette drew the idle villagers to the vicinity. Simpson Hennessy was startled to discover signs of enthusiasm in the assembly,—little sparks which he knew could easily be fanned into a flame. There seemed to be no particular reason for this feeling. Yet when the discussion began on the question of having a church, it burst forth in a

single cry from the assemblage: "We must have a church!" And Tim Casey added in a firm tone:

"Let us build it on the square."

"We can not get land there," said the lawyer.

"I own a lot," said Tim, "which I'll sell any time for a good price."

"A high price, of course. Then the square will demand a handsome and expensive church, which our people can not afford. A quiet side street and a neat little building will satisfy us. We can get to heaven from a side street as easily as from the square; can't we, Father Mullen?"

"Well, as there seems to be some dispute about it," said Tim Casey, who carried his head high like a leader of the opposition, "how would it do to take a vote on it? I'm for a lot on the park, because when a congregation begins its public career it should do so in a public manner. Business of importance is not conducted in holes and corners, but on the main street of the town. I have the lot and you have the business, so it's for you to say."

The speech was greeted with loud applause, and Father Mullen as chairman put the question of a site on the square to a vote. Simpson Hennessy found himself in a minority of one, for the motion to build in a public place was carried with rousing enthusiasm. Father Mullen was deeply moved at this unexpected result, whose cause soon made itself known in the spontaneous eulogies to his summer work among the people. In fact, the meeting became a tribute to him. Money was freely subscribed for the new church; and when Tim Casey gave out the fact that the lot had been bought expressly for the Catholics of Canienga, the praises of the pastor were resung in a more fervent key. The general enthusiasm made it clear that the spirit of the people had waked from slumber, and the work of the priest had not been in vain.

(To be continued.)

Mœrentes Oculi Spargite Lacrymas.

TRANSLATED BY R. O'K.

LISTEN in pity!

Hear a tale pathetic!

Christ comes to save men;

And men mock their Saviour,

Flout their Redeemer,

Wag their heads and hiss Him,

Scoff and reject Him.

Naked, as slaves be,*

Innocent they scourge Him;

Weaving a chaplet.

Piteous, they crown Him:

Oaths, blows, and spittle,

Blasphemy and worship,

Mocking they mingle.

Feeble, they lay His

Cross upon His shoulders;

Lamb uncomplaining,

To the smiter hand Him;

And he, unblushing,

With the nails and hammer

Slayeth the God-Man!

Glory to Jesus

In His robe of purple!

Praise and exalt Him

In His crown and sceptre!

Bless Him forever

On the Rood Tree, crying:

"Father, forgive them!"

* No Roman freeman could be scourged under the Roman law: it was the punishment of slaves.

INSTABILITY is the characteristic of things we see. Neither winter nor summer, nor spring nor autumn, is permanent: all are running, flying, and flowing past. Why should I speak of fading flowers, of dignities of kings that are to-day and to-morrow cease to be; of rich men, of magnificent houses, of night and day, of the sun and the moon? For the moon wanes, and the sun is sometimes eclipsed and often darkened with clouds. Of things visible, in short, is there anything that endures forever? Nothing!—no, not anything in us but the soul, and that we neglect.—*St. John Chrysostom.*

Exiled from Erin.

XIV.—A DOUBLE MISFORTUNE.

SLOWLY the sun had risen red over the eastern Galtees. It was a raw morning. Mrs. McMahon and her two boys did not sleep the previous night. A young cow of theirs was sick. The "knowledgeable" man of the neighborhood had been there. He was a good-natured, tall, physically fine fellow, full of sympathy, and grudged neither time nor labor to any one in the district who had "trouble" with his cattle. The one universal remedy, "burned whisky or brandy," had not yet lost its infallible reputation. The sick animal got a liberal dosing of it, and a "dram" went to "the doctor himself." "What's good for the child is good for the nurse."

But the poor animal did not improve. In one sense, a dumb beast in pain seems a thing to be pitied even more than a human being; it can tell nothing of its suffering except by its groans, its nervous shuddering and shrinking. The large, beautiful eye of a cow, by its appealing pathos and patience, might in its hour of extreme pain draw tears from a stone; while its groanings, that certainly are not simulated or exaggerated, by their depth and their unquestioned candor, touch the heart.

Have you ever stood by a poor beast in extreme pain? If so, you will understand that it was not the money loss alone that so depressed Mrs. McMahon after her night's vigil. She had stood by the dumb creature as it lay on the floor of the outhouse, covered with warm rugs, even with the thick red quilt from Mrs. McMahon's own bed; she had listened to its pitiful groans; she had tried, but unsuccessfully, to ease its pain; she had given warm drinks, she had fomented it with warm cloths; but the large, suffering eyes rolled uneasily as ever, the groanings were as pathetic as before.

In utter helplessness, Mrs. McMahon had gone in and sat by the fire. She did not know that her face was impressively pale; and it was quite unknown to her that her hand, as it lay on her lap, had a twitching movement.

She was again in the act of rising from the chair to go into the room, where she thought there would be a comfort in solitude, when young Joe rushed in, and in his impetuous, unguarded way cried:

"She is dead, mom!"

The poor woman involuntarily sighed: "God help us!"

Scarcely had the ejaculation escaped her lips when the lumpy, overgrown gossoon that acted as postboy put in his head, and from the depth of his throat muttered in a slow, guttural voice:

"An American letter for you, Missus!"

Her hand was on the latch of the door, that led into the room, when the loonish postboy's loonish words fell upon her ear. For a moment she hesitated, doubtful whether to go on, or return and know the contents of the letter. The picture of her little girl as she saw her, seated on the priest's car, the day she left home for the far land, returned for the thousandth time to her memory. Mrs. McMahon came back, but not hastily.

Joe was surveying the appearances of the letter and the address written on it. It was not the dead cow in the outhouse that locked his mouth. Once before he had made merry over the handwriting and the superscription. The same tickled now, and he was tempted to laugh outright. It was not the loss of the cow, or the remembrance of her exhibition of pain, that had locked his mouth. No: it was the pallor, the deathly pallor, of his mother's face.

"Is it from your sister?" said the mother, directing her question to him.

"No, mom! From our beloved uncle," answered Joe.

"Throw it there, dear,—throw it on the table!" said the mother, in anguish and disappointment; and she went rapidly

into the room, muttering something inaudible to Joe.

The latter went to find his brother Willie. He was standing, gazing statue-like on the dead beast. He had felt acutely, in his silent way, over the sufferings the poor animal had undergone. The cow was out of pain now, but she left them much poorer than when she was alive and in health. How were they to replace her? What were they to do? Some of their neighbors, after a loss of that kind, wrote to America, and immediately got money from a boy or girl (son or daughter) there. Oh, if Ellie could help them! Oh, if Ellie were rich!

"I say, Willie," cried Joe, "come in! Mom is in an awful state!"—and he pursed his lips to describe utter woe. "There is a letter from America—"

"From Ellie?" exclaimed the brother, interrupting him.

"No: it is from the rascal of an uncle we have out there. It is that killed her." (He meant his mother.) "She's like you'd put her in a coffin."

Forgetting his own meditations, Willie went straight to the house. In the meantime the mother had returned from the room and had taken her seat on a low chair by the fire. The thought that Ellie was dead had forced itself upon her imagination. Perhaps it was because she had so recently seen death in another form; perhaps it was the overwrought state of her nerves, and want of her usual sleep. Whatever it was, there stood the spectre: "Ellie is dead! The news is in the letter." And but for hearing the steps coming toward the door, she would have gone out to summon the boys.

"Open that letter," she said to Willie, in a tone that was unconsciously stern, "and see what news is there of Ellie."

"I will, mother," he answered, in a soothing voice, "as soon as I wash my hands."

"Your hands can wait," said the mother in a tone that the boys had never heard.

Willie opened the letter, and was giving

a quick glance down its contents to see what, under the circumstances, it might be advisable to conceal. The mother noticed, and cried:

"Read, Willie,—read every word he has to say!"

Compelled by fright even more than obedience, Willie began; and, not being an adept at interpolating words, he was afraid to do other than read straight on, lest he might only thereby increase his mother's irritation. The letter ran:

THE RED EAGLE,
New York, June 26, 1891.

MY DEAR SISTER:—This is to let you know that your daughter Ellie has left my house, and gone no one knows where. It was all in regard to a marriage.

I could tell you more about it but—well, she met a fellow on the ship—and—well, that is enough. She also stole twenty pounds from me. If I hear of her I will let you know.

Your brother-in-law,
TIM MALONE.

At the end the mother flung up her hands, gave one sharp cry of pain, and fell back in a swoon. The brothers rushed to her and saved her from dropping to the ground. Her face, ashen-colored, frightened them extremely; for, with head and neck rolling lifelessly on the shoulder, she did indeed seem as if death might come upon her at any moment.

"O mom! mom!" blurted out the younger brother, a shower of tears dashing from his eyes. "O mom! mom! Willie, is she going to die? Shall I run for the priest?"

Willie had turned up the palm of his mother's hand and was about to slap it, when, as if in her unconsciousness she had understood the grief of her younger son, she gave a cry of intense, agonizing pain that startled both.

"Run for the priest as fast as ever you can go!" cried the elder to the younger brother. "I will mind her till you come back, and in God's name don't be long."

Snatching up his cap, and, instead of putting it on his head, stuffing it into his mouth to stifle his cries, Joe left the house. But once outside, the poor boy, while he ran, cried and cried as if his heart would break, sobbing again and again: "O mom! mom!"

Left alone with the sick woman, who seemed each moment on the verge of death—now pulseless, now breathless, cold, colorless, and limp,—the elder boy knelt down, kissed the lifeless hand of his mother, and, as soon as he had lifted the chair whereon she sat and placed it so that her feet (in her stocking vamps) rested on the hearth, that was warmed by the plain peat fire, he took out his Beads and began to recite the Rosary.

"O Mother of God, all powerful in the heavens!" he exclaimed, as he turned his face and widely-opened eyes upward. "O compassionate Mother, look on my mother here! O sweet, sweet Virgin, driven, in your way, into a strange land, where you knew no one, look on my poor sister in that far land she has gone to! Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women! Holy Mary! O Holy Mother of God, pray for us sinners!"

Aye, who will deny it? If there is a heaven above, and if the Virgin Mother of God be Queen of that fair heaven, and has power over the wide realm of creation,—who will deny that it is blessed and consoling to believe as Catholics do believe, that that sweet Mother listens graciously to the appeal of her every child "in this vale of tears"; and that the more pitiable the plight, the more compassionate the glance of her divine eyes and the love of her merciful heart?

From the overhanging heavens Willie dropped his eyes to the kitchen floor, and there beheld a little kitten playing with the American letter, and a hen on the doorstep, with outstretched neck and head, watching her opportunity to make acquaintance with it. He took the letter, put it in the envelope, and laid it on the

table. He had hardly taken his hand off his mother to do so, when she once more gave evidence of acute pain, rolled to one side, and would have fallen to the ground had he not rushed back and caught her. He would have given a good deal that moment for the company of even a child. He knew not what to do. He could pray no more; he could only mutter cries of help to Heaven, and these certainly came from his heart.

Instinctively he put his hand to feel the warmth of the feet and hands, and even of the nose and lips. Reassured by the heat he found there, and remembering that his mother's bed had been unslept in, he took her in his arms and laid her on it. Wrapping the homespun blankets around her dress, which was already warm from the fire, he propped her in safely with chairs. Luckily, he thought of filling a jar with hot water from the kettle that was boiling for their untaken breakfast. Having covered this with a shawl, he placed it at his mother's feet; and then, kneeling down, he recited with more composure the Rosary he had begun a while ago.

While he prayed he kept his eyes intently on his mother's face. Weary days and wearier hours had put a "drawn" look on the bloodless features; now they appeared not only bloodless and "drawn," but sallow and haggard; and every moment, the boy fancied, they grew more deathlike.

There are times when the most affectionate heart seems cold and stony. The lips will show no tenderness, the eyes will give no tears. Then some slight accidental touch just brushes the strings, and the pathos of sad, sad music is awakened from the bosom. His mother, lying unconscious, breathed his sister's name. All at once the frost was melted, and the fountain began to flow; the coldness left his heart, and, bowing his head on the coverlet of the bed, he wept.

Such a calm did the unburdening of his heart bring on, and so overpowered was

he by the previous night's anxiety and vigil, that, as he wept, he dozed asleep, and was awakened by the galloping of a horse into the yard. It was Father Kearney.

"How is your mother, Willie?" he asked in a whisper, as he entered on tiptoe and met the young man at the door.

"Sleeping now, Father; but she looks very bad."

"I will go in and see her," rejoined the priest.

Having looked at her, listened to her breathing, and asked some questions of the son, he said:

"First of all, burn that unfortunate letter. Ellie to steal twenty pounds from him! She did it as much as I did. Don't let your mother's eyes see it any more. She is nicely; let her rest. You did well to put hot water to her feet; it will encourage circulation. A sleep will do her good. Do not wake her; but if she does wake up, give her a hot drink,—some warm milk or light tea; and if she desires to go to sleep again, let her. In the meantime darken the window and make no noise. Come up in the evening and tell me how she is. There is a child to be baptized. I left the party standing at the church door, and I must hasten back to them."

Willie went to his Reverence in the evening and told him that his mother was "going on nicely." He had to ask the priest for counsel.

"Would you advise me, Father, to go find Ellie?" he said.

"What would pay your passage? How would you get across?"

"Work my way, Father."

"The thought does you credit, Willie," said the priest; "but there are two things against it. First, it would be dangerous to leave your mother just now,—the trial might be too much for her; and, secondly, you may get a letter from your sister any day. Let us pray for that; for I do not believe your uncle's letter."

"Nor I, Father. But suppose the letter

does not come, will you give your sanction to me to go, Father?"

"We must wait for a little while before we can decide. It may take," said the priest, pausing to make a computation in his own mind,—“it may take even a month. Sooner than that your mother will not have recovered fully, I am afraid. You must remember she has had sore trials in her lifetime.”

"Oh, yes, Father!" said the boy, sadly.

"Then, I would not despair of a letter from Ellie, at any rate, until that time has passed."

"And if the letter does not come—God help us, and God help my poor mother especially! But if it does not come, am I to go, Father?"

"Won't it be time enough to think about that when the 'time is up'?"

"Ah, well, Father, I'd like to be turning things over in my mind, and be prepared."

"I suppose you may go, if your mother is all right. But put out of your head the idea to work your way. We'll pay your passage, and direct you to a priest, an old class-fellow of mine in college. He may be able to help you a bit."

"But it is only to borrow the money, Father. I'll pay it back."

"Yes, if you are successful, you may. I want to put a new statue of the Blessed Virgin in the church; and I'll make her a present of it, and ask her to pray for us all, especially yourself and your sister, that she may be brought out of her difficulties. God only knows what that man has plotted against her! I did wrong, Willie, to advise you as I did."

"No, no, Father, you must not say it!" replied the boy. "Whatever happens, you must not say it or think it."

(To be continued.)

TENDER-HANDED stroke a nettle,
And it stings you for your pains;
Grasp it like a man of mettle,
And it soft as silk remains.

—Aaron Hill.

The Legend of Our Lady of Ardes.

I.

IT was a day of memories,—one of those rare, sweet days that come oftener during the mystery of the spring and the glamour of peaceful autumn than at any other season of the “golden-courséd year”; a day when the whole earth was marvellous with a thousand perfumes, the gentle wind breathing murmuringly of intangible remembrances, the scent of the leaves recalling long-forgotten hours. And through her garden walks, shaded by the trees that were historic as the chateau owning them, paced, hand in hand with the grave figure of her Benedictine brother, the Lady Chatelaine. Young she was and very fair, and to-day she was to bid farewell to home and name. There were tears in her eyes, and, though a brilliant color came and went swiftly at intervals, her cheeks were lily pale. To her breast she clasped a silver crucifix; and whenever her glance fell on that figure she smiled, and the smile was strangely sweet and glad.

And, without, the villagers were preparing their bonfires all the way from the Chateau of Ardes to the grey-turreted convent that stood some miles inland, among the silent hills. The young girls were weaving chaplets and garlands of fair white blossom from the trees and hedges by the wayside. Soon must the Lady Anne Marie robe her in whitest attire, and come forth to the gaily decked carriage that would be waiting at the gates. For it was her wedding-day; and the last of the De Kelvees, like not a few among her ancestresses, had given her maiden heart to God. Nevertheless, in accordance with the strict tradition of the family, she must leave her father's roof in bridal state, whether it were to cloister or to baronial hall that the grace of God would lead her.

“Dear sister mine,” said the tall

Benedictine, gathering as he spoke a radiant stem of lily flowers, “this was the plant I gave you long ago, an Easter gift. It came from the convent of the nuns of St. Bruno. They say that to a maiden bearing with her a blossom thereof on her bridal morn it brings special grace from the Lord. How that may be I know not, but take it as my gift. And may thy Bridegroom bless it!”

Thereafter, when she had bade farewell to all the dear nooks of her childhood's love, and had folded in parting embrace the idolized elder brother, the Lady went to don her “marriage garments.” And, save for the level, unhurried pacing of the monk, the garden bowers were silent.

Athwart the sunlit blazonry of his Breviary page there fell suddenly a shadow, and the sound of a small heavy object arriving at his feet made him lift his steady eyes therefrom. A few steps farther lay an arrow shot apparently from a distance over the great wall. Attached thereto by a silken cord was a parchment, seemingly containing some message. Gravely the monk examined it, knowing well that it were useless now to attempt capture of the daring sender; moreover, he had more than a suspicion of its import. And the words he read were these: “Though he be thrice repulsed, though the Lady Anne Marie flee to the cloister,—yea, though she be *vowed nun*, yet shall the will of Jean de Revel prevail. He laughs best who laughs last.”

II.

It was a hot day. The August sun was beating pitilessly down upon the dusty, worn path that wound between the lonely mountains to the lonely convent. As the Sister Portress, who was also almoner of the convent, looked through the iron bars of the little grille in the great door, she beheld with commiseration the bowed figure of an old woman approaching over the burning stretch toward the gates.

“May the Blessed Mary reward you! Ah, but I am tired, tired; and worn with

hunger too! Praise the saints for this cool shelter! Good Sister, pray you let me rest my poor bones a while, and give me a crust for sweet Saint Charity. God love your gentle heart, lady! I thank you!"

And indeed it was with no grudging spirit that Sister Martha gave her her will. "Ofttimes," the Sister would occasionally confess, "I fear that heaven is not for me." When pressed for the reason, her explanation was: "There is no merit in my work. I take too great delight therein. Heaven here *and* heaven hereafter can never be. Nathless—" But her Eden was left to her, and Mother Abbess must know best. So her scruples fled again.

And really it was a charity to talk with the poor old folk. Mother Margot, as her visitor was called, was grateful, at all events.

"I come a long, long way,—right from Ardes. I live in the forest beside the chateau, and the Lady Anne Marie was so good to me!"

"From Ardes?" Sister Martha questioned eagerly. "That is where our new novice, Sister Madeleine Marie, came from. I did not hear her name—"

"Oh, then, it is here that she has gone! She is the Lady Anne, the darling of our countryside. I knew she had entered a convent; where, I could not tell. I nearly cried my old eyes out when she went; it was so like that day long ago when my beautiful Tryphena went to be a nun, too. And I thought then I should never survive losing my darling, and now I've lost the Lady Anne too."

The old crone paused, and wiped away a furtive tear, much to the compassion of the good lay-Sister.

"Tell me something about her, oh, I pray you, good Sister! I had grown to love the chatelaine as if she were my Tryphena. What does she do all day? Is she happy here? Will she stay, do you think, in this place always?"

Her enthusiastic flow of words and questions was responded to with equal fervor by Sister Martha. So eager indeed

was she to sing the praises of their charming novice that, in answering all the various interrogations with which the keenly interested old woman vigorously plied her, she somewhat overstepped the bounds of her usual prudent caution. "Every day she is in the garden for an hour before Vespers, gathering flowers and arranging them in the convent chapel shrines; and you would think she was an angel from heaven to see her," she concluded impetuously.

But when, an hour later, the old woman had taken her departure, Sister Martha realized with some little dismay how diffuse and detailed she had been in her conversation concerning the novice and the community in general. "Our Lady forbid," she ejaculated, "that harm should come from my foolish old tongue, that must needs be ever running, like a hare flying before the hounds! That I should be so careless,—I who would die for the lamb!"

Round the bend of the road leading to the convent an old woman sat by the wayside. And she was laughing, laughing to herself.

III.

The vigil of the Annunciation had been a dull, threatening day, thundery and hot; and the night had closed in unusually dark and stormy. A great wind searched the tall trees pitilessly; the rain was falling in torrents, and the thunder and lightning were terrible and incessant. But through it all the young novice slept and dreamed calmly, undisturbed by the wrath of the elements without.

And her dreams were very sweet. Again she walked, with her brother the monk, through the green, silent garden alleys at home. The scent of roses and carnations lingered heavily in the air. He asked her if she had no desire to give up the life she had chosen, and in reply she held up her silver crucifix and solemnly vowed herself forever to Him who hung thereon. Then, with a smile like sunshine, he once more held out to her the lily branch; and as

she kissed the delicate petals the scene changed.

She stood alone in the depths of a great, mysterious forest. There were flowers in the grass, and bright fruits glowed in the boughs above. She wore her habit, and the lily gift of her brother was in her hand. Suddenly through the stillness of the place there came the thrilling accents of a Voice that said: "*Surge, amica Mea, et veni!*" Transfixed, she stood motionless, her heart itself seeming to cease its function for very awe, for very rapture. Once more that sweet, haunting, persuasive whisper stole to her ear: "*Veni, sponsa Mea!*" Swiftly at last, with the fiery impulse of the soul, she hastened in the direction of that Voice.

But on a sudden a great river, swollen and turbulent, barred her way. She started back, affrighted. Behind her rose strange forms, of evil, menacing aspect, who wished to draw her back into the forest. Pausing in doubt and perplexity, she heard the Voice ring out clear as a silver bell across the discord of the foaming waters. And it bade her enter boldly, having no fear. Obeying, she reached the middle without mishap. Then, with a shriek as of a thousand furies, the waters rose high overhead and were bearing swiftly down upon her as though to engulf the timid girl. With a cry to Mother Mary, she closed her eyes. . . .

She stood again within a garden. Through the glinting leaves she caught now and then the marvellous gleam of a shining sea. Around her thronged many a beautiful maiden, richly robed and "jewel-adorned as a bride." Upon her own brow rested a radiant diadem, and her garments were as those of a queen. Still she bore the lilies, and on her feet and hands she saw red-rose wounds bright as stars.

Then through the trees there came a Lady. She brought a palm branch, wherewith she honored the young nun; and, taking her by the hand, she led her through the flowers toward the shining

sea. And in a sudden blaze of glory, in a sudden rapture of unutterably exquisite melody, she beheld approaching, His pierced hands outstretched, the "most beautiful among the sons of men."

With a start the novice opened her eyes. The strong, early morning sunlight was streaming through the mullioned window-panes upon her face. And in the garden there sang a bird, pouring forth his soul in such music as an angel might have paused to hear.

IV.

The castle of Jean de Revel was a great, gloomy and massive fortress. Situated on the summit of an immense crag that reared itself from a rocky river-valley, it was exceedingly difficult of access. Consequently, its almost impregnable position and great strength, combined with the known and universally dreaded ferocity of its master and his horde of savage retainers, invested it with a reputation of which the bravest shuddered to remember.

Long had the lord of this frowning stronghold fixed his eye upon the Lady Anne Marie de Kelvec. He had even stooped so far to convention as to visit her peaceably and request the honor of her hand; but with what success his overtures had been attended has already been told. Nevertheless, his overmastering pride only the more strengthened the determination that she should be his. Accordingly, he carefully laid his plans. Having obtained, through the aid of an old beggar woman, all the information necessary for their fulfilment, he proceeded to action; and two or three days later the community was plunged in the deepest consternation and affliction by the mysterious, utter disappearance of Sister Madeleine Marie. She had been sent as usual to gather the altar flowers, and from that hour nothing had been seen of her. Some broken lily stems and rose branches were found lying on the ground in the orchard near the wall of the enclosure. Further clue there was none.

The Baron Jean de Revel was in right merry mood. Standing on the dais of his baronial hall, he issued orders for a great banquet. Servants were running hither and thither; all was disorder, confusion, bustle.

"And, hark, ye knaves!" he roared, elevating his voice as an ominous rumble of thunder swelled into volume. "Kennel me the hounds! Starve the brutes for a week; for if by then I have not a willing bride to rule this castle, I swear by Heaven I will cast the dogs a dainty morsel for their hungry jaws!"

A chorus of savage laughter applauded this shocking threat. And that the words were no empty ones, those who knew the man understood full well.

Turning on his heel, Jean de Revel quitted the noisy scene. The storm had increased in fury, the lightning was almost continuous; overhead, the crashing of the thunder; and below, the hoarse turbulence of the river foaming in the rocky valley. "She will be properly frightened," he thought sneeringly; "and I shall have little difficulty with her."

Ascending a narrow winding stone stair, he found himself in a large low-roofed apartment, roughly furnished with a few stools and a plenitude of deerskins. He glanced at the pile of furs that constituted the solitary couch of which the room boasted. But the fainting captive he had carried to his castle stifled in a great cloak was no longer lying there.

She faced him, tall and spiritual-looking in the beautiful religious habit. Raising the crucifix that depended from her rosary, she kissed it reverently; then, with her eyes steadfastly on that Form, she spoke; and her voice was calm and clear. It seemed as though the elements paused in their furious turmoil to let her vow ascend to the listening Heavens. The Baron himself was momentarily stricken dumb. Without a tremor rose the solemn words:

"Lord, my God, to Thee I give and vow myself forever and forever, that I

may be Thine in body and in soul, in time and in eternity! And to Thee, my Lady Queen, I commend myself in my hour of direst need!"

She ceased, and, beside himself with rage, the Baron sprang forward. Grasping her as in a vise, he shook her cruelly, exclaiming through his clenched teeth: "Though hell itself should rise up and swallow me, you shall not keep your vow!" But with a sudden gesture the novice raised to her lips her cherished black image of Our Lady of Ardes, the dear Patroness of their family.

"Mary! save me!" she cried, as he endeavored to wrest it from her clasp.

And with the word there was a terrible, blinding flash that caused the knight to stagger backward like a man mortally wounded. A moment—and with a crash as of a falling world the great tower rocked to its foundations and fell,—fell far below, dashing all in fragments in the rocky vale beneath the castle cliff.

The peasants say that near the ruins where the young nun and her persecutor lie buried side by side they found Our Lady's statue still intact. And, so they tell, the Black Madonna of Ardes has worked many a miracle there since the day when she delivered her client from the grasp of the destroyer.

"THAMONDA."

It is well said to Moses: "The fire on the altar shall always burn which the priest shall feed, putting wood on it every day in the morning." For the altar of God is our heart, in which the fire is ordered always to burn; because it is necessary that the flame of love should constantly ascend therefrom to God, and the priest should put wood thereon every day lest it should go out. For everyone who is endowed with faith in Christ is made specially a member of the great High Priest, as Peter the Apostle says to all the faithful, "But ye are a chosen race, a royal priesthood."

—*St. Gregory the Great*

A Hundred Years Ago.

THE FOUNDERS OF THE IRISH SISTERS OF
CHARITY.

BY ALICE DEASE.

JUST a hundred years have gone by, since the idea of founding a Congregation of Sisters of Charity first originated in Ireland. Dublin in 1808 had not recovered the shock that the passing of the Union with Great Britain had given to its prosperity. The removal of the Parliament from College Green to Westminster had stopped, almost entirely, the trade of the city, which began to revive by degrees only as concessions were granted which lessened the severity of the penal laws.

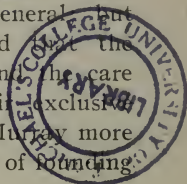
Another reason for the general depression was that when the members of Parliament and their families moved to London, the Irish gentry—all of whom had houses in town, where they had been in the habit of keeping up large establishments for six months of the year, and of dispensing the most lavish hospitality,—left Dublin and were forced to live all the year round on their country properties. It has since been estimated that at this time, in the capital alone, there was an annual withdrawal of one million of circulating cash. The fashionable parts of the city, the broad streets and public buildings so lately completed, were deserted; but the poorer parts, the back streets and lanes, were filled with a sad, sullen, suffering crowd. There was scarcely a family that had not lost some of its members in the late insurrection. Many had been killed in '98, some were in exile, and the fate of numbers was uncertain.

Every day there were people coming in from the country, in search, perhaps, of the lost breadwinner of the family, or in hopes of getting work in town when they could not find it in the provinces. The professions had for so long been closed to Catholics that many sons of

the upper classes had gone into trade in Dublin; and a few of them who had managed to escape the ruin which followed the Union had by this time become very wealthy. But even in trade their religion had brought difficulties and annoyances upon them at every turn, and they were able to do but little to lessen the countless forms of misery that pressed upon the poor, whose sufferings the government ignored, and whose destitution the clergy were powerless to relieve.

There was at this time, in Saint Mary's, in Liffey Street, a curate who perhaps knew more of the pitiable conditions that Catholics were in than any other priest in the diocese. Father Daniel Murray was born in 1768, at Arklow, in Wicklow, where his father held a large farm. From his earliest years he was determined to devote himself to God and the poor, and even at school he was distinguished for his piety, industry, and gentleness. He was ordained at Salamanca in 1790, and went as curate to his native town of Arklow. In '98 the parish priest was murdered, and Father Murray barely managed to escape to Dublin, where he was appointed, first to Saint Andrew's, and shortly afterward to Saint Mary's.

Here he was at last amongst the very poor. Every day the most heartrending scenes of bodily sufferings and spiritual needs were brought before his eyes. He devoted himself heart and soul to his work; but, although he did much to alleviate the distress around him, there were many cases which could not be relieved by a priest alone: it seemed to him that the want of an organized body of helpers was daily increasing. When the Order of the Presentation was founded in 1777 by Nano Nagle, it was intended that the nuns should devote themselves to the relief of the poor in general, but after a time it was decided that the religious must be enclosed, and the care of poor schools became their exclusive charge. This showed Father Murray more clearly than ever the necessity of founding



an active Order able to undertake any work of charity that might present itself. It was not, however, until after he had been created Archbishop of Hierapolis, and coadjutor to Dr. Troy, Archbishop of Dublin, that he spoke openly of his wishes and intentions, though Providence had before this time thrown in his way a person eminently fitted to be the foundation stone of the new institute.

The future foundress of the Irish Sisters of Charity was the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Aikenhead. She was born in Cork on January 14, 1787, and was the oldest of a family of four. Her father, who was of Scotch extraction, was a Protestant; and although her mother, formerly a Miss Stacpoole, was a Catholic, the children were brought up in the religion of the State. From the first, however, Mary was subject to Catholic influences; for until she was six years old she lived with her foster-parents, who took the child to Mass with them on Sundays and taught her all the prayers they knew. Even after her return home she often went to the Bishop's chapel with her grandmother and aunts, and sometimes they took her to Mass with them also. She was an unusually bright and thoughtful child, and the religious books that she read at the Stacpoole's house made a great impression upon her. Still, it was not until 1802 that Mary was received into the Church. For some time a struggle had been going on in her mind between her instinctive faith and the anti-Catholic prejudices she had inherited from her father. A sermon on Dives and Lazarus by Dr. Florence MacCarthy was what finally decided her; though the conversion of her father on his deathbed, in the previous year, did much to help her in the right way.

She was now about sixteen years old, and, both by her appearance and intelligence, attracted great attention wherever she went. From childhood her idea of happiness had been to devote herself to God and to the sick and suffering poor; and in all her charitable designs she was

much encouraged by Dr. Moylan, Bishop of Cork, who often spoke to her of the good work done in France by the Sisters of Charity founded by Saint Vincent of Paul. There was then in Ireland no Order whose rule it was to relieve the poor in their own homes; so it seemed to Mary that she must either give up the idea of being a nun or abandon the service of the poor. In Cork itself there were only two convents,—one of the Presentation Order, and one belonging to the Ursulines.

It was at the profession of Miss Cecilia Ball, at this latter convent, that Mary Aikenhead first met Mrs. O'Brien and her sister, Fanny Ball, who invited her to pay them a visit in Dublin. The invitation was gladly accepted, chiefly perhaps with a view to visiting the Poor Clare convent at Harold's Cross, where Mary's friend, Miss Lynch, was a nun. Mrs. O'Brien, who a little later did so much to help the founders of the new Congregation, was a very beautiful woman—tall, slight and stately. Her husband was a wealthy merchant; and she was in every way fitted to be, as she was, one of the leaders of the best Catholic society in Dublin. Nevertheless, like Mary Aikenhead, her greatest pleasure was to visit the poor and afflicted around her, and, under the direction of Father Murray, then curate in Liffey St., to help them in every way in her power.

Mary had once seen Father Murray in Cork, and each time that she met him at the O'Brien's she found more to respect and admire in him. When after some time she spoke to him of her vocation, he quite agreed with her that it was impossible for her to leave home for the present; and the death of her mother soon after this seemed to put an end to all her hopes.

It was in 1808 that she first heard of the idea of founding the Congregation of Irish Sisters of Charity. One day Dr. Murray was speaking to the Bishop of Cork on the subject when Mary was in the room. "O my Lord," she exclaimed earnestly, "when will you bring Sisters of Charity to Cork?" The manner in

which she spoke strengthened the Archbishop's idea that she herself was destined by God to carry out this work. And when he mentioned the subject to her, she, after much prayer and consideration, replied that when the time came she thought she would be doing God's will in joining the new institute.

The question of the veto * was then exciting great interest and discussion in Ireland, and Dr. Murray's time was taken up in attending to business concerning it; so the preparations for the new foundation went on slowly, although it was now quite decided that the work was to be begun. Early in the year 1812, the Archbishop took Mary and a companion, Miss Alicia Walshe, to the convent of the Institute of Our Lady at Micklegate Bar, York, where they were to make a novitiate of two years, in order that they might themselves be thoroughly grounded in the theory and practice of the religious life before beginning to train others. It was at first proposed that the Irish Sisters should be dependent on the Congregation established by Saint Vincent of Paul; and, although it was later found to be impossible to do this, the two societies have always been united by the closest ties of charity, so that both partake of the same spiritual advantages.

The rule followed by the nuns at Micklegate Bar, which is based on that of Saint Ignatius, was eventually adopted by the new community, with the addition of a fourth vow—to devote their lives to the poor. The novitiate was to last two and a half years, when, unlike the French Sisters, the members were to take perpetual vows. To their active duties they united the exercises of their religious life; for both Archbishop Murray and Father St. Leger, a Jesuit who helped very much in drawing up the Constitutions, agreed with Mother Aikenhead that Sisters of Charity need to be even more spiritual than other nuns, so that they may be upheld in a pure

atmosphere amid the scenes they daily have to witness.

On their return to Dublin, Mother Aikenhead and her companion resided in William Street, where their work awaited them. The house which they occupied had been built for an orphan asylum by the Trinitarian Confraternity, who gave it to Dr. Murray on condition that the nuns would undertake the care of the orphans. In September of the same year the first postulant was received into the infant community; and since that time the Congregation has been steadily increasing, until it now has convents not only in all parts of Ireland, but at Rockferry in Cheshire, in London, and a branch of the same parent stem has several houses in Australia.

Many and great were the trials, sufferings, and sacrifices of the heroic members of the new community; but their labors, under the shadow of the Cross, have now indeed brought forth fruit a hundredfold. The secret of their success is to be found in the motto of their Order, which is taken from the Epistle of Saint Paul to the Corinthians: *Caritas Christi urget nos*.—"The charity of Christ urges us."

Civic Duty.

HABITUAL readers of these pages will detect a familiar ring in the following excerpt from the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*. It is taken from an able paper, by the Rev. J. Kelleher, S. T. L., on a subject which we have frequently discussed, and in practically the same spirit as the *Record* writer:

Not quite so intelligible or excusable [as that of the lower classes of workmen] is the position of educated men, who profess to hold themselves aloof from public interests, and live practically as if they were under a sixteenth-century despotism, simply trying to make the best of what others—the government—will do for them, as if the government were something altogether removed from themselves,—something which they could not hope to influence. Politics of all kinds, national and municipal,

* The English Ministry wished to have the power of veto in the nomination of Irish bishops.

they ostentatiously hold in abhorrence. Politicians, they will tell you, are a venal and corrupt tribe, with which they could not mix without defiling their fair fame. They are fully satisfied that no one will have anything to do with politics that has not some axe to grind,—some stroke of business to effect for himself or his friends. And so, drawing their double mantle of probity and respectability tightly around them, they protect themselves from the contaminating influence of vulgar politics.

Others again are too indifferent to affairs of public interest to take active part in them. Without actually reviling politics or politicians, they are well content to let others see to them, and devote their entire attention to private business or domestic concerns.

Now, there is no excuse for the two latter classes. The plea that politics are corrupt, sunken to too low a level to claim the serious attention of honest, intelligent men, is simply an excuse for the arrogance that makes these people regard themselves as so much superior to their fellows, or for the laziness and cowardice that prevent so many from taking their proper place in the community,—the place their talents and social standing require of them.

On a cognate topic, if not indeed an identical one, Father Kelleher enunciates these sensible ideas:

Clerical influence as such ought not be one whit more objectionable than any other. The priest ought surely be just as free to speak and act as the doctor or the lawyer. In influencing others, he is doing only what every member of the community is trying to do, and what everyone is bound to try to do to a certain extent. He may, indeed, be able to do this more effectively than others; but if he is, it is because the people generally have greater confidence in his judgment and sincerity. Some people may think that confidence misplaced; if they do, they are perfectly justified in trying to destroy it. But while it exists they can not complain of the people for being influenced by it, or of the priest for availing of it, as long as he is convinced that it is not misplaced.

A priest, it is true, may be guilty of undue influence; perhaps from the position he holds he is more exposed to it than most others. That, however, is a matter between each priest and the public; and if a priest is detected using undue influence, he should be dealt with just as anybody else would be if convicted of a similar offence. But clerics should never be deterred from taking their legitimate place in public life by any bogus alarms about clerical dictation or undue interference, that are so

assiduously circulated by certain politicians who would find it to their advantage to have clerical influence diminished or destroyed.

The foregoing remarks are as applicable on this as on the other side of the Atlantic. So far as the question of right is concerned, there can be no question about a priest's having as perfect a right as any other member of the body politic to occupy himself actively in civic matters. As to the extent to which he may with propriety and expediency so occupy himself, that is a question for his own consideration and that of his bishop: it is *not* a matter to be settled by the *ipse dixit* of any party "boss," or politician for revenue.

In the meantime, be his personal participation in practical politics notable or inconsiderable, it is not merely the priest's right, but his duty, to instruct his people as to the importance of their taking an active and intelligent interest in all questions of government, municipal, State, or federal. As constituent members of the body politic, his parishioners can not with impunity shirk their share of the responsibility for the evils resulting from defective laws or the maladministration of elected officials. They are, beyond all question, bound in conscience to secure, to the extent of their ability, the best possible legislation and the most honest possible administration of public affairs. It is one of the duties of their state in life; and it is largely because the clergy of some European countries for decades failed to emphasize the sinfulness of neglecting that duty, that millions of Catholics now lie helpless under the control of a handful of agnostic and Masonic political magnates. In a democratic country, no good Catholic can be indifferent to matters political.

He forced Him not, he touched Him not; only said, "Cast Thyself down"; that we may know that whosoever obeyeth the devil casteth himself down; for the devil may suggest, compel he can not.

—*St. John Chrysostom.*

Notes and Remarks.

With more satisfaction than it would be easy to express, we note that several of our bishops in their Lenten Pastorals sound a warning against the evil of yellow journalism. A great and growing evil it is, and the extent to which young Catholics are affected by it is little thought of. The vitiation of taste is the least harm done by the yellow journal; it destroys respect for authority, lessens horror for crime, familiarizes the reader with every form of vice, ridicules what is highest and holiest, dignifies all that is levelling and debasing; sowing seeds of anarchism and socialism wherever it penetrates. There could be no surer way of counteracting the influence of our churches and schools than by supporting yellow journalism. Yet it is a fact, as unquestionable as deplorable, that this is what many Catholics are doing. In some of our large cities they are the chief supporters of newspapers which should be held in deepest detestation. The editor of the *San Francisco Leader* does not hesitate to say that nine-tenths of the people who pay for the star yellow journal of that city are of the Catholic faith. This may be an exaggeration, but there is exact truth in the following paragraph with which he concludes an article in denunciation of the paper named:

A grave responsibility rests on parents who allow the *Examiner* into their homes. They are sending their children to school and church to bring them up Christians: the *Examiner* is tearing down what they are trying to build up. We often wonder what kind of self-respect such parents have. The paper ridicules them and all they believe in, and they have not spirit enough to fling it out of doors.

Catholicity is making gratifying progress in Finland, and that, too, without apparently antagonizing to any considerable extent the non-Catholics of the country. In a letter from Helsingfors, reproduced in the *Missions Catholiques*,

we find this interesting information: "As an instance of the good understanding which begins to reign between Catholics and Protestants, I may mention that the prayer-book we use has been translated by a Protestant young lady who has been studying the faith for three years and who never misses one of our services. All our music has been copied out for the choir by another Protestant lady; and the most constant and best singers in the choir are Protestants, who gratuitously render their assistance." Another paragraph in the same letter throws some light on climatic conditions in that Northern land: "In the corridor which separates my dining-room from my kitchen, there is, on account of a near-by doorway, about two inches of ice on the floor and the walls." It ought to be comparatively easy even for hot-headed religious polemics to keep cool in Finland.

The Abbé Klein is no pessimist—as little of a Liberal or a Modernist, if the truth were known. Discussing, in the April number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, "The Present Difficulties of the Church in France," he smiles at the idea of the Catholic religion ever dying out there,—smiles in spite of the forebodings of writers like Mr. Davey, whom we quoted last week. Being a Frenchman, of course the genial Abbé has a fuller understanding of some things in France than would be possible to a foreigner. He says:

To admit that the Catholic religion must disappear completely in France would fail to take account of the laws of life. A great social force which has since early ages penetrated to the depths of the morals and of the soul of a nation may be checked in its manifestations by mischievous law or decree of public power,—it can not be destroyed by such means. The spring in the earth which seeks a chance to escape may perhaps be stopped here and there; but, cut off from its outlet, it will succeed nevertheless in liberating itself.

In reference to the attacks of would-be scientists who represent the Church as the enemy of enlightenment and progress,

and contend that humanity can not progress except upon the ruins of religion, the Abbé Klein has this good word:

Catholics, as a matter of course, do not lack arguments to refute that sort of thing. They can insist upon the difference—the essential difference—between the domain of science and that of religion, and show that a conflict between things so essentially different is impossible. And for those who can not grasp an argument logically conceived, they can cite the names of men pre-eminent in science who were and are devout and loyal Christians, and who have kept the faith. To contrast two men but recently dead, the faith of Pasteur is as good an argument as the irreligion of Berthelot. They can also point with some pardonable pride to the names of many great living men of science and letters who profess and demonstrate their sincerely religious convictions. Active Catholics are more numerous to-day than ever, who are members of the French and other academies. For example, M. de Lapparent, a professor in the Catholic Institute of Paris, has been recently elected perpetual secretary of the Academy of Sciences by the members of that distinguished body, the most pre-eminent society for scientific attainments in our country and perhaps in the world.

In the appeal prefixed to the Report of Mission Work among the Negroes and Indians, issued this year, we find the following paragraph on a subject the importance of which has been frequently discussed in these columns:

DEAR BRETHREN:—We will not refrain on this occasion from adding another appeal,—an appeal to our boys and girls, to many of our young men and young women. At the present time grave tasks are laid upon the Church of America, and we have very pressing need of earnest workers. Are there not many generous souls among the youth of our country who hear the whisper of a voice calling them to the service of God? Let them but listen; the whisper will become the clear call of a divine vocation, and then let them obey the summons. God has imposed the task, therefore He will give the vocations. We speak not only of the missions to Negroes and Indians, but of the immense needs of the Church of America in all fields. Brethren, pray that worldliness, the love of comfort, of pleasure, of money, of home, may not stifle the voice of God calling on these souls to make the sacrifice. If you yourselves feel no vocation to these works, earnestly beseech God to send

workers into the harvest fields; and help the cause for which we are now appealing by generous contributions according to your means.

That the appeal is signed by Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishops Ryan and Farley is a circumstance adding considerably to its inherent impressiveness. May it be effectively answered—and soon!

Discussing the question "Is the Anglo-Catholic movement a spent force?" the *Lamp* concludes an interesting paper with this paragraph:

Away back in the year 1834, a canon of Lichfield Cathedral handed to his cousin, the Roman Catholic scholar, Ambrose de Lisle, the first numbers of the "Tracts for the Times"; and after he had read Tract No. 4 on the Holy Eucharist he said: "Mark my words, these Tracts are the beginning of a Catholic movement which will one day end in the return of the [English] Church to Catholic Unity and the See of Peter." Ambrose de Lisle's prophecy is still in process of fulfilment; and it is only ordinary faith in God which moves us to say that, until the Anglo-Saxon race is brought back to Catholic unity in communion with the Successor of the Fisherman, the Catholic movement among Anglicans will *never* be a spent force.

The force may be expended in futile directions, notwithstanding. It is only frankness to say that Rome will not, *can* not, minimize or compromise. Anglicans are far more likely to enter the Church as individuals than as a body.

All who know the worth and the work of Dr. James C. Monaghan will applaud the discriminating judgment of the faculty of the University of Notre Dame in selecting him as the candidate for the Lætare Medal, the honor which for twenty-five years past the University has been accustomed to bestow upon some American Catholic distinguished for service to Church and State, and worthy of being singled out as an example to his young fellow-citizens. Prof. Monaghan is an exceptionally conspicuous example. As an educator, writer, lecturer, and public officer, he has given abundant proof, not

only of great ability and indefatigable energy, but of high character and chivalrous devotion to Christian ideals. A graduate of Brown University, which is proud to number him among its alumni, he began his career as professor of commerce in the University of Wisconsin. While there his ability attracted the notice of President Cleveland, who sent him as consul to Chemnitz, Germany; he was soon promoted to a more important position, and finally appointed head of the Consular Service of the United States, a post which he filled for twelve years with fullest satisfaction to the Government; he resigned it to devote himself to the educational work for which he is so eminently qualified. Prof. Monaghan is a self-made man in the sense of having chosen his own career and of overcoming, single-handed, obstacles in the way of fitting himself for it that would have discouraged one less resolute or self-sacrificing. A vocation happily chosen and admirably fulfilled.

Speaking recently to the Catholic students of Paris, M. Paul Bourget delivered an admirable address on "Tradition." In the course of his speech he took occasion to make this distinction, worth while noting by older people than students, and other races than the French:

This word [Traditionalist] is by no means synonymous with Retrogressionist. No one retrogrades by proving the equality of triangles by the reasoning employed in antiquity. No one retrogrades by saying that two and two make four, as the first men who ever counted used to say. But he who declares that a straight line is not the shortest way between two points, and that two and two make five, is a retrogressionist indeed.

Our readers may remember a reference made in these columns, about a year or so ago, to the Austrian abbot, Father Gregor Mendel, the original worker in a field recently exploited by "Wizard" Burbank of California. Father Mendel's experiments in hybridization were first

made public in 1865, but attracted no great attention for a generation thereafter. At present the abbot's ships have come home richly laden with the renown that probably would not have inflated him while living, and certainly affect him not at all in the other world to which he migrated twenty-four years ago. Says G. Clarke-Nuttall, in the *Fortnightly Review*:

But never was it foreseen or suggested in the wildest dreams of his contemporaries that in less than twenty years after his death his name would be on the lips of every advanced student who was groping his way through the vexed problems of heredity, and that his theories would have become a cult. Yet so it is. At this moment "Mendelism" is the last word in the study of heredity; for in those unheeded contributions to the local scientific paper, he gave what now promises to be the key which will unlock some of the deepest mysteries with which the question of heredity is involved.

So here is another of those Pope-ridden, obscurantist, anti-scientific Catholic priests elevated to a notable niche in Science's Hall of Fame! How did he ever escape excommunication?

It is a singular fact that the most bitter critics of the Jesuits of Paraguay have been Catholics; while the apologists, for the most part, have been non-Catholics, Voltaire among them. Mr. Frank Hugh O'Donnell is the latest Catholic person to have a fling at those devoted missionaries. In his recent pamphlet, entitled "Paraguay on the Shannon," he says that Ireland is as much under the rule of the priests as Paraguay was under the Jesuits. This is one of those wild assertions for which Mr. O'Donnell has long been noted. The pity is that there isn't more truth in it. If the Irish people were as well off to-day, in some respects, as the Indians of Paraguay were under Jesuit rule, it would be the height of folly to speak of Ireland as a "distressful country."

Mr. Frank Hugh O'Donnell, and others who think that all the Spanish colonies were maladministered, the reductions in Paraguay being no exception, would do

well to dip into "A Vanished Arcadia," by R. B. Cunninghame Graham (the Macmillan Co., publishers). He proves that the Indians of the missions were not half slaves, that the government established for them was the most fitting for the period, that there was no great wealth at any time in the mission territory, and that the income was expended in the territory itself. Unlike most writers who treat of the Paraguay missions, Mr. Graham has visited the scene of them. He says in the preface to his book:

I myself, in the deserted missions, five and twenty years ago often have met old men who spoke regretfully of Jesuit times, who cherished all the customs left by the Company; and, though they spoke at second-hand, repeating but the stories they had heard in youth, kept the illusion that the missions in the Jesuits' time had been a paradise.

The work of those self-sacrificing missionaries is over, and all they accomplished is ruined; their willing and grateful subjects have vanished, but their calumniators remain. Alas that there should be Catholics among these!

Judging from the more recent researches of modern science into the physiological economy of nutrition, it begins to look as if the Catholics who, during the Lenten season, deserve to be pitied are *not* those who fast and abstain, but those who avail themselves of the dispensation from fasting and abstinence. With all the talk one hears of the stress and strain of modern life and the consequent impracticability of observing to the letter the Church's general Lenten law, it is extremely doubtful whether exemption from that law is a thing to be thankful for. In any case, the following paragraph from the New York *Freeman's Journal* constitutes just now very timely reading:

Lord Kelvin reached the patriarchal age of eighty-four as the result of a life of temperance; and, though not a Catholic, it was known that he observed the Lenten fasts of our Church, and abstained when his engagements permitted it on every Friday. The late Sir Henry

Thompson, a surgeon of European note, was accustomed to recommend high-living patients to spend the Lenten season in Italy or France in out-of-the-way villages, where he was morally certain they would willy-nilly have to submit to a fish régime. Though he was confessedly an atheist, and abused most systems of religion, it was his custom to say that the Catholic Church was the only one which took charge of man's body and soul by giving each the diet which was especially suited to it. He was on terms of intimacy with the Carthusians of Axminster, who, he said, by their treatment of some of the patients he frequently rusticated to their great convent in Sussex, brought about recoveries which he, with all his science, could not have effected. He held that no man could long remain healthy who did not usually rise from the table still somewhat hungry. He recommended all who studied, or who led sedentary lives, to abstain from meat at least three days in the week, substituting for flesh-meat a diet of eggs or fish....

Nor was this custom of fasting and abstinence unknown to the pagans, who were, on the contrary, well aware of the beneficent action it produced not only upon the body but upon the mind. Fasting, says Cicero, is the best method of restraining the violence of one's passions. The man who can master the appetite for strong drinks and rare viands has mastered the secret of happiness in life.

On the question of diet, as on many another, the world is discovering that the Church, which is the oldest living entity within its confines, is wiser than her critics—and than some of her unmortified children, too.

The Poles of Austria, Russia, and Prussia bitterly resent, as well they may the iniquitous legislation of the German government, and have adopted retaliatory tactics. As soon as the laws recently passed are put in execution, all German goods are to be boycotted by the business houses and the people of the ancient Kingdom of Poland. And who shall condemn such a boycott? Incapable of opposing armed resistance to the encroachments of tyrannic power, the Poles are assuredly justified in prosecuting that species of passive warfare which will touch a commercial people in sensitive point—the pocket.

Notable New Books.

The Prince of the Apostles. A Study by the Rev. John James Francis, S. A., and the Rev. Spencer Jones, M. A. The Lamp Publishing Co.

The authors of this book are well known as zealous champions and leaders of the movement which advocates the corporate reunion of the Church of England with the Church of All Lands. The purpose of the work—which is dedicated “to the honor of the illustrious Archbishops, St. Anselm and St. Thomas of Canterbury, in thanksgiving for their example and in the hope of their intercession,”—is precisely to show that this reunion is possible and thinkable, in the light of Scripture, tradition and history, only on condition of accepting the dogmatic teaching of the See of Rome, of acknowledging the Pope as the successor of St. Peter and the head of the Christian Church, and yielding him loyal obedience. The arguments in favor of the Primacy of St. Peter and of the See of Rome are set forth from Scripture; here is a review of the testimony of the tradition in the Eastern and Western Church of this fundamental truth, and especially the testimony of the British Church from its beginning, in the pre-Reformation period, under the Tudors, and since; and finally, from the very standpoint of the Anglican Church, it is shown that there can be no reasonable objections to the acceptance of the dogmas of the immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin and Papal Infallibility.

The Scriptural arguments are well known to the Catholic student, being exposed in every Catholic text-book of theology; but we venture to say that they are presented in this volume with special vividness and concreteness. The argument from tradition, with no pretension to completeness, clearly and forcibly establishes the unbroken continuity of the belief in the primacy of the See of Rome. As to the particular tradition of the Church of England, the argument is based on the most recent historical researches, especially those of Dr. Gairdner, Bliss, Luard, Breen. It is most conclusive: The Church of England to-day claims continuity with the Church of England before the Reformation; and the Church of England before the Reformation was in conscious dependence upon the Holy See in spirituals from start to finish,—that is, from A. D. 597 to A. D. 1534.”

Some will perhaps find in this volume a certain obscurity or lack of precision in the conception of Papal Infallibility; others will not share, despite their earnest wish for its

success, the somewhat optimistic opinion of the authors about a corporate reunion of the Church of England with the See of Rome; and there is room for doubt as to whether, even in the field of discipline, Rome, though she certainly could, would judge it expedient to tolerate the actual situation of the Anglican Church, as is implied by the writers. Viewed from the standpoint of its arguments and statements, however, the book is conclusive; it is sincere, earnest, and loyal in its treatment. To the fair-minded Anglican, it can not fail to bring suspicion and awaken reflection about the soundness of his position. Among Catholics, it will increase hope for the return of many to the True Fold, and suggest a most fervent prayer for the success of the movement so earnestly promoted by the learned writers.

The World in which We Live. By R. J. Meyer, S. J. B. Herder.

This volume forms part the second of a religious work whose subject-matter is tersely expressed in one sentence: “How man, such as he is, must rise above the world in which he lives, toward God, for whom he was created.” The first part, published some six years ago, dealt with man such as he is; the third part, to follow in due course, will treat of God; and the present volume exhaustively discusses the theme indicated in its title. As will be readily understood, Father Meyer depicts the world, not in the enchanting colors which it presents to its devotees, especially its youthful devotees, but as it appears to the eyes of faith, with a fully outlined chart, or, better, travellers' map, of the dangers which beset those who live therein. While a detailed treatment of the means by which these dangers are to be avoided belongs symmetrically to the third and last part of the complete work, this second volume contains a brief indication of the principal of those means, so that the book is distinctly worth while as a work by itself. Somewhat more copiously than was the case in part the first, the author quotes from Catholic theologians and other standard authors. An admirable book for Catholic (and other) libraries, public and private, and a singularly timely one for Lenten spiritual reading.

The Inquisition. A Critical and Historical Study of the Coercive Power of the Church. By E. Vacandard. Translated from the Second Edition by Bertrand L. Conway, C. S. P. Longmans, Green & Co.

No reader of this valuable work is likely to accuse its author of having been affected by what Newman styled “that endemic perennial fidget which possesses certain historians about

giving scandal." What the Cardinal considered the greatest of scandals in such matters, the omission of facts and the "glosses put upon memorable acts because they are thought not edifying," are conspicuously absent from the present volume. The purpose of the book is, clearly, not merely to edify the faithful. In fact, it is tolerably safe to say that some of the faithful who read its uncompromising pages will occasionally be disedified, though mistakenly so. The author evidently considers that the best method of apologetics is to tell the whole truth, and he accordingly does so, without even dwelling as strongly as He might have done on the universally conceded principle that each age is to be judged from its own point of view.

The ordinary reader on finishing the book will have the satisfaction of feeling that he knows the worst that can be truthfully said about the Inquisition; and it may come as a relief to him that the Church emerges from the historico-critical study so comparatively free from blame and obloquy. One point, incidentally made, is worth reiterating: the Church never prosecuted non-Christians. Even Dr. Lea, assuredly no prejudiced admirer of Catholicism, is forced to admit that she "exercised no constraint over unbelievers."

The book is well translated, handsomely brought out, and is supplied with a good table of contents, bibliography, and index.

The Fathers of the Desert. Translated from the German of the Countess Hahn-Hahn by Emily F. Bowden. With a Chapter on the Spiritual Life of the First Six Centuries by John Bernard Dalgairns, Priest of the Oratory. In Two Volumes. Burns & Oates.

A host of readers, we hope, will welcome this new edition of "The Fathers of the Desert." It is a work of genuine value and interest, a really important contribution to the history of the Church, presenting as it does the fullest and best picture of the primitive monks which has appeared, at least in our language. The author, Countess Hahn-Hahn, wrote numerous books, some of which won great success in Germany, but the present one is deservedly popular everywhere. She was converted to the Church by the famous Bishop von Ketteler, and ever afterward devoted herself to the cause of religion. By the way, a good translation of her famous "Letters from the East" is a *desideratum*; it is beautifully written, and abounds in vivid descriptions of familiar and unfamiliar scenes.

This English translation of "The Fathers of the Desert" is perhaps the best ever made; and it is rendered all the more valuable by Father Dalgairns' introductory essay on the spiritual

life of the first six centuries, comprising seventy odd pages. The author's initial chapters—Christianity in Freedom, Christian Worship, Feasts and Fasts, The Bosphorus and the Nile, The Anchorites, and The Desert,—are not less important, and prepare the reader for the fullest appreciation of the biographies which follow. The charm of these lives, especially those of St. Simeon Stylites (so like that of the Blessed Curé d'Ars) and the Blessed Paula, is not to be described. Let us hope that it will be experienced by many new readers, especially by all who are under the delusion of the false mysticism which in recent years has become so prevalent.

Qualities of a Good Superior. Edited by the Rev. Ferreol Girardey, C. SS. R. B. Herder.

While this book, on the face of it, is of practical, living interest to only a restricted clientage, the superiors of religious communities, it will afford profitable reading to many others, not merely those who are in line to become superiors at some future date, but those also who in all probability will never be burdened with the onerous charge of such responsibility. An attentive perusal of its exhaustive pages is likely to cause sensible religious of this latter category to thank Providence for having preserved them from positions nominally the most authoritative, but in reality often the most slavish, in community life.

The book is compiled chiefly from the instructions of the Venerable Father Champagnat, founder of the Little Brothers of Mary. To enhance the value of the work, Father Girardey has added an appendix containing matter on the duties and responsibilities of superiors as laid down in the works of several saints and other masters of the spiritual life.

The Catholic Who's Who and Year Book. 1908 Edited by Sir F. C. Burnand. Burns & Oates.

Though this is not a new book, at least in England, it is a very notable one, and may well serve as a model for all future Catholic Who's Whos. It is too much to expect, however, that other editors will be able to give their work the piquant flavor of which Sir Francis has the secret. His volume is so ably and carefully edited that it is all but perfect and complete and it is so excellently produced that one is a loss to see how the form could be improved. Every feature is desirable. All must admire the appropriateness and fine taste of the dedication; that was an inspiration. Of the biographies it has been well said that they indicate the presence of many adherents of the old religion in every department of the national life of England in which character counts and talents tell.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

"Hail Mary."

BY J. VIC. GOLEBART.

QUEEN of heavenly worlds on high,
Sweet Maid of bliss beyond the sky,
List to thy children's humble cry:

"Hail Mary!"

Cast loving glances here below
On sinners poor, who love thee so;
And hear us when we whisper low:

"Hail Mary!"

Protect us with a mother's care,
And on thy throne resplendent there
Smile sweetly when we sound the prayer:

"Hail Mary!"

The New Scholar at St. Anne's.

BY MARION J. BRUNOWE.

I.—A REBELLIOUS ARRIVAL.

AND you will write to us, dear, and be a good child? Good-bye, my love, my precious,—good-b-y-e!"

The voice uttering the words faltered, quivered, and then broke entirely. But the mother's arms were gently, though lingeringly, withdrawn from the daughter's neck; the mother's fond lips had pressed their parting kiss upon the cool, young cheek which had been offered for the caress (Isabel had turned aside her lips); the great front door closed with a heavy thud, and Mr. and Mrs. Kersey had parted for the first time in her life with their only daughter.

"O Walter," wailed poor Mrs. Kersey from the folds of her handkerchief,— "O Walter, it is cruel, cruel of us to leave her so,—poor little lamb!"

The lines about Mr. Kersey's mouth

were drawn and tense. He drew himself up, and then extended his hand to assist his wife to descend the last and very steep step of the flight leading up to the great front door of the convent boarding-school.

"If we do not hasten, Mary, we shall be late for our train," was his only remark.

On the other side of the great door two figures stood facing each other in the marble-tiled hall. They were Sister Marietta, the Directress of Studies at St. Anne's, and Miss Isabel Kersey, the afore mentioned "poor little lamb."

But, alas for a fond mother's epithets! the "lamb" was anything but lamblike in appearance. She was a slender, olive-complexioned girl of about fourteen, with great dark eyes, and an immense quantity of raven hair, which curled about her neck and temples in wilful little rings and tendrils. About the ripe red lips there was also a wilful, upward curve just at present, and in the dark eyes gleamed an angry light.

"You may say what you like, Madam, but, mark my words, I shall run away." As she spoke, she threw up her chin and looked in impertinent challenge straight into the eyes regarding her.

"'Sister,' my dear,—we are called 'Sister,'" quietly corrected the nun. "And now, if you please," continued the same calm, even tone, "we shall go over to the study hall, and you will thus be introduced to your future companions."

"I prefer to remain here," was the retort.

"What!—all night?" And Sister Marietta smiled as she returned, in her own fashion, the direct glance.

Isabel felt herself growing unaccountably hot. There was something in the expression of the eyes regarding her against which the whole might of her

inner spirit rebelled, but before which it unwillingly, though all the more certainly, bowed. She tossed her head, though her own glance involuntarily fell a little.

"I suppose it *would* be 'slow' to remain here all night," was her nonchalant remark. "I presume I might as well see what there is to be seen."

"Yes, I think it would be advisable," was Sister Marietta's comment. "This way, dear."

As she spoke, she turned to the right, and Isabel found herself slowly following ("Good heavens! just like a little puppy dog," was her queer, inward comment) in the nun's footsteps, first through a pair of glass folding doors, then along a wide, lengthy corridor, through a large recreation room filled with girls in ages ranging from ten to fourteen, all of whom rose on the appearance of the Directress of Studies; through another smaller corridor; and finally into a lofty, spacious assembly room, in which the pupils of the Senior Division were enjoying their evening hour of recreation.

The girls were scattered in little groups about the hall,—some being gathered around the baize-covered tables that stood beneath the central chandeliers, and which were littered with books and magazines; some were promenading up and down in twos and threes, or larger numbers; a few others were dancing to the strains evoked by one of their companions from the grand piano far off in one corner. There seemed to be much laughter and more chatter, though both were subdued slightly upon the appearance of Sister Marietta and her companion. A motion from the Directress, however, bade those be seated who had risen at her entrance, and the hum of pleasure and talk continued.

Isabel Kersey knew and felt that more than half a hundred pairs of eyes were regarding her with inquisitive glances, as, still following Sister Marietta, she found herself being conducted the whole length of the hall, reaching finally the

foot of a platform in a recess at one end. Directly before these steps she now noticed five girls ranged on five chairs. No book or work occupied their hands; they were quite motionless, and silence reigned among them.

The new scholar paused abruptly. "Are they alive?" she said, turning to Sister Marietta.

An ill-suppressed titter from the nearest girl testified to the fact. The girl next the giggler, however, blushed painfully all over her delicate, fair complexion, and nervously put up one hand as if to shade her face from inquisitive eyes.

"They have broken some rule and are in punish class," explained the Directress in a low voice, laying her hand as she spoke on Isabel's, and gently forcing her forward.

Miss Kersey drew herself up. "I intend to break *all* the rules, you know," she said, stopping short.

"Yes?" said Sister Marietta, with a slight rising inflection and a little arch of her brows. "Well, suppose you meet Sister Berenice first? She always has charge of punish class, as we call it."

The next moment Isabel found herself ascending the steps of the platform; and from behind a large desk upon it rose a tall and stately religious, who came forward to meet Sister Marietta. Two young girls, who had evidently been sitting on low stools at her feet, also rose, though somewhat precipitately, quickly brought forward chairs for the newcomers, and then, slowly, and with extreme and evident unwillingness, betook themselves to the body of the hall.

"Te! he! hard on the 'Loves' again!" was the tittering comment of more than one group who had been watching the little proceeding on the platform.

Isabel looked after the two curiously. Before she had time to make a comment or ask a question, however, Sister Marietta had presented her to Sister Berenice; and Sister Berenice was extending her hand in a dignified manner, but with a certain cordiality, which later the new girl came

to recognize as indigenous to St. Anne's.

"I wonder if I shall like her? No—yes," was the thought which flashed through the girl's brain, as her fingers came in contact with those of the religious.

"I hope you will soon feel at home with us, Miss Kersey," said the latter, in a tone so gracious that Isabel almost fell under its charm at once. The nun's next words, however, innocently broke the spell. "You will no doubt find many congenial companions among us."

As she spoke, Sister Berenice looked out over the young figures grouped about the hall. The look had in it something of maternal pride, and the girl at her side felt herself curiously resenting it.

"I don't intend to feel at home among you," she said, with ungracious abruptness.

"No, of course not at once, dear," said Sister Marietta, with composure; and then, turning to Sister Berenice: "I shall have Isabel examined to-morrow and placed in her proper class. In the meantime what I have already heard from her parents of her attainments has led me to conclude that she will, at all events, be in the Senior Division; therefore, Sister, I brought her to your hall this evening. And now, Sister," continued the Directress, lowering her voice a little and speaking a trifle diffidently, "in honor of the new charge whom I have placed under your wing, will you grant me a favor?"

Sister Berenice glanced at the speaker sharply, then she bit her lip to hide a smile which began to play about the corners of her mouth.

"Anything in my power, I am sure, Sister," she answered demurely.

"It will be quite within your power to grant Isabel's first request."

"I understood it was yours," murmured the other, the smile spreading in spite of all her efforts.

"Mine and Isabel's," was the answer; and Sister Marietta turned her face slightly aside. "We are both very sorry to see five little maids unhappy when all their companions are enjoying themselves.

We would both be so grateful to you if you would dismiss punish class." Sister Marietta's tone was appealing; she was even blushing like any girl.

Sister Berenice rose and advanced to the front of the platform.

"In honor of our new pupil, Miss Isabel Kersey, and at the request of Sister Marietta, punish class is dismissed for the evening," she announced, and then returned to her chair amid a general hand-clapping.

"What a strange school!" was the astonished Isabel's sole but outspoken comment.

"Your coming has brought a little sunshine into five lives this evening, dear," said Sister Marietta, gently. "I always like a new scholar to begin by conferring happiness."

"But that is not what I came here for," was the retort.

"It is part of what we all, to a certain extent, came into the world for, Isabel," was the nun's simple rejoinder.

The new scholar opened her eyes and stared. Her quick repartee deserted her; and before she could find it again Sister Marietta had risen, and, glancing at the clock, announced that she would now have to go.

"I will see you in the morning, dear," she said. "Good-night! Pleasant dreams!" And, putting her arm around Isabel, she drew her to her and kissed her.

The action was seen and noted by at least forty pairs of young eyes, and in at least half as many youthful bosoms glowed instantly the fires of jealousy. Sister Marietta's caresses were rare; who, then, could she be who was thus favored?

"She's a bold-looking piece, whoever she is," was one chagrined comment.

"Awfully stylish, though," said another lynx-eyed maiden.

"Looks as if she needed taking down a peg," came in still another voice.

"Awh! awh! squalls ahead!" remarked, with a fine air of wisdom, a plump, pretty, dark-eyed girl.

"Going to take her into your boat, Helen?" asked her nearest companion.

Helen started and blushed a trifle.

"Now, that isn't fair, Grace," came a chorus of three or four voices.

"Oh, it's fair enough, girls!" interposed Helen, lightly. "But I think I need a steadier pilot, Grace."

"Pooh!" (Grace turned away with a little *moue* of disgust.) "In one of your penitential moods to-night!" And she fell to rattling out a lively air upon the piano, near which the group had paused in their promenade.

Helen laughed, but this time her dark eyes flashed.

"I'm not going to get into any penitential moods. Kindly understand that, all of you," she said, in tones half serious, half playful; "and—and perhaps" (pausing a second),—"perhaps the new scholar and I will yet weather some storms together. She's going to be given into our charge, at all events," she added; for toward this particular group Sister Berenice and Isabel Kersey were now undoubtedly advancing.

"My sakes alive!"—and Grace paused in the middle of a bar abruptly—"but there will be squally weather if she is."

"Sh!" cautioned a more careful maiden, and then—Isabel Kersey was presented to her future companions.

(To be continued.)

A Useful Tree.

One kind of Brazilian palm is said to be the most useful tree in the world,— "a whole department store," some one calls it. Its roots make a valuable blood purifier; its timber takes a high polish, and is much sought by cabinet-makers; the sap is made into wine or vinegar, and from it sugar and starch are obtained; the fruit of the tree is used as a cattle food; the nut is prepared and used as a substitute for coffee, while the pith makes fine corks.

The Pretender.

In reading English history, one meets with frequent reference to the Old Pretender, the Young Pretender, or, most often perhaps, simply the Pretender. The term means a claimant to the English throne, and is applied to the son and the grandson of King James II., who was dethroned in 1688. The son, James Francis Edward Stuart, also called the Chevalier de St. George, was the Old Pretender, or just "the Pretender" without qualification; the grandson, Charles Edward Louis Philip Casimir, was the Young Pretender. The former was engaged in a Jacobite rising in Scotland in 1715, and the latter in another similar revolution in the same country thirty years later. The Young Pretender died at Rome just a hundred years after his grandfather lost the English crown.

When party spirit ran high in England, and especially in Scotland, it was not always prudent to declare one's allegiance to the reigning king of the Hanoverian line, or to the representative of the Stuart dynasty. The poet, Byrom, once extemporized a clever quatrain which obviated any danger of offending either side:

God bless the King,—I mean the faith's defender!
God bless—no harm in blessing—the Pretender!
But who Pretender is, or who is King,—
God bless us all!—that's quite another thing.

A Canadian lecturer, during the Boer War, rather displeased an ultra-loyal audience one evening by paraphrasing the foregoing lines in this fashion:

God bless our Queen! Choice graces on her fall!
God bless—no harm in blessing—old Oom Paul!
But about this war, just who is right or wrong,—
God bless us all!—that's quite another song.

LAMPS were invented before candles. It is said the ancient Egyptians were the first to use them. We find early mention of lamps in Holy Scripture, and they were used by divine command in the Hebrew worship.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A recent French work by the Abbé Letard studies the question of the locality of the Blessed Virgin's tomb. The Abbé rejects the theory that the tomb is at Ephesus and devotes the greater part of his book to the argument in favor of Jerusalem.

—Mr. Marion Crawford's "Marzio's Crucifix," which he himself considers one of his best novels, was just been issued with "Zoroaster" in a single volume. Another welcome announcement is that of a new edition of Mr. Crawford's capital little book on "The Novel."

—The current issue of the *Records of the American Catholic Historical Society*, of Philadelphia, contains the first instalment of Bishop England's letters to the Hon. William Gaston. Apart from the human interest inherent in these pistles of a great and good man, the collection constitutes a valuable contribution to the history of the Church in this country.

—In a neatly printed pamphlet of half a hundred pages, Mr. Joseph F. Wagner brings out "The Necessity of Religion," by the Rt. Rev. Igr. Paul Stiegele. The work contains a Lenten course of six sermons: Do we need religion? Have we religion? Christ, the divine Founder of our religion; Christ, the Son of Man; Christ in His Church; and Christ in the Most Blessed sacrament. An excellent pamphlet for family reading during Lent as well as for the perusal of Lenten preachers.

—No one who read a few years ago "An American Missionary—A Record of the Life of the Rev. William H. Judge, S. J.," will be surprised to learn that a second edition of that really fascinating biography has appeared, or will be otherwise than pleased to know that the original story has been revised and augmented. Father Judge was a manly man and a priestly priest, a hero of the commonplace, whom to know in life was a privilege, and to read about even now is an incentive to zealous labor and cheerful acceptance of all that life may hold in store, of work and worry, trials and tribulations. The author of the book is the Rev. Charles J. Judge, S. S.; Cardinal Gibbons furnishes the introduction; and a score of good illustrations enhance the interest of the attractively printed plume. Published by the Catholic Foreign Mission Bureau, Boston.

—Valuable contributions to the history of Catholicism in England are contained in a plume entitled "The Last Abbot of Glaston-

bury," by Abbot Gasquet. The article from which the book takes its title, first published some years ago, comprises nine chapters concerning the destruction of the great Benedictine abbeys of Glastonbury, Reading and Colchester, and sketches the tragic deaths of the last abbots of those houses in the reign of Henry VIII. Other papers deal with English Biblical Criticism in the 13th Century; English Scholarship in the 13th Century; Two Dinners at Wells in the 15th Century; Some Troubles of a Catholic Family in Penal Times; Abbot Feckenham and Bath; Christian Family Life in Pre-Reformation Days; Christian Democracy in Pre-Reformation Times; The Laymen in the Pre-Reformation Parish; and St. Gregory the Great and England.

—From Benziger Brothers we have received two neatly and serviceably bound volumes of "Practical Sermons" (first and second series), by the Rev. John Perry. The discourses are for all the Sundays and holydays of the year, and are constructed on the plan of the "Full Course of Instructions." The merits of Father Perry's homiletic publications are too well known to necessitate any recapitulation of them here; the favor which they have long enjoyed is convincing proof that the practicality which is claimed for them as a distinguishing quality is genuine. The sermons in these volumes are not only practical but brief; from fifteen to twenty minutes will suffice for the delivery of the longest of them. The books may well appear on the shelves of the family, as well as on those of the pastor's library; during the present season especially they will furnish excellent material for spiritual reading.

—The prominence given by the Sovereign Pontiff to the teaching of the catechism in the prosecution of his early avowed purpose to "restore all things in Christ" has naturally led to a notable revival of interest in the imparting of elementary theological knowledge, and to a considerable increase in works of catechetical instruction. As excellent an addition to this library as we have seen for a long time is the Rev. Patrick J. Sloan's "The Sunday-School Teacher's Guide to Success" (Benziger Brothers). It is readable, solid, suggestive, and inspiring; few teachers can read its orderly and lucid chapters without receiving both useful hints as to methods to be employed and generous encouragement to give their best to a genuinely important vocation, or avocation, as the case may be. An exhaustive table of contents and several

pages of bibliography are incidental features that add to this volume's usefulness.

—'Fight shy of all such works,' has been the substance of our advice to correspondents making inquiries of us as to the merits of "The Historian's History." Like many such compilations, it has excellent features, and in connection with other books would be very helpful to students; but for general readers and as a whole it is not to be recommended. Our Catholic reviewers should exercise much caution in commending histories. On the strength of a favorable notice of one volume of the work in question, appearing in one of our leading journals, a set was ordered for a Catholic library. The first person to examine it took up another volume, only to find lies and errors, which have been refuted a thousand times, repeated throughout. A correspondent of the *Bombay Examiner*, who has had the same experience, says in a letter to the editor:

On going through Vol. VIII. I find such a "hotchpotch" of slander on the Church and its beliefs, on the Popes and the Papacy, the Crusades and the Middle Ages, that I feel bound to say to all intending Catholic buyers, *Non licet*. I suppose they will understand my reasons when I tell them that the chief lights resorted to in patching up that volume are Gibbons and Kingsley. The former comes in textually with his glorification of Mahomet; and the other with a concentrated slander on the institution of the Papacy. Moreover, from perusal of other samples, I see that the volumes relating to Spain are not more promising.

The Latest Books. A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"The Inquisition." By E. Vacandard. \$1.60.
"The Prince of the Apostles." By the Rev. Paul James Francis, S. A., and the Rev. Spencer Jones, M. A. Cloth, \$1.25, net; paper, 75 cts., net.

"The Fathers of the Desert." From the German of the Countess Hahn-Hahn by Emily F. Bowden. With a Chapter on the Spiritual Life of the First Six Centuries by John Bernard Dalgairns. In Two Volumes. \$2.50, net.

"Qualities of a Good Superior." Edited by the Rev. Ferreol Girardey, C. SS. R. \$1.25.

"The World in which We Live." By R. J. Meyer, S. J. \$1.50.

"The Catholic Who's Who and Year Book, 1908." Edited by Sir F. C. Burnand. \$1.50, net.

"Practical Sermons." 2 vols. Rev. John Perry. \$2.50, net.

"The Sunday-School Teacher's Guide to Success." Rev. Patrick Sloan. 75 cts., net.

"The History of the Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ." Rev. James Groenings, S. J. \$1.25.

"The Life of Antonio Rosmini-Serbatì." Rev. G. B. Pagani. \$3, net.

"Social Questions and the Duty of Catholics." Charles Stanton Devas, M. A. 25 cts., net.

"The First Page of the Bible." Father Bettex. 30 cts.

"Practical Preaching for Priests and People." Rev. Bernard W. Kelly. \$1.25, net.

"Well Spent Quarters." 85 cts.

"Society, Sin, and the Saviour." Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J. \$1.35, net.

"Ancient Catholic Homes of Scotland." Don Odo Blundell, O. S. B. \$1.50, net.

"The Life of Our Lord and of His Virgin Mother." From the German of the Rev. I. C. Businger by the Rev. Richard Brennan \$1.00, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Charles Sweron, of the diocese of Portland; Rev. Pankraz Schleier, archdiocese of Milwaukee; Rev. John B. Ege, diocese of Grand Rapids; Rev. William H. White, diocese of Albany; and Rev. Marcellus Janin, S. J.

Mother M. Carmel, of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd; and Sister M. Rose, Order of Mercy.

Mr. George H. Potter, Mrs. J. S. Clark, Mrs. Margaret Toohey, Mr. John E. Carleton, Mr. James Curran, Mrs. Katharine Morrison, Mr. John M. Dunn, Mr. James Grumley, Mr. M. F. Gross, Mr. James Fitzsimmons, Miss Margaret A. Muth, Dr. Vincent P. McLaughlin, Mr. Daniel Pollard, Mrs. Anne Owens, Mrs. Jane Kane Hughson, Mr. Charles McMillan, Mrs. Kate Burlison, and Mrs. Ella Gallagher-Perry.

Requiescant in pace!

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For two Chinese missions:

Client of St. Joseph, \$5.

The exiled French religious:

E. D. M., in honor of the Annunciation, \$1



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE. I., 48.

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NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, APRIL 11, 1908.

NO. 15.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

The Man of Sorrows.

BY MARY KENNEDY.

A Good Friday Pilgrimage.

BY K. O'KELLY.

He rode into Jerusalem, that far-off Sabbath Day,
and all the people followed Him along the palm-strewn way;

With songs of praise and gladness, they made the street-ways ring;
For Christ was there in triumph, and joy was reigning king.

Across the city's threshold lay a welcome sweet and near,

To the One who loved His people, to whom all men are dear;

And through that gladsome Sabbath, until the skies grew grey,

The Master drank joy's portion, and love shone o'er His way.

He went into Gethsemane that far-off Eastern night,

And only shadows followed Him amidst the purple light;

He heard His people's voices; not one had come to share

The vigil of the Master as He knelt in anguished prayer.

Underneath the bending olive trees the Man of Sorrows prayed,

For all the sins of all the world were on His shoulders laid;

And through that lonely vigil, the darkness heard no moan,

As He, the loving Master, trod the wine-press there alone.



On the shores of the Bay of Biscay, where the giant Pyrenees bend in soft curves to meet the Atlantic, and extending on both sides of the frontier line between France and Spain, lies the Basque country. A pleasant land, inhabited by a brave and religious people, who have clung to their beautiful inheritance of wave-washed mountains and fertile plains for thousands of years. For it is a well-known fact that centuries before Cæsar had conquered Gaul, this old race, whose origin is lost in the mysterious past, lived and flourished on the green western slopes of the Pyrenees.

We had been spending Lent in a charming seaside village under the shadow of the Rhune; and, having been much in contact with the Basques, soon came to know and like them well. As we were fresh from another region of France where the religious spirit is not so strong as it should be, the sincere piety of this primitive people excited our admiration. It was comforting during our frequent excursions through the surrounding country, whenever we entered a church, to find faithful watchers before the Tabernacle; or, when visiting quaintly decorated side chapels, to come on some graceful dark-eyed woman or innocent child kneeling in prayer before Mary's altar.

One day, in the course of a conversation, we had heard of a celebrated procession

which is held on Good Friday of each year in the little town of Fuenterrabia, just across the Spanish border. So, having had our interest excited to the highest pitch by our friends—enthusiasts on the subject of life in Spain,—we made up our minds to assist at the ceremony.

On Good Friday, therefore, we start—having secured a carriage the night before to take us part of the way,—and, leaving the village behind us, drive rapidly, in the golden light of the April morning, along the winding cliff road. Glorious glimpses of the mountains and white-crested sea are to be had at every turning; for in this corner of the Bay of Biscay, by some natural phenomenon, the Atlantic sends in magnificent foaming breakers even on the finest day.

As we move rapidly on, we pass many old Basque houses, built with low, overhanging roofs, like those of Swiss chalets; meet bright-faced girls carrying curious earthen water jars poised upon their heads; and sweep through idle villages, where the children—like children all over the world,—attracted by the horses and jingling harness bells, come rushing with wild cries and gesticulations after our vehicle.

By midday we have reached Hendaye, beautifully situated at the mouth of the Bidassoa. The tide is ebbing fast, so we are soon settled in a boat manned by two stout Spaniards, who point out to us Fuenterrabia rising picturesquely in its circling crown of mountains on the opposite side of the river.

The morning has kept its promise, and we are enjoying one of these Southern spring days, luminous and brilliant; the perfect blue of the sky contrasting with the sparkling river, and the stern peaks of the distant mountains throwing into relief the nearer hills, at this period of the year all snowy and rose-flecked with the blossoming of almond and peach trees. Around us is quite a flotilla of little boats, some of them full to overflowing with exuberant French families; while others

contain groups of Basques, trim and slender, in their flat caps and red sashes. All are bound for Fuenterrabia.

In a quarter of an hour we are on the Spanish shore, and are at once reminded that we have left thrifty, orderly France behind, and have entered a country where the clock of Time seems to have stood still for the past three centuries. For the moment we land we are surrounded by a crowd of beggars, some of them stately enough, in old sombreros and mantles with many patches; and by brown, merry, red-slippered children, with eager little hands stretched out for sous. A judicious distribution of small money secures us a right of passage, and we are soon at the gates of the town.

Fuenterrabia is built on the Bidassoa, just where that historic river empties itself into the Atlantic. It is a quaint old place; and, as a specimen of Spanish architecture, is much more interesting than the neighboring city of Saint Sebastian, which is quite modern. Fuenterrabia was taken by the French and retaken by the Spaniards over and over again during their frequent wars; but its two remaining streets, bordered with richly sculptured houses, tell of its former wealth and prosperity. All the splendor, however, has passed away. The proud escutcheon of the nobility are green with moss; the rust-eaten ironwork is dropping bit by bit; and the palace of "mad Queen Juana," the tragic mother of the Emperor Charles V. of Germany, is a roofless ruin. *Sic transit gloria mundi* comes into my mind as I pass through the portals of the Old-World town.

Fuenterrabia has been dedicated to the Mother of God from time immemorial, and an antique statue of Our Lady is still to be seen enshrined in the stone-work over the principal gateway. The modern inhabitants, fisherfolk of mixed Basque and Spanish origin, have a tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and once a year perform a pilgrimage to her sanctuary on the mountain of Jáisquibel. This is

celebrate a great victory gained over the French, through the intercession of Our Lady of Guadalupe, in 1638.

The church is Gothic, of the fifteenth century, but its tower has been modernized. It stands on a little square in the highest part of the town; and when we arrive there we are much struck by the animation of the scene. Hundreds of peasants from the surrounding districts have flocked in for the procession, and nearly all hold in their hands gigantic wax torches. They talk together, but maintain a serious demeanor; for they have been selected to form a guard of honor, and will presently line the streets, each holding his candle alight while the relics and statues are carried past. Feeble as they are, these tiny points of flame, rising wan and pale in God's brilliant sunshine, will surely be noted by His all-seeing Eye; for they represent the sacrifices of the very poor. The fishermen of Fuenterrabia save for weeks, and sometimes for months, in order to procure a candle of the purest wax and greatest weight possible, for the ceremony of Good Friday.

We are soon in the interior of the church, which is richly carved and gilded,—almost too much so for our eyes, unaccustomed to Spanish gorgeousness. On this day, however, heavy crimson curtains veil the window, and a mystic red light filters through the draperies, falling on the kneeling crowd and on the terribly realistic figure of the Dead Christ—scarred and bleeding, the veritable Man of Sorrows—enclosed in a crystal coffin before the high altar. No sound is heard save the chanting of the priests or the wail of the *Dies Iræ*; then, after an interval of silence, the deep, thunderous roll of the muffled drums announce the terror and desolation which fell on the earth at the death of the Saviour.

After a time the procession begins to form; so we leave the church and hasten to join our friends, who have hired windows in the Calle Major, or principal street. We are soon installed in an old

dark-panelled room, with delicate tracery around the ceiling and chimney; and lose no time in gaining the balcony, where a curious scene awaits us. The street below is crowded with Spaniards, Basques and French. Some stand in doorways or on the steps of houses, others mount on chairs or tables lent by obliging householders. The windows are full of foreigners, principally Americans and English from Biarritz and Saint Jean de Luz. All eyes are turned toward the church, which remains closed. A group of stately Spanish women pass through the old gateway; they are draped in graceful mantillas, and pretty little children in white dresses accompany them. All mount the rugged, stony footway to join the procession. In the meantime an official clears the way, and places the guard of honor at their appointed posts.

Suddenly a roll of drums is heard; the doors open and the procession issues forth, headed by a boy of fifteen or sixteen, who, attired in brilliant armor and with uplifted sword, personates Saint Michael. He marks his steps in a martial manner; and is followed by the Holy Innocents, represented by a number of the little children of Fuenterrabia in white dresses and with shining gauzy wings. These tender blossoms of the Church Militant make a pretty picture as they walk, slowly and with infant grace. A good-natured Basque accompanies them, and, like a vigilant shepherd, surveys his little flock, encouraging those who seem inclined to falter, and consoling with a bonbon some tiny child oppressed by the absence of its mother and frightened to tears by the strange faces of the crowd. This is the only episode of the ceremony at which one can smile,—smile tenderly I mean, for the simple faith and dignity of those who surround the little actors in the scene set aside all idea of ill-bred mockery.

Immediately after the children come a number of men in brown monastic habits, their heads covered with cowls but their faces visible. These are the

penitents, who propose, in expiation of some fault committed during the year, or simply as an act of humility, to walk thus costumed in the procession on Good Friday. Several amongst them are striking figures, with bent heads, dark, ascetic-looking faces, and lips moving in silent prayer. In their midst is carried a light platform, on which are life-sized figures of Our Lord and the Angel in the Garden of Olives. I may say here that all the statues used in the procession, although clothed, as is the custom in Spain, are artistic in design and execution; some of them, as I was informed, being very old, and valuable as works of art.

Behind the penitents appears a detachment of Spanish soldiers from Saint Sebastian, carrying their arms reversed, in sign of mourning. Then come the "Romans," familiar figures in all Spanish religious ceremonies. In this case they are simply Basques wearing antique casques and bucklers, to personate the Roman soldiers who were present at the crucifixion. They carry statues of Saint John, Saint Mary Magdalen, and Saint Veronica. A beautiful representation of the Saviour, clad in the purple garment, crowned with thorns, and bending under the weight of the Cross, follows immediately afterward. Next come the choir boys, chanting the *Stabat Mater* with sweet, clear voices; then the young men of the town, and then the priests bearing the precious statue of the Dead Christ uplifted on their shoulders. Last of all, Our Lady of the Seven Dolours is carried by, and this figure haunts one long afterward; for the face is convulsed with an awful look of agony, such as the old masters give to Mary at the foot of the Cross. The women and young girls of the district, some hundreds strong, and covered with long veils of mourning, walk as an escort to the Mother of Sorrows. They form an imposing feature in the ceremony. The sailors of the warship on the Spanish side of the Bidassoa close the procession. They are fine, stalwart,

bronzed men, and their reverent demeanor impresses one very favorably.

A hush falls on the people as the solemn cortege winds past. Even those in the crowd who are indifferent or hostile do not remain unmoved, and every head is bowed as the glorious emblems of the Passion are borne down the Old-World street. The whole scene is like a dream; for it seems as if we had stepped back out of our feverish, sceptical century into the mystic, medieval times, so full of faith and reverence for holy things. Many who came to scoff remained to pray; and I am sure that the impression left by this touching ceremony has not been lost, and that more than one will remember with pleasure and profit the Good Friday spent in old Fuenterrabia.

The Wise Men of Thendara.

BY JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

II.

FOR a little while Canienga sat sorrowful over its defeat, losing sight of grief for a moment in the splendor of the dedication ceremony, which came off in December. The pretty church and the beautiful service, the presence of the bishop and the clergy, the touching spectacle of the well-trained sanctuary boys, and the influence of a tactful sermon, witnessed by a Protestant delegation led by Dominie Warren, had a soothing effect on the first irritation. The church added to the beauty of the park, and the regular attendance of the people on Sundays gave a livelier aspect to religion. The Catholic people found in themselves a new interest in spiritual life, and their social dignity was increased by the evidence of a new standard of living. A mission of sustained fervor roused deeper emotions and resolves for a more Catholic life. Moreover, the business men of the village learned quickly that Canienga benefited immensely by the more active

interest which the Catholic farmers took in the town. They came in oftener and bought more freely; for the children had to be dressed specially for various religious ceremonies, and the women took a livelier interest in their public raiment for such occasions.

These important matters were discussed so freely as to become public convictions in a short time, and the successful priest lived in the general mind as a public benefactor. Elder Dennett found himself in a vigorous minority on the church question, and he had therefore to conceal his earnest efforts to shut out Father Mullen from repeating his good work in the neighboring village of Honnedaga. He worked secretly but effectively. When the priest sought for a lot in that village, he discovered a corporation so close that not an inch of ground within the limits of the place was to be bought for any price. So the winter passed away in quiet,—the long, long winter of Thendara, rich in snow and frost and wild storms, beautiful in its sparkling air, shining fields, crystalline forests, and icebound streams, where the skaters frisked like lambs in springtime, and the boys built forts for the snowball battles.

Both the priest and Dennett had secretly surveyed the village, and the former had resolved to build on the best lot in the town. At one time there seemed a chance to buy the right spot, until the story of the Canienga struggle touched the narrow of Honnedaga, and Elder Dennett came to talk with the villagers privately. After that, the prospective sellers steeled their cupidity against the highest price. Yet there were very weak spots in the barricade, as both the interested men knew. Dennett could put his finger on them, but the priest had to wait to discover them. The lots facing the central park were absolutely safe, for every owner solemnly pledged himself not to sell for five years; and if he were forced to do so, his neighbors were to have the first option. At any cost, the Catholics were to be kept

out of a fine position; and public feeling was sufficiently roused to force them to build outside the village limits.

"I am only afraid of you, Dominie," Dennett declared at a parish meeting, for Dominie Warren had charge of Honnedaga. "I want to warn you right now that interference in behalf of Priest Mullen will be resented mighty quick. We shan't stand a repetition of your behavior."

"I shall do no more and no less than before, Elder," replied the minister, who enjoyed unusual popularity with his people. "I did nothing but laugh at you and shake hands with Father Mullen, who is well able to take care of his own interests. He will beat you here as he beat you there, because right is on his side. You can't keep him out. Just wait till Honnedaga people get the figures of the increase in business from building that church in the heart of Canienga, and see if you can hold them. I did nothing to help Father Mullen."

"You didn't? What are you doing but helping him now by talking of commercial profit?"

"I am only telling you that you are fighting against the good of the town, against the spirit of the nation, against the welfare of our citizens. I don't need to say a word or lift a finger against you. 'The stars in their courses fought against Sisara,' you know," and the Dominie laughed heartily. "I know at this very moment, and you know, and Father Mullen knows, just where his church will stand by the end of next summer. By the way, is Mrs. Temple present at the meeting?"

Everyone looked around and Elder Dennett blushed. The lady was not present for the first time in several years. She had gone back to the faith of her fathers, and was worshipping in the new church at Canienga with a fervor that surprised all her former friends. The Dominie smiled as this statement came from the secretary of the meeting, but he had the grace not to look again at the

irritated Elder. No, Mrs. Temple would never be present again at these meetings. At that very moment she sat in her handsome house on the park awaiting a visit from Father Mullen. A howling snow-storm raged outside, but peace reigned in her heart and her household,—the peace after the storm. She had suffered her anguish from the day the church had opened its doors in Canienga, although no blame could attach to her for the apostasy of years. Her mother had lived and died in the faith, quite indifferent to the faith of her children; but conscience rose in the hour of her last sickness and exacted from her nearest child the promise that a priest should be called, her bones be laid in consecrated ground, and atonement be made by the daughter for the mother's infidelity. She knew not how to go about it until the priest and the church came, and then circumstances made it difficult. Her little children had never been baptized in any sect, because their father objected, on the ground that religion should be left to the children themselves, say at the age of fifteen, when sense would come to their service, and help them to decide. Temple himself had no religious faith, and very little sympathy with any sort of religion; and he would have forbidden his wife to resume her connection with Catholic belief but for certain strange events which had melted the marrow in his robust bones.

After the burial of his wife's mother, an obsession of some kind settled on the mansion. At first he took it for the natural gloom of recent grief, but when the mere entrance into the house chilled him to the marrow, and the leaving of it in the morning lifted a load from his heart; and when he began to think he saw the dead woman in odd corners at odd hours, not clearly for a minute, but vaguely in the twilight hours for an instant; and when his wife confessed to the same troubles and fell into sickness, he commanded her to join her Church at once and take the children with her, doing

what she chose in as quiet a manner as possible. Temple was a simple man, direct, blunt, and candid. If religion would remove the incubus which had settled on his house, and at the same time persuade the old lady to remain where nature had placed her, he stood ready to welcome the Pope and the entire priesthood into Honnedaga. Happily, too, the freedom of action accorded to his wife led to considerable mitigation of their troubles. The feeling of gloom departed, and the house became cheerful as of old. He did not dread his return at night and welcome the morning exit. Once or twice a week the shadow fell across the house for a few hours, and once or twice a month the figure of an old woman vanished at the first glance of an observer, who was now his wife and again a servant, and occasionally himself. He did not complain, although he foresaw a future abandonment of the house and the loss of its market value if the appearances continued. They remained a secret to the outside world.

"I often think," his wife said in discussing the matter, "that we made a mistake in not placing her body in the Catholic cemetery. I have heard since, from old Mrs. Casey, who spoke to me about it, that Catholics do not rest well in unblest ground."

"It's clear enough that mother does not rest well alongside my folks," he admitted sadly. "If there was any way of removing her remains quietly, I'd be glad to do it. But just now, with everyone worked up over the Papist invasion, and me explaining why you must do as you please, I'd rather be quiet."

"I might have a talk with Father Mullen about it," she suggested. "They say that these things are not strange to priests, and that they know what to do."

"No, don't just yet. It might leak out, and I don't want to be known as the owner of a haunted house."

Yet the very next week he explained it in person to the young priest. He had walked out to his stock farm after dinner,

and was returning two hours, later in the midst of a howling snowstorm, which made walking painful against the wind and the increasing drifts. When a spanking team drove up and the driver hailed him in the kindly country fashion, "Want a ride my way?" he hastened to accept. They chatted on horses as they drove along; and when the stranger informed him that his horses belonged to the priest of Canienga, Temple launched into a fierce denunciation of the new pastor.

"Why don't you Catholics," he said, "show a little spirit and teach that young man his place? If he was our minister, you can bet his wings and nails would be well trimmed the first month. Here he saddles a big debt on Catholics in Canienga. He wants to do the same here, but we've got him cornered. He would do the same in Nehasane, but it's a close corporation. He has his nose in everybody's business. One of my laborers came to me the other day with a letter to be read. It was from his Father Mullen. Say, the way in which he laid out that poor fellow was an insult to a man and an American. Mike drinks hard, and is none too good to his family when he's drinking. The priest stated all the facts, and then threatened that if the kid Mike did not take the pledge at once, reform, save his wages for his family, and treat them like human beings, he would visit him in person and punish him as he deserved. I never saw such a letter in my life."

"Did it do Mike any good?" said the ranger.

"He hasn't taken a drop since. He took the pledge. He shakes in his boots at the mere thought of that priest coming to the house to punish him."

"Don't you think that the power which drove Mike into decency and sobriety deserves praise rather than blame?"

"I do, but I don't like it expressed that way."

"Suppose it accomplished the desired end, how then? Put yourself in a trouble

out of which you can't get by yourself, wouldn't you welcome the man or the method that could free you?"

"Wouldn't I?" said Temple, thinking of the shadow at home. "Anyway, we're not going to have Priest Mullen in Honnedaga unless he squats on the town line."

"Have you ever seen Father Mullen?" said the stranger, turning to look his companion full in the face.

"Only at a distance and not very clearly."

"Then it is a great pleasure to tell you that I am the man."

Temple gasped, looked foolish, then roared and offered his hand.

"Just what I deserve, but no hard feelings. I'm a business man, and I might have known that, sooner or later, I'd have to contend with you. My name is Temple, and my wife and children are members of your Church. So in one way I come under your direction, since I help to support your parish."

Father Mullen knew the people of Thendara as an author knows his first book, and he had the inland knack of getting close to the sympathies at the first encounter; so there was nothing wonderful in Temple's recital of the ghostly visitant in his home; nor in the scene an hour later, when Father Mullen sat chatting in the parlor, considering the details of the ghostly appearances, and weighing the serious effects upon both husband and wife. He had some similar incidents to relate, a few of his own experience, with various solutions of the different problems; and he accepted the invitation to remain in the haunted house, to study the appearances, and to suggest some way to lay the poor ghost.

Honnedaga saw with astonishment the frequent visits of the priest to the Temple household, and Dominie Warren smiled at the anxiety of Elder Dennett. They did not know that in the Temple mansion an altar had been erected, and that Mass was occasionally said in the early hours of the morning; nor that Temple attended

at the holy ceremony; nor that the peculiarities of the house vanished at once,—the depressions, the shadows, the appearances; nor that husband and wife, in gratitude for their deliverance from trouble, had vowed to do something special and memorable in behalf of religion in Honnedaga. All these things remained in the hearts of the people concerned. The winter passed and the spring blossomed. Temple did not know till then how deeply the visitations from the unseen world, or whatever they were, had disturbed himself and his wife. They seemed to have grown young again in the freedom from gloomy apprehension.

"I would not suffer it again for all I own," he declared. "And how did you endure it, Edith? Why did I not see that you suffered most?"

"Thinking it was mother, I did not fear; I only worried that she should not be at rest, because I had not performed my promises."

"You can perform them now easily. I have made up my mind. Remove the body to your own cemetery whenever you like, and let the people say what they please. Seeing Father Mullen here so much, I guess they are prepared for most anything. And now the one question is: what are we going to do to celebrate our deliverance?"

As they could not decide at the moment, the persevering pastor offered a suggestion. The space between their mansion and the next provided sufficient ground for a handsome church, without encroaching on the beauty of their lawn. Why not present that to the perpetual service of God? It was unfortunate, of course, that Temple had agreed never to sell the land to a Catholic or for a Catholic church; but he had not bound himself in any other way, and the presentation of it as a gift, while it violated the spirit of the first agreement, would not violate the letter,—a condescension good enough for an offensive and unworthy instrument. Temple made no bones about the matter,

gave over the plot of ground to the new corporation, and defended himself ably against the animadversions of Elder Dennett.

"We must bring this man to time," said the Elder, firmly. "We must show him the gravity of his sin in such a way that every other backslider will remember it with fear."

He sent out a petition for all the inhabitants of the town to sign, in which were described the treason of David Temple, the invasions of the Church of Rome, the horrors of the future, when Popery had got a firm footing; wherein also the said David Temple was besought, by the memory of his ancestors, by the bones of his fathers, by his love for the nation, not to bring this shame on his native town; and wherein the people were urged not to permit the abomination to take place even if force had to be used.

By the following Sunday two hundred of the best names in Honnedaga had signed the petition eagerly, with many commendations to the Elder for his work against a pestilent religion. At the afternoon service in his church, Dominie Warren read the petition sonorously from his pulpit, stating that he did so by request of his esteemed friend, Elder Dennett and also of his own motion, at which the Elder stiffened perceptibly in his seat with pride.

"But this petition," continued the Dominie, calmly, "is as useless as it is ridiculous. It is a crime against our own principles, which demand perfect freedom of conscience and freedom of religion for every human being. It is useless, because the man petitioned has no religion and believes in none. It is ridiculous, because it puts us in opposition to our own loudly professed principles. Now, there are here two hundred names of very respectable kind, sensible people. They owe to themselves and to our country, and to Father Mullen, an ample apology and a full reparation for this insulting petition."

Therefore I suggest that the petition be crossed out, and the names remain; that each name have written against it a sum of money; and that the money be presented to Father Mullen for the new church which will soon add to the beauty of the town and help our Catholic brethren in the service of God. If that is done, I shall sign my name to this paper."

Most people laughed that evening at the curious turn given to the petition by the popular pastor, and during the week two-thirds of the signers contributed a thousand dollars. The leading manufacturer of the town presented a few hundred dollars' worth of brick to the coming temple,—brick which did not suit the new buildings but had value for other things. Elder Dennett labored hard to outflank his pastor's move, but the tide went against him; and before the close of the summer a soft-toned, modest church raised its gilt cross on the square, and the Temple children played around it all day long.

(Conclusion next week.)

The First Good Friday.

BY HENRY C. McLEAN.

WITHIN the shadow of the Cross
 The Mother knew her full, sad loss;
 Stark in His blood, on Calvary's clay,
 The Infant of her bosom lay,—
 He in whose name the heavenly voice
 Had bid the hearts of men rejoice.
 To-day, no white-robed angel band
 Sounds dulcet trumpets o'er the land;
 To-day, here stand the strong and true:
 They guard their Dead, the faithful few.
 They bathe His pierced feet and hands,
 They swathe Him in soft linen bands,
 And lay Him, sweet with odorous myrrh,
 Within the hollow sepulchre.
 Faith beckoned, and they fearless came;
 Love waited on that bruised Frame;
 And Hope, dispelling doubt and gloom,
 Left their pale Burden in the tomb.

The Dream of Pilate's Wife.*

BY REYNÈS MONLAUR.



I.

PILATE seated himself upon a stone bench while she remained standing before him. He had put off as long as he could the explanation which he had foreseen, and which, he doubted not, would be painful. The time *had* to come, so it was just as well to have done with the matter at once. He knew the noble character of Claudia. She would speak her mind fully, but it would be once for all; she would not return to the subject and harp on it like the ignoble, nagging members of her sex. He knew her to be in every respect superior to himself. He revered her with a mixture of pride and superstitious terror.

"Hail, divine one!" he repeated, half rising and stretching forth his hand.

She recoiled instinctively, as if at the touch of something unclean. Then, with an accent of distress, she spoke.

"So you abandoned the Nazarene? He is dead, through you."

"I have the misfortune to displease you," he answered. "But your higher wisdom will understand me when you know all. What more could I do for Him than I did? I sent you the details hour by hour. In the first place, I tried to avoid sitting in judgment upon Him at all. I sent the Galilean to Herod, to whose jurisdiction I heard he belonged. The tetrarch sent Him back to me clad as a fool; and I told the people that neither Herod nor I had found in Jesus any cause for death. Then I proposed that He should be liberated, paralleling Him with Barabbas, a miserable scoundrel who could not interest them, since he had murdered their own folk. I thought that, on account of the good done by the one and the evil committed by the other, I should give

* Adapted from the French for THE AVE MARIA.

the followers of Jesus more facility to save Him by starting a movement among the people, as was the case a few days ago with their hosannas, their processions and palm branches. But I didn't know these men. Once these priests get hold on their prey, there is no getting it out of their clutches. They sent their partisans among the different groups, and the whole crowd cried out in favor of Barabbas. What scheme could I try next? I had Him scourged, so that they might be placated by His wounds,—giving them blood, since they insisted upon blood. They merely yelled their demand for His death, becoming more infuriated than ever.

"You see, Claudia, I had taken every means that appeared practical. I went so far as to borrow their rites and even their formulas. I washed my hands before them; I pronounced words altogether unusual with me—"I am innocent of the blood of this just Man,"—the better to impress them by their own symbols. That is all they seem to understand. There's no getting anything clear, straight, or positive out of them. I asked the scribes, the ancients, and the priests, 'What has He done?' and they answered with a periphrase, 'If He were not guilty, we would not have brought Him to you.' That was not what I wanted to know. And He, the Nazarene Himself, when I said to Him, 'Do You not know that I have power to fasten You to a cross, and power also to liberate You?' He replied, 'You would not have this power if it had not been given to you from on high.' Was I looking for the source of my power,—whether it came to me from Jupiter or Mercury? And is it conceivable that such a matter should interest a man whom I could set free or hand over to the executioner—"

"That is it," said Claudia, brusquely. "That is your crime. You *could* have freed Him, and you *should* have done so; for you knew He was innocent."

"Innocent? Do we ever know who is innocent?" asked the governor, lightly.

"Evidently," he continued, "He appeared inoffensive enough to me. The charges they heaped upon Him could not stand; they formed a regular tissue of absurdities. 'He would destroy the temple in three days.' If He ever said it, it was merely the statement of a madman. That temple!" and Pilate made a gesture toward the distant fantastic masses bathed in the moonlight. "They said, too," he went on, "that He forbade the paying of tribute to Cæsar. That was more precise, but they did not prove the charge. And, finally, that He called Himself King and Son of God. Fancy our friends in Rome hearing a Roman citizen denounced on such absurd grounds and threatened with death! They would shrug their shoulders, as I did. Perhaps they might order this Man to renounce these chimerical titles; though, for that matter, He took care to add that His kingdom is not of this world. That would be the end of the matter in Rome. Here, amid this race, the offscouring of the earth, the affair calls for blood and death."

"You were there to defend Him," said Claudia, coldly. "You talk of our Rome placed you there to represent her wisdom and to enhance it, not to lower it before this people, even through carelessness or through cowardice—"

"One moment," interrupted Pilate impatiently. "I declared, as Roman procurator, that the charges meant nothing. That is true. But the priests whom I received the evening before, when they asked me for soldiers to secure Him, told me other and somewhat disquieting things. This Man preaches the giving up of property; to uphold His teaching, He tells incredible stories; He disturbs the mind of the people with His predictions and parables. For instance, He tells them that a man clad in purple and fine line is condemned to a gulf of fire solely because he was so clad, and didn't trouble himself about a beggar seated at his door; while this latter, with no other title than 'beggar,' is transported into

their Elysian fields. He says that whoever loses his life will find it; that one must live as free from worry about one's interests as are the plants and the animals; that the prince of this world is already judged; and that if one desires to be on the right road, one must quit father, mother and children, to follow Him. He says, in fine, that one should pity everything and everybody, without distinction,—publicans, courtesans."

"How will He teach pity to me?" murmured Claudia, and the very soul of paganism seemed to breathe out in the sigh.

"Can we sustain a reasonable society on such ideas as these?" continued Pilate, without apparently hearing her. "I leave it to yourself. In any State such sophists are more noxious than useful."

"Pontius," answered Claudia Procula, with gravity, "that occurred to you only when Tiberius was mentioned. You did everything for Jesus of Nazareth, I admit,—everything that cost you nothing. When it came to the point of your hearing vague threats, you drew back. You gave him up when you grew afraid."

"Even so," said Pilate, cynically. "Are we even now so sure of the friendship of Tiberius? Do you know anything of the hatred and rage of these chief priests here,—the denunciations of which they are capable? Can't you see that we should be suspected, recalled perhaps, losing our rank, our fortune, those palaces in which you queen it so royally,—and all for this Man of the people whom they wish to kill, whom they would kill anyway, apart from my authorization, in some ambushade? Claudia, where is your aunted wisdom?"

She remained still standing, her burning eyes fixed on the man seated and almost trembling before her.

"Wretch!" she exclaimed with animation. "Because another would have covered himself with this blood, was that a reason why you should do it in his place? So you admit that the luxury with which I

am surrounded is the price of this death? And you thought that I would still indulge in it,—that I would remain with you? You don't know me,—you have never known me, Pontius. I asked you only that one thing. You have not done it. And it was for Him, but also for you that I made the request."

"For *me*?" said Pilate, with surprise. "True, the whole business weighed on me. But nobody will think of it in a few days, and I—I won't think of it myself to-morrow; at least I hope not."

He went on as if speaking to himself, and freeing his soul:

"At bottom, the Man interested me. He said queer things,—things always clothed in His veiled formulas, but from His lips they sounded sublime. He said, 'I am born for the truth.' Thinking of you, Claudia, I asked Him: 'What is truth?' But I went out before hearing His answer, because of the glance He fixed on me. He possesses a courage I have never seen in any other. He did not entreat me, did not by a single word ask me to free Him. In the midst of all the clamor raised against Him, I said: 'Don't You answer anything? Don't You hear the crimes of which they accuse You?' This was to give Him a chance to defend Himself. But He remained silent. Then you sent me word of a dream—"

"Ah, don't talk of that dream!" she cried with terror, as if her thoughts were brought back, despite herself, to a subject too cruel to dwell upon.

"Was it so terrible, then?" asked Pilate, in a tone that he tried to make appear indifferent. "Some presage of evil? Some threat of misfortune? Worse than that? Death?"

This Roman, cold and blasé, who spoke lightly only a few moments before of Him whom he had let die, and who thrust aside with a weary gesture the importunate remembrance of the tragedy,—this Roman trembled at the thought of the "omen" that hung over him, that perhaps threatened him as a mailed hand in the shadows.

He had slight belief in his gods or in the future life, but he was dominated by an incredible superstition. It was common enough, such superstition, in that Roman Empire, where, according to Pliny, "the most robust minds looked upon dreams as warnings sent directly from the gods."

Claudia remained silent, as if fixed with horror, answering the governor's questions only by a gesture.

"Speak. You know that I prefer a clear view, no matter what it may be, to uncertainty and mystery."

• (Conclusion next week.)

Exiled from Erin.

XV.—WILLIE LEAVES HOME.

IN the rear of Mrs. McMahon's house was a plot called the "Orchard." A few apple trees grew there, safely hedged in from "the lads"; which meant that the growing boys of that district, although knowing nothing of Newton's laws of gravitation, would nevertheless love to see an apple fall, and taste it when fallen, if they had not been prevented by the hedge. And therefore the protecting, well-clipped hedge stood all round the plot.

It was a soft, sweet morning. The two brothers, spade in hand, were engaged in the Orchard. The scene was delightful. There were potato drills between the trees. In Ireland one of the things that in spring awakens hope in the heart is to see the potato buds pushing their little green heads above the ground. There is no beauty to speak of in them; but during all the winter the ground has been red; and red, too, during the early spring, when the plot was tilled and sown. There is not a great deal of beauty in an egg, or in the point of a little bill breaking its way through; and yet if you ever watched a nest day after day, and at last saw the little beak breaking through the shell, oh, the joy! Don't you know? You never had a nest? Oh, then, no use in telling you! It is easy to please people in Ireland.

They have the simple tastes of the country; and when they see the budding potatoes for the first time, they rejoice, and many reverently exclaim: "Thanks be to God!"

Now, the two brothers were giving the potatoes their "first digging,"—which means that they were digging the furrows between the drills, softening thereby all the earth for the little underground roots to push their tubers forth; and at the same time they were raising some of the mould about each of the budding stalks. Between the brothers and above them were the branches of the apple trees, covered all over with blossoms. As Willie turned to talk to Joe, a beautiful spray, white as snow, on Ellie's favorite tree, stood in a line with his face. He pressed his lips to the enchanting bough; and, though he was on the point of speaking about her, the remembrance so tenderly recalled by this her favorite tree held him for some moments in silence.

During this time his spade stood inactive in the ground. He looked around: the gooseberry bushes met his gaze, where she used to sit and gather the amber fruit; also the black currants trained against the wall of the house, with the young year's sap polishing richly their tall, ebony stems; and the gentle clusters of the fruitful raspberry that she loved best of all. The birds sang,—ah, those all but domestic thrushes and blackbirds, that she would feed and watch and admire. And just then a thrush took a snail's shell on his bill, and began to break it against a stone, as if to make the recollection still more vivid; while around and through all, the honeybees, from the straw-covered hives, flitted and hummed.

Looking to the ground, Willie awoke from his reverie, and noticed that he was "a good start" behind his brother.

"I was thinking of *her*, Joe!" he said, as if to apologize for his forgetfulness. "I'm thinking if she was here again, she wouldn't go so easily,"—meaning that they wouldn't let her go so easily, or she herself would not desire to go.

"I was dreaming of her last night," said Joe. "Man alive, she came down the hill there in a carriage and pair! She was dressed up grand; and she *did* keep the team going, you may say. I was watching her from the big tree. 'You don't mean to tell me 'tis in that cabin your mother lives!' said the fellow sitting beside her.—'I do mean to tell you,' said she, 'tis there I was born, 'tis there my mother lives, and my brothers, Willie and Joe; and here's not a happier spot on earth.' And with that she gave a touch to the horses. They jumped out over the fences above here on the brow of the hill; and such a spill down! They all came rolling,—horses and carriage and all. I started to run and help them; and what should I lay my hand on but the brown cat, pressing down on my chest! 'Bad cess to you!' said I, giving him a fling out on the floor. But, Willie, I say, why won't you let me go over and look for her?"

"What would you do when you'd be over?"

"And what would *you* do?" asked Joe, rather sharply.

"Well, Joe, first of all, let us see which of us could mother best spare; because, joking aside, either of us will *ave* to go."

"Mom would want you more than me," said Joe, softened. "Suppose anything appened,—suppose one of the cows got the murrain, like the heifer last year; or suppose that the sheep had to be sold; or suppose a hundred things, don't you know well that she'd call me a *modhaun*?"

"Well, wait a minute now. These things may never happen, and with the help of God the murrain won't come near us; and

Though sickness fill the country o'er,
His love will keep it from our door,"

aid Willie, quoting the sense rather than the words of Ellen Forester's beautiful ballad.

"But I will tell you what *will* happen every day. The cows have to be milked, and mother has no one to help her to

do that but you. Of course we could not pay a girl to come and milk; and surely you wouldn't leave all the work to poor mother."

By this time they had come to the head-ridge, where they rested, leaning their armpits on the spades. The straw-covered beehives were quite close beside them. In and out hurried the little creatures, whose whole life is such an example and lesson to man.

"The next day I go to town," said Joe, "I must get a hive! I wouldn't wish for five hundred pounds that she came home and saw old straw covers. You know how vexed she used be to see the bees smothered. And almost one of the last things I promised her was to get a timber hive and timber combs, and not do that horrible thing, as she used to call it,—smother the hive."

"It is the cheapest even, in the long run," said Willie, "not to talk at all of the cruelty. You spare the lives of a million little busy workers for yourself. And indeed a timber hive and frames don't cost so much."

"Would this be wrong?" said Joe. "I was thinking to go in and pretend to be buying; and if I got a look at one of them quietly, I'm sure I could make it then."

"Why not do this," replied the elder brother, "and then there can be no wrong? Can't you ask for the smallest and cheapest he has got; buy it, and won't that do for a pattern for you?"

By this time Joe had gone over to the hive and placed his finger at the entrance of it. So accustomed were the bees to him that they climbed familiarly along his finger, as if it were merely a piece of stock, or thing having no scent, that was laid there; and then went away directly on their various missions. Seeing that they flew off without any delay, Joe declared that there was "going to be a grand day."

"Don't you see," he said, "they don't stay a minute, when they're off?"

This instinct, given by God, Willie admired, and whispered, "Praise be to God!" But the bees' love of labor, their regular, busy, ever-active life, was what most impressed him. The two brothers watched them in silence for a little time.

"Now if you go away, who will take the honey from these? You know there's no good in my trying: I can't," said the elder brother. "They won't let me near them, and they'll walk all over you and won't hurt you."

"They'll walk over you and won't harm you, if you don't be shrugging and wrinkling yourself. They're like a colt outside in the field. If there is something strange, he'll come and look at it and smell it; and if it doesn't move, he'll come in the end and rub his nose to it. And he'll do the same to a person. 'Tis the way with every one of them creatures God has made, as soon as they come to the use of reason and know you can hurt them. A young frog won't take a bit of notice of you, an old one will. A wee little bird will hop and hop before you, an old one will fly off."

But it was not the habit of "every one of them creatures as soon as they come to the use of reason" that was weighing most in Willie's mind.

"I say, Joe, let us settle it this way," he resumed. "I promise I won't stay long over. And if I find her, and she's willing to come home, well and good. And if she'd rather stay over, well, let her. And if I don't find her at all—"

"Don't say that!" cried the younger brother, passionately—nay, almost angrily because of his affection—"oh, don't say that, Willie!" he repeated.

"No! God is good, Joe. But what I was going to say is that I won't stay long, and I'll come back and give you your chance. And when I come back I'll tell you the truth—God's truth,—every word of it, as I saw it with my own eyes; and I won't add one word and I won't hide one word."

"But how will you go,—I mean the

passage money? Wouldn't you sell the chestnut yearling?"

"Oh, don't mind that! I'll go, and I won't sell anything either. I have a plan of my own."

"But sure how can you go? Unless you have the passage money, they won't take you. If you wouldn't sell the chestnut, wouldn't you sell some of the dry stock?"

"Ah, I have a plan about the passage money! But 'tisn't that at all: 'tis mother I fear. Mother won't listen to it. But we can be talking and digging," said he, driving his spade into the earth. "How would you advise me to take her, Joe?"

"She'll be dead against it, I'm afraid," said Joe.

"She will, and who could blame her? Oh, who could blame Jacob when he was refusing to let Benjamin go down into Egypt? 'If you take this one also from me, then shall you bring down my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.'"

"What if you go to Father Kearney and ask him to talk to her?"

"Well, at any rate," said Willie, "I think before we mention the subject to mother, we had better ask Father Kearney's advice about it. And I'll tell him it is I ought to go; for—God forgive me!—I had a big hand in her going away. But I'll tell you, Joe," he went on, as the other looked inquiringly into his face. "Grady's son used to be hanging here and there after her; and she herself—poor thing—was quite afraid that you or I would open that fellow's eye a bit."

"Heavens!" exclaimed Joe. "If I knew that last Sunday, and that mean scamp was against us in the football!"

"Stay now, Joe! Look at Ellie's good sense."

"And what did she say?" inquired Joe.

"Would you have the whole parish talking about me," she said, "and that worthless fellow for whom I have the greatest contempt?"

Joe dug a few sods rapidly, then threw down the spade, and flung himself on a

patch of green, crying passionately. It was the remembrance of his sister that had moved him.

That evening Willie sauntered up by 'his reverence's' place. The priest was examining some young fruit trees that he had planted the previous November. He did not rise till Willie had said:

"They're doing well, Father."

"Is that you, Willie? I didn't hear you coming. They *are* doing well. Any news from Ellie?—any letter?" he said almost in a breath.

"No letter, no news, Father," answered Willie. "And I'm come to ask you to let me go and look for her, as you promised."

"No letter?" repeated the priest; and he said a short inward prayer for light to know what to answer. "O Willie," he continued, "you don't know what a big place America is, what a big place the city of New York is! A funeral could pass through one street and the next street couldn't know of it. What do I say? A funeral could pass, and the people of the very same street itself are too busy to ask who is dead, or almost to look at it."

"No matter what it is, Father, I am bound to go."

"You have your mind made up? You're determined to go?"

"Yes, Father, unless my mother and you tell me not to. I hope you won't, Father. You promised you'd let me go if a letter did not come. And I would ask you, Father, to try to persuade my mother."

"But have you money, or how will you pay your passage?"

"I'll *work* my passage, Father,—and *work* my way over."

"Well said, Willie,—well said, my boy! But you shall not *work* your passage. I told you that before. What has happened seems almost Providential. On this very day I received twelve pounds from America, from the estate of an old friend, to buy the statue of the Blessed Virgin to put in the church,—or for any other use I think fit. Well, I think fit to

lend you that money, confident that if you live you will pay it back to me; and if you die—which God forbid!—the money will have been well used, and in a good cause. It is at your disposal, Willie, whenever you are ready to go,—but with the understanding, mind you, that you are not to remain over there longer than two years, whether you find Ellie or not. Your mother needs you here, Willie. Ireland needs you, and the like of you."

"I promise all you ask, Father," said the young man, his voice choked with feeling.

To make a long story short, as the saying is, Father Kearney had less trouble in making Mrs. McMahon assent to the plan than he had expected. Well-nigh distracted as to the fate of her daughter, she eagerly welcomed any project which was likely to put an end to her suspense.

Willie set off with his brother's good wishes, his mother's kiss, and the blessing of his parish priest. On landing in New York, he went straightway to the office of the *Irish World* and inserted this quaint advertisement, "Ellie, if you're there, I'm here. Willie," for which the good proprietor, who was in the office and heard his story, would charge nothing. Willie also had letters to two priests whom Father Kearney had known in his youth, who, though living at a considerable distance from New York and from each other, he felt confident would assist and befriend the boy if, in his search, he should be so fortunate as to meet them.

(To be continued.)

HE was crowned with thorns who crowns martyrs with eternal flowers; He was smitten on the face with palms who yields true palms to them that conquer; He was stripped of His earthly raiment who clothes others with the robe of immortality; He received gall for food who gave the Food of Heaven; and He had vinegar to drink who instituted the Cup of Salvation. —*St. Cyprian.*

A Norman Shrine.

ALL through the summer the famous church of Notre-Dame de La Délivrande is the object of a series of pilgrimages every year. Yet, outside of France, comparatively little is known of this celebrated shrine. Situated in the heart of wave-washed Calvados, over which it watches like a veritable Star of the Sea, its history is most interesting, and reaches far into the seventh century, that golden age of faith.

The statue of Notre-Dame de La Délivrande, which gives its name to the church and to the surrounding village, was discovered in the following strange and apparently miraculous manner. A poor shepherd of Calvados, while tending his flock, was puzzled by the persistency with which one of his sheep stood, day after day, pawing the ground in exactly the same spot. Over and over again he drove it away, in order to make it feed with the rest of the flock; but the sheep invariably returned and began pawing again in the same way as before.

Utterly confounded and bewildered, the shepherd decided to make a careful examination of the spot so perseveringly pawed by his sheep. But he saw nothing to lead him to suppose that there was anything unusual about the ground there. Then he began to dig, and after a little time he unearthed a statue of the Blessed Virgin, with a face of "a most wonderful darkness," and strangely mysterious and very powerful." Such are the words in which a friend of the present writer—who has just seen the statue—describes it.

St. Regnobert, in the seventh century, built a chapel as a shrine for the wonderful statue. It was destroyed by the Normans, but rebuilt in 1050 by Seigneur de Reviers, and richly endowed by successive bishops of Bayeux, who always went on a pilgrimage to it before taking possession of their See.

In 1562 the chapel was pillaged, but the miraculous statue escaped injury. It

was removed upon the outbreak of the Revolution, and restored during the First Empire. The present chapel was almost entirely rebuilt, on the site of the old chapel, and from its ruins, by Barthélemy de Rouen. The nave, constructed in the style of the thirteenth century, is surrounded by six chapels, with handsomely sculptured altars, and lit by beautiful stained-glass windows. In a niche, at the entrance of the choir, stands the famous statue, adorned with flowers and votive offerings, and with multitudes of candles burning on either side of it and at its feet.

The miracles worked at the shrine are innumerable, and take place constantly. The pilgrimages are organized under the auspices of the Bishop of Bayeux. Each canton is represented, the people wearing the picturesque Normandy headdress and costume. The children who have made their First Communion during the year walk in the procession, wearing their white dresses, and singing hymns in honor of the Blessed Virgin all the way. Each section is accompanied by the priest, or priests, of its respective parish.

Apart from these organized pilgrimages, individual clients of Our Lady have, all through the centuries, loved to present to her at this favored shrine their homage and their petitions. French kings, admirals, dukes, and generals, as well as cardinals, archbishops, and minor prelates, have delighted to visit this oldest and most picturesque of Normandy sanctuaries. It was there that Mgr. Quélen, Archbishop of Paris, according to the printed record, obtained the conversion of the Prince de Talleyrand; and there too, that in 1851 Cardinal Wiseman prayed for another conversion—that of the people of England.

Devotion to Notre-Dame de La Délivrande is a household word throughout the length and breadth of Normandy. May these few words help to propagate it in other lands, and draw other races to the feet of this powerful intercessor!

Early Adversaries of Lourdes.

ONE of the most thoroughly satisfactory books on Lourdes that has ever been published is the work originally presented in the name of the Bishop of Tarbes to the Marian Congress held four years ago at Rome. Its (translated) title is "Critical History of the Events at Lourdes.—Apparitions and Cures"; and its author is the Rev. Georges Bertrin, professor at the Catholic Institute of Paris. We have long been hoping to see the announcement of a good English translation of the work. In the absence of any such translation, it may be permissible to share with our readers the pleasure we have experienced in perusing particular portions of the volume, and more especially such parts as deal with matters very slightly, if at all, touched upon in other histories of Bernadette and the far-famed Grotto.

At the conclusion of a masterly discussion as to the reality of the Apparitions—their objective reality as opposed to mere hallucinations of which Bernadette might have been the subject,—Abbé Bertrin declares that everyone who watched her during her visions, or who studied these visions at first hand, eventually recognized their supernatural reality.

The educated classes of Lourdes, at the date of the Apparitions, were divided into two opposite camps on the question of Bernadette's visions; but, as a contemporary writer has remarked, those who attacked the occurrences at the Grotto never went to see them, while all who did personally witness these occurrences admitted their supernatural character. Among these latter may be mentioned M. de La Fitte, former military intendant; M. Germain, an oldtime army veterinary surgeon; M. Dufo, barrister; M. Lannes, merchant; the captain of the fort; M. Pougat, "president of the tribunal"; and many others.

And, by the way, why should we not recall the case of the rural policeman,

Callet? It is significant of the real sentiments of quite a number who were to all appearances determined opponents of the Grotto. Charged with the task of preventing visitors from approaching the scene of the Apparitions, Callet faithfully obeyed his instructions; but—he confessed as much later on—he took good care to go himself to the Grotto very early in the mornings.

M. Dozous, one of the physicians of the town, and a religious sceptic, studied the Apparitions, and acknowledged himself conquered. He afterward wrote a little book on the subject, concluding it with: "I believed, because I saw."

M. Estrade, a civil functionary of some prominence, and originally an opponent of the supernatural view, wrote later on in *his* book: "I also had to surrender; and if, in my old age, I write these lines, it is in recognition of the signal favor accorded to me on the thrice-blessed day of my defeat."

Dr. Balencie, of Lourdes, the most influential member of the commission appointed by the prefect, and the writer of the report which pronounced Bernadette to be the victim of hallucination,—he, too, capitulated before the irresistible eloquence of facts; and for twenty years he signed the certificates of miraculous cures wrought by the heavenly Apparition whose existence he had long denied.

M. Dutour, the imperial procurator, had made a strenuous effort to put a stop to the manifestations at the Grotto, and had summoned Bernadette before him. He also lived to see the error of his former ways. Toward the end of his career he said to one of the oldest adherents of Bernadette: "We were fighting for the honor of religion, and (humanly speaking) should have won. If we did not succeed—I do not now hesitate to avow it—it was because you had the Virgin with you against us."

His substitute, M. de L., had anticipated him by a still more explicit avowal. Having fallen ill, M. de L. sent for the

Abbé Peyramale and made his confession. When the priest returned to give him the Viaticum, the sick man half raised himself up in his bed and in a clear voice made this courageous declaration: "Father, I have an avowal to make, and I am not sorry that, for my humiliation, this avowal should be heard by all these bystanders. Although thoroughly convinced of the reality of the Blessed Virgin's apparitions at Massabielle—I had my own reasons for the conviction,—I have not had the courage hitherto to profess my belief."

Need we cite, in conclusion, the case of the well-known physician who was the most aggressive as well as the ablest adversary of the supernatural at Lourdes? Dr. Diday, of Lyons, had a national reputation for his skill, his out-and-out scepticism, and the bluntness of his polemical attacks. He wrote a book for the express purpose of proving that Bernadette was the victim of hallucination, and that, after all, the extraordinary cures at the Grotto could—though sometimes, he admitted, 'twas difficult—be explained quite naturally. Here, then, was a thoroughly determined adversary. Fortunately for himself, Dr. Diday studied the history of Massabielle and its wonders too closely and too intelligently not to be profoundly moved by it. During the latter years of his life, at Lyons, this sworn enemy of the supernatural openly avowed his happy defeat, and died while invoking that Immaculate Virgin whom he had formerly derided.

The foregoing acts of faith, on the part of men thoroughly competent to judge the early story of Lourdes, may well serve to offset the denials of others, many of them purely and simply ignorant; while some, more educated, have never taken the trouble to examine closely, or study with anything approaching critical thoroughness, the delicate subject on which they deliver themselves with a self-satisfied complacency that would be ridiculous were it not pitiful.

Notes and Remarks.

The little girl's description of a hail-storm as "just a pourin' down o' moth balls" is hardly less childlike than the Rev. Dr. van Allen's explanation of the so-called Pro-Roman Movement. Mr. van Allen—or "Father" van Allen, as he would perhaps prefer to be called,—is the rector of the Church of the Advent in Boston, where, as we learn from the parish leaflet, they have "Choral Eucharist," postludes, and other things of the kind. Here is what Father van Allen had to say. We quote *verbatim*, *literatim*, and *punctuatim*:

I am asked to say a word in explanation of the so-called "Pro-Roman Movement." The phrase is too high-sounding; it refers to a disorganized attempt (manifest among a few excellent and unhappy priests, and expressed in the columns of a little monthly called "The Lamp") to harmonize contradictions. In theory, everybody wants Christian Unity; and Christian Unity, when it comes, must include those Christians who acknowledge the Bishop of Rome as their head,—the largest Christian body of all. Now, all well-informed persons know that the Bishop of Rome is rightly accounted first of bishops, holding a primacy of honor by œcumenical consent; but that, unhappily, not content with that, he claims infallibility as to his teaching and supremacy as to his authority in all matters temporal and spiritual, cursing everyone who refuses to acknowledge his claim. That, of course, closes the door on his side; he separates himself from the other four Patriarchs, and from the Church of the English-speaking nations, and is therefore the great Schismatic. But the relaxation of discipline among ourselves, as expressed in the toleration of heresy, the obscuring of the Catholic doctrines concerning the ministry and sacraments, by concordats and agreements with humanly founded societies, and the grave scandals following in the train of Canon XIX., as to the so-called "open pulpit," which have grievously wounded thousands of loyal churchmen, have set a few of them hankering after the policy of despotic repression, "the strong hand and the big stick." They feel that the Pope could crush such disorders, oblivious to the fact that his recent utterances prove their existence in the Papal obedience in forms far worse than any we know; and though they believe in their own Orders, they yearn for

an oracle, forgetting that the oracle has been proved false by its denial of what they hold most dear. The position is pathetically futile, and not alarming; but great blame attaches to those whose conduct has given occasion for such unrest. O pray for the peace of Jerusalem.

As Henry Harland once wrote to us, apropos of something an old lady had said on hearing of his reception into the Church, "one must laugh at such things to keep from crying." Father van Allen's "explanation" is indeed ludicrous; but this week, when hearing or reciting that wondrously eloquent prayer of the Church for the return of all strayed sheep to the Fold of Christ, every sincere Catholic will be disposed to shed tears at the thought of so many fellow-creatures who sit in darkness and the shadow of death.

"While I was at the head of the Knights of Labor," says Mr. Terence V. Powderly, "I never ordered a strike. No workman ever lost a day's pay through an order of mine. I was mixed up in four large strikes, begun without my consent, and was proclaimed a striker. In the fifteen years of my official life in the Knights of Labor I personally settled 1100 cases of dispute between Capital and Labor; but, being peaceable, they were not sensational enough to break into print in very large letters."

We venture to say that this statement will be news to the general American reader, and we need hardly add that the reason therefor is adequately given in Mr. Powderly's concluding words. Peaceably settled quarrels do not appeal to the great American newspaper. Wars, and rumors of war, have better "news value."

The death of the founder of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, the Rev. Benjamin Waugh, reminds a writer in the *Tablet* that the lamented gentleman had more than one link with Catholics. "He was one of the few Nonconformist ministers who have contributed a son to the ranks of our clergy; and, in

his great work, the very need of which constitutes an indictment of the nation of which the nation, in its boasting moods, seems to be but half aware, he had from the first—and how could it have failed him?—the cordial support of Catholics. The first and greatest of these was Cardinal Manning, ever quick in his discernment of the spirit of the time, of its needs, and of the men who, however labelled and however libelled, came forward to gather the harvest that is ripe for the gatherer. Mr. Waugh was a frequent visitor at Archbishop's House, and the talk turned on the theme which established between them a close bond. 'I like to go into the parks on Sunday,' the Cardinal confessed to the Nonconformist minister on one occasion, 'to see the children and talk with them; and I give them my blessing.' On another day, when the Society was in its infancy (as in one sense it ever is), Mr. Waugh complained of the little progress made. 'Only seventy cases!' cried the Cardinal. 'That a small result! Only think of seventy little children's tears dried, and seventy little children's pains stopped! It is glorious! *A child's needless tear is a blood-blot on this earth.*'"

At the time of the great Cardinal's death Mr. Waugh said of him: "He was at the summit of all humanity you had known." We should be inclined to say of Mr. Waugh that he must have been well within hailing distance of that height himself.

That the spirit of Know-Nothingism, or its modern recrudescence, A. P. A.-ism, is not yet entirely extinct seems to be the legitimate inference from a recent civic contest in Exeter, New Hampshire. There was to be a School Board election, and the Rev. John E. Finen, D. D., pastor of St. Michael's Church, was the first candidate in the field. Many leading non-Catholic citizens favored him. Two days before the election, however, a former high school principal, who had been dismissed because of inefficiency, was put up in opposition;

and circulars appealing to fathers and mothers 'to save the schools from danger and a Popish priest' were circulated broadcast. These Father Finen met with a rejoinder that scored the bigots rather vigorously. Seven churches in the town—the ministers included, of course,—and almost the entire faculty of Phillips Exeter Academy, were lined up against him. As a result, the priest was defeated. And yet, seeing that the Catholics in Exeter are only as one to four, and that Father Finen received 502 of the 1222 votes cast, defeat is perhaps scarcely the appropriate word. It was an educative campaign, and next time the vote will probably be reversed. You have to be patient in New Hampshire.

Apropos of the expulsion of the Sisters of Charity from the hospitals of Uruguay, the *Southern Cross* makes this pertinent comment:

We note that several thousands of people made a public manifestation of sympathy with the expelled Sisters. It is a pity that those thousands of Catholic citizens did not do their duty at the polls when the elections of anti-Christian legislators were going on. Prevention is a million times better than protest. Had the Catholic body of Uruguay been ably and manfully led for the past ten years, we say without fear of contradiction that there would be no divorce bill now disgracing the statute book of that country, and the nuns would be still in attendance upon the sick and the poor in the hospitals and orphanages. Let what has happened in Montevideo be a lesson to us.

Another case in which Catholic supineness and neglect of civic duties is followed, when the mischief is done, by unavailing regrets and futile lamentation. The lesson pointed out by the *Cross* needs studying by the majority of Catholics the world over.

The wiseacres of the British Protestant Alliance must now be felicitating themselves that they did not take King Edward to task in Parliament, as they proposed to do, for attending a Mass of Requiem for the King and Crown Prince of Portugal. The intolerance of the proposal has been

generally condemned by the press of England, and echoes of disapproval are now being repeated in the leading Colonial journals. Some of them are as vehement as the *Academy*, which characterized the action of the Alliance as "an unmitigated piece of impudence, founded on an almost inconceivable stupidity." This is what is called "using language," but we venture to say it is mild in comparison with what the King himself employed. Some, who claim to have been in his Majesty's company when he was much provoked, declare that he can express himself quite as vigorously as President Roosevelt, all of whose expressions, we have been assured, could not be appropriately quoted in Sunday-school books. The Protestant Alliance certainly gave King Edward great provocation, and may have much to answer for.

M. Barbou, in succeeding to the chair in the French Academy vacated by the late Ferdinand Brunetière, delivered a brilliant panegyric on that eminent member. Brunetière, he said, was a man of staunch principles. The fear of offending those in high position never deterred him from speaking his mind. Neither did he stoop to notice the abuse of those whose claims to literature he had frankly denied. His pronouncements were always impartial, thorough and sincere. Though bred in the Catholic Faith, Darwinism had enticed him for a while; but, as he said himself, "sound sense was bound to prevail over a mind trained to logic, however it might have swerved for a time." Brunetière's famous book, the "Bankruptcy of Science," showed his ultimate judgment to be in accordance with his earliest lessons. He submitted completely to the Church in 1900. Thenceforward he fought under her banner, bringing all the weight of his powerful intellect and vast erudition to the cause of Christ. In literature, Brunetière's influence had, always tended to encourage the elevated and pure. His unflagging

industry and zeal remained a marvel to his intimates. Brunetière nobly redeemed his temporary aberration in wandering from the Faith, and died a sincere Catholic.

The following brief excerpts are from "The Diary of an Anglican Clergyman," edited by Mr. Orby Shipley, and appearing in the current *Catholic World*:

To-day I came across a book by Mr. Mallock,—"Doctrine and Doctrinal Disruption." It echoed my ideas: "Rome, or Nothing."...

My Anglican friends were anxious to see me at work again, in hopes that active parish work would dispel doubts which they persisted in regarding as merely speculative. That I felt unable to become a Roman Catholic was the one thing that seemed to satisfy them. Into my views regarding the doctrines and practices of the Church of England none of them even inquired.

Anent the first of these extracts, we have only to reiterate our regret that Mr. Mallock still appears to be satisfied with the "Nothing" of his alternative. As for the second, it may serve to throw light on the indifference with which the "Open Pulpit" decree has been accepted by the great mass of Episcopalians.

"Read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest," ought to be a familiar admonition to Anglicans. It is to be hoped that it will recur to all Catholic-minded Anglicans who are fortunate enough to see the following points suggested for the consideration of one of their number by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Bagshawe, in a letter to the editor of the *London Tablet*:

1. He says that he "accepts *en bloc* the teaching of the Roman Church"; yet is sure that it is God's will that he should, for the present, stay where he is. Does he not know that the Roman Church teaches that to do so, in itself, a deadly sin, from which *invincible* ignorance alone excuses, and that to teach the lawfulness of so doing is heresy? 2. He acknowledges the Holy Father as the Vicar of Christ." Yet he "believes that he has a Catholic priesthood" and valid sacraments, in spite of the Holy Father's solemn, official, and "irreformable" decision that the Anglican priesthood, and the "sacraments" depending

on it, are invalid. Does he not know that the Pope teaches that it is sacrilegious to administer or receive such sacraments, supposing them to be valid, when out of communion with the See of Rome, unless excused by *invincible* ignorance?

3. He suggests that, from a Roman Catholic "point of view, it is for the *ultimate* good of the Church that individual submissions should not be made." Does he hold that the gaining of that end can justify what would otherwise be deadly sin, or that one may do evil that good may come? Does he think that God willed the sin of the Jews in crucifying Christ? God willed to save the world by that crucifixion; He willed to draw good out of the sin, but He hated the sin, and punished the sinners most terribly.

Perhaps the next best thing to a satisfactory answer is a satisfactory explanation why such an answer can not be given. Questions are easily asked, but not always easily answered. The questioner has a distinct advantage in being able to formulate his query in a few words, whereas the one who undertakes to reply, if he would do so adequately, is necessitated to employ many. This advantage and this embarrassment are aptly illustrated in the following question and answer published in the *Bombay Examiner*:

Will you kindly explain the following apparent difficulty: "God knew that man would commit sin, and yet He created him."

Answer.—This is an old stock difficulty which we have dealt with several times already. This time let us try a parable. A certain man determines to get married. His object is to rear up a good family of children who shall be a credit to him. He foresees that, taking human nature on the average, his children will probably be naughty to some extent, and will answer imperfectly to his training; nay, it is quite possible that some of them may turn out badly. Nevertheless his scheme is a good one, and he is justified in risking certain evil results in the hope of gaining a preponderance of good results. Suppose somebody told him (by a gift of prophecy) that some of his children would infallibly turn out badly, but that the rest would do well. Even this prophecy ought not to deter him from his design. "My children," he replies, "shall have all the necessary means for a good life put before them. If they refuse to answer to my expectations I can not help that. It will be their own fault, not mine."

Now, if we put aside for the moment God's precise foreknowledge, this parable is applicable

to the divine scheme of creation. If God knew only in general that some percentage of His creatures would do badly, this ought not to deter Him from creating mankind, seeing that the scheme is a good one and calculated to produce good and noble results on the whole. But God knows beforehand precisely which souls will go wrong, and which will even go to hell. Hence occurs the suggestion: "Why should not God arrange things so as to prevent those particular individuals from being born? It is true that the general scheme is a good one and a just one, and God can not be blamed on that score. The real difficulty therefore is this: God could certainly manage to prevent certain souls from being born, or He could give those souls such abundant graces as to prevent them from sinning. And since God is full of love and tenderness, surely He ought to do so."

That is the real difficulty which bothers people's minds. Is there any really clinching answer to it? We reply: No, there is none. We can argue that, since God is good and kind, the course He pursues in this matter must be compatible with goodness and kindness; but we fail entirely to see how. Again, we can argue that perhaps God gets good in other ways out of all cases of sin,—more good in the total than He would get if there was no sin; but we can not say or understand how. Certainly the human father, knowing that his fifth and last child would turn out badly, would out of love and goodness of heart avoid bringing that child into existence. Why not the same with God? We can think of only one answer, and that contains a platitude and a paradox: "God is so infinitely wise that He sees all through everything and all round everything; whereas we can catch only a partial glimpse and a surface glimpse of things." This is the platitude; the paradox follows: "Just because God is so wise and all-seeing He can afford to do things which we poor mortals can not afford to do." It is easy for us to pass judgment on the propriety of our own actions, because our knowledge, though limited, is all we have to go by. But it is futile to try to pass judgment on God's actions, just because He knows so much more about them than we do.

Which goes to show that there are questions for which there is no entirely satisfactory answer; and answers which, if forthcoming, could not be comprehended by those to whom they were addressed.

The editor of the *Boston Globe*, General Taylor, is of sufficient prominence to render his opinion about "The Newspaper

as It Is" of rather general interest. Part of what he has to say is:

Our papers are what the people make them. The public decides what it wishes to read; the editors and publishers, trained in their business, gather their raw material and work it into the finished product, news, to meet the demand.

To this somewhat frank view, the *Dial* takes exception:

We protest that this is putting journalism on a level with manufactures. The law of supply and demand can not, of course, be ignored by a journal that has to be self-supporting; but no great editor has ever let his readers lead him by the nose. Did Greeley or Bryant or Dana let the people make their respective papers for them? No journalist is worthy of his calling who simply lays his ear to the ground and then writes what he hears the populace clamoring for. But General Taylor rises to higher levels in a succeeding paragraph, in which he well says: "Journalists have a much heavier responsibility than any other business men. The idle, the self-seeking, the untruthful, the vicious, beguile them at every hand, to use the powerful engine of the press to carry them a little way along their chosen road. The editor must watch ceaselessly for these unwelcome passengers and eject them on sight. He appreciates the responsibility of his trust. He reaches his ideal as nearly as he can, and does far more for the morals of the community than he is usually given credit for."

All of which is flattering to the journalist, of course; but, *pace* the *Dial*, great editors are the exception, and we fear that General Taylor's first-quoted remark is more accurately descriptive of present-day conditions than is the second passage from his article.

There are indications that the French Government is, after all, not quite indifferent to the world's opinion of its character. Having not long ago evoked the execration of humanity for its barbarous denial of religious succor to its dying soldiers, it appears to have experienced a change of heart—or of policy. The *Catholic Times* of London says that an order has been given that five Franciscan Fathers who have gone to Morocco shall be allowed to minister spiritually to the Catholic soldiers.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

The Boy.

BY A. D.



VERY small Chinese boy struggling under a very large Chinese water carrier attracted Father Pierre's attention as he stood trying to take shelter from a terrific shower of rain in a doorway of the city of Toking.

"Have you far to go?" he asked the child, as he too stopped in the doorway.

"I am at home," replied the boy; "but I will trouble you to open the gate."

"You are in a great hurry," said the priest, turning smilingly to do as the boy asked.

"My father is waiting for my return," answered the little Chinese. "A baby has come to this house, and the water is needed to drown it in."

The priest had been too long in China for these words to shock him as they would have done some twenty years before. He was sadly accustomed to hear of such things; but he could not let a little soul slip out of the world into which God had sent it without making some effort to save it.

"The rain comes down with great force," he said. "Will your respected father allow me the shelter of his roof until this storm is over?"

"That should be welcome to you," replied the child, with quaint politeness; and he led the stranger across the court into which the outer gate opened, to a room where a man and several children were gathered together.

What the little water carrier had said was perfectly true: the father was waiting for the water to drown his newly-born child. And, curiously enough, it was a son; for usually in China it is the

daughters who are considered superfluous. In this case the proposed victim had five brothers older than himself; and as the father was a poor man, he did not wish to be burdened with another mouth to feed.

In vain did the good priest protest against an act that was contrary to nature itself, a crime against God and against mankind. The father listened courteously, but his answer was always the same. It would, he said, be a greater crime to preserve a life condemned to misery and want than to take it away without pain. At last Father Pierre saw that he was only wasting words; so he begged to be allowed to pray over the child and pour water upon its head before it was plunged into the jar and drowned.

To this request the father made no demur; and, holding the baby in his arms, he waited patiently for the service, of which he understood nothing, to be concluded. His eyes were fixed on the face of the sleeping infant; and when the water touched it, and it opened its eyes and gave a feeble cry, Father Pierre thought he saw a change come over the impassive countenance of the man. The baptism was finished, but still he prayed aloud; and now his prayer was offered that the God whom the Chinaman did not know might touch his heart to spare the life of the child.

"That is all," he said at last, softly in Chinese; but for a moment the man did not move. "I have done my duty and saved its soul at least," Father Pierre added half to himself.

"And I, too, will do my duty," said the father, suddenly. "I will save its life." And, turning quickly, he left the room to take the living baby back to its mother.*

* This is told by an eye-witness in "Our First Ambassador to China."

And this was how the Boy became a Christian.

Father Pierre, although delighted with the result of his interceding, was now brought face to face with a serious difficulty. The Boy was a Christian, a Catholic; but how was he to be taught his religion in the midst of a heathen family, and in a place where there was no resident priest and very few native Christians? Father Pierre was only making his annual visit to the scattered members of his flock, and months of travel lay before him. In about a year's time he would be at Toking again on his way back to civilization.

The result of much deliberation was that in the following autumn a travel-stained priest with a morsel of Chinese humanity bundled under his arm presented himself at the orphanage at Ning-Po. The baby's father, overcome by his ever-increasing family, had willingly made a present to the priest of the child whose life he had saved a few months previously; and, after a troublesome journey many miles down stream, Father Pierre was not sorry to deposit his burden within the ever-open portals of the *Maison de l'Enfant Jésus*. At Ning-Po the foundling was known by his right name, Poo-ta-vang. It was on leaving school and going out into the world that he became the "Boy," apart from the rest of his species.

At a very early age Poo-ta-vang gave signs of becoming a jack-of-all-trades, perhaps; certainly a master of none. No sooner had he learned the chief points of one occupation than he begged to be allowed to leave that and take up something else. It was not idleness: on the contrary, it seemed to be unbounded energy that prompted this restlessness. As a pupil he was his teachers' joy; as a worker he was their despair; and so it came about that when Mr. Nugent, a Catholic overseer in a big mercantile firm, called on the Sisters, and took a fancy to young Poo-ta-vang, the lad was gladly handed over to him as a doer of odd jobs and general messenger boy.

Malachi Nugent was a just and kind master; consequently the Boy attached himself to him with great devotion and fidelity. And before long the solitary Irishman found his quarters growing more homelike because of the little face that, unlike its countrymen's usual habit, brightened at his coming and grew downcast when he went away. Then the Boy's energy wrought a change in the rooms themselves. His table decorations were a delight to behold. Colored sawdust in his hands produced the most wonderful patterns on the tablecloth, and on special occasions a regular garden of pressed flowers surrounded each dish.

The riots of August, 1895, had not broken out at that time; but the feeling against foreigners and Christians was creeping toward an outburst, and Mr. Nugent found one tenet of religion very difficult to uphold. It is hard to love one's neighbor as one's self when that neighbor takes the form of a crowd of hooting, jeering Chinese boys, revelling in the superiority of their own heathendom over the powerlessness of a mere Christian. The only thing to be done was to impress upon the Boy that for all Christians, Chinese or foreign, he must be ready to lay down his life as willingly as he would do it for the Master Himself; and, as far as the heathens were concerned, he was taught to shun them as much as possible; certainly never to retaliate upon them.

Early summer brought an unwelcome change to the Boy and his master. Mr. Nugent was transferred to a post some hundreds of miles inland, and was obliged to bid good-bye to all his friends, and go to a place where there were only half a dozen European inhabitants, no church, no newspapers, and where the post came irregularly once a week. To the Boy also the change was very distasteful. Second only to the master in his affections were the priest and the nuns who had brought him up, and whom he now had to leave. And, besides this, on arriving at their new home he discovered that they were to

live with two Englishmen, of whom he was very jealous. He was quick enough to see that these strangers did not trust him, and that they thought his master foolish for doing so. Before long, however, he became more reconciled to these new conditions. On going about as he did amongst the people, he learned of certain things which, if carried out, would make it unsafe for one foreigner to live alone.

When the intense heat of early summer became unbearable in the city, Mr. Nugent and his companions moved across the river to a house which stood high above the water, with trees to shelter it, and with a high palisade around, that made it a place possible of defence in case of danger. Here three Americans joined the little party of Englishmen; and later on two missionaries belonging to the China Inland Mission were persuaded to come out also, ostensibly for the sake of coolness, but in reality so that the whole little European colony might be together in case of an outbreak.

And for this they had not long to wait. Very quietly a supply of provisions had been got together,—enough to last eight men for nearly a month; though, if the worst did come, they looked to getting relief from the outer world in less time than that, through the weekly boat that was run by their own firm. There was a well in the garden to provide water, and arms and ammunition were not wanting.

"Eight of us—and the Boy!" Mr. Nugent had said, when making preparations for a siege. But the other men had laughed at him, saying that at the first menace of danger the Boy would fly with the rest of the household, and seek safety with people of his own nation. Mr. Nugent thought that he knew the Boy better, and trusted him accordingly; and a ninth mouth was counted for in the supplies.

They were all together when the rioters did come,—a howling, hooting mob, who tried to batter down the gate of the

palisade. A few rifle shots produced a momentary cessation of din, in which Mr. Macfarlane, the senior overseer, demanded from the leaders outside that they should retire from the gates, so that the Chinese servants might pass out to safety if they wished. One after another the members of the household availed themselves of this permission. There was no time to be lost. The gate was opened. Hastily all passed through, and as they did so the noise outside began again. An hour later, calling for the Boy, Mr. Nugent found that he, too, had gone. He—the Boy he had trusted, whom, he now owned to himself, he had allowed to creep into his heart,—he had deserted him! It was a bitter moment, and Malachi Nugent was angry with himself. But his comrades, who before had mocked at his trust, were silent now about it.

The fury of a Chinese mob sometimes dies down as quickly as it rises. In this, and in the fact that the closing of the company's factory threw several hundred men out of employment, lay the hopes of the besieged. They did not realize that this was no mere local rising. They counted confidently at first on help from the outer world; but they were unaware that the mob had sacked all their business premises before coming out to the dwelling house; and that the crews of the river steamers had joined the Boxers, so that their principals at Shanghai as yet knew nothing of their straits.

The weary days dragged on with a growing feeling of hopelessness. The Chinese were kept at bay by the rifles; but their patience seemed inexhaustible, and they evidently meant to wait and watch to the end. The provisions were decreasing, and with them went the spirits and hope of the besieged. Only a week more could they hold out,—only a few days, and then—death. Three of their number were wounded, and one was down with sunstroke. The days passed. It was almost a question of hours now until that roaring sea of yellow humanity would

gain the point they had waited for so long. And inside the palisade the Englishmen prepared themselves to face the end. Afterward none of them could tell exactly how it happened. They were half dazed, more than half starved, only suddenly they became aware of an unwonted stir outside. They thought it was some fancy of their strained senses when a British cheer fell on their ears. But eight men could not be so mistaken. Then came the crack of rifles, and hope was suddenly reborn. Their own last rounds of ammunition answered, and the Chinese at the gate fell back. It was getting dark; and, though they knew now that a rescue party had come, nor friend nor foe could tell the number of it. Then, with groans of baffled rage instead of cries of victory, the Boxers retreated toward the city, and the besieged men's friends advanced to the gate.

For the first time since the Chinese servants had fled through it, it was opened. There were familiar faces now where threatening yellow ones had been for so long,—men from the city which Malachi Nugent had left with regret some months before; and, backing them, a little army of Christian Chinese.

How had they learned of their friend's necessities? The answer was not far to seek. Worn to skin and bone from hardships and from fever brought on by fatigue and exposure, with parched lips and little feet all swollen and blistered from travelling, the Boy lay in the arms of the foremost amongst the rescuing party.

"He *would* come back to you with us, Nugent," said the newcomer as his only greeting; and at the familiar and beloved name the little black fever-bright eyes glistened.

"It—it was muchee far, master," said the Boy weakly, looking up into his master's face.

But Mr. Nugent, with his head bowed over the little body that he had taken from the other, and was now carrying tenderly into the house, answered with tears.

The New Scholar at St. Anne's.

BY MARION J. BRUNOWE.

II.—"THE REMAINS OF THE SET."

"I leave her in your care for the present, young ladies," said Sister Berenice, when the proper introductions had been gone through with. "I know that you will see that she is made to feel at home."

And then Sister Berenice, First Prefect of Discipline—or "Angel," as such an authority was known at St. Anne's,—swept away, and ascended her platform with that air of stately grace and dignity which was her peculiar characteristic. The "Loves," who had been lingering near the lowest step, quickly followed her, and, their faces wearing an expression of ecstasy, again took their places upon the low stools at her feet.

Isabel's eyes followed them in their happy ascent with the same interest with which she had noticed their unwilling ejection but a short time before. Then she turned to her new companions.

"What a silly-looking pair!" she said. "Who and what are they?"

The group of girls addressed looked at each other, looked at the new scholar, and then broke into a hearty laugh.

"We call them the 'Loves,'" explained Helen, her eyes gleaming mischievously. "They are very much attached to Sister Berenice," she added with demureness. "They follow her all the time. You will understand all about it by and by."

"I want to understand it now," was the decisive retort. "I don't intend to be here 'by and by.'"

There was an interrogative arching of fair and dark brows.

"Oh! Are you only visiting, then?" inquired Grace, curiously. "I thought Sister announced you as a new scholar."

"She did," admitted Isabel, tersely; "but, all the same, I am not going to stay."

"But when are you leaving?" pursued

Grace, who was never at a loss for information when she could ask for it. Her question in this case, however, was evidently too direct.

Isabel's brow darkened. "I'm sure I don't know," she retorted testily.

The group may perhaps be pardoned if we record that they exchanged mystified looks.

"Well, I hope you will be happy as long as you *do* stay," said a sweet, courteous voice at the new girl's elbow. "The first night is always the hardest, but after that it will be easier."

Isabel, turning quickly, met the eyes of the speaker. They were brown and soft, and full of gentle kindliness.

"Oh, the idea, Blanche Burton!" broke in Grace the irrepressible. "What's the sense in making speeches when she's only a visitor?"

The girl thus chided blushed and drew back a trifle, but Isabel seized her hand.

"I like you," she said with decision. "I don't generally cotton to the goody-goody kind," she added candidly; "but you—somehow you look honest straight through. But—I *don't* like you," and her eyes flashed upon Grace.

"Quite a pity, I'm sure," returned the other, airily.

"O Grace! Grace!" protested several voices.

"O Grace! Grace!" mimicked the girl, growing red in her face. "I don't see why I shouldn't speak out too,

I want to. And as for you," turning directly on Isabel, "you're very saucy and impudent for a new scholar or a visitor, or whatever you are. And I don't see why Sister Marietta should go and kiss you good-night—I'm sure I don't,—you horrid th-i-n-g, you—you—!"

Grace's voice ended in a sound suspiciously like a sob, and she started aside abruptly. Helen caught her arm, however.

"Don't be a goose, Grace, and give yourself away so," was her whisper. "She's a queer duck, and no mistake; but we've got to be halfway polite. Come!"

Very reluctantly indeed Grace Winton allowed herself to be pulled onto the chair beside her dearest friend,—for that was the relationship^a in which the two stood. But she kept her face persistently turned away, for there was a very sore spot in her heart on account of that good-night kiss.

"Suppose we tell you something about the school and us? Perhaps it might amuse you," now suggested Helen, turning to the newcomer, in her laudable ambition to be polite.

"Tell on!" was the careless rejoinder.

Helen bit her lip, and restrained Grace by an effort, and the rest of the group by a glance.

"Well," she began brightly, "we of course think that St. Anne's is an ideal retreat—at a distance."

There was a titter, but Helen went on composedly.

"It's awfully beautiful, you know, outside; there's a lot of scenery and things; and you could quite make a poem about it, for there are so many words that rhyme—'mountains' and 'fountains,' for instance; and 'flowers' and 'bowers,' and 'birds' and 'herds' (of cows, you know); and 'grass' and—and—"

"Sass!" drawled Rosebud, slyly.

Rose should have been extinguished by the look of mute reproach cast upon her. She survived, however; and Helen, without other comment, went on:

"But of course you'll see all that to-morrow; and, besides, you'll have to gush over it two or three times a year in composition class."

Isabel moved protestingly in her chair; she refrained from comment, however.

"Inside, of course there's nothing very beautiful about it—except perhaps *us*," went on Helen. "But, Isabel" (she uttered the name with a trifle of hesitancy), "we're beautifully interesting, just our particular set—or rather the remains of it,—I do assure you. But of course—" (Helen paused, with a pretty and very effective air of mystery), "I can

not tell you anything of that till we are sure whether you are really a new scholar or only a visitor. And, besides—" (she paused again), "we are very particular as to whom we admit into the remains of the set. We must be quite sure of who and what you are, and how long you are going to remain."

The new girl moved uneasily in her seat.

"You may as well tell me," she said. "I'll probably be in your set."

"Hm!—indeed!" began Grace; but Helen administered a warning pinch; and Grace, with a stifled, "Ach!" subsided for the moment, while Helen went on quietly:

"Well—perhaps, Isabel. Of course we shall have to vote on you first—and when you are not present."

Miss Kersey plainly showed her amazement. It was probably the first time in her short life that she had been deliberately thwarted for even a moment,—the first time with one momentous exception. That exception would be revenged yet. A vision rose before her of her mother's tear-stained face and her father's look of grave displeasure, and her young heart hardened. She rose abruptly.

"I may as well tell you at once," she said, "why I was sent here. It's very impertinent of you all to question my right to enter your old set, and when you hear—"

Ting-a-ling — a-long — a-ling — a-ling — long-ling! Short, sharp, clear, from the raised platform, rang out the silvery tones of a little bell. Instantly every voice in the large apartment was hushed.

Helen linked arms with Isabel.

"Come!" she said in a whisper. "I shall take care of you for the present." And, without more ado, Miss Kersey was marched off to the left, and established on a chair behind a desk, side by side with her escort.

Grace came up a moment after, and, before taking her own seat directly in front, glanced in undisguised displeasure at the arrangement which Helen had effected.

"Dear me! do sit down, and look pleas-

ant!" said Helen in a sepulchral whisper. "Somebody's got to look after her."

Ting-a-ling!—again the silvery warning. Even the whispers were hushed now; there was a profound and unbroken stillness.

Sister Berenice, who herself had been standing since the first bell, now took her seat in a chair a little to one side of her desk, and nearer to the front of the platform. As she sat, the light from a shaded lamp upon the desk threw its clear, steady ray upon her face and figure, and brightly illumined the open page of the book which she held before her, and out of which she now began to read. The text which she read was the Gospel appropriate for the day; and her voice, although clear and firm and very agreeable in the main, was yet wanting in a certain tenderness and pathos which the narrative of Christ's visit to the house of Lazarus called for.

Isabel's eyes watched her face very intently as she read, though we must confess that her ears did not drink in more than a detached phrase or two of the text falling from her lips. Speculations as to whether she would or would not decide to like the "Angel" were chasing each other through her brain, and at the end of the reading she was still as undecided as at the beginning.

At the conclusion of the reading, Blanche Burton's slight figure rose, moved quietly down the hall, and took its place upon the music stool before the grand piano. At the same time a taller and evidently older girl advanced from another part of the room, carrying a piece of music, which she placed on the piano rack. Then she turned to face the school, and in a strong, sweet voice announced the name of the evening hymn. The pupils rose *en masse*; the two voices at the piano led off in one of those sweet and touching hymns to our Blessed Lady so dear to the hearts of school-girls. Isabel, though she had heard nothing like it before, quickly caught up the melody, and joined in with such full, rich notes that Helen, glancing at her, came to a dead pause of admiration.

Madeleine in front, too, half turned in her chair. Grace, however, though equally affected, merely "put up her shoulder" and then raised her own voice a note or two.

Isabel sat down at its conclusion, a strange lump in her throat. Her thoughts once more flew back to her parting with her parents, and now something in her heart reproached her for a moment. The girls were at the instant kneeling for the night prayers. Mechanically she knelt too; but her posture was stiff and upright, and her lips did not move with the others. She was going to conquer that lump, and that queer feeling in the heart regions,—certainly she was.

As at another tinkle of the silver bell the girls formed ranks in the aisle, preparatory to ascending to the sleeping regions, Grace Winton leaned over and addressed Helen in a low voice:

"There is a spare bed in Sister Agatha's section. Dorothy Dutton's room-mate, Florence Kingdon, was called home yesterday. That bed would do for *her*. You'd better tell Sister Berenice."

"Sh!" Helen put her finger to her lips, and glanced apprehensively toward the Angel, who was at that moment passing down the hall beside the as yet motionless ranks. Breaking silence after night prayers was accounted a serious offence at St. Anne's. Sister Berenice had evidently heard the sound, for she paused.

"Who spoke just then?" she inquired.

Grace stepped out from the ranks. "I did, Sister," she confessed with direct candor.

"You are due in punish class to-morrow evening."

Then Sister Berenice passed on, and Grace returned to the ranks. She laughed half nervously to herself, but made no comment.

Helen's very broad and beautiful brow was overshadowed, and one looking closely might have seen that the quick tears had sprung to her eyes. Their record was broken—poor Grace! Her bosom friend best of all knew how hard things had

been for her, and could best divine what she was undergoing at the moment.

Sister Berenice had taken up her position near the door, out of which the girls now passed two by two, bowing courteously to her as they did so. She called Helen and her companion aside as they approached.

"Miss Kersey will sleep in Sister Marietta's section for the present," she said. "Since Agnes O'Connor went to the Infirmary, Lillian Vale has had no room-mate; see that Isabel is established in that room for the night, Helen, please."

Helen hesitated a moment. She looked up and then down, and flushed deeply as she remarked:

"There is a spare bed in Sister Agatha's section. Florence Kingdon was called home yesterday. Might she not be Dorothy Dutton's room-mate for to-night?"

"I said Sister Marietta's section, Helen." The Angel's tone was one of quiet reproof. She was not accustomed to having her decisions questioned.

"Oh, very well, Sister, of course!" and Helen passed on with her charge. Her eyes flashed, however, and her hand shook. What was the sense of putting a new girl in just that particular section,—and in the very room next Sister Marietta's own? "Gracious! poor Grace will have a catnip," was her inward comment; and, if the truth must be told, Miss Marr was seized with an almost uncontrollable inclination to shake violently that troublesome new scholar.

Grace had overheard the colloquy between the Angel and her friend; and when the latter, accompanied by Miss Isabel Kersey, reached the entrance of Lilly Vale's room, Grace was already firmly established on the threshold, deliberately barring the way.

Helen paused with her companion directly in front of the figure in the doorway. The rule of silence was in rigid force; she tried to make her eyes do duty for her tongue, but Grace would not see. A full half minute the three stood

thus; then Isabel solved the situation.

"Move aside!" she commanded in such loud and ringing accents that they fell upon the hush around like an explosion of musketry. Heads were popped out from little curtained rooms on all sides, and a Sister came hurrying down the corridor from somewhere in the dim recesses beyond.

The force of the exclamation, together with its suddenness, had given Grace herself such a scare that she had started aside involuntarily; and Helen, seizing advantage of the movement, had darted through the doorway, stiffly followed by Isabel.

When Sister Marie Angela, the nun whom the exclamation had attracted, reached the doorway, Grace was moving slowly toward her own room, which was next door. Helen and Isabel were standing just within the doorway of the contested domain. Sister Marie Angela looked from Helen to Isabel, and then back again to Helen.

"What on earth is the matter?" she demanded in a frightened voice.

The new girl threw back her head and looked at her defiantly.

"Well, if you want to know, I was giving one of your pupils a lesson in manners," she retorted. "I had to give it loud: she seems to be deaf."

Grace, now at her own threshold, heard, and turned quickly, about to speak; but Helen was still quicker.

"Sister," she explained hastily, "this is Miss Isabel Kersey, a new scholar. She does not know the rules of the school yet, of course; and I did not remember to tell her that this is silence time. She is to sleep here, Sister Berenice says; and I—" Helen paused.

There was a light footfall advancing down the corridor; the next instant Sister Marietta herself paused before the curtained doorway. Helen's face brightened perceptibly.

If the Directress had heard anything, or if she felt the electricity in the atmos-

phere, her manner certainly did not betray anything of the kind.

"Oh!" she said, smiling at Helen. "So you have taken Isabel in hand? Well, I am sure she has been well cared for. And now," turning to the latter, "here is your own tiny private room, dear."

She took Isabel gently by the hand and drew her toward a curtained recess, of which there were two in the room.

"I sleep in the adjoining room on this side," and she indicated the wall near which the vacant bed stood. "Should you need anything during the night, tap on this wall, and I shall be with you instantly. And now good-night, dear child! Pleasant dreams! God bless you!"

The next moment Isabel found herself alone, the curtains drawn, the light touch of a kiss lingering on her brow, and a queer flutter at her heart. She sat quite motionless on her chair (an upright, cane-bottomed affair) for a few minutes, her hands tightly clasped together, her eyes looking straight before her at the white curtain which formed the four walls of her little boudoir, but evidently, from their expression, through and beyond it to many other things. Then she laughed, unclasped her hands, and began slowly to undress. "I wonder if this is really I at all?" was her last, queer, inward comment as she laid her head on her pillow.

"Bless my soul!" Helen was forcefully exclaiming to herself, as she hurriedly undressed, agitation lending speed to her movements. "It means no end of trouble for Grace. I wish she had never come,—oh, I do,—I do!" And then—the voice which always set Helen Marr's pulses to throbbing called her name from the other side of the curtain. Sister Alice was admitted, and—but further words would be a desecration just here.

Grace, in her private retreat, was lying fully dressed, on her bed; her face was buried in the pillows, and she was weeping tempestuously, her thoughts not intelligible enough to be shaped into any words

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—New volumes of Messrs. Bell's Miniature Biographies are "Botticelli" and "Da Vinci," by R. H. Hobart Cust.

—Foreign exchanges announce the discovery, in the archives of the Rasponi family at Florence, of sixty-four unpublished letters from Michael Angelo to Vasari.

—"Wheels of Anarchy," by Max Pemberton, and "Mary Gray," by Katharine Tynan, are among new novels just published by Cassell & Co. "The Beckoning of the Wand: Pen Sketches of a Lesser Known Ireland," by Alice Dease, another Catholic author well known to our readers, is published by Sands & Co.

—Mr. Valentine Chirol, the foreign editor of the London *Times*, under the new management, is referred to in "The Catholic Who's Who" as the "son of Alexander Chirol, an Anglican clergyman who went over to Rome." The new editor was already on the staff of the *Times*, to which he sent numerous important contributions from Africa, Turkey, Manchuria and other countries.

—An English reviewer of "The King over the Water," a new book by A. Shield and Andrew Lang, has this to say of one bit of character-delineation in an English classic:

The pen-portrait of the 'Old Pretender' drawn by Thackeray in "Esmond" amounts to nothing less than a horrible distortion, a ridiculous travesty of actual facts; and where the brilliant satirist derived the sources of his information remains to this day one of the unsolved minor mysteries of the literary world.

—"The Maintenance of Religion in the School," "Infallibility and Tradition," and "Father Bertrand Wilberforce" are exceptionally interesting issues of the London Catholic Truth Society. The first is the splendid inaugural address delivered by the Archbishop of Westminster at the Catholic Conference at Preston some six or seven months ago; the second is a thoughtful paper read last year by Father R. H. Benson before an organization of Anglican clergy; and the memoir of Father Wilberforce is a sympathetic sketch by a fellow-member of the Order of Friar Preachers.

—Longmans, Green & Co. have published Cardinal Newman's beautiful and inspiring "Meditations and Devotions," in three parts, bound separately, hoping thus to make these helps to sanctity better known to the faithful. Part First is entitled "The Month of May," and comprises matter suitable for meditations or for texts for instructions on our Blessed

Lady; Part Second contains the "Way of the Cross" and other Lenten devotions, besides a *triduum* in honor of St. Joseph; Part Third is made up of meditations on Christian doctrine. Needless to say, every line is helpful to the spiritual-minded. The usefulness of these little books, which are excellently printed and bound, would be further enhanced by a suitable index.

—Many of our readers will regret to learn of the death, at Berne, Switzerland, of James Jeffrey Roche, former editor of the Boston *Pilot*, and of late years in our European consular service. Mr. Roche was the author of several notable volumes of poetry: "Songs and Satires," "Ballads of Blue Water," and "The Vase, and Other Bric-a-Brac"; and published, in prose, "The Life of John Boyle O'Reilly," and "The Story of the Filibusters." The deceased gentleman was born in Ireland in 1847. R. I. P.

—Volume IV. of Benziger's "Round the World" series of supplementary readers is excellent in subject-matter, illustrations, and book-making. The chapters, eleven in number, deal with such interesting topics as the Esquimaux, Orchids, Saxony Porcelain, the Hudson River, and Artificial Ice; and as one whose school-days are over puts down the book, it is with a comparison of text-books used by students of to-day and those in use a generation ago. The books are unquestionably better, but we are not quite so sure about the scholarship.

—"A Pilgrim from Ireland," by the Rev. Maurus Carnot, O. S. B., translated from the German by Mary E. Mannix (Benziger Brothers), is the story of an Irish monk who lived a thousand years ago and brought the knowledge of Christ to the Rhoetian valley. It is an idyl in its greenwood setting, an epic in its record of noble action, and a sermon in its power to awaken impulses to good deeds and to a sacrificial life. Those were indeed the ages of faith when Sigisbert and Columbin lived, and when Ratus cared for his goat flocks. Though he always felt the loneliness of an exile, Sigisbert never for a moment thought of relinquishing his task of love,—to lead souls to Him for whom he had given up home and country.

—"Heliotrope," by the Rev. John Rothensteiner, is modestly described as a book of verse, but might without any extravagant exaggeration of language be called a volume of poems. In the hundred selections, two-thirds of them sonnets, which Father Rothensteiner offers to the public, there are more than a few

which entitle him to take respectable rank among what it has become conventional to call the minor poets. On the score of thought and expression, substance and form, or subject-matter and technique, "Heliotrope" is distinctly superior to several collections of verses that have recently reached our table. And yet, though the author undoubtedly possesses the lyric gift, he sometimes falls into the prevailing sin of the versifying fraternity: he gives to new poems the time that should be spent in polishing old ones. Twentieth-century verse-readers may put up with nebulous thought, chaotic imagery, and sentimentality as a substitute for sentiment,—from all which the present volume is free; but they, quite properly, accept no excuse for faulty rhymes and halting metres. One who writes so well as Father Rothensteiner should not be guilty of such rhymes as "maze"—"face," "war"—"scar," "wood"—"mood," "heart"—"heart," "God"—"not"; nor should he spoil an otherwise good sonnet with so impossible a sonnet line as

Rushing to endless doom in precipitous flight.

The infrequent presence of such blemishes does not, however, materially detract from the pleasure with which lovers of poetry will peruse the majority of these songs and sonnets. Published by B. Herder.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "Meditations and Devotions." Cardinal Newman. In three parts. Each, 40 cts., net.
- "Round the World." Vol. IV. 85 cts.
- "A Pilgrim from Ireland." 45 cts.
- "Heliotrope." Rev. John Rothensteiner. 60 cts., net.
- "The Inquisition." By E. Vacandard. \$1.60.
- "The Prince of the Apostles." By the Rev. Paul James Francis, S. A., and the Rev. Spencer Jones, M. A. Cloth, \$1.25, net; paper, 75 cts., net.
- "Qualities of a Good Superior." Edited by the Rev. Ferreol Girardey, C. SS. R. \$1.25.

- "The Fathers of the Desert." From the German of the Countess Hahn-Hahn by Emily F. Bowden. With a Chapter on the Spiritual Life of the First Six Centuries by John Bernard Dalgairns. In Two Volumes. \$2.50, net.
- "The World in which We Live." By R. J. Meyer, S. J. \$1.50.
- "The Catholic Who's Who and Year Book, 1908." Edited by Sir F. C. Burnand. \$1.50, net.
- "Practical Sermons." 2 vols. Rev. John Perry. \$2.50, net.
- "The Sunday-School Teacher's Guide to Success." Rev. Patrick Sloan. 75 cts., net.
- "The History of the Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ." Rev. James Groenings, S. J. \$1.25.
- "The Life of Antonio Rosmini-Serbatì." Rev. G. B. Pagni. \$3, net.
- "Social Questions and the Duty of Catholics." Charles Stanton Devas, M. A. 25 cts., net.
- "The First Page of the Bible." Father Bettex. 30 cts.
- "Practical Preaching for Priests and People." Rev. Bernard W. Kelly. \$1.25, net.
- "Well Spent Quarters." 85 cts.
- "Society, Sin, and the Saviour." Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J. \$1.35, net.
- "Ancient Catholic Homes of Scotland." Dom Odo Blundell, O. S. B. \$1.50, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Joseph Fenger, of the diocese of Buffalo; Rev. Valentine Aguilera, diocese of Los Angeles; Rev. Thomas Shanly, diocese of Hartford; Rev. Thomas O'Donoghue, C. M.; Rev. John Reuter, C. SS. R.; and Rev. John Condon, S. J.

Brother Julius, C. S. C.

Sister Anastasia, of the Sisters of the Sacred Heart; and Sister Joseph Alacoque, Sisters of Charity.

Mr. William Benson, Mr. Joseph Voss, Mr. James W. Hennessy, Mr. John Morrison, Mrs. Nancy McGrath, Mr. Henry Rickelmann, Miss Mary O'Shea, Mr. Louis Tebeau, Mr. James Meehan, Mr. John Good, Mrs. P. Morrissey, Mr. Louis Schmidt, Mr. John McDevitt, Mr. Charles Lightner, Annie M. Commerford, Mr. William Snyder, Mrs. Ann Barry, Mrs. Anna Alexander, Mrs. Mary McDonald, Mr. George Pitfield, Mr. John McGinerty, Mrs. Ida Beckman, Miss Anna McCoy, Mrs. M. G. Mitchell, Mr. C. Cruse, Mr. Robert McGinnis, Mr. F. H. Burroughs, Mr. Nicholas Duffy, Mr. James Crawford, and Mrs. M. Mulvihill.

Requiescant in pace!





NOLI ME TANGERE.
(Baroccio.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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The Easter Breezes.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR B. O'NEILL, C. S. C.

DO you know what they are saying,
All these Easter breezes playing
around the fresh, new-budded leaflets on the
trees so lately bare?

Can you tell what they are singing
To the grass-blades gently swinging
as they bend them to the music like to choired
nuns at prayer?

Do you see how at their voices
Every tiny brook rejoices,
and goes bounding with new vigor o'er its
pebble-bottomed bed?

How the wavelets on the river
Leap for very joy, and quiver
With the gladness and the glory that the Easter
breezes spread?

Ah! their words scarce need the telling
To the Christian heart now swelling
With the jubilant emotion that is born of Easter
Day:

"Christ, Our Lord, is truly risen
From His stone-sealed, gloomy prison,
and all dread of death that's endless has His
rising swept away."

IN the joy of the Resurrection we shall
see the countenance of the Friend who
we loved us, sorrowed for us, died for
us; the countenance of the Son of God
looked upon each one of us; His voice
speaking to us as He spoke to Mary at the
pulchre, calling us each one by name.

—Manning.

The Unrecorded Easter Apparition.

IT is the common opinion of the saints and doctors of the Church that Jesus Christ, immediately after His Resurrection, showed Himself, first of all, to His Blessed Mother. While all Christians recognize without difficulty the eminent congruity of such action on the part of our Saviour, many perhaps consider the failure of the Evangelists to record such an apparition tantamount to convincing evidence that, no matter how appropriate it would have been, it did not nevertheless take place. A little reflection, however, and a cursory examination of the motives underlying the Gospel record, will serve to show that the silence of the Evangelists does not at all necessarily imply the absence of the apparition; nay, more, that those inspired writers had positive reasons for suppressing all mention thereof.

Mary was not called upon to give public testimony as to the Resurrection of her Divine Son: a mother's word, in such a case, would clearly be open to suspicion. Now, the Evangelists desired, before everything else, to prove the rising of their Master by such testimony as could not reasonably be called into question.

"If any one asks us," says St. Anselm, "how it comes that the Evangelists say never a word of the haste which Our Lord must have manifested in showing Himself first of all to His tender Mother, just after His Resurrection, to console her in her immense sorrow, we answer in the words

with which a certain sage replied to the same question. Here is what he says: 'No one ignores the care with which the Evangelists avoided the insertion into their narrative of anything either useless or superfluous.' In truth," continues the same Doctor, "if it were told in the Gospel that Our Lord appeared to His Blessed Mother and had confirmed her faith in His Resurrection, as it is recorded of the different personages to whom Jesus Christ rendered this favor, who could have refrained from exclaiming that such details were superfluous? Would it not have been clearly out of place thus to establish any similarity between the Queen of heaven, earth, and all creatures, and certain men and women whom Our Lord favored by appearing to them? The Spirit of God that dwelt within her, in all its plenitude and all its perfection, disclosed to her, much more clearly than ordinary light could do, all that concerned her Divine Son."

It was very certainly fitting, says Gentilucci, that our Saviour should appear to His Most Holy Mother, to console her in her sorrow, to recompense the vivacity of her faith, and to reward the ardor of her love. Any one of these motives, taken separately, would justify the congruity of such an apparition. "How, then, can we doubt that, all three motives existing, the apparition really took place? How could Christ, the most affectionate, the tenderest, and the holiest of all sons, He whose last thought before expiring was for His Mother,—how could Christ, who suffered from Mary's pains more than from His own, and who by an admirable dispensation of Providence wished to associate her with all His sorrows,—how could He, I say, fail to visit her before any one else?"

There would appear, indeed, an obligation on the part of Our Lord to console His Mother in the midst of sufferings which, as St. Bernard remarks, were beyond the mind of man to conceive and beyond the most eloquent lips to express.

And was there not also a quasi-obligation to reward the lively, ardent faith of His beloved Mother? Ah! if during His life, the Blessed Virgin loved the Redeemer above all creatures and was cherished by Him with an equal love; if, as we read in the lives of the saints, Jesus frequently appeared to some favored souls, can we believe that, after His Resurrection, He loved His Mother less than He loved Magdalen, St. Peter, and the others of whom Scripture makes mention? Does not St. John, at the end of his Gospel, say that Jesus did "many other things" than are recorded in his narrative and in that of his brother Evangelists? Does not the Gospel's silence about this first apparition of Our Lord mean, perhaps, simply that the fact of the visit to His mother was known to all, was called in question by nobody?

In any case, we are scarcely bound to look for reasons of congruity wherewith to support the contention that this unrecorded apparition really took place, since such is the opinion of St. Ambrose in accord with a number of the Fathers; of Sedulius, who, though primarily a poet, ranks high among sacred history writers; of St. Bonaventure; and of St. Anselm's disciple, Eadmer, whose comment on the subject is that the Evangelists kept silence on a matter that it would have been useless to narrate. Other authorities among the saints might be multiplied at will.

"Oh, how great was the happiness of the Holy Virgin," cries St. Catherine of Sienna, "when she beheld Jesus newly risen! If the Mother of God was ever to be consoled on earth, what hour was so suitable as that of the Resurrection? It was indeed the hour of triumph for Jesus, for His friends, and for all who, the wide world over, were plunged in sadness. Now, should not the Blessed Virgin be the first to rejoice in this great favor of Heaven? Since, from the moment of her conception, she had received so many special privileges, was it not just that this, too, should be hers, and that, first

of all human beings, she should learn of the victory of her Son?"

St. Teresa, as quoted in her life by Father Frederic of St. Anthony, narrates that Our Lord appeared to her one day and told her that as soon as He arose He paid a visit to His Blessed Mother, conversed with her for some time, and filled her soul with ineffable joy. This revelation is cited by Benedict XIV., in his "Annotations on Holy Saturday," as corroborative of the pious opinion held by all the faithful.

According to the view of St. Vincent Ferrer, our Divine Lord, before appearing to His Mother on Easter morning, sent her word of His approaching visit by the Angel Gabriel. The heavenly messenger greeted Mary in these words, which the Church now repeats during Paschal Time: "Queen of Heaven, rejoice; because He whom thou didst merit to carry in thy chaste womb is risen, according as He said." The King of Heaven followed fast upon the messenger charged to prepare Mary for the ineffable delight that was soon to be hers. According to the revelation made to the illustrious Pope, St. Gregory, Jesus greeted His Mother in the words He was afterward to employ when appearing to His Apostles: "Peace be to you!" The happy Mother threw herself on her knees, adored her resuscitated Son, and repeatedly kissed His hands and feet. Our Lord raised her up, embraced her fondly, and, drying her ears, said: "Rejoice, my beloved Mother! Henceforward your life will be one of consolation and happiness." Then He seated Himself by her side, and they conversed together.

The learned Abbé Rupert is not content with affirming, in accordance with the Fathers and the greater number of ecclesiastical writers, that Jesus, after His Resurrection, showed Himself first to His Most Holy Mother, announcing to her before any other the victory He had won, and offering to her fond kisses the scars of His adorable wounds: he applies

himself to the refutation of the objections that may be drawn from the Gospel narrative in which it is expressly stated that Christ appeared first to Magdalen.

"The Blessed Virgin," says the Abbé, "should not be counted among the witnesses whom it was permitted to the Evangelists to mention, or whom it behooved to declare that Christ was risen. Was it Mary's place to announce the Resurrection of her Son? If the Apostles considered the women who told them of it silly, would they not have concluded that Mary had become deranged through excess of love for her Divine Son? Jesus accordingly manifested Himself first to Mary; but Mary, as was ever her custom, 'kept these things, pondering them in her heart.' Moreover, if one persists in believing that Jesus did not appear to His Mother just after His Resurrection because no mention of such appearance is made in the Gospel, then one may equally hold that, after His rising, Christ never showed Himself to His Mother at all, since none of the Evangelists say that He did. Now, who believes that He who gave the command, 'Honor thy father and thy mother,' ever acted thus? What! Jesus could have forgotten His Mother, whose heart had been, on His account, so cruelly pierced with the sword of sorrow!"

We may, then, without fear of deception, adopt the opinion of Suarez, St. Bernardine of Sienna, and the great mass of theologians and doctors, that, before appearing to any one else, Jesus rejoiced with His glorious presence His most loving and most beloved Mother. Without seeking to fix the exact period when this opinion began to prevail, we believe it to have always been the sentiment of the Church. Not only does it appear more than probable that, if Our Lord was pleased to show Himself to those of whom mention is made in Holy Writ, for a still better reason He was safe to appear to His Immaculate Mother; but it is equally credible that, during the forty days

of His sojourn on earth prior to His Ascension, He frequently gratified her with His royal presence. Thus, as was eminently fitting, the Blessed Virgin's consolation and joy was great just in proportion as her sorrow and anguish had been cruel beyond words. With every right could Mary exclaim with the Psalmist: "According to the multitude of sorrows in my heart, thy comforts have given joy to my soul." *

Peace be with You!

AN EASTER STORY.

BY GABRIEL FRANCIS POWERS.

THE path wound down from the hill closing the background, sinuously, to the cliffs. The young, new trees were full of verdure. Here and there in the mass the almond stood, pink-blushing; the grey-green of the olive shimmered; the dark cypress shot its slender summit, trenchant, against the cobalt sky. Boulders bordered the footway. Now anemones, now the weird cyclamen blossomed in pale strata of mauve and rose. Down beneath the perpendicular face of the rock, potent in color, of a blue passing description, green with the limpidity of the emerald, and in its shadows, purple, lapped and murmured the ever-vocal sea. At its lip, the fretted foam curled and fringed whitely against the barrier of stone. Over it all, in that clear air that seems full of a golden haze and yet shows objects so distinctly, rioted the brilliant sunshine of early day. It was Easter morning, and from first dawn the bells had clamored; volleys of notes flung down the mountain-side; swinging of bronze tongues nearer at hand from unseen hamlets, echoing chords wafted out intermittently to float away over the Sicilian sea.

The bells were ringing still, and the weary man coming adown the mule-trail

seated himself upon a crag to listen to them. Easter morning in this strange land that had stirred so much dormant thought and emotion in him already! The strong light made him blink. Yet perhaps in his own ungenial clime this day would be likewise celebrated. Lilies upon the altar, pealing of organs, and, it may be, joy in a number of living hearts. He dared not think of it directly. A faith that could give gladness! How strange the thing must be, and who would say what right the soul might have to it?

He was tired of the talk of schools; tired of the infinity of controversy and discussion; sick with a profound lassitude of heart,—a nameless something that had chilled and paralyzed his innermost sources of life and action. "Calcification," he had said to a medical friend, and laughed. To be a scholar of mark seemed less now than it had seemed of yore. To have no refuge save work, while all else is a mock to you, and with the profound unbelief of a system that grants nothing and accepts nothing, steeling you against any hope that might console,—how much is life really giving you? Out on the cliffs he wondered why he worried about it. Why did he even think of it? The years had passed, and he had found the labor of each day sufficient. Why had this emptiness come upon him now?

Last night a priest in surplice and stole, with after him a brown-eyed acolyte carrying a silver stoup, had entered to bless the dwelling. The house-mother had spread wine and water, salt and bread, and dishes of Easter viands with blossoms strewn over them, for the Paschal benediction; and the stranger had seen her, all prayers said, drop a coin into the holy water. It had interested him, this blessing of the home and purification for the morrow's solemnity. It was picturesque, if nothing more. But was theirs a religion for intelligent, rational men? That very morning he had strolled into the church. Low Mass was being said; the nave was crowded; wreaths of

* Ps. xciii, 19.

green hung upon the monuments of the dead, a message perchance to them—or to the living . . . of what, great heavens? Could they verily, these lowly folks kneeling shoulder to shoulder on the dusty pavement, believe that after death they would exist still? They had gone, rows on rows, to the altar rail; and to each, with the Thing given them, went the words "life everlasting." Life everlasting!

The alien had turned and walked away to the high cliffs and the sea. As he left the town, groups of young men and maidens had passed him, looking at him with curious, welcoming eyes. Occasionally a timid "*Buona Pasqua!*" would greet him, and a shy smile. Many of the youths wore small-clothes and doublets of fine cloth, and a rose over the ear. The girls, in kirtles and bodices, were clean and stiff and shining. Over them all was an air of festivity, and yet of reverence and solemnity as they drew near the sacred spot. To one familiar with their history, the strains of varied blood showed in the composite features, and sometimes in a pure specimen of race: the Greek, finely regular and pensive; the Arab, bronze-tinted and full-lipped; the Norman, blond and clear-eyed. To the scholar they were even more the descendants of the youth sung by Theocritus,—the maidens dancing in the shade of the pleasant woods; the shepherd boys drinking to their loves in the cup brought about with ivy. And the image of Sappho the fair haunted the heights where tradition has placed her, an exile; here she may indeed have wandered, beautiful and fiery-souled.

Now a cross was planted by the wayside, and between the great skies and the water a God hung there. The contrast most offended the stranger. Surely in a land so rich as this it was only necessary to live, to love, to enjoy. How needless anything but the present in the completeness of the human cycle as one could make it here—if one could make it! If one could make it,—his mind came to a pause

on that. It was a novel question born of recent grief. There were the bells again!

Up the path, the stranger marvelled whence, toiled a figure in brown. He might have come by boat; for beneath and behind him was the sea, one vast quiver of impassioned blue. The mule-trail zigzagged the face of the rock. But there he stood, close at hand, unexpected as a vision. He wore the habit of St. Francis, fashioned as the Brothers Minors wear it; his feet in sandals. His flesh had the clear, healthy whiteness of some waxen blossom. Light gleamed on the hair and nascent beard. The lips and whole countenance radiated joy. He bore in his hand a bough of the olive, broken no doubt as he passed under some shimmering canopy; it added to the something angelic of his appearance, as though a seraph had donned earthly disguise, and yet retained some mystic significance of emblems to make him known. At sight of the stranger he bowed his head with sweet courtesy, and a voice, low and peculiarly musical, uttered the greeting:

"Peace be with you! Christ is risen."

The older man inclined his head and murmured thanks. He did not rise. That face, pale and radiating gladness, held him spellbound. He could only gaze, and wonder what manner of man this might be. A moment elapsed, during which, unconsciously, the friar had stayed his feet to look with eyes full of a divine compassion into the face lifted to his.

"Peace be with you!" he repeated gently. Then his happiness broke out, like dawn light, over his brow and lips. "Christ is risen to-day."

The stranger stared, awed perhaps by the kind of aureola around that head. Then his voice returned to him from afar where he seemed to have lost it.

"The stones," he said, and marvelled at himself for the words, "over our own dead are all unbroken."

"Fear not," answered the other. "The day will come when every least one of them shall be rolled back. For the good

shall rise to the resurrection of life, and the evil to the resurrection of judgment."

"Resurrection, resurrection!" murmured the stranger. "What a dream and easy pastime!"

The friar was aroused now.

"A dream!" he repeated. "What think you is the end of the sufferings of this life? What of the degradations of poverty making beings, who would love comfort and affluence no less than others do, dirt and refuse under their neighbor's feet? What of the victims of sin condemned to pain, and haply shame, through the fault of others? Shall there be no compensation? And shall justice never overtake the wicked?"

The stranger shook his head wearily.

"Who shall promise it?"

"And that!" the friar's voice grew more eager,—*"what of that?"* He was pointing to the Figure on the cross. "Would He have suffered so much and died had there not been souls to redeem and heaven to open?"

The answer came very low.

"If you can believe He was the Son of God, there can be no further question of aught else. But you know what recent criticism has made of the Scriptures."

"The word of God will remain when modern science has passed into oblivion. What if the Scriptures are attacked? Is there any known truth that may not be attacked? I want to ask you what there would be in life for you and me, or for any man, if you bend and bind us to the earth and shut out faith."

"But your whole scheme is so different from mine. I do not believe in denominational religions. You would probably think I should be a Catholic, for I was baptized one; but I have no knowledge of that religion, or of any religion, save what I got by reading. I have purposely abstained from joining any church."

"But since you are a Catholic, at least by baptism, will you not go up with me and attend Mass to-day?"

The man shook his head.

"Pardon me, but I would prefer to remember you as I saw you just now coming up from the sea, with the olive branch in your hand."

"Then, if we are not to meet again, I leave you for my Easter wish, that you who love nature may hearken to it, and in it hear God's voice."

He bowed his head once more, gravely and courteously.

The stranger rose.

"This meeting at least will be a happy memory of Sicily."

"Afterward, when you have returned home, and indeed before that, pray to the God of the North and the South, brother, that He may give you faith—and peace."

He moved on up the path, and with the lingering of his voice on the last word it was as though a strain of sweet music had ceased. The traveller grew conscious again, in a great silence, of the far lapping of water against the cliff-face, and of the carolling of bronze notes lost intermittently between breeze and cloud-flecked sky. That serene face, with its quiet eyes, haunted him like a song or a picture. No one had ever spoken to him on religious matters as simply and directly as this man had. He had some philosophy and some theology, perhaps; but he had more: sympathy, understanding, a manner of tenderness; surely a living heart; and the other undefinable quality, what was that? Could it be what he had heard called holiness?

The thinker had a new problem now, and the friar was the problem. For a solution, he was absolutely at loss. A man, as he was himself, vowed to an odd, unfamiliar life, and severed from all natural ties. Why had he done it? What was his purpose, and what his hope of reward? Had he verily thrown away everything—love, pleasure, ambition—for the sake of that dream-world of which they had spoken? What of such men as these? There was a kind of likeness between the radiant face of the friar and the wan, spiritual Christ of the cross.

What was the likeness? And what had moved him, the alien, so reticent, so averse to self-expression, to speak out the vague thoughts, the unformulated trouble of his own mind? Between them had been a feeling of kinship he could not comprehend. He was looking up at the cross again. If this were indeed the Son of God, and if He had indeed suffered for our sins, and risen from the dead, what conclusions must force themselves upon us? He had said it himself: 'If you can believe the Gospel writings, there can be no doubt of aught else.' And the other's answer was: "Pray to the God of the North and the South that He may give you faith." He did not know if he could even pray.

Away in the hillside church was the dense crowd of Easter worshippers, the swelling chords of chant and organ, and, through cloud-incense, the slow-noted prayer of the priest soaring to God. Here on the cliffs, only the great loneliness and one man, not more than a speck or atom in that immense plan of sea and sky. His own world of skeptic learnedness seemed very far, and rather paltry, before this bare face of unveiled nature. Could one win faith by prayer? Was there anything in the shifting world of changes, that one could hold fast through sorrow and joy? Had one a right to comfort such as this?

Above him the great cross stood, one arm to the encircling hills, one to the sea. The sun beat on the white face and body, the thorn-crowned head. If indeed a spirit-soul abode in us to survive, and owed Him redemption, would not this be the day of all days to recognize and acknowledge Him? In the vast stillness, some instinct compelling him to kneel, and the will fighting, he bowed his forehead on his hands. Over him, taking him quite by surprise, rushed a wave of uncontrollable emotion. It was held under strong restraint, so that the whole soul shook and trembled in the combat. And through the agony was some welling-up of intolerable joy. "That

I may have faith in Thee!" some inner voice kept repeating,—“that I may have faith in Thee!”

In the hamlet church the choirs of voices, thrilling and ringing with the glad *Alleluias* and the triumphant *Credo*, had sunk to softer notes of reverential awe. "*Et incarnatus est de Spiritu Sancto, ex Maria Virgine; et Homo factus est.*" In the hush of the peoples bending, from the heart of the friar-priest a deep prayer for one, a wanderer and an alien, winged up to Her who—

Into our shadow bends Her face,
Bowing Her from the secret place,
"Hail, Mary Virgin, full of grace!"

Out on the lonely rock-heights, a man, long-battled and storm-tossed, felt the sweet tears gush out over his hands.

A Hymn for Paschal Time.

(Adam of St. Victor. Abridged.)

BY DAVID T. MORGAN.

PURGE the old leaven all away,
No malice in our hearts must stay
While on the Resurrection Day
We keep the feast full well;
This day which crowns our utmost hope,
Of wondrous power, of endless scope,
As law and Prophets tell.

Now to the King of heavenly might,
Who makes us triumph in the fight,
Pour forth the grateful strain:
This is the day the Lord hath made,
Our sin-afflicted souls to aid,
To cure our mortal pain!

Victorious Lord, to Thee we pray;
Jesu, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Who died, the rage of death to stay,
Let us Thy Paschal joys to-day
With trusting hearts embrace;
Thou living Bread, Thou living Stream,
True Vine that doth with richness teem,
So feed us with Thy grace
That, through those cleansing waters pure,
We, from the second death secure,
In heaven may see Thy face!

The Wise Men of Thendara.

BY JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

III.

AFTERWARD there was peace for a time, while one part grieved and the other rejoiced at the failure of Elder Dennett. Dominie Warren enjoyed the notoriety of his little deal with the petition, and defended himself against the aspersions of his leading elder. He pointed out to his people at a parish meeting that the success of Father Mullen and the defeat of Elder Dennett lay in one thing, with which neither of the gentlemen had anything to do: the American principle of freedom of conscience, which not only gave each man liberty of thought but a certain liberty of action.

"What beat him in the Canienga affair?" said Dr. Warren. "The unexpected desire of the Catholics for a good church in a prominent location. That is the right American spirit. Why should a church, intended for the common good, be built on a back street? They built a very neat structure, and its presence improved the religious condition of the town and helped its business. Again, what defeated him in the Honnedaga affair? The perfect indifference of Mr. Temple to religion, and his willingness to show fair play, coupled perhaps with my recommendation about the petition." (Some laughed at this allusion.) "Now, as we have come to that view of the Christian religion which accepts all forms of Christianity as expressions of the faith within, we should accept our Catholic neighbors as brethren and help them along as far as we may."

"Do Catholics take that view of all forms of Christianity?" said Elder Dennett, with caustic tone.

"No, they don't; but we do, which is the point to be considered."

"Until they do," said the Elder, dryly,

"I believe in keeping them out, or at least out of sight. My motto is: fair play to those who understand it."

"And foul play to those who don't?"

The Elder did not reply. He said to himself for comfort that at least he had shut Father Mullen out of Nehasane, in spite of the principle of fair play and the advantages of business. The wise men of Thendara, discussing the situation from the Sacandaga on the east to the Mohawk on the south, were of one mind on this point; for the priest had been studying that town half a year, had tested its strength, and had found no opening in its formidable lines. It was the most picturesque of the three villages, lying up among the hills, with the solemn, dignified, lovely aspect of age and refinement. A great square park held the center of the town. On its north side stood three churches and the academy; on the south stood three more churches, one of which—Universalist—was no longer used, as its congregation had scattered.

The priest set his mind and his heart on this deserted, slightly decayed, yet beautiful temple. But he lingered not an instant beside it, because Miss Jewett, assistant principal of the academy, and representative of Elder Dennett in the impending struggle, stood watching him from the front steps of the school. He had made her acquaintance, and had been duly informed of her intense admiration for Elizabeth of England, which signified, of course, her vivid horror of the corruptions of Rome. At that moment he felt as if the great and cruel Queen herself stood there, planning thumbscrews and quartering for a priest of the faith which she had smothered in flame and blood. The town was impregnable to his assault. Neither Casey nor Temple had been able to find an unguarded spot, a loophole; and the townsfolk had been warned and placed in charge of a vigilance committee. Even with their security, feeling was deep. Simpson Hennessy felt it his duty to utter a protest against the

invasion of the town, on the ground that a third defeat would irritate the people, beyond measure and might lead to scenes of violence.

"Well, you saw what happened in Canienga and afterward in Honnedaga," said Father Mullen. "The people now are satisfied, and they are finding out that enterprise breeds enterprise. You are a timid man, Simpson, when you should really be the leader of the Catholics in Thendara county. All you have done since I came here is to protest against this and that. Here you are protesting again."

"But I know these people. I am of their blood. They tell me their bitterness of heart as they would not tell you. I have heard their threats. They are capable of carrying them out too. In a moment of rage they might do that which would end your good influence forever. That's what I'm afraid of."

"You will always be afraid."

"Perhaps. A little timidity would do your reverence no harm. Anyway, you will not get into Nehasane."

"Will it do any harm to try? If they can keep us out, we shall not mourn too long. Yet I have a feeling that this town will be easier to enter than the others, just because it looks so fierce."

Simpson Hennessy reported to Elder Dennett that his influence did not prevail with his pastor or his brethren, probably because of his blood ties with the opposite side. Meanwhile Miss Jewett, tactful and aggressive, thought it prudent to get within talking distance of Father Mullen. She invited him to address the senior classes of the academy on a certain day, and he delighted and impressed them all by an offhand discourse on the influence of the Greek and Latin literatures on modern civilization. The title was more imposing than the talk, but great depths had not yet been touched by village culture.

"Perfectly beautiful!" was her comment. "Could you not, Father Mullen, at a favorable time, give us a talk on the influence of woman in your Church?

Of course I may tell you that I do not like your treatment of woman, but I am sure that in spite of it woman is a force there as elsewhere."

"I fear that you have not read history closely," the priest replied, smiling. "Or you have read it as women mostly read it, upside down. To her who reads history aright, woman was rescued from the slum of paganism and placed on the throne of Christianity by the Church."

"Do you not make woman inferior to man?" said the lady, dryly.

"No indeed."

"Do you make her man's equal?" still more dryly.

"No indeed."

"If not inferior or equal, why, then, surely you do not make her superior?"

"If you wish to know what we think of woman, read history again with your eyes on Mary, the Virgin Mother, placed on our altars with her Son in her arms. We enthrone innocence, weakness and devotion, not strength. Strength is the servant of the weak; therefore man is with us the servant of the woman and the child."

Miss Jewett, while not brilliant or well-read, had a clever streak in her mind, and the point of the argument pierced her like the jab of a needle; but she smiled a superior smile, and dismissed the priest with an urgent request to discuss the matter in his next lecture to the seniors.

By accident, Father Mullen put his finger on the weak spot in the Nehasane ramparts. Talking over the situation with the innkeeper, a genial and friendly host to the priest and Sunday congregation in the hotel, he learned that the town had an earlier name from its founder, the Welland Patent. Old Welland had obtained a grant of land from the government of his time, and at his death left it to a corporation for various purposes. The parcel of land on which stood the park and churches and academy was a free gift for the works of education and religion. The innkeeper, Mr. Selby, did

not know the legal details; but his information sent the priest to the county and state records, where the welcome and astonishing truth was made plain. Mr. Welland had set aside the central part of the town solely for schools and churches; any sect or any teaching body could claim ground sufficient for its purposes on which to build, and the trustees would be compelled to present a deed of gift. There was no exclusion of the Catholic faith; and in converting part of the land into a park, the trustees had been guilty of infidelity to their trust.

In the lapse of time most people had forgotten the particulars of the gift, and only the few like Elder Dennett and Miss Jewett knew the ease with which the lines could be broken, once the precise facts were known. And now Father Mullen had them all in his keeping, with some other facts which had not come to their notice. He acted generously in the matter, letting a whole season go by with no effort to disturb the usual serenity of Nehasane. His talks at the academy had introduced him pleasantly to the teachers and pupils; his gatherings at the hotel had warmed up a congregation which had become proud of him; his evident failure to get a site where he wished had softened public feeling somewhat; and the more generous began to suggest the propriety of locating his church within sight of the square. The quartette still sang sweetly at station and meeting; and the leader, a blithe young tenor of twenty-five, took a particular interest in the course of ecclesiastical history in Thendara. Father Mullen decided that this young man should help him carry out the scheme which he had formed to overthrow Elder Dennett for the last time. He laid it before Harry Bassett the day before the adventure was to take place, as they sat in his room in the hotel.

"Of course I'll go into it," said Harry. "But is it wise to risk it? These people may take it very badly, and you

and I may be flying over the pike ten minutes later as we never flew before. And we may not dare to come back. Have you thought of all that?"

"I have thought of everything," said Father Mullen. "There is a possibility of trouble, but it will simply end in a wild argument and a popular demonstration. We have the law on our side. The bequest of old Welland entitles us to a lot in the best section of the park. I feel that if we show our determination to take our rights by claiming the best place in the town, we can then retire gracefully later by accepting the particular place I want—the Universalist church."

It was agreed between them that the attempt should be made and carried out in a certain fashion. At ten o'clock the next morning, the May sun shining and the birds singing among the great trees on the park, the passing villagers saw a curious scene enacted a trifle north of the academy. Father Mullen and Harry Bassett drove to that point and hitched their horses in a business-like manner. From the carriage the young man took a surveyor's outfit, theodolite, chain, stakes and hammer, and then began to survey a plot of ground. Harry knew just enough about surveying to imitate the ordinary motions of a surveyor in laying out an ordinary lot, and he drew out the process to great length. Finally, with tremendous importance, he drove the first stake at the north corner.

People stopped to make inquiries, and the news was passed around. A little crowd gathered about Miss Jewett in front of the academy; another watched the antics of Bassett; and a third, young men ready for mischief, stood apart discussing ways and means of ejecting the invaders with opprobrium. Then voices of protest arose from decorous old ladies who were shocked at this conduct. Father Mullen reasoned and explained for them,—that no other course was now open to him; that Mr. Welland had left the land for certain purposes and the

courts would sustain him in seizing a plot of ground for a church; that the same courts would abolish the park or abolish the trustees of the Welland Patent; that such were the conditions of the gift; and if the villagers opposed his peaceful occupation, they ran a risk of losing the entire property, which would then revert to the heirs of Welland.

Meanwhile Bassett planted stakes in plenty, until, to the heated fancy of the people, the church already stood there, so located that every eye went to it as the needle to the magnet. The crowd grew in numbers and increased in indignation. The village doctor drove up and inquired the meaning of the scene. Then the innkeeper appeared and talked with the ladies and the doctor. A white-haired lawyer joined them and made a legal explanation. Presently the doctor and the innkeeper came forward as a deputation from the leaders of the crowd. Each had a peculiar glint in his eye, as if quite aware of Father Mullen's stratagem.

"I just want to say," began the innkeeper, confidentially, "that these good people are really excited, and perhaps it would be safer not to plant any more stakes at present."

"Do they deny my right to plant the stakes?" said Father Mullen.

"No, they don't," observed the doctor, taking up the case; "for Lawyer Whitfield has just told 'em the law in the case, and also the danger of losing the property if ever their use of it became a question for the courts. But, as you know better than I do, Father, the value of living in peace with your neighbors, Mr. Selby's hint is worth while. When people get mad clean through they will do what all regret afterward, when it's too late."

"And I think," said Selby, "that we can fix you up in the matter of a lot for your church very nicely. See that old Universalist meeting-house yonder? Well, I think you can get that without any trouble. A thousand dollars will make it good as new. It's a fine building, and

we'll all be glad to have you located there."

"I would be quite satisfied with it, Mr. Selby, if I could get a clear title to the property. But there's nothing sure about getting it."

"Oh, indeed there is!" said the doctor. "For the children of the old trustees are living right here now, and a little steering at Albany will give you as clear a title as you want."

"Have I your word as gentlemen that there will be no fight against giving us the old Universalist building?"

"Our word," said the delegates in chorus.

"Then our work is over here, Harry. Pull up the stakes, and get your tools into the carriage."

While Harry obeyed orders, the doctor and the innkeeper reported to the main group of protesters the success of their persuasions with the aggressive priest; and so great was their relief at his willingness to accept the deserted church on the other side of the square, that many came over to congratulate him on his readiness to make use of what was considered a dead proposition. If they had only thought of that long ago! How pleasant to know that the old building would once more resound with the praises of the Lord! What luck to have learned the exact status of the Welland Patent! What an encouragement to the cause of religion and education! For most of them knew nothing of the great benefactor of the town.

"I do think," said the priest to Miss Jewett a few days later, "that the park should have a bronze tablet of Mr. Welland, with an inscription about his gift, so that the very children should know gratitude to the old man. If you'll start the scheme, I'll second it."

"As well he might," commented Elder Dennett, bitterly; "for the old man gave him his one chance of getting in here. Oh, I suppose it was to be! Our country is not made to keep anything out. Dr. Warren is right and I am wrong. Yes,

go ahead with the tablet of bronze, gosh hang it—I beg your pardon!—and I'll subscribe. But I do wish I was at the making of old Welland's will."

Elder Dennett retired from the scene disgusted, knowing that the spirit of the country, not the cleverness of the adversary, had beaten him three times on one question. Now let churches spring up like mushrooms, let the Pope come to Thendara and live there in all the splendor of the Scarlet Woman, let iniquity pile up on iniquity, and he would not wink his eye to prevent them. From that day all went well with the priest, for whom the doctor and the innkeeper had the highest admiration. The scene in the park that May morning had waked up the town as never before since the war, and taught them useful knowledge. So the two men, and indeed all the leading men of the village, worked honestly to arrange the grant of the old church to the Catholic congregation. The children of the trustees were found and affixed their names to a document which brought the old church to life again; and, with the fine old courtesy of Thendara, they thanked Father Mullen for rescuing a spot so dear to them from the bat and the mould. That expressed the feeling of the whole town, which turned out generously in September to witness the dedication ceremonies.

After that the oldtime peace fell on Thendara, and life rippled on, like the wilderness river, in sweet silence to the great open space beyond. Dear old Thendara, but Thendara no more! For the good priest has gone to another field, the kindly people of that day rest in the grave, and their children have taken their places with little recollection of the great events in the lives of their fathers. And Miss Jewett sits in the front seat of the new church, as she has sat for years, and smiles at the Madonna above her, recalling the first argument of Father Mullen on woman's debt to the Virgin Mother. Alas, Thendara no more!

(The End.)

The Dream of Pilate's Wife.

BY REYNÈS MONLAUR.

II.

CLAUDIA spoke at last: "I have said nothing about the dream to you till now, Pontius. I pitied you. The evil is done. We can do nothing further. 'Tis best to try to forget it."

The Atrium, with its marble columns, was bathed in the still white moonlight. Pilate paced forward and backward. His shadow was projected in fantastic fashion on the tessellated pavement. He had small liking for those hours when evil geniuses were most likely to visit men. His uneasiness increased. He feared to go to the bottom of these forebodings, yet at the same time was devoured by a feverish desire to know. He had brought with him into Judea a Roman priest to consult the course of the stars and to inspect for divining purposes the entrails of victims. There passed no day on which Pilate did not interview him.

Now, it happened that the priest had been summoned to the Antonia fortress that very evening, and it was his consultation with him that had kept Pilate so late. The governor kept his superstitions as secret as possible, knowing that his wife despised them, and blushing, himself, at his invincible weakness. And to-night the priest, terrified, had refused to follow any longer the conjunctures of the stars, and on inspecting the entrails of the victims had manifested great perplexity and anxiety.

"Come," said Pilate at length, "speak! I conjure you by the gods, by the God of the Jews, if you think Him closer than our deities. Did this Man appear to you in your dream?"

Claudia's lips quivered. For an instant she still hesitated; but Pilate had conjured her in the name of the living God, and to such adjurations one may not resist without blasphemy.

Just then a sudden violent shock caused the palace to oscillate. The marble columns swayed like reeds in the wind. It was so rapid, so soon over, that one might have thought it an illusion had not a simultaneous cry of terror burst from the inner and outer guards.

Claudia spoke almost in a whisper:

"Is this the first strange thing you have noticed since He died? Wait until daylight, then I'll explain."

"'Tis daylight now," said Pilate, pointing to the lightening sky above the hills. "Did you see this Man?"

"I didn't know that 'twas this Man," she replied gravely. "We were in Rome, in the palace of Augustus Cæsar. The Emperor had had the census of the world taken. He spoke proudly of the number of his subjects. He compared them to the stars in the heavens and the sands of the seashore. The Man robed in white entered. Light streamed through the veil of His flesh. He said: 'All these men are Mine.' Augustus had Him turned away with derision. Whither went He? I know not. Underground it may be, or to a distant desert. The Roman world thought of Him no more. Here He appeared; He cured diseases; He spoke of His kingdom, but less clearly, as of something mysterious and in the distant future. He was betrayed; He was taken. It was Jesus of Nazareth."

"You had already heard Him spoken of," said Pilate, partially reassuring himself. "All this is natural enough."

"Listen!" rejoined Claudia. "He came down from a high mountain, followed by His persecutors and His executioners. He went toward a cross planted on the Capitol. He traversed humanity, the world which He had said belonged to Him. A deep furrow marked His passage. To each man individually, at some moment or other of life, He said: 'Will you prefer Me to everything?' And, according to the passions of these men, that signified, 'Will you sacrifice riches or the flesh or pride to the only thing necessary,—to Him who

is beauty, justice, sanctity?' And how strange were the divers eddies that agitated the crowd! Some drew apart from Jesus with curses and hatred,—those especially from whom He had taken their idol of flesh, those who had been abandoned for Him; and they, too, who betrayed Him through cupidity or fear. . . . Others, almost innumerable, lived indifferent, not listening or paying any attention to Him, bounding their life by this present time. Finally, there were those who followed Him at the cost and the risk of everything; the only happy ones on earth, those whom He loves and by whom He is loved. But, whatever be the multitude of men, each generation passes thus before Him, and not one individual sinks to death without having heard the mysterious question and without having answered it."

"These are large Oriental images that are assailing you," observed Pilate. "Our Latin genius does not lend itself to them, and when they beset it, they become unrecognizable and unsymmetrical. 'Tis the word of their prophets: 'The Eternal comes, the Eternal passes; the Eternal holds the mass of the earth like a drop of water in the hollow of His hand.' You must have heard all this in the environs of the synagogues. Unconsciously you have applied it to this Jesus, who, 'twas said, was the Messiah."

The Roman procurator breathed more freely. He had the courage to look at the stars. They had threatened a few moments previously, but were now paling in the softness of the dawn.

"Wait!" insisted Claudia. "I awoke suddenly; at my very feet, apparently, a crowd of men were passing with loud noise—curses, cries of hatred. I fell back in a heavy stupor. This Man was before you. You had the power to set Him free or to destroy Him. It was your hour, the decisive hour that He chooses in the life of each human being. You are not cruel, you are not instinctively bad; but you are weak, and you are afraid to lose those possessions in which you have put

your soul to sleep. Jesus of Nazareth, then, was before you, in all His light and sweetness. He tried to raise you to a higher life. He told you, 'My kingdom is not of this world,' to aid you in triumphing over flesh and blood. I saw Him—I see Him—murmuring the words of pardon which He wished, and still wishes, to extend to all. He is clothed in white and speaks in a slow voice. His hair, of the color of ripe corn, is parted on the crown of His head and falls upon His shoulders. He follows each of your movements with a pensive glance."

"'Tis He," murmured Pilate.

"I begged you to save Him. All of good that is in you—pity, desire for justice—begged you with me," continued Claudia. "You hesitated. You tried, in order to save Him, the means which you indicated a few moments ago. He waited to see whether you would raise yourself above yourself; whether you would sacrifice yourself, at no matter what cost, to truth and justice. You did not do it: you gave Him up to His executioners."

These last words of Claudia Procula were half smothered by a sob.

"And then, then?" asked Pilate.

"Don't force me to finish," she begged.

"Then He revenged, didn't He? Killed me, perhaps?"

"Ah, worse than that! You gave Him up to His enemies; He gave *you* up to yourself. Remorse for your crime, unfelt at first, grew, became intense, clung to you like the shirt of Nessus, and burned you even to the very marrow of your bones. The Emperor deposed you, exiled you into an obscure town; you wore out there sombre days that led only to a hopeless death."

"And was I alone?" asked Pilate, bitterly. "Did you abandon me to follow this Galilean and despise me?"

"It is to follow Him and obtain your pardon that I will remain faithful to you," she replied. "'Tis as a pagan that I speak to you. I am only that. He speaks always words of pity. . . . I—I have no pity; but,

because of Him, wherever you are Caius, I will be Caia as in the olden days."

"Anyway," said Pilate, with the air of one getting rid of a nightmare, "all that belongs to the future. One can arm oneself against the future by multiplying one's offerings to the gods."

"Offerings to the gods are useless," she rejoined. "For all time your name is linked to that of the Nazarene. Cities will crumble, kings and empires will pass, Rome will wield no longer the sceptre of the world, but bound to Him you will proceed down the centuries. Him, mild, bleeding, crowned with thorns, carrying a reed as a sceptre, you will present to successive generations with your heartless 'Behold the Man!' Those who love Him will despise you, and even those who hate Him will turn from you; for you will forever represent shameful self-interest, meanness, cowardice. . . ."

"Claudia!" broke in the governor with violence.

"And I, Pilate's wife,—I, too, will suffer," she continued, with a sob. "I begin the long line of those unfortunate women who have placed their pride of life in a man's honor, when that honor fails. Let their lot be lamented, women of that kind! I have never reproached you with either your public acts or your private life, which has been able to blind your soul by dint of corrupting it. I have never shown suspicion or jealousy or anger, the common sentiments of courtesans. I have never asked anything from you save your respect; you gave it to me. But I asked also, and above all else, that you should keep the honor of your name intact. In that respect you have failed. You have humiliated in my veins that blood of the Claudii, of which I have been too proud. Others after me will go through the same torments; better for them never to have been born. When one despises the man whom one should respect, it is the daily torture invented by one of our emperors: a living body bound to a corpse. Could I reach those who will walk in your

footsteps, I should cry out to them: 'Lose the friendship of Cæsar, and your wealth and your honors; but do not betray the truth; do not abandon Jesus of Nazareth surrounded by His enemies. Heed the warning of Pilate's wife!'"

She ceased, exhausted; large tears were streaming down her pale cheeks. Pilate again and again rubbed his brows with a sorrowful gesture of his shaking hand. He sought to recover his wonted calm from the whirlwind of contradictory and cruel impressions by which he was assailed. In accordance with an oldtime habit, he put aside the ideas which he deemed merely accessory. He considered only those of exile and of death which were to be shunned at every cost. There remained, too, the thought of the shame that would be his heritage through the ages and before all men. . . . But he would be dead then. And, anyway, what proof had he of all this? A dream—

The smiling dawn dispersed the terrors of the night and appeased his superstitious fears. The gardens, fresh and odorous, were relieved of their cloak of light mist. The daybeams lay lightly on the limpid waters, and the summits of the towers glistened gaily in the opal heavens. Pilate regained his self-control. His downright spirit formulated the decisive objection:

"I condemn in myself whatever has made you suffer, divine one," he rejoined; "but let your lofty wisdom come to your aid. All that, all this you have told me, would be cruel were this Jesus of Nazareth the Eternal Living One. But He is living only in your dream. In reality He is dead. I have seen the men who took Him down from the Cross. His tomb is sealed with my own seal. It is guarded by my soldiers. The dead," he added, with a slight smile,— "the dead sleep a long time."

For some moments there had been an unusual commotion outside where the guards were stationed. The soldiers were talking excitedly among themselves. As Pilate concluded his comment on the

lengthy sleep of the dead, a decurion appeared, followed by some sentries, who seemed almost beside themselves, their faces haggard and their limbs trembling.

"My lord," said the officer, "here are those whom you appointed as guards over the sepulchre of the Galilean. They have fled here, breathless. The shock which we felt a little while ago threw them to the ground. They tell incredible things. The sealed tomb has been opened by some unknown power. . . . It is empty. . . ."

(The End.)

Exiled from Erin.

XVI.—WILLIE'S FIRST DAY IN NEW YORK.

ON a sweltering day, in the middle of July, Willie McMahon, after having been kindly directed at the *Irish World* office, prepared to beard the lion in his den,—in other words, to confront his uncle and endeavor to make him tell the truth concerning his sister. Until now he had never been away from his own village, and presently he found himself on Broadway, the street that never knows sleep or slumber.

It has been said of it that "its rush and bustle never cease, that its lights never go out, that its money mart never closes." Even in London, the metropolis of the world, there are certain hours of the night when the mantle of stillness seems to cover it completely; but with New York it is not so. All day long there is hurry and clatter in its busy thoroughfares; all night long there is a world abroad,—the roll of cabs and carriages, the clangor of electric bells, the cry of humanity in misery, the shouts of humanity in its rougher enjoyments, the hum of humanity as it hastens to and fro.

In the confusion of his mind, unaccustomed as it was to the bustle around him, Willie McMahon took the wrong direction. He walked up as far as Four-

teenth Street, where he found himself in the heart of the city's traffic, when suddenly a musical chime struck his astonished ear. It was the bells of Grace Church pealing forth an anthem that seemed to the boy like a sound from the inner courts of heaven. He took off his cap to wipe the perspiration from his forehead, and for a moment held it in his hand, gazing upward reverently, as though in the presence of something holy. The anthem was over, the chimes ceased, and, still looking upward, the boy realized whence the beautiful sounds had come.

The incident had refreshed and comforted him. Looking around him, he began to perceive that he was not following the directions which had been given him, and he retraced his steps. At first he had been almost stunned by the noise and the throngs; but now he began to formulate his thoughts, and to observe, in his own unsophisticated fashion, what was going on around him. He was beginning to reach the wholesale district, and the solid masses of masonry that rose all about him made the passageways between them seem like a dark tunnel, roofed only by a narrow strip of blue sky. Wealth such as he had never dreamed of was represented by their massiveness, and lay hidden within their walls; but the boy noticed only their immensity and dinginess, wondering if perhaps they might not be prisons, and marvelling how any human being could tarry long behind their doors and not stifle for want of God's blessed air.

Men with frowning faces, eyes intent on some mysterious object they seemed to be in search of, though invisible to ordinary ken, hurried past him, unobservant of each other, jostling shoulder to shoulder, each without saluting or even recognizing the proximity of his fellowman. "Something terrible must have happened here to-day," soliloquized the young Irish boy, as he observed the same strange, feverish glance from every eye. But they were only the financiers of

the city and their subordinates, pushing through the babel of noise and confusion, all engaged in the same pursuit—the battle for gold, the struggle for life. Suddenly a kind of hush, a temporary lull, seemed to fall upon the crowd. Once more rippled forth a peal of bells, solemn and slow, cleaving the air with their regular vibrations,—the bells of Old Trinity, and the hour of noon.

Willie paused in front of a fruit-stall and bought a few apples. He would fain have asked some questions of the vender, but the man shook his head. He was a Russian Jew, a stranger like himself, who could not as yet speak a word of English. Willie wondered at the courage and enterprise which had enabled him to engage as a purveyor of merchandise in a land to which but a few days ago he had been a stranger, and whose speech was to him an unknown tongue.

O my boy! It might safely be predicted to you that ten years hence, when you are, it is to be hoped, fervently blessing the Providence that has permitted you to return and acquire in your own loved country a few acres more than your sorrowing mother now possesses, yonder apple-vender will be the proprietor of a flourishing commercial business, or perhaps even of a bank in the densely populated quarter where the people of his race multiply and grow wealthy. Yet, if so, would you exchange with him, or would you envy him? No,—a thousand times no!

The Irish are by nature and tradition an agricultural people, driven by force of circumstances into occupations for which they are not fitted, and for which God never ordained them. But there are—thank God!—thousands and hundreds of thousands among them like this boy, who, peeling his apple as he walks along in the shadow of the tall buildings to avoid the fierce sun of noonday, longs to be back in Ireland.

On and on, almost aimlessly now, so fervid is the imagination, so vivid the dream of the bright future. And at last

he catches a whiff of salt air; blue waters stretch beyond; there are little boats riding the waves, their white sails like the wings of birds. He has gone too far; he turns about once more; and then, pulling himself together, he asks a few questions of a policeman who is standing at a corner. The man answers him civilly enough and puts him on his way.

It would be idle and useless repetition to relate the impressions and reflections that filled the mind and soul of the young Irishman as, after many devious turnings, he began to traverse the purlieus of the "Bend." They were the same as those that had taken possession of his sister the morning she walked by her uncle's side to the new home to which he was leading her.

When at last the "Red Eagle" came into view, Willie exclaimed half aloud:

"God would never forgive her if she *didn't* run away from such a horrible place as that—or this, all around!"

But when he reached the spot, he found the pavement and entrance occupied by a crowd of children; for the doors of the barroom were closed, and bore the sign "For Rent" upon the grimy shutters.

"Is this where Mr. Malone lives?" inquired Willie of a ragged little fellow who was balancing a pale but pretty baby upon his shoulder.

"He used to," replied the boy; "but now he's in the 'Tombs.'"

"Oh!" exclaimed Willie, in surprise. "When did he die?"

"He isn't dead!" shouted a dozen childish mouths in shrill chorus, while the spokesman continued: "He's in the Tombs,—he's in jail."

"In jail? For what?"

"For cheating at elections. And they say he may get ten years at Sing Sing."

"He deserved it," said a tidy little woman who had joined the group; and her soft Southern Irish accent was welcome to Willie's ear.

"He hadn't a good name among his neighbors?" he inquired, resolved to learn all he could of his uncle, with whom he

did not intend to claim any connection to the group before him.

"He had *not*, then," was the reply. "A meaner man or a more grasping man than Tim Malone never lived."

"He owns this place?"

"Oh, no! He only rented it from Bushman, who was found dead in his room Monday. But Malone sublet it, and many's the poor creature he ground to pieces."

"How long has he been in jail?" asked Willie.

"A month or so. Bushman was to be locked up too, for paying money for bribes; maybe he died of the fright of it. That's what the papers say."

"Terrible!" said Willie. "He wasn't an Irishman, was he?"

"No: a Frenchman. He was shaking with age, and he wanted to marry Malone's niece, but she wouldn't have him; Malone treated her harshly, to force her to it; some say he beat her. But she ran away at last—the Lord bless her!—and Malone was wild with rage over it."

Willie blinked his eyes to hide the tears that began to fill them.

"What was she like?" he asked, with as much indifference as he could assume.

"A fine, decent girl, pretty as a picture and sweet as a flower. Modest she was, not like the rest in the 'Bend.' Seldom did any one see her out except when she went to Mass. But she began to look pale and thin before she ran away. She went out to church one Sunday morning and never came back."

"God preserve her!" exclaimed Willie solemnly, lifting his cap and looking up at the heavens.

One of the little boys began to giggle, but his companion withheld him by a pinch on the arm. The others looked grave; they were not wholly depraved, poor children!

Although, as we have said, Willie had not intended to betray his connection with Malone, the thought that by doing so he might learn something more of Ellie induced him to change his resolve.

"Tell me," he said, addressing the woman, "is there any way do you think, ma'am, I could get word of Ellie? She's my only sister, and my mother at home is wearing her heart out for her. Or is there any one in the neighborhood that might know something of her?"

"Jule would, maybe!" cried the largest boy in the group.

"Who is Jule, and where is she?"

"Over at Cronin's boarding-house," replied the woman. "She lived with the Malones a long time. He turned her out, and she was going back to the old country, but she fell sick, poor old creature."

"Will some one take me to her?" asked Willie.

"I'll take you," said the woman. "So you're Malone's nephew? 'Tis a pity, for you seem a decent boy."

"There's not a drop of his mean blood in my veins, thank God!" responded Willie, fervently. "'Twas my poor aunt that had the misfortune to be married to him, ma'am."

A few steps brought them to "Cronin's." There was a dark, narrow side entrance, and a narrower and darker stairway, up which his guide conducted Willie, who was fearful of falling at every step. When they arrived at the top, she led him through a long passage, till they reached a door at the end. This the woman opened, ushering him into a veritable closet, totally dark and without a window. She seemed familiar with the surroundings; for she lit a candle that stood on a shelf over the camp-bed on which the woman lay. The place contained no other article of furniture; it was too small to have held more.

The old woman was lying with her face to the wall. She had been asleep, but the entrance of the visitors had awakened her. With difficulty she turned on her pallet.

"'Tis my shoulders and back that do be hurting greatly. Ah, is it you, Mary Hynes?" she murmured.

"I've brought you a young man that

wanted to see you," answered the woman. "He's a brother of Ellie McMahon. And now," she went on, with that true delicacy to be found nearly always among the poorest of the Irish poor, "I'll leave him to talk to you while I go in and chat a bit with Mrs. Cronin."

The old woman endeavored to rest upon her elbow, but she could not.

"It's no use trying," she said: "I can't rise. I wanted to get a look at your face. If it's anything like Ellie's 'twill be a good one."

Willie took the candle from the shelf and, holding it close to his face, knelt down beside her.

"Now look at me!" he said very gently.

"You are like her. 'Tis the same smile. What news of her?"

"I came to you for that," he answered. "They thought you might know."

"I thought I did myself," said the old woman,— "I thought I did, till I sent for the priest; but he told me 'No,'"

"What priest?" asked Willie.

"The one at the Mission."

"What Mission?"

"The Holy Rosary, where they care for emigrant girls. She was to go there, but she didn't."

"Oh, tell me what you know of her!" cried Willie, in a shaking voice. "'Twas only to find her that I came over."

"To find her? How came you to know that she left Malone? She vowed she wouldn't tell you till she had earned a little money, and could send good news."

"Malone wrote," said Willie.

"What did he say, the villain? I'll warrant 'twas some black lie."

"He said she ran away on account of a marriage, and stole twenty pounds."

"You didn't believe him?"

"To be sure we did not. We thought, though, maybe she fell in with some one on the ship over that she liked,—he said as much. 'Twas a mean letter, written in a way to make us think anything we pleased,—if we would; but God knows that twenty Malones couldn't put

thought in any of our heads against little Ellie,—our darling, our brave darling!”

He bowed his head and wept bitterly. Jule waited.

“’Twas a *leprechaun* he wanted her to marry,” she said,—“a yellow, wrinkled, toothless picture of Satan, the rightful father of him. ’Twas a bargain they made. Malone was to get money for it. I overheard them talking before she came. Bushman was rich. But she wouldn’t have a word to say to him,—no, not if she was to be hung with diamonds, nor to make you all wealthy; for, she said, you wouldn’t want wealth at that price.”

“God forbid!” said Willie.

“Malone bullied her and he hounded her, he coaxed and teased and tormented her. He sent me away and had her alone there, doing his housework for him. She threatened to go, but he told her she owed him twenty pounds and that she’d have to stay till she worked it out. He thought to browbeat her that way and conquer her, but he couldn’t do it.”

“Brave girl!” said Willie.

“She’d steal over here to me now and then,” Jule went on, “worrying and fretting to think how long ’twould be till she’d have the twenty pounds earned, to satisfy him for the money he sent over.”

“The hound he was!” said Willie, clenching his hands.

“You’ve named him rightly,” replied Jule. “Well and good. Bushman got tired of trying to win her. That made Malone furious. He began to drink hard; he always did that when things went wrong with him. She was afraid to be alone there with him. She decided to go to the Rosary Mission, and she told me she’d leave a note on top of the trunk, with some of her little clothes in it; and she’d tell him he could have them, trunk and all, for what they were worth, and she’d send him the rest of the money as soon as she earned it. She came here in the dark of the evening with a little blue skirt and blouse, and a black and gray shawl wrapped about her. She said the shawl was her mother’s, and

she wouldn’t part with it. She was to leave early next morning, by way of going to Mass. I thought her safe at the Rosary, but the priest tells me she never came there.”

“Does the priest live at the Rosary?”

“Not that priest; but he went and asked there, and they told him she was to come, but she didn’t; and that’s all I know.”

“God help her wherever she is!” said Willie.

“He will,” answered the old woman, solemnly,—“He will! He takes care of His own. Don’t fear for Ellie, if she’s living. No one could persuade her to do a wrong thing. Maybe some kind soul took her in from Mass.”

“But wouldn’t she have told you?”

“She’d be afraid of Malone.”

“He hasn’t a farthing of a claim on her. He owed my poor dead father far more than he sent to Ellie. I put an advertisement in the paper to-day. Do you think she’ll see it?”

“She might,—I don’t know.”

“I’ll have to think what to do,” said the boy.

“Where are you stopping?”

“I landed only this morning.”

“You might stay here a few days. Mrs. Cronin is a good, kind woman,—if you can manage with the poor, uncomfortable place.”

“I can for a while.”

“Very well. You’ll find her in the kitchen opposite. Come in and see me again in the morning, will you?”

“I will. I’ll go over to the Rosary Mission to-day.”

“Do. ’Twill satisfy you.”

Willie soon made his arrangements. He was given a bed in a room with four others, but was thankful for any place to rest his tired limbs. His room-mates, laborers, were still at work. Throwing himself upon the cot, he slept soundly for several hours. It was five o’clock when he awoke and went out. He found the Mission without difficulty. The priest

was very kind, but could give him no information. Ellie had been there, and had made arrangements to return as soon as she could get away from Malone's, but she had not come. The good priest could not understand why.

Willie turned sorrowfully away. Despite what Jule had told him, he had hoped against hope, thinking that perhaps some news of her might have reached the Mission in the interval. What puzzled him most was that Ellie, who had been so thoughtful and loving, could have remained so long in New York without sending more than one short letter. How was he to know that she had written another letter, in order to relieve their anxiety; that, being a stranger, she had given it to a child to post; and that Malone, having met the messenger, had confiscated and destroyed it?

(To be continued.)

Easter Blooms.

BY JOSEPH F. WYNNE.

I HAVE a favor to ask of you, Bern," said one young man to another, toward the close of the day's business in a banking establishment in which the two were employed. "It will oblige me, and others who have asked me to look after the matter for them; and I believe you will not be doing an ill turn for yourself either," the speaker went on. "You see, our tenor over at St. Barnabas' has been taken ill, and we greatly need some one in his place for Easter Sunday,—for the Evensong service especially. Now, there is nobody in town that has a voice like yours, and I told Dr. Herrick I was sure we could depend on you for the occasion. I told him—"

"I am sorry, Edgar, you were so positive about it," interrupted the other,—“very sorry indeed; for I hate to have it happen that you can not make the promise good. But it will be impossible for me

to do as you request,—quite impossible."

"Impossible! Why?" asked the other. "It is a whole week yet; so you can easily, if you will, arrange any ordinary matter or other engagement that would interfere. You don't have to go to many rehearsals either. I heard you sing 'Face to Face' at the benefit concert last month, and I am sure—"

"Oh, it is not that!" said the young man who was declining the invitation,—“it is not that, Ed. I have no engagement especially to put aside, but I don't belong to that church. I look upon it as being in error, and therefore I could not conscientiously go there and join in the worship."

Edgar Bennett laughed.

"Well, you poor, narrow-minded Plymouth Rock splinter!" he said. "What in the world difference does that make? Why, I do not believe there is one in St. Barnabas' congregation that has any fixed belief about anything himself or that expects it from another. You see, we are of the Reformed Episcopal order, and we keep right up to the name,—reforming, improving, clipping off and spreading out all the time, until there is practically nothing at all left of the old system. You just leave your over-sensitive conscience at home, where it belongs on occasions of this sort, old man, and bring your beautiful voice along for Easter evening; that is all we care about."

"But I care,—*have* to care," replied the objector; "there is no clipping off and that sort of thing to the Church to which I belong. Said Church, moreover, is very direct and positive in the laws she lays down for her followers. I belong to the old and unchangeable, Edgar: I am a Catholic,—a Roman Catholic."

"A Catholic!—you!" said the other, in some surprise. "Why, you seem to be a jolly good fellow, Bern Murray,—just like any of us; and I never guessed you were hedged around by those mediæval ways and notions that prevail, I understand—"

"No, you don't understand at all; that's

just what is the matter with you," said Murray, laughing in turn. "I should have thought you would have guessed from my name, 'Bernard Murray,' what my religious affiliations must be. I wear a good, staunch old Catholic name, Ed, and I purpose to live up to it. We are not allowed, as Catholics, to lend ourselves to practices such as you would invite me to now, though I am sure with the kindest intention. Of course you did not understand the obstacles in the way."

"And I don't yet," said Edgar, rather sullenly. "I don't see why you can not be obliging and accommodating, no matter what church you belong to. I have known persons who were not Catholics to sing in Catholic churches, and I don't see why you can't go to ours."

Bernard Murray shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, for my part, I think it decidedly out of order for Catholics, regarding the Protestant system as altogether wrong, to join in their service on any account. Furthermore, this sort of thing is forbidden by our Church,—directly forbidden. I believe there is but one right in religion as in everything else, and that we are obliged to declare ourselves for it at all times."

Just then an interruption occurred. The cashier claimed the attention of one of the young men, and the subject was dropped.

The next day was Sunday, and that night Edgar Bennett had the honor and extreme pleasure of attending the daughter of the bank president home from the evening service at St. Barnabas', the church which they both attended.

"What do you think, Miss Gordon?" said the young man, in the midst of a gossiping chatter which the two kept up as they walked along slowly, in no hurry at all to reach their destination,—at least certainly not on the gentleman's part. "What do you think?" he repeated. "I made a discovery about our friend Bernard Murray yesterday. I asked him to go over and sing for Easter Sunday evening

at our church (he is a good tenor, you know), but he refused,—he refused point-blank; says he is a Catholic, if you please,—a Roman Catholic, and, I could see by the way he talked, one of the rank bigots of that class, into the bargain."

"Indeed!" murmured Miss Gordon. "I sometimes wondered, from the name, if Mr. Murray might not be a Catholic, but am surprised to hear that he is a bigot."

"Oh, yes, he is a downright bigot!" said her companion. "Would not enter our church or sing a note there to oblige anybody in the world. Is forbidden to by his Church, and that settles it. Not necessary to ask questions when his Church says do a thing or don't do it. I can not see for the life of me how people can bow down so to others on any account. If Dr. Herrick now, for instance, should set himself up, tell us we must do this or we must not do that, why, we would just laugh at him, don't you think? He can advise and recommend and describe how things are advantageous, or advise us to be so and so, or do so and so; but there, I think, his jurisdiction ends, don't you, Miss Gordon? Don't you think it would be preposterous for him or any other church authority to undertake to lay down the law for us in that set style which compels Murray to refuse to do a friend a little favor such as I asked of him?"

"I suppose so," said Miss Gordon, reflectively. "Yes it would seem very strange for any of our ministers to dictate to us in that fashion. But, then—oh, well, I don't know! So don't let's talk about it; let's talk about papa's anniversary next week. He will be twenty-five years head of the bank, you know. We must have the loveliest time ever for papa, and I want it to be all a surprise. It comes so near Easter, we are going to have Easter flowers all for decorations, and everything else suggestive of the day. The story will be in keeping with

the uprising of the business too, you know. The bank was an insignificant affair when papa took hold of it, and see what it has grown to,—just as the Easter lilies rise from an insignificant little bulb to luxuriance and beauty."

"An excellent simile, Miss Gordon," said the young man,—*"excellent indeed! We must remember that and bring it out in one of the toasts. By Jove, I think I can fit it into my speech! And I shall feel very proud indeed of my borrowed eloquence, on account of the source from which it comes."*

The anniversary celebration was at the height of its glory. The beautiful Gordon residence was overflowing with guests, and Miss Elsie, the charming daughter of the house, radiant in loveliness of face, form, and apparel.

She was rather fatigued from her long evening of pleasure; and just before the banquet hour, as she stood by the side of Bernard Murray, she mentioned, as it were accidentally, that a breath of fresh air aside from the throng would be welcome for a few moments before the summons to the banquet table.

"Certainly. Let us go," said Bernard, his heart giving a jump and thump at the singular honor, as he considered it, of being allowed—yes, even invited,—to attend upon her ladyship.

They crossed the hall into the library, according to Miss Gordon's further suggestion; and took a seat in a cosy corner of the big, comfortable room, where a many-hinged window, kept partially open, allowed entrance to a current of fresh night air. It was early spring, and too cold and raw to venture on much outdoor airing direct from the heated parlors.

"We will just take a breath for a moment," said Miss Gordon, seating herself and inviting her companion to follow her example. "We haven't much time for talking to-night, I am sorry to say, Mr. Murray; but in the few moments we may have I want to ask you some-

thing,—something I have been thinking about for a whole week now.

"I heard by accident the other evening that you were a Catholic,—one of the genuine, hard-shelled kind, if you will pardon me for the ungraceful comparison. Now, several years before mamma died, when she and papa went abroad, I was sent for a whole year to an academy—a Sisters' academy,—Catholic Sisters, you know. It was my parents' wish that I should not participate in any of the exercises of their religion; so, with some others, I was excused from attending their church services. In books and otherwise, however, from time to time I caught little snatches of what they believed; and what I learned interested me greatly. They were gentle, loving, and unselfish too, those dear Sisters; and I have often wondered why nobody who believes as we do is ever just like them.

"I long to know something more of their religion; and as I have grown older I have constantly grown more discontented with that to which I now belong. The very thing which recommends it to some—that there is no real authority there—is what has caused me the most dissatisfaction and distrust of its worth. Mr. Murray, I want to know about something else that is sure,—something that is right and doesn't hesitate to assert the fact both in precept and practice. Would you not kindly drop in at odd times and talk with me about the Catholic religion,—lend me some books? I don't say I wish to become a Catholic; I don't know about that; but I do want to learn what that religion is, what it teaches, and how it is that it has so much influence over those who do believe in it."

It would be utterly idle to prolong this "o'er true tale." Of course every astute reader, and those who are not so shrewd either, can now guess the ending. Yes, it all came out just exactly according to the natural conclusion. Bernard Murray was only too happy to "drop in at odd times" to teach the pretty young daughter of his

chief all she wanted to know about his sublime faith. Teaching her this, both he and she learned something more. And so one evening, about a year later, the Gordon home was again the scene of joyous festivity, and once more all the decorations were lilies. The occasion was the wedding reception of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Murray, the latter *née* Gordon. The wedding had taken place that morning, with Nuptial Mass, in the Catholic church, where both bride and groom were faithful attendants.

Mr. Gordon, who gave away the bride, was well satisfied with his daughter's wise choice of a thoroughly equipped business man, on whom he has the greatest reliance in the management of his own concerns. Mr. Gordon had no objections either to his daughter adopting the religion of her husband-to-be, though her conversion had other inspiration. The old gentleman, realizing that he is getting well down the shady side of life's hill, is beginning to have some serious thoughts too, and has promised his little girl to listen to certain instructions she proposes.

The only one really surprised at the outcome is Mr. Edgar Bennett. That young man says over and over again to his friend Dr. Herrick: "Well, we must admit, Doctor, that the Catholic Church is a corner on miracles all right. *There* is one for you, and no gainsaying it! Why, I would have no more expected Miss Gordon to turn Papist and marry one of the greatest bigots in the bunch, and the old man thinking of taking a seat in their pew over there, than I would expect myself to burn joss-sticks before a pop idol. No, nothing, I think, will ever surprise me again,—nothing, Doctor, not even to hear you have turned Mormon."



By flowers understand faith; by fruit, god works. As the flower or blossom is before the fruit, so is faith before good works; so neither is the fruit without the flower, nor good works without faith.

—St. Bernard.

Notes and Remarks.

The spiritualists have had their laugh at the materialists; now it is the turn of the theosophists, who are making merry—in a way—over Sir Oliver Lodge's declaration of belief in the possibility of communication with the dead, through recent experience of his own. The scientists have fallen into necromancy! The *Theosophical Quarterly* is not light reading by any means; but the we-told-you-so tone of its comments on Sir Oliver's declaration, one of which we shall quote, has amused us. The scientists are given no quarter. Their plea that good will follow to humanity by the scientific demonstration of immortality is scorned. "If men are not led into spiritual lives through spiritual teaching, they will never be led into spiritual lives through necromancy, even though it be adorned with the name of scientific research." The whirligig of time never compassed a more complete revenge than in this scathing rebuke administered by the theosophists to the scientists:

They stood with all their authority in the way of the enlightening of the world. They must now, morbidly and injuriously, transmit that light themselves; no longer pure, but turbid, tarnished, mingled with the gleams of the astral Gehenna, the rubbish heap in which are disintegrated the waste materials of life. And this turbid and impure light is now offered to their followers, whom they dissuaded from receiving the clear light of truth offered by the masters of wisdom and their agents, a quarter of a century ago. Here indeed is another of Time's revenges; and over this whole effort of research we are tempted to write the age-old inscription: "An evil and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign."

The announcement made by Sir Oliver Lodge and his colleagues has roused world-wide curiosity, and is sure to result in a revival of spiritism, which is the bastard recrudescence of pagan psychical research. The Church reprobrates it, and, as Father Bernard Vaughan said in a recent sermon, "spiritualism often enough means pre-

ferring the devil to Christ." Let all Catholics be warned to have nothing whatever to do with it. It is harmful as well as sinful.

Lovers of Newman, who have been pained at the persistent efforts of the discredited Modernists to claim that great father of souls as one of themselves, will read with genuine gratification this extract from a letter sent by the Holy Father to Bishop O'Dwyer, of Limerick:

And would that they [the Modernists] truly followed Newman as a teacher, not in the fashion of those who, given up to preconceived opinions, search his volumes, and with deliberate dishonesty extract from them something from which they contend that their views receive support; but that they might gather his principles pure and unimpaired, and his example and his spirit. From so great a master they may learn many noble things; in the first place, to hold the magisterium of the Church sacred, to preserve inviolate the doctrine handed down by the Fathers, and, what is the chief thing for the preservation of Catholic truth, to honor and obey with the utmost fidelity the Successor of the Blessed Peter.

This vindication of Newman's orthodoxy, while superfluous in the case of genuine and intellectually honest students of his writings, is a gracious act on the part of the Sovereign Pontiff—and ought to be the last word on the question.

As evidence both of the good effect of mission services on non-Catholics and of the decay of anti-Catholic prejudice throughout the United States, we quote the following paragraph from the Ithaca (N. Y.) *Daily News*:

Century after century the mighty arm of the Catholic Church has been stretched forth to subdue the powers of darkness. Unwavering in her professions, unswerving in her teachings, the grand old Church of Rome has thundered forth, year in and year out, that "the wages of sin is death." In vain have the tides of atheism beat against her adamantine ramparts; in vain has so-called advanced theology levelled its slung-shot and volley-fire into her entrenched camps. The Catholic Church stands to-day, as it has stood, for the inviolability of the faith, and supreme in the hearts of the people who

compose its membership. No one of properly balanced mind, in or out of the Catholic Church, can fail to admire and profoundly respect a structure that can survive all this—defy all this, without ever so much as asking quarter or receding a hair's-breadth. As for Christian people, professing whatever creed, they surely must rejoice that a defender of the faith so sturdy and so able remains to them. For the Catholic Church belongs by no means to the Catholic priesthood and to their immediate followers: it belongs to the Christian world. It is because of this fact—dimly perceived long ago, and now fully recognized by countless thousands blinded hitherto by an unreasoning prejudice—that the mission in progress at the Immaculate Conception Church takes on unusual interest.

And the article concludes with an exhortation to non-Catholics to join their Catholic friends "in hearing the mission Fathers"! Let us repeat once more what has been said innumerable times in connection with evidence of this sort: All that is needed to make our country Catholic is for every member of the Church to set his neighbor the example of a truly Christian life.

A regrettable feature of the multiplication of new books is that it causes old ones, which in many cases are distinctly better, to be neglected; they go out of print and are soon forgotten, though nothing may have adequately replaced them. We had occasion this week to consult "The Invitation Heeded: Reason for a Return to Catholic Unity"—a book by the Rev. James Kent Stone, now the Very Rev. Father Fidelis, C. P., published in 1870, shortly after his reception into the Church,—and could not help thinking what a boon a new edition of this work would be at the present time, when so many clergymen of the Protestant Episcopal Church, of which Father Fidelis was a shining light, are seriously investigating the claims of the Holy See on the allegiance and love. The book opens with the touching call of Pius IX. to all Protestants and other non-Catholics,—a call that the vast majority in the present generation have never heard, and the

would be listened to now with more respectful attention than it received when first issued. The very tone of the Holy Father's letter is compelling. In conclusion he writes:

Truly, in every prayer of Ours, beseeching and giving thanks, We cease not day and night to entreat humbly and earnestly for them, from the Eternal Pastor of souls, the abundance of light and heavenly grace. And since, notwithstanding Our unworthiness, We are His Vicar here upon earth, We therefore wait, with outstretched hands and with most ardent desire, the return of Our wandering children to the Catholic Church, that We may most lovingly welcome them to the home of their Heavenly Father, and enrich them with His exhaustless treasures. Upon this longed-for return to the truth and unity of the Catholic Church depends the salvation not only of individuals, but also of all Christian society; and never can the whole world enjoy true peace unless there shall be one Fold and one Shepherd.

Will our Catholic publishers take the hint?—fewer new books of no particular value or interest, and more frequent reprints of old books whose superior merits present-day readers would at once recognize and acclaim.

Whole-hearted admirers (if there exist any such) of the leaders in the sixteenth-century Reformation must be hard put to read with patience the dissertations of their twentieth-century heirs and assigns. Says Dr. Briggs, in a recent article:

A more thorough study of the Bible has shown that the Reformers were, all of them, greatly mistaken in their interpretations. Protestant theology has for the most part abandoned the high Augustinianism of the Reformers. The common doctrine of the present Protestant theologians would not be recognized by any of the Reformers. The dogmatic differences with Rome have no longer really exist or are in different forms, and concerned with different questions.

And a writer in the *Dial*, in the course of a review of Dr. Crapsey's "The Re-Birth of Religion," thus expresses himself:

Various elements of the old dogma, such as those of exclusive salvation and of hell, are not merely discarded, but are vigorously condemned as immoral. The author is as sure of his ground as he is earnest and courageous, and we can not otherwise than wish him well; but at several

points we find ourselves asking whether we are not escaping from one crassness to fall into another. The Catholics, with all their faults, have a certain justification for their institution of the confessional. Our God, if He is truly ours, must of necessity stand for something else than the noise and flurry of the outside world. In a philosophical sense, He may be everywhere; but for practical purposes He comes in through a small door in our most private room, and we see Him alone.

The sanity of this last sentence somewhat atones for the rather bumptious fashion in which the writer refers to the largest body of Christians, and to an institution of which the great Leibnitz wrote: "Assuredly there is nothing more beautiful nor more worthy of admiration in the Christian religion."

In the course of a thoughtful and more than usually interesting study of "The Race Question," as it presents itself in Canada, Mr. Francis W. Grey, with whose writings our readers are not unfamiliar, says, in the *University Magazine* for April:

French Quebec has, in a word, come to be the last stronghold, on this continent, of ideals and traditions, social, and more especially educational, which are essentially no less British than French, no less Protestant than they are Catholic; the traditions and ideals of the Churchmen of Virginia, of Puritan New England. Essentially, since in their ultimate terms they may be defined as adherence to two main principles: first, that "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom"; and, secondly, that any system which attempts to resolve the child's nature into its component elements, spiritual, mental, and physical; and neglects the first and most vitally important of the three, is in no true sense education.

No true friend of the French-Canadian, or the Canadian generally, will wish to see such traditions and ideals pass away. The pity is that they have so surely passed from other portions of the American continent.

The humor of learned men is *sui generis*,—as dry as the parchment covered tomes among which they are supposed to revel at all waking hours. We remember a professor of mathematics whose

invariable custom it was, at the beginning of the scholastic year, to admonish his class in solemn tones to this effect: "Students who expect to rate as gentlemen should not expectorate on the floor." There is a touch of the same dry humor in the announcement which Father Rickaby, S. J., makes in his little book entitled "The Modernist":

I have a short examination paper ready to serve on any one who will assert that Catholic teaching clashes with physical science—these three questions:

Q. 1. With what particular branch of physical science does Catholic teaching clash?

Q. 2. What particular knowledge have you of that particular branch?

Q. 3. What knowledge have you of Catholic teaching?

This examination, I flatter myself, would eliminate about three-quarters of our opponents. Their knowledge of science would frequently be found to derive from "the little manuals,"—those little manuals that rush in where the great angels of discovery fear to tread,—those little manuals that know all things, as do boys of sixteen.

The truth of the old saw that "a little learning is a dangerous thing" is aptly illustrated in Father Rickaby's examination paper. Those little manuals have done a great deal of mischief in the world.

In an appreciative review of the Abbé Lesêtre's "L'Histoire Sainte," a writer in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* comments on the Abbé's occasional digressions in the form of "homely chats" by which to instil into the reader's mind some guiding principles of wide application. Here is one such chat concerning miracles:

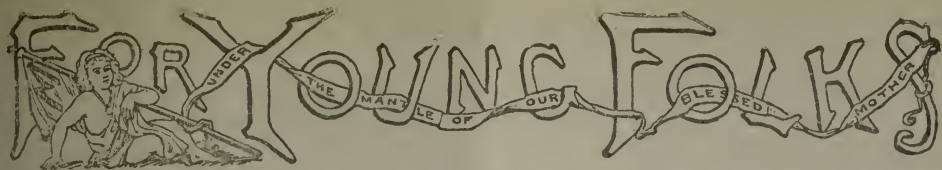
Men, in virtue of their free will and their own energy, are constantly offering resistance to the laws of nature by preventing them from producing the effects which, left to themselves, they would naturally produce. Why should the power of modifying these laws be granted to men and denied to their Author? It is said that this would imply the upsetting of nature. But God no more upsets the laws of nature by momentarily drying up the bed of the Jordan than engineers upset these laws by making bridges and boring mountains. Who does not see, besides, that outside the laws of mathematics, which belong to divine reason itself, all

the laws of the physical world are what they are in virtue of an arbitrary will, which would have been able to establish them in other conditions? Should the will that had the power of fixing these laws lose all power over them? The most elementary logic is obliged to affirm the contrary. The adversaries of miracles, who are asked to base their denial of them on even the semblance of reason, have not yet succeeded in issuing forth from a very vicious circle: "The supernatural is impossible because it has never been proved in the world. The supernatural can not be proved in the world because it is impossible." It would be more honest to say: "Not wishing to admit the supernatural, we refuse to examine the facts that are presented to us as implying its existence."

In that last sentence, the Abbé has hit off excellently the conscious or unconscious mental attitude of most non-Catholics anent modern miracles.

Professor Bowne, of Boston University, has been explaining in the *Christian Advocate* just what he thinks of Christian Science, the justification of his article being the fact that the Christian Scientists have frequently referred to him as a philosopher not at all antagonistic to their doctrines. While there is nothing particularly novel in the professor's analysis, his concluding sentences express a thought worth consideration. "Christian Science," he says, "appears to be simply an emphasis of a truth quite overlooked in the recent materialistic period, and never until lately duly emphasized by medical science,—namely, that the state of mind has great significance for health or disease; and that, therefore, the wise thing for all persons to do, who hope to live, is to maintain as much cheerfulness and hopefulness and courage as possible. With this understanding, Christianity is probably the best prescription for successful living that can be given."

To carry Professor Bowne's dictum to its logical conclusion, Catholicism is the specific prescription; and, among Catholics, the practical kind, habitually free from mortal sin, are by long odds the most likely to be cheerful, hopeful, and courageous.



At Easter Time.

AT Easter time the very sky
Is of a clearer blue,
As if the gentle April rains
Had washed it clean and new.

At Easter time the flower-bells
Swing gaily to and fro,
As if because of happiness—
I wonder if they know?

At Easter time the merry birds
Chant forth from every tree.
And *Alleluia* is the song
It really seems to be.

At Easter time my heart is glad,
Just like the flowers of spring,
Or like the happy little birds
That in the sunshine sing.

At Easter time the world is gay,
And gone is winter's gloom;
For Mary's Son, our dearest Lord,
Hath risen from the tomb!

C.

The New Scholar at St. Anne's.

BY MARION J. BRUNOWE.

III.—ISABEL SCORES.

WELL, girls, shall we or shall we not?" Helen paused, her pencil suspended over the paper on the desk before her, her bright eyes asking the question which her lips had just put. "No!—I say no, no, *no*,—a hundred times *no*!" And Grace Winton shook her head decidedly.

Helen's usually bright expression changed to one of distress, and her glance sought Blanche Burton.

"I think she's right enough at heart, and anyway she—she could be influenced. vote yes," was the latter's comment.

Helen continued to gaze at the last speaker rather oddly for a moment or so, then her eyes sought those of Rosebud.

"If you want my opinion," drawled that damsel—"and I suppose I am entitled to give it,—I say yes, admit her by all means. She promises to be no end of fun; and, besides—" (Rosebud paused reflectively), "she's got lovely clothes, and I guess she'll have lots of 'good things.'"

"O Rose, you gourmand!" protested Helen; while Madeleine Hunt laughed approval, and Grace kicked vigorously at the leg of the desk in front of her.

Rosebud was plump and fair—and indolent. Rosa Budd was her full and proper name; it had not been hard to combine, beautify and shorten it.

Helen's glance returned to Grace.

"Three ayes have carried it," she said, with a queer little hesitancy of tone. "We shall have to submit, Grace."

"Why—weren't *you* going to vote aye, either?" questioned Madeleine, with blunt inquisitiveness.

Helen hesitated; then—

"I don't think I like her," she said slowly. "Perhaps I shall—later on, but I don't now."

"Oh, well, if you put it that way," returned Madeleine, "I don't think we've any of us fallen in love with her; but, you see, we've been growing a little dull again lately, and I, on my part, should relish a cyclonic disturbance or two."

The speech was characteristic of Madeleine Hunt. Given a leader, she would always follow.

Helen bent over the desk a moment; and wrote "Isabel Kersey," in large, bold letters, across the sheet of paper; then she sat back in her chair, dropping the paper, and clasping her hands behind her head as she did so.

"Madeleine," she began, in measured

tones, out of which, however, with difficulty she kept a thrill, "count me in for a cyclone too. I can't stand this—this any longer," and she hesitated, a wave of her hands indicating vaguely everything in sight; "I positively *can't!*" The thrill vibrating through the last words was now unmistakable.

All four looked at her for a moment in utter silence; then—

"It does seem so odd," drawled Rosebud. "Almost six months have passed, and none of us has once been in punish class."

"Well, I'm down for to-night," said Grace in a reckless tone; "and from now on, as long as you are going to admit that girl, I'll be down for every night in the week."

"You're very foolish to set yourself so against her," remarked Madeleine, sagely. "I don't believe Sister Marietta is going to be a bit more interested in her than in any other new scholar; she acts adorably to all new girls, you know."

"And pray what has that to do with me?" queried Grace, shortly.

"Considerable,—quite considerable, as you very well know, Miss Jealousy," was the retort. "You acted horribly on the dormitory floor last night. It was abominably rude, you know, if nothing else," concluded Madeleine, candidly.

Grace looked away and bit her lip. Truth to tell, she *was* ashamed of her conduct of the night before. It is not easy, however, to acknowledge that one has been in the wrong. Grace found it much more in accord with her temperament to endeavor to brave it out.

"I don't believe in politeness," was her startling assertion. "It's just hypocrisy most of the time."

"Tell Sister Berenice that next time we have etiquette class," purred Rose, lazily.

This suggestion evidently struck the four as supremely ludicrous; for even Grace herself joined in the general laugh which followed it.

All were recalled to the matter in hand, however, by Helen Marr's rather serious tones. Helen was born to be a leader; she had initiative, independence, originality. They were gifts which the fairy godmother had bestowed upon her at birth; but they were gifts which, in the environment of a convent school, frequently drew down trouble upon her head. To such a character, hard and fast rules are peculiarly irksome. When no adequate *reason* for some of these rules is apparent, the rebellious nature more actively rebels. When, from its very nature, the *absurdity* of a rule is apparent, there are no lengths to which opposition to it may not go. Thus and now it had happened to Helen Marr. Besides (and this was no unimportant factor in shaping the events about to be narrated), spring was in the air,—spring with its restless stirrings, its insistent callings, its awakening of all the earth. Helen had heard the first robin that very morning, and—well, Helen said it was all the robin's fault; he sang of freedom, freedom, *freedom*; and rules are fetters.

Happy in the main in her life in the convent—a life which she had known since she, a motherless child, had been placed there at the early age of six,—there yet were periods of irregular occurrence when, in the vernacular of the school, 'Helen Marr was off the track.' It was at the recurrence of one of these periods that she and Grace Winton, equally startling and uncertain of temperament when the mood was on, had organized "The Madcap Set,"—a group of five damsels, the constitution and by-laws of whose organization consisted of the simple but comprehensive statement that they intended to break any rules which they found too irksome. They would, however, always break them "honorably." By "honorably," Miss Marr had rather ingeniously explained that they did not propose to do anything secretly: if they found it necessary to break a rule, they would break it openly, in the face of all the school. It seemed incompre-

hensible that Sister Berenice should have characterized this, as she did at the time, "unparalleled impudence." But, then, Sister Berenice was not given to subtle shadings or reservations in her judgments, which were always promptly rendered, and invariably stern. With her, it was uncompromisingly "yea" or "nay." But Mother Margaret understood; and Sister Alice, beloved of the five, and Sister Marietta understood, but hardly approved.

A wholesale defiance of *all* the rules had been the first proposition suggested after organization. The attempt had been succeeded by results rather disastrous to the five.

A realizing sense of wrongdoing in this connection had led to the voluntary breaking up of "The Madcap Set." A month later, Helen Marr had advanced a whimsical suggestion to the effect that they be henceforth known as the "Remains of the Set." The idea had tickled the fancy of Grace Winton. Rosebud had acquiesced, secretly relieved that the ostracism which she had dreaded as the result of her own particular connection with the misfortunes of the little party was not to be meted out to her; though it must be confessed that had Grace Winton had her way unchecked, it would have been. But Helen's counsels prevailed. Her own conversion to law and order had been as whole-hearted as had been her defection therefrom. If Rose had been "mean" in the past, why, so be it. But that was past and done with; why not forget it? Grace found this forgetting more difficult.

Madeleine and Blanche also, being both willing to belong to the "Remains," the corpse came to life, so to speak, in a manner astonishing, to say the least. Their avowed purpose of existence now was the providing of legitimate amusement for the school. Superfluous energy was devoted principally to the arrangement of dramatic entertainments, with Helen as the star, and Grace, always the villain, or "villainess," as the

exigencies of the convent boarding school conditions called for.

In the production of these often very creditable, and sometimes very silly, performances, collaborators were necessary, and were recruited from among other members of the Third Class; which collaboration, however, did not entitle those furnishing it to membership in the "Remains." That constituted, as it were, the governing body, and had not been enlarged since organization.

The proposition to admit to it another member, and that a new girl, and that, moreover, upon her own demand for admission therein, was one of those odd and unexpected events which take place any day and every day about us. True, the possibility of doing so had been suggested by Helen herself, but on the impulse of the moment. Miss Kersey both attracted and repelled her. She instinctively recognized large possibilities of various kinds in the make-up of the new arrival, and she had no small share of natural curiosity as to how these possibilities would be developed. Yes, Miss Kersey promised to be well "worth while," provided she did not succumb too rapidly and too completely to the spell of Sister Marietta's influence. Succumb she would eventually, Helen intuitively divined; she had more than the ordinary schoolgirl's quick alertness in scenting out a budding infatuation, and the signs were there. Helen could not define them in words at this stage of the proceedings, but she *felt* them in the atmosphere; to her ardent temperament that was enough. The new girl would fall head over ears in love with Sister Marietta; that was as sure as the crack of doom. Helen was conscious of a decidedly wicked wish that what she regarded as the inevitable in this case would be deferred for—well, for a long time.

That long stretch between the Christmas and Easter recess is, to the average pupil, and perhaps to the teacher too, quite the

hardest period in the year. Lent, which had begun in an access of fervor, all of a sudden seemed a weary season of endless, though it is true voluntarily undertaken, penances. Helen had, of her own volition, given up candy and butter and all the desserts which especially appealed to her—tarts and crullers and pie. Heroically she had partaken of boiled rice and molasses, and corned beef and cabbage, and cooked turnips, all of which she abhorred. She had made the Stations and said the Rosary till, as she now suddenly realized, her knees were sore.

Of course others had done much the same; there was always a very penitential spirit abroad at St. Anne's at the opening of Lent. That it should subside a bit before the end was but natural. The subsidence, however, was in most cases gradual, barely perceptible; in some few, the fervor but increased. The unblushing backsliders had always been in a very small minority. It calls for a certain individuality to stand apart from one's fellows even in wrongdoing; and that individuality is the curse or the blessing, however used, of but the few. Helen Marr had the blessing, or the curse, and was, moreover, in a very backsliding mood. She supposed she would repent by the middle of Holy Week at the latest, but it was now only a little past *mi-carême*. Much could happen in a week, a few days; she had an uncontrollable desire to see just what *would* happen, were the new girl admitted to membership in the "Remains."

Hence when she now spoke it was to predict in all seriousness to her companions that if Isabel Kersey was to be admitted to the "Remains," something would happen; therefore, as nothing in particular was happening at present, why not admit her? Helen stopped at that. For her, this was wonderful conservatism; but in her soul something warned her that it was "thusly," and "thusly" only, that she could carry her point.

Grace Winton looked at her sharply for a moment. Then she laughed, and

there was a note of mockery in her fresh, young voice. Rosebud looked indolently expectant, Madeleine tremulously so. Blanelie Burton smiled quietly.

"*Anything* may happen," she said enigmatically.

And, so and thus, by a vote of four—for Grace was still obdurate,—Isabel Kersey became a duly accredited member of the "Remains."

(To be continued.)

The Rose of Sharon.

The Rose of Sharon is one of the most exquisite flowers in shape and hue. Its blossoms are bell-shaped, and of many mingled hues and dyes; but its history is legendary and romantic in the highest degree. In the East—throughout Syria, Judea, and Arabia—it is regarded with the greatest reverence. The leaves that encircle the round blossoms dry close together when the season of blossom is over; and the stalk, withering completely away from the bush on which it grew, and having dried up in the shape of a ball, is carried by the sport of the breeze to great distances. In this way it is borne over the sandy waters and deserts, until at last, touching some moist place, it clings to the soil, where it immediately takes fresh root, and springs to life and beauty again. For this very reason the Orientals have adopted it as emblem of the Resurrection.

The Rose of Sharon is also an emblem of our Blessed Mother; indeed, this is one of her titles. "I am the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the valleys" (Cant., ii, 1). The rose is the queen of flowers, and she is the Queen of all creatures. It is an emblem of love and beauty, and she is the "Mother of fair love," and the most beautiful of earth's children.

THE cock on church towers is a symbol of the Resurrection, as Christ's rising took place at cockcrow.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Two other volumes have just been added to the New Mediæval Library (Chatto & Windus): "The Babe's Book: Mediæval Manners for the Young," and "The Legend of the Holy Fina, Virgin of Santo Geminiano."

—"Sprays of Shamrock," gathered by Dympna, is brought out by R. & T. Washbourne in a slightly larger form than was originally accorded to it by M. & S. Eaton. The "sprays" are notable sayings of Irish saints.

—Tuckerman's "Reader of French Pronunciation" and Umphrey's "Spanish Prose Composition" are among the late additions to the modern language texts offered by the American Book Co. Both works are supplied with vocabularies, and are arranged to meet the difficulties which usually beset beginners in French and Spanish.

—A new edition, at a reduced price, of the late Agnes M. Clerke's "Popular History of Astronomy During the Nineteenth Century" is a welcome announcement by the Macmillan Co. This book is peculiarly adapted to the requirements of library use, not only in public libraries, but especially in those of educational institutions, from the grammar school upward.

—The Rev. Edmund Lester, S. J., has compiled, and Messrs. R. & T. Washbourne have brought out in neat pamphlet form, an excellent "Manual and Guide to the Sodality of Our Lady." Apart from a clear exposition of general statutes and rules, of the duties of the various officers, and of the proper steps to be taken in the establishment of a sodality, there is a very interesting historical sketch, tracing the story of the Sodality of Our Lady from its birth in 1563 down to the present day.

—The American Book Co. have added Irving's Sketch-Book and Franklin's Autobiography to their "Gateway Series of English Texts." Both works are carefully edited and are supplied with the needed notes. From the same publishers we have received a useful "Outline for Review in English History," by Newton and Treat, which should meet with favor at the hands of busy teachers. The little manual includes a good index and a set of typical examination questions.

—An excellent paper, read at the Catholic Conference, Preston, England, last September, by Bertram C. A. Windle, M. D., F. R. S., appears as a pamphlet of the London C. T. S. It is entitled "Scientific Facts and Scientific Hypoth-

eses." The opening sentence smacks of its general quality: "Many persons proclaim and still more believe, being for the most part wholly ignorant of one or other or both subjects, that between religion and science there is an absolute incompatibility,—nay, more, a conflict to the death."

—From the Society of the Propagation of the Faith, New York, comes an exceptionally interesting and valuable little work of 154 pages, in paper covers—"A Catechism of Modernism," translated from the French of the Rev. J. B. Lemius, O. M. I., at St. Joseph's Seminary, Dunwoodie, N. Y. The catechism is founded on Pius X.'s Encyclical *Pascendi Dominici Gregis*, and we cordially commend it as a thoroughly lucid explanation, which will enable the general reader, the man in the street, to think clearly and talk intelligently of that "synthesis of heresies" with which it deals.

—Father David Bearne, S. J., surely believes in the apostolate of good books; for he keeps adding to them, and usually in favor of boys. "Sheer Pluck, and Other Stories" (Benziger Brothers), will be eagerly read, and no one who reads them will be unimpressed. There is piety, common-sense and interest in every page. "Tommie and His Mates" (The Catholic Truth Society, London) is another fine collection of stories for live boys, by the same author. Jack, Herbert, Bill, and Dick are among the "mates," and all are centres of interest. The atmosphere of these stories is altogether English, and perhaps "Black Lambs" will seem overdrawn to young American readers.

—In "The Holy Gospel According to Saint Mark," with introduction and notes by the Rev. Cecil Burns, M. A., the Evangelist's narrative is treated chiefly as a document. The geographical background and the historical details of the subject-matter usually found in handbooks of the Gospels have been to a large extent omitted, the attention being confined principally to the text. A noteworthy and useful feature of the book is the printing in display type (Clarendon) of those parts of St. Mark's Gospel that are not found in either St. Matthew's or St. Luke's. An excellent volume for the Biblical student or the educated general reader. London: Catholic Truth Society.

—The new series of books, for young and old readers, to be known as the St. Nicholas Series, and to be issued, under the editorship of Dom Bede Camm, by Messrs. Macdonald and Evans,

London, should have a hearty welcome on both sides of the Atlantic. The first object of the series is to offer Catholics a wide range of good reading in the most attractive form. Type, paper, illustrations, printing and binding will be all that could be desired. The first four volumes are: "Barnaby Bright," by Father David Bearne, S. J.; "Father Mathew," by Katharine Tynan; "Jeanne D'Arc: the Maid of France," by C. M. Anthony, with preface by Father Benson; and "The Story of Blessed Thomas More," by a nun of Tyburn Convent, with a preface by Dom Camm.

— "At Mercy's Shrine," compiled and arranged by a Sister of Mercy, and published by James Duffy & Co. (Dublin), is a manual of devotions for the laity. Besides the features usual to such manuals, there are Scriptural texts emphasizing the mercy of our Divine Lord; hence the title of the book. Readers from Ireland will, no doubt, welcome the "Our Father," "Hail Mary" and *Salve Regina* printed in Irish. Another new prayer-book to which we are glad to call attention is "The Mission Remembrance," a collection of prayers recommended by the Redemptorist Fathers to those who have followed mission exercises under their guidance. This little manual is intended for the laity, is compiled by the Rev. P. Guermann, C. SS. R., and published in convenient form by Benziger Brothers.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

"A Catechism of Modernism." Rev. J. B. Lemius, O. M. I. 25 cts.

"Sheer Pluck and Other Stories." 85 cts.;

"Tommie and His Mates." \$1. Rev. David Bearne, S. J. \$1.

"The Holy Gospel According to St. Mark." Rev. Cecil Burns, M. A. \$1.

"Meditations and Devotions." Cardinal Newman. In three parts. Each, 40 cts., net.

"Round the World." Vol. IV. 85 cts.

"A Pilgrim from Ireland" 45 cts

"Heliotrope." Rev. John Rothensteiner. 60 cts., net.

"The Inquisition." E. Vacandard. \$1.60.

"The Prince of the Apostles." By the Rev. Paul James Francis, S. A., and the Rev. Spencer Jones, M. A. Cloth, \$1.25, net paper, 75 cts., net.

"Qualities of a Good Superior." Edited by the Rev. Ferreol Girardey, C. SS. R. \$1.25

"The Fathers of the Desert." From the German of the Countess Hahn-Hahn by Emily F. Bowden. With a Chapter on the Spiritual Life of the First Six Centuries by John Bernard Dalgairns. In Two Volumes. \$2.50, net.

"The World in which We Live." By R. J. Meyer, S. J. \$1.50.

"The Catholic Who's Who and Year Book, 1908." Edited by Sir F. C. Burnand. \$1.50, net.

"Practical Sermons." 2 vols. Rev. John Perry. \$2.50, net.

"The Sunday-School Teacher's Guide to Success." Rev. Patrick Sloan. 75 cts., net.

"The History of the Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ." Rev. James Groenings, S. J. \$1.25.

"The Life of Antonio Rosmini-Serbatì." Rev. G. B. Pagani. \$3, net.

"Social Questions and the Duty of Catholics." Charles Stanton Devas, M. A. 25 cts., net.

"The First Page of the Bible." Father Bettex. 30 cts.

"Practical Preaching for Priests and People." Rev. Bernard W. Kelly. \$1.25, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Amadeus Dambach, of the diocese of Cleveland; Rev. John Greaven, diocese of Galway; and Rev. Alexius Centner, O. F. M.

Sister Columba, of the Sisters of Charity; Sister M. Eugenius and Sister M. Dolores, Sisters of the Presentation.

Mr. George Pitfield, Mr. John Vander Velden, Mr. Patrick Ferrigan, Mr. Herbert Heidt, Miss Katharine Quirk, Mr. Joseph Wenzel, Mr. Martin Fanning, Mrs. Katherine Price, Mrs. Michael Hughson, Mr. Jasper Cramer, Mr. William McArdle, Mrs. Catherine Morrison, Julia O'Halloran, Mr. Charles Pelletier, Mr. M. H. O'Flaherty, Mrs. Elizabeth Russell, Mrs. Carrie Byrne, Mr. Walter Lewis, Mrs. Catherine Bagshaw, Mr. Matthew and Mr. John McCormick, Mrs. Rose Robinson, Mrs. Elizabeth Spurl, Mrs. Balknap Smith, and Mr. Lucius Tong.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LXVI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, APRIL 25, 1908.

NO. 17.

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The Easter Greeting.

(A Rondelet.)

BY LIONEL BYRRA.

PAX vobis—Peace!

'Twas thus He greeted them of old,

Pax vobis—Peace!

Ah! could our words, like His, but hold

Creative power manifold,

How oft our wish would be retold,

Pax vobis—Peace!

The Litanies, the More and the Less.

(Gleaned from the "Legenda Aurea."*)

THE Litanies be done twice in the year. The first be done on Saint Mark's day, and that is called the more Litany. And the second be done on the three days before the Ascension day, and is called the lesser Litany. And Litany is as much to say as supplication or prayer. The first Litany is named in three manners. First, it is called the more Litany. Secondly, the procession in seven orders. Thirdly, the black cross. When this Litany is said the more, for three reasons. The first is for him that instituted it, that was Saint Gregory the pope, and that was at Rome, which is the body and head of the world, because that he was the prince of the apostles there, and the Holy See. And also for the reason of the cause wherefore it was instituted, and that was for a right great

and grievous malady. For as the Romans had in the Lent lived soberly and in continence, and after at Easter had received their Saviour. After, they disordered them in eating, in drinking, in plays and in lechery. And therefore our Lord was moved against them, and sent to them a great pestilence, which was called the botche of impedimy. And that was cruel and sudden, and caused people to die in going by the way, in playing, in being at table, and in speaking one with another suddenly they died. In this manner sometime sneezing they died, so that when any person was heard sneezing anon they that were by said to him: God help you, or Christ help: and yet endureth the custom. And also when he sneezeth or gapeth, he maketh tofore his face the sign of the cross, and blesseth him; and yet endureth this custom. And how that pestilence began, it is found in the life of S. Gregory. Secondly, this Litany is said procession of seven orders, because that when they were made, S. Gregory ordained them by seven ordinances. For in the first order was all the clergy, in the second were the monks and religious men, in the third were all the nuns, in the fourth all the children, in the fifth all the lay people, in the sixth all the women, and in the seventh all they that were married. But because that now we may not fulfil in number of persons, we ought to fulfil it in number of Litanies. For it ought to be said seven times ere the procession be left. Thirdly, this Litany is said: The black cross; for then in sign of pestilence,

*First published about 1470. Englished by William Coton, 1483. Additional paragraphs are the only changes

of weeping, and of penance, they clad them with black clothes. And peradventure for that same cause they covered the cross and the altars with blessed hairs, and thus we should take on us clothing of penance.

There is another Litany, which is called the lesser Litany, the which is made the three days tofore the Ascension. And this instituted S. Mamertin, Bishop of Vienne, in the time of the Emperor Leo, which reigned the year of our Lord three hundred and fifty-eight tofore the institution of the first. And is said the Litany the less, the rogations and processions. For it is the lesser Litany to the difference of the first, because that this lesser Litany was instituted of a lesser, which was a simple Bishop, in a lesser place, and for lesser malady. And the cause of the institution was this. For then, at Vienne, were great earthquakes of which fell down many churches and many houses, and there was heard great sounds and great clamours by night. And then happed a terrible thing on Easter-day, for fire descended from heaven that burnt the king's palace. Yet happed more marvelous thing; for like as the fiends had entered into the hogs, right so by the sufferance of God for the sins of the people, the fiends entered into wolves and other wild beasts, which every one doubted, and they went not only by the ways ne by the fields, but also by the cities ran openly, and devoured the children and old men and women. And when the Bishop saw that every day happed such sorrowful adventures, he commanded and ordained that the people should fast three days; and he instituted the Litanies, and then the tribulation ceased. And from then, forth on, the Church hath ordained and confirmed that this Litany should be kept and observed over all. It is said also Rogations, for then we pray and demand the suffrages of all the saints, and we thus have good cause for to keep this ordinance and fast in these days. And for many reasons it

is instituted. First, because it appeaseth the battles, that commonly begin in prime-time. Secondly, because that the fruits which be then tender, that God will multiply. Thirdly, because that every man should mortify in himself the movings of his flesh, which in that time boil. Fourthly, because that every one dispose himself to receive the Holy Ghost; for by fastings, by orisons, and by devotion is one more able and more worthy. But, two other reasons assigneth Master William of Auxerre, because then, when Jesu Christ would ascend into heaven he said: Ask ye duly and ye shall have. And we may the more faithfully demand when we have the promise of God. Secondly, because that holy Church fasteth and prayeth that she have but little flesh, that is to make the body lean by abstinence, and to get wings by prayer.

For prayer is the wing of the soul by which she fleeth to heaven, to the end that she may follow Jesu Christ ascending up before us to show us the way. And know ye that the soul that aboundeth in plenty of flesh, and hath but few pens and feathers, he may not well fly. Thus this Litany is called procession, for then the Church maketh general procession. And in this procession the cross is borne, the clocks and the bells be sounded and rung, the banners be borne, and in some churches a dragon with a great tail is borne. And aid and help is demanded of all saints. And the cause why the cross is borne and the bells rung is for to make the evil spirits afraid and to flee; for like as the kings have in battles tokens and signs-royal, as their trumpets and banners, right so the king of heaven perdurable hath his signs militant in the Church. He hath bells for business and for trumps, he hath the cross for banners. And like as a tyrant and a malefactor should much doubt when he shall hear the business and trumps of a mighty king in his land, and shall see his banners, in like wise the enemies, the evil spirits that be in the region of the air, doubt

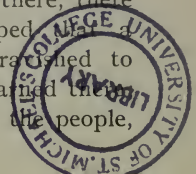
much when they hear the trumpets of God which be the bells rung, and when they see the banners borne on high. And this is the cause why the bells be rung when it thundereth, and when great tempests and outrages of weather happen, to the end that the fiends and the evil spirits should be abashed and flee, and cease of the moving of tempests. Howbeit also that there is another cause therewith; that is for to warn the Christian people, that they put them in devotion and in prayer, for to pray God that the tempest may cease.

There is also the banner of the King, that is the cross, which the enemies dread much and doubt. For they dread the staff with which they have been hurt. And this is the reason wherefore in some churches in the time of tempest and of thunder, they set out the cross against the tempest, to the end that the wicked spirits see the banner of the sovereign King, and for dread thereof they flee. And therefore in procession the cross is borne, and the bells rung for to chase and hunt away the fiends being in the air, and to the end that they leave to tempest us. The cross is borne for to represent the victory of the resurrection and of the ascension of Jesu Christ. For he ascended into Heaven with all a great joy. And thus this banner that flyeth in the air signifieth Jesu Christ ascending into heaven. And as the people follow the cross, the banners, and the procession, right so when Jesu Christ styed up into heaven a great multitude of saints followed him. And the song that is sung in the procession signifieth the song of angels and the praisings that came against Jesu Christ and conducted and conveyed him to heaven where is great joy and melody. In some churches, and in especial in them of France, is accustomed to bear a dragon with a long tail filled full of cluff or other thing. The two first days it is borne before the cross, and on the third day they bear it after the cross, when the tail all void, by which is under-

stood that the first day tofore the law, or the second under the law, the devil reigned in the world, and on the third day, of grace, by the passion of Jesu Christ, he was put out of his realm.

After in this procession singularly we call the suffrages of all the saints. And why we call to the saints divers reasons be assigned heretofore, but yet there be of the general, wherefore we pray the saints. First for our poverty and for the glory of saints, and for the reverence of God. For the saints may well know the vows and the prayers of the supplicants. For in the mirror perpetual, that is Jesu Christ, they understand how much it appertaineth to their joy and to our profit. Then the first reason is for our poverty, and for our misery, or for our default we have some merit, to the end that where our merits be not sufficient the suffrages of saints may avail us, or for default that we have in contemplation of God, and that we may see perfectly the light sovereign that we see and behold in his saints, or for the default that we have in loving God, for we see that some show more greater affection to a saint than they do to God, and such people be imperfect. The second reason is for the glory of saints. For God will that we call the saints, because that by their suffrages that we require, we glorify them, and the more greatly we praise them. The third reason is for the reverence of God, to the end that the sinners that have offended God, the which dare not approach to God in their persons, they approach him by the friends of God in demanding their suffrages. And in these Litanies we ought to repeat this song of angels: Sancte Deus, sancte fortis, sancte et immortalis miserere nobis.

Item, John Damascene recordeth in his fourth book that, in Constantinople, for a tribulation that happed there, there were litanies made. It happed that a child amid the people was raised to heaven and this canticle he learned there, and after then he returned to the people,



and in the midst of the people he sang it, and anon that tribulation ceased. And after at the Council of Chalcedon this canticle was approved and the cause concluded. We know that it is so that the fiends be put out by this canticle: Sancte Deus. Of this canticle and praising the authority is approved by four reasons. First, because that an angel taught it first. Secondly, because at the probation and repetition of this canticle, that tribulation ceased. Thirdly, because that the Council of Chalcedon approved it. And fourthly, because that the fiends and enemies so much dread and doubt it.

Exiled from Erin.

XVII.—BROTHER AND SISTER.

WILLIE went to see Jule every day. She was gradually growing weaker, though she retained her senses clearly. She advised him to put an advertisement in the *Herald*, which he did. By her instructions also he visited several Homes or Refuges where strangers or destitute persons were received, but could hear nothing of his sister. He soon became quite familiar with the city; and after he had spent a week in his vain search, he began to think that if he remained in New York he must find some work. His funds were already very low.

One morning Jule said to him:

"If it were not for Ellie's sake, and the chance of meeting her, I'd advise you to look around and try to find some employment in the country. New York is the ruin of young Irish lads. And yet, if you go away, there will be no chance of meeting her, if she's here. I'm thinking myself she's not,—something tells me she's not."

"Where could she go? She had no friends, no money; she was a stranger."

"None can tell. Your mother may have a letter from her by this. Have you written to them?"

"No: only a line to say I arrived safe."

"I beg of you not to do as Ellie did, but write."

"I'm tempted not to. Now that I'm here, I can understand why she put it off."

"Yes, and now a word. You're not rolling in riches, my boy?"

"Indeed no. I'll have to be going to work at once. I'm told there's plenty of street work."

"There is. How much have you? Don't mind an old woman."

"Ten dollars."

"Not much. Listen now. I've a little money by me. I'm not long for this world. I've led a worthless life in my time; but, thanks to that good little sister of yours that God has in His keeping and is bringing to good luck, I've made my peace with Him. I meant it for her—that little bit of money,—after I had put a trifle in the Father's hand for Masses for my soul. There's some, too, for Mrs. Cronin,—poor woman, she's good to me. She'll pay for the funeral out of it. And the remainder" (here she thrust her hand under the pillow and drew forth a bag),—"the remainder you must take, Mr. McMahon. 'Tisn't a great deal. You might be ill, you might be hungry. Keep it for a nest egg. And don't open it till old Jule's gone. It won't be long, dear. When you find your sister, if things haven't been hard with you, go halves with her. Now, not one word against taking it, but hold out your hand."

She pressed the bag into his open palm.

"Thank you!" was all he could say, as he wiped away a furtive tear; but Jule knew that he was grateful.

"Another word," she resumed, after a short pause. "I tell you on the faith of a dying woman, with the light that God often gives, even to the unworthiest of His creatures, when dying,—I tell you you'll find your sister, my boy. There's peace and prosperity in store for you and for Ellie."

"It seems to have begun already," answered Willie, pressing her hand.

"Leave me, ashore,—leave me! I'm tired," she said, closing her eyes. "May

the blessing of the Lord and His Holy Mother and the angels and saints be upon you and yours for ever and ever!"

Willie obeyed her, but her face looked so grey that he called the landlady. That night Jule died.

A few days later, on Sunday morning, the boarders were at home. There were eight of them in all. Willie had not done more toward making their acquaintance than to exchange a few words morning and evening. As he came in from Mass, a man sitting on the doorstep accosted him.

"You're McMahon, aren't you?"

"Yes," replied Willie.

"You're in luck."

"How so?"

"Old Tidy Bushman has left five thousand dollars to your sister that you're looking for,—she that wouldn't marry him!"

"What!" exclaimed Willie.

"True, every word of it,—yes. Here is the paper. Read it yourself."

And there it was, sure enough. The Frenchman, a few days before his death, had his will drawn up by a reliable lawyer, leaving the bulk of his fortune to various orphan asylums, one thousand dollars to the Mission of the Rosary, and five thousand dollars to Ellie McMahon, niece of Timothy Malone; if her whereabouts could be discovered within two years; failing that, it was to be distributed, share and share alike, among the other beneficiaries. The reporter had learned in some manner of the "romance," as he entitled it that had occurred in the life of the old Frenchman, and, strangely enough, had not embellished or distorted the truth.

Willie's mind was filled with conflicting emotions. Joy at the good tidings, regret that Ellie was not at hand, fear that something might have befallen her, and doubt whether it would be right to take the money, passed through his soul in quick succession.

Everybody in the house seemed delighted that the Frenchman had done some good with his money at the last.

Mrs. Cronin was the only one of the opinion that the gift would bring ill-luck to the recipient. And poor Jule was not alive to hear the tale of Ellie's good fortune.

Willie was prompted to write home at once; but, on second thought, he concluded it would be better to wait until some information could be had concerning Ellie. At the office of the *Irish World* next morning he found a gentleman who conducted him to the executor of the will, the lawyer who had drawn it up. He was told that advertisements would be inserted in the principal papers, which would undoubtedly result in the finding of Ellie, if she was living. A year must elapse, in any event, before the distribution of the legacies. The lawyer had a brother in Westchester County who was looking for just such a young man as Willie to work on his "model farm."

"That is what I would like, sir," was the reply. "It will serve me well to be learning everything while I am in America, so that when I go back to Ireland I may be able to make some improvement in the old ways. And it isn't in walking about the streets of New York I'll be finding my sister. You can do that far better than I."

So Willie was sent to the "model farm," where he soon gave promise of becoming a model farmer.

After the death of Jule, he had opened the little bag and found that it contained a hundred dollars in gold. He had half of it exchanged, and sent it home to his mother to buy a cow and anything else that was needed, telling her how he had come by it, and giving his letter as hopeful a tone as possible regarding Ellie. The remainder he meant to keep about his person until he found his sister.

Willie could not have found a better situation or a better master than at Mr. Trainer's. The farmer was a man of considerable means, who had retired from the busy marts of commerce before middle age, bought a hundred acres of land, and began to lead the ideal life he had always longed for. To the possessors

of thousands of acres, it might seem playing at farming; but if so, it was after the most sensible and approved methods. Everything was perfection about the place, nothing superfluous and nothing wasted. Fine horses and cows, poultry of many breeds, all kinds of fruits and vegetables indigenous to the soil, and a large variety of flowers, opened numerous avenues of knowledge to the industrious and clever young Irishman, who very soon became invaluable to his employer.

The days and weeks flew quickly and profitably. If it were not for the mystery surrounding Ellie's disappearance, Willie would have been entirely content. He was earning good wages and saving money; his quickness and adaptability taught him many things of which he had been until then ignorant; he lived in an atmosphere of kindness and peace. But the thought of his sister was ever with him, and he could not help thinking that something terrible had befallen her. And the poor mother at home! Hoping, fearing, longing, despairing, how could she bear the suspense, the loss of her beloved child?

In his first letter Willie had related the downfall of Malone, which drew from Joe the following reply:

MY DEAR WILLIE:—We received your most welcome letter. It is terribly lonesome here now. I hardly leave the house at all. Mom is very down-hearted. 'Tis a wild-geese chase, she says, the poor fellow is gone on; and she tells me that perhaps ten times in the day. I try to cheer her up as well as I can. But I can not help thinking we are like the little boys "playing buttons." When they lose one in the grass, they throw another one after it. But, as mom says, God is good and will direct all for the best.

Now, except that mother is grieving, I have no ill news to tell you; everything is going on well since you left. The cows are all milking fine, and we are getting threepence ha'penny a gallon for the milk. And there is a good end to the season, and we have a splendid crop of old grass. If

it keeps fine like this, it will spare a lot of hay for us. All the neighbors came and gave us a hand at the hay, God bless them for it!

When I began to read your letter for mom, and came to the part about our Uncle Tim, I think she was so ashamed he was her brother-in-law that she wouldn't have heard any more, only that the letter was from you. As it was, she'd say every now and again: "And sure he's nothing but what he promised to be, — he that wouldn't turn on the floor for his own mother when he was a child."

Now that the long nights are coming, I am making many little things about the house, just to please mom, you know. I made a little stool for her feet near the fire, and I make her rest her feet on it. I put a new door in the stable, and the turf is fine and dry. I brought out a few loads of coke, and I'm levelling down the big whitethorn hedge, to make it grow thicker, so we'll have plenty of fire. And when I saw how glad mom was to see me with a book near the lamp and reading, I got paper and pen and ink and began to write; and don't you think I'm improving? Mom and I are making the First Friday for Ellie and you, and dear mom sends her blessing and her love.

Your affectionate

JOE.

Mr. Trainer was a widower. His old mother presided over his household, and he had two daughters, pleasant, sensible girls, who, while enjoying the life in the society around them, preferred the pleasures of their ideal home and the company of their father to the frivolities of many of their acquaintances. They passed a great deal of time in the flower garden, and thus came to know very well the young assistant who had given such satisfaction to their father. They lent him books and papers; and when they heard he had a taste for the violin, Miss Traine presented him with one on which she had begun to take lessons when a small girl but which had been interrupted by their

removal to the country. The music was his solace during many a lonely evening.

Willie had been three months at the farm when the young ladies went to Pennsylvania to pay a visit to a great-aunt, who lived in Westmoreland County. They usually made this visit every year, being very fond of the old lady. They had been gone about six weeks when Mr. Trainer told Willie one morning they would be home on the evening train, and ordered him to meet them with the surrey at the station, three miles distant. Willie was duly at hand; and on their homeward way, Miss Trainer said:

"William, we have found a wife for you."

"A wife, Miss?" answered Willie, with a smile. "Sure it's not of a wife I'd be thinking for five years yet; and it's not in America I'd find her, either."

"Not if she were the prettiest and sweetest Irish girl you ever saw?"

Willie laughed. "That *might* alter things, Miss. But maybe she wouldn't save me," he rejoined, not to appear unappreciative.

"You would make an admirable pair," said Mary, the younger girl. "Sister and I have arranged it all, William,—though she doesn't know anything about it. She

is such a timid, modest little creature, she wouldn't lift her eyes to look at you as she thought we were trying to make a match. But we are, aren't we, sister?"

"Surely," replied the elder. "She is coming here, William, to spend Christmas."

"To spend Christmas!" exclaimed Willie. "Any young lady that would be coming here to spend Christmas, Miss, wouldn't look at the like of me."

"She's not exactly—a lady," said Mary, with some slight hesitation,—“that is, as people call it. But she is—well, she is just perfection. And, not to make a mystery of it, William, she is a young girl that lives with our aunt, as a kind of companion, though she works too. Aunt Peace is coming to spend Christmas with us, and she will accompany her. If you don't fall in love with each other, William, we

shall be very much disappointed. She is the prettiest thing, with great blue eyes, dark, curling hair, the loveliest complexion, and the most amiable disposition. I just can't say enough about her."

"She must be a paragon, sure enough, Miss," observed Willie, pleasantly, as he touched up the horses. "I'll be as friendly as possible when she comes, and glad to see a countrywoman; but as for marrying or 'falling in love,' as you call it, that is far away from me. There's no young girl in my mind, nor will be—even though she were Diana herself, or 'the fair Aurora,' or the Goddess Flora,—till I find my little sister Ellie."

"And you haven't heard a word about her, William?" asked Miss Trainer. "We have been wondering."

"Not one word," said Willie. "As time goes on, my heart grows very sore."

"Be brave. Do not lose hope," said Mary. "You will find her yet. And when you *have* found her, William, there will be still time enough, I hope, to fall in love with Honor; for they expect to stay with us all winter."

"She is called Honor?" inquired Willie. "'Tis a pretty name. I knew a nice girl called that at home."

"Did she come to America?" said Mary.

"No, Miss: she died," responded Willie.

The expected visitors arrived about the middle of December. With some of the other men, Willie had been cutting down trees on the upland all day. When he returned he was called upon to carry two trunks to Miss Truman's rooms. Her attire, that of a Quakeress, which he had never seen before, seemed to him very peculiar. She had not yet removed her grey bonnet and large shawl. She smiled pleasantly at the young man as she said:

"Thanks! Thee must be very strong, my friend. What is thy name?"

"William, ma'am," he answered.

"Well, friend William, thee must not over-exert thyself. Ask some of thy fellow-workmen to help thee when thee has to carry heavy burdens."

"They don't hurt me, ma'am," said Willie. "I'll always be glad to do anything I can for you."

Later he said to the cook:

"That is a queer garb the old lady wears, Martha,"

"Yes," replied Martha. "She's a Quaker." And she went on to explain what she knew of the sect.

"Didn't the girl come?" asked Willie.

Martha laughed. "You're more interested than you care to pretend, William," she said. "Yes, she came, and she's a darling. Miss Truman makes her wear grey gowns, but they set off her lovely Irish skin and eyes. She'll be down to supper with you and me and Sarah."

Half an hour later, Willie, having washed very carefully and put on a clean collar and tie, was seating himself at the neatly spread table in the large kitchen when the door opened and a young girl came into the room. She wore a blue blouse and a skirt of Irish grey, a black velvet bow in her hair. A spotless white apron covered the front of her dress. Willie rose as she walked lightly and quickly forward. Suddenly they both uttered a loud exclamation, "Ellie, my sister!"—"Willie, Willie! Willie!" And they were in each other's arms, crying and laughing.

The dining-room door opened at the unusual commotion, and the whole family gathered about them, delighted at the happy reunion.

"I had been looking forward to a wedding, William," said Mary Trainer, after a while; "but this is still better."

"'Tis a miracle of God, Miss!" he said.

But Ellie's voice was lost in her joyful tears.

When the brother and sister were once more alone, Willie asked:

"Now, Ellie, tell me why did you not write and let us know where you were?"

"I did write, Willie," she answered,— "I wrote twice and got no reply. But I did a foolish thing: I gave no address. Indeed, I had none at the time. I knew I'd soon be leaving Uncle Tim; and my

head was so bewildered by all I went through, and the great disappointment, that I was like a silly person. But I sent a letter not long ago, and they have it by this time, I am sure. And now, tell me, Willie, how is my darling mother? How is Joe? And how does every stick and stone look about the place? And how did you happen to come out instead of Joe? And why did you come at all?"

"Looking for you, and nothing else it was that brought me," answered Willie. "If I hadn't come, mother would have died on our hands."

Then he told her of Malone's letter and all that had occurred afterward. She knew nothing of Malone's downfall or the death of Beauchemin. Great was her surprise when she learned that the old Frenchman had left her money, which she shrank from accepting.

"What do I want of his unholy money, made perhaps off the bodies and souls of the poor? 'Twould bring me bad luck, I am afraid."

"Not at all," rejoined the more practical Willie. "No matter how 'twas made, you'd put it to use that would banish the bad luck from it, if bad luck there was. And he must have had a kindly heart to befriend a stranger. You'll have to take the money, Ellie, or leave it with the State. Don't be foolish, girl!"

"And where is it?"

"In the hands of the courts as yet, I suppose; or maybe in bank,—I don't know. 'Tisn't time yet for the distribution. Surely the hand of Providence is in it, Ellie. 'Twas through hearing of it that I came to Mr. Trainer. If I hadn't been lucky enough to be taken here, God alone knows when I would have found you, if I ever did."

"If you say-so, it is right I should take it, then, Willie," said Ellie. "You're always right. And now tell me how my mother is looking? Is she very grey?"

"Oh, why should she get grey in so short a time? 'Tis only a few months, Ellie."

"Some of them were long months to

me, Willie; and all of them were sad, not hearing from anybody. Have you any letter from home you could show me?" she continued.

"I have two. I'll get them."

When he returned they both laughed over poor Joe's cheerful attempt to put heart in Willie.

"Isn't he a dear boy?" said Ellie. "But tell me, Willie, what of the Gradys? Are they lording it still?"

"Indeed they are not. God has a long arm," as dear mom says.

"What happened to them?"

Willie was about to tell her when Martha knocked at the door and said that Miss Truman would like to see Ellie.

"God forgive me, I had nearly forgotten my dear mistress!" said the girl pushing back her chair. "See, 'tis after ten o'clock. We'll have a long talk again to-morrow evening, Willie."

And, smiling back a happy good-night at him, she hastened away.

(To be continued.)

Resurrection.

BY MARGARET H. LAWLESS.

THE ghost of the Summer looked in at my window,

A shroud of snow on a lilac tree,
With the light from the street lamp playing
through it;

It thrilled, it chilled, and it frightened me.

How could I know as it waved and beckoned,
Before that snow had melted away,
You would be lying with white hands folded,
Your fair young head on a pillow of clay?

For now the roots in the earth are waking,
And now the skies are bonny blue,
And now the buds on the trees are swelling,
And robins are singing, but not for you!

The spirit of Spring looks in at my window,
In an emerald robe with purple plumes.

I sigh! Is the winter of death, too, ended?

Do you walk the fields where the amaranth
blooms?

A Trip to Mount Melleray.

BY CORNELIUS DORGAN.

ABOARD the pretty little steamboat plying each summer and autumn between Youghal and Cappoquin, one starts on as delightful a trip as any to be availed of within the four shores of Ireland. Once the little craft noiselessly glides out on the broad estuary of the Blackwater, or the "Irish Rhine," memories of a varied historic past crowd in on the mind as suggested by the wealth of memorials, venerable with age and hallowed by association, which greet the eye and arrest the attention of the voyager as the older portion of the ancient town of Youghal presents itself to the view. The once potent Earls of Desmond—offshoots of those all-conquering Norman barons who became so identified with the manners, usages and customs of the natives as to have been regarded as *Hibernicis ipsis Hiberniores*,—the princely sept, Fitzgeralds or Geraldines, held Youghal as one of their most powerful strongholds, and for ages it was the scene of their feudal power and feudal splendor. The remains there, as elsewhere throughout the Desmond country, of abbeys, monasteries, churches, and collegiate houses, attest their religious munificence and their patronage of learning in the midst of the so-called Dark Ages.

On yonder hill, amid the myrtles and yews to the south of the town, which boasts a charter dating as far back as the beginning of the thirteenth century, stood the mother house of the Franciscan Order in Ireland. Its founder was one of the chieftain race—a Desmond who was justiciary of Ireland at the time; but, later resigning the high office, he, like so many of his class before and since, retired to the abbey he had founded, embraced the monastic life, and there dying, was interred in the habit of his patron, St. Francis.

About the same period another of the Geraldine sept founded, to the north of the town, a Dominican friary, which two centuries later was dedicated to St. Mary of Thanks, on account of a miraculous image of the Blessed Virgin in the possession of the brethren. The relique is of carved ivory, about three inches high, and is now in the custody of the Dominicans of Cork. Another foundation of the Desmonds, among many others in Youghal, was a college, whose community at first consisted of a warden, eight fellows and eight singing men, who lived in a collegiate manner with yearly stipends, the whole donation amounting to £600 per annum,—a very considerable sum in that age.

And now all that is native and Catholic is in eclipse, crushed and strangled; but, providentially, is yet not dead, or ever fated to be so. The mind, with facile fancy, even as the old town with all its antique reminders of a storied past fades from sight as one merrily speeds up river, sees Youghal in possession of the alien, and all that is dear to native thought and feeling confiscated, desecrated, overthrown. The stranger and despoiler sits in the high places triumphant, ruling supreme. That picturesque adventurer, Raleigh, has by royal letters patent been assigned churches and monasteries, and given, as a further mark of royal favor, a grant of twelve thousand acres of the forfeited lands of the vanquished Geraldines; occupies the civic chair as chief magistrate or mayor of the ancient corporation, whose archives record the tolerant (!) enactment that "any person but a Protestant freeman presuming to go to the mayor's feast shall pay five shillings or be put into the stocks."

At Myrtle Grove, a quaint old cottage of much celebrity, Raleigh enjoyed the fruits of the spoils, and, incidentally, perhaps, the mayor's feasts; till disposing of the former, as, doubtless, not an altogether desirable acquisition to one of so roving a disposition; when he,

with Spenser—two notable Undertakers (ominous appellation assuredly)—took his final departure from Ireland at the port of Youghal,—the knight, to close his adventurous career at the hands of the public executioner, after long years of imprisonment in the Tower of London, by decree of his one-time royal mistress; the poet, to die for "lacke of bread," by reason of the neglect or violation of the promises of the same erstwhile royal patron as accused by Spenser on his deathbed.

Directly, as the little steamboat races under the handsome iron bridge connecting the counties Cork and Waterford, the heights of Rhencrew present a bold front, rising sentinel-like as the water laves their base, and the tideway somewhat narrows, yet is still a mile from shore to shore. From this point particularly, natural scenic beauty, traditional romance, and historical association would seem to conspire to render the kaleidoscopic picture more fascinating as the visitor glides past. On the summit of Rhencrew's towering heights are the ruins of a preceptory of the Knights Templars, founded by Raymond Le Gros, a companion of Strongbow and the most puissant of that band of adventurers who attempted the conquest of Ireland in the twelfth century. Farther eastward, still on the left-hand side of the river, may be descried the remains of the Geraldine Castle of Templemichael, and of Templemichael church. Near the Castle of Templemichael, reduced to its present condition by Cromwell's cannon, was an abbey founded by St. Fachnan, almost a contemporary of St. Patrick himself. In this abbey was buried the aforesaid Norman warrior, "Raymond, surnamed Le Gros, bu; in the Abbey of Molan, nere unto Yoghall," as an ancient manuscript records it. The abbey and abbey lands, as was inevitable in the general confiscation, form a portion of the present demesne of Ballinatray. The scenery about here is of surpassing beauty; it is unequalled by any in Wicklow, to which it bears a remarkable resemblance in the shape of

the mountains and the wooded country.

The river now widens into a lough, or basin, called the Broad of Clashmore. This river-lake, with its wooded banks, rippling waves, and summer sun and sky reflected in its translucent waters, presents an extremely pretty and romantic picture. The hamlet of Clashmore itself is of great antiquity; an abbey of the Canons Regular was founded there in the seventh century, and continued in existence until the Great Apostasy—the general dissolution.

The river is navigable for seventeen miles; and seven miles from Youghal, or ten from Cappoquin, stand the moss-grown ruins of old Strancally Castle, one of the chief fortresses of the Desmonds. Seated on a bold, rocky cliff, it occupied a commanding position, overhanging the river, which is particularly deep here. In Strancally Castle, Gerald, sixteenth and last Earl of the Desmond name, bade defiance to Elizabeth's imperious mandate to conform to her will and pleasure as regarded both faith and nationality,—principles dearer to him than earthly dominion or life. And he trusted in the righteousness of his cause and the valor of his arms, the stoutness of the hands and hearts which would sustain him fighting for faith and motherland. Alas, vain hope and confidence! Strancally was taken by assault by the English forces under the "Queen's Irish" Ormond, and blown up by gunpowder.

Farther up the river, near the junction of the Bride with the Blackwater, is new Strancally Castle. It is a handsome, castellated structure, consisting of towers and curtains, battlements and bastions, according to the regulated style of modern Gothic. Seen through the lovely woods which screen it, its architectural features appear to very great advantage.

Continuing uninterruptedly its placid course, our pretty bark steams gaily ahead, with little of striking interest to claim attention on either bank before Dromana on the eastern shore is reached. This demesne skirts the Blackwater for

full three miles, and the character of its scenery for natural beauty is not less attractive than the wealth of its historical associations. Dromana house, built on a perpendicular cliff, is a stately pile in a good state of preservation, and masks from sight the remains of a much more ancient structure.

To the north, one now for the first time obtains a glimpse of the lofty mountains whereon stands the celebrated Monastery of Melleray, to which we are journeying.

A little above Dromana is Affane, famous as the scene of a fierce battle between Ormond, in command of his English allies and Irish mercenaries, and Desmond (him of Strancally again, fifteen years antecedent to his final overthrow), at the head of his vassals and retainers. Victory favored the former, with the loss of three hundred men to Desmond, himself a wounded prisoner, but full of the old warrior spirit and ancestral hate against his captor. This lion-hearted chieftain, whose dominions and roof had ever served as secure asylums for the oppressed, now gave unmistakable proof of his invincible courage and ancestral abhorrence of the apostate Ormonds; for as he was being borne off the field, Ormond rode up, and, with malignant gaze and in taunting tones, inquired, "Where now is the great Earl of Desmond?" Promptly came the fierce and crushing rejoinder, as the wounded chief with difficulty rose on his elbow in the litter borne by Ormond's men: "Where, where, but in his proper place—still on the necks of the Butlers?"—Butler being the family name of the Earls of Ormond.

A short sail brings us to Cappoquin, before which prettily situated village our stout little bark is presently moored, and the river journey is at an end. The drive from Cappoquin to Melleray leads through an extremely picturesque, wild and mountainous district. When at length the crest of the penultimate steep in our rather difficult ascent is reached, the white walls

and tall spire of the famous monastery are hailed as a welcome and quite unexpected discovery. Soon we are being smartly driven up the avenue of trees, which, clothed in summer vesture, lend an air of warmth and color to the extensive, quadrangular grey building which they shelteringly front. Another minute, and the doors of the great hospice are thrown open to receive us.

Once within its hallowed portals, one completely forgets the outer world, with all its cares, illusory hopes, ambitions, and manifold disappointments. The very atmosphere of the place breathes of the spirit of sanctity—spiritual tranquillity, penitence and prayer. Silence is writ large in black letters on the snow-white walls of the corridors, while, as one traverses them with unconsciously subdued footfalls, a muffled figure, cowed and sandalled, may be met with here and there, standing statuesque, or, in rapt thought, slowly pacing to and fro the tiled floor. Silence is the keynote of the lives lived within the consecrated precincts of the abbey. Silence, solitude, abstinence, and prayer, are the rule and conduct of its saintly occupants, from the humble porter at the door to the Lord Abbot ruling with unquestioned authority in his high office. And what a life of self-denial, work and prayer! And what spiritual enthusiasm must be theirs to sustain the community in so rigid observances!

All rise at two o'clock every morning, both winter and summer, and occupy themselves in various devotional exercises till eleven o'clock, when they partake of their first meal. As no animal food is permitted by the rules of the Order, the meal consists of brown bread and porridge, having for drink spring water. This meagre fare, with the addition of some lentils, is repeated at six o'clock in the evening; and the monks confine themselves to these two meals a day. They retire at eight, thus leaving six hours for sleep.

Although they lead this life of intense

mortification, the monks appear uncommonly healthy and happy. Stalwart almost to a man, and of commanding presence, even under their wonderful restraint and self-denial, they seem endowed with a virile vigorousness of body and tranquillity of mind which by the average visitor could hardly be expected. Nor can it be said that the severe austerity of the mode and condition of their living tends to shorten untimely their life's span: quite the contrary, as may be seen in the venerable age of not a few of the community.

Though mainly sprung from the Irish middle class, many of the monks have left rank and fortune to devote themselves to the contemplative life of the Order. Their costume consists of a white cloth robe, over it a black cape, the ends reaching to the feet, a hood of the same material covering the head. The Brothers and novices wear all brown, with a white-corded girdle, like the ordained brethren. Their number is very considerable,—something over a hundred. As is generally known, the original members of the community were driven from their monastery in France by the revolutionaries in 1830. Penniless fugitives, they came to Ireland, and were received with the respect and honor due to their sacred calling, and the open-hearted generosity entirely characteristic of the kindly, sympathetic nature of the Catholic Irish Celt. The erection of the abbey is the combined labor of the monks and neighboring peasantry, from stones picked off the bleak mountain-side, thus forming a noble monument of Catholic faith and strenuous perseverance.

Financially prosperous, doubtless the abbey is entirely self-supporting. Owning some five hundred acres of the mountain-side, the monks cultivate a large farm, with a dairy; grow fine vegetable crops, raise their own stock, for the use of the visitors, bake their own bread, and otherwise contribute to the maintenance of the extensive establishment. Attached to

the abbey is a college for the education of students in all branches of learning, professional and commercial.

As, by the rules of the Order, no woman is permitted within the precincts proper of the monastery, a house of retreat for ladies has, within quite recent years, been erected close by.

The visitors (well-to-do, as a rule) must rise punctually at six o'clock, and are expected to attend early Mass. Later all assemble at breakfast. This consists of a homely fare—bread and butter, tea and eggs. Indeed, homeliness of fare is characteristic of all the meals there. For dinner, haunches cut from the steer driven in off the mountain—huge, savory joints of the flavor of venison,—with delicious vegetable, and viands both of foreign and native vintage, constitute a substantial and wholesome meal. Before finally retiring to one's room at eight o'clock in the evening, the visitors must assemble in the beautiful little church to assist at the last public worship for the day.

The scene in the church, half hidden in gloom, one late autumn evening, was most weird and spectral, and calculated to excite an awe-inspiring devotion in the hearts of even the most worldly. Amid profoundest silence, the monks, cowed and cross-armed, filed in from their own private quarters and took their places in the choir, mostly hidden from the visitors' sight. Presently a great unclasping and opening of ponderous tomes was heard, when directly there issued forth, in one compact volume of sound, from the united voices of scores of spiritually enrapt religious, a chant which with the accompanying music rolled and reverberated through the sacred edifice. In no other circumstances could such an effect have been obtained. The situation was unique, and the actors in the musical rhapsody were nowhere else to be met with under quite identical conditions. The gloom deepening every passing minute, the sombre atmosphere

pervading the place, the abbey bell tolling without at regular intervals, the ghostly chanters and weird, spiritually awesome dirge and mind-compelling music, were an experience never to be forgotten.

And so the moving scene, the intensely thrilling experience, the soul-stirring spectacle, the more impressive because of its perfect simplicity and naturalness, went on with alternating movement for one full hour. Then the monks, silent and contemplative as they had come, left the church, sprinkled by one of the brethren with holy water from a font at the door. Then, following out, the visitors were sprinkled similarly, and passed along the silent corridors to their dormitories,—the occupants of which, though entering at eight o'clock, need not necessarily retire to rest before ten o'clock, at which hour all lights in the abbey must be out.

Visitors to Melleray should never come away without having gone through the famous hospice. In the inner or private part of the abbey there is an infinite variety of things to interest one intensely. Beholding the monks in their flowing habits, actively engaged in various duties, all silently pursuing the tenor of their way, leaves a curious sensation of novelty in the mind. The monks are celebrated educationalists, and they are to be found daily teaching in the college, which is regarded as their Alma Mater by many who have attained to high positions in the various walks of life.

It is not, however, as teachers but as manual workers that the brethren appear most interesting to the visitor. Here in the smithy, with the crucifix prominently displayed over the fireplace, may be seen a pair of brown-robed silent craftsmen, wielding sledge-hammers with consummate skill and industry; or, with lighter tools, plying the iron-worker's trade with equal mastery. Near at hand one may alight on others at the carpenter's bench, forming work of distinct artistic merit; while, among various other occupations, nimble fingers are industriously stringing beads

and neatly fashioning into shape other Catholic religious emblems. Then if one goes abroad, one sees some of the brown-robed workers gleaning in the fields, harvesting the season's crop; and nearer home, in the kitchen garden, the monks are diligently cultivating the finest and most delicious vegetables. Lastly, as one proceeds to the dormitories and refectories, one steps aside to visit the graveyard. So neat and trim are the little mounds, the final resting-place of all that is mortal of men so manifestly holy,—so sweet and reverent a spot it is that one can scarce refrain from crying with the bard:

Oh, 'twere merry unto the grave to go
If one were sure to be buried so!

The refectory, in which the monks partake of their meagre meals, is a long, plain apartment, with bare, narrow tables, on which are laid a few necessary utensils—a plate and salt-cellar, a knife and a stone-ware jug, with a napkin of coarse linen texture for each diner. The dormitories are nothing but a series of wooden stalls, or cells, each furnished with a narrow plank-bed and a crucifix, and scarce allowing room for the occupant to kneel to his devotions.

Melleray is assuredly a blessed retreat; and the last we saw of its saintly inmates, as we took a reluctant leave of its hospitable portals, was the monks in pairs to the number of several scores, with the venerable Lord Abbot in their midst, issuing from the abbey, thence down the avenue, on to the highway, and finally disappearing over the heights.

"If they drive the bishops from their palaces, they will take refuge in the hovels of the poor whom they have supported. If they take from them their cross of gold, they will assume a cross of wood; it is a cross of wood which saved the world." This was an expression of the Bishop Montlosier when the Revolutionary party in France threatened to deprive the Church of its property.

A Rash Judgment.

I AM a lonely old fellow, with nothing to do but roam about the streets and criticise my neighbors. By neighbors I mean any or all of those persons whom I may meet in a day's walk. As to real neighbors, no doubt I have some; but as I am by nature retiring, and by force of circumstance a newcomer in N., I know very little about them.

The other morning I started out for my usual walk. Just ahead of me clattered a young lady very richly and tastefully attired. I say "clattered"; for I do not know how better to describe the noise she made with her high heels on the resounding pavement. She carried her head high, and on top of it was perched an expensive affair—I don't know what to call it—decorated with feathers. I said to myself: "If that creature arrays herself so expensively in the morning, when, from the quickness of her movements, she is going out probably for a few moments on some necessary errand, how will she be dressed for the afternoon promenade, the evening dinner, the opera, the theatre, or some grand ball? Of what use is she in the world, trotting along on her high heels, with her head in the air, and her thoughts on the new gown she is going to have fitted at the dressmaker's? The poor seamstress will doubtless have to sit up half the night finishing it for the festive occasion at which my lady is hoping to outshine her dearest enemies."

While thus reflecting, I felt my arm jostled rudely, and turned to remonstrate.

"Here! What do you mean?" I asked testily; but the next instant I regretted my tone, for I saw the man was blind.

"I beg your pardon, my friend!" said I.

"Not at all, sir," was the rejoinder. "I am out of my own neighborhood and not familiar with the streets here."

We were standing on a corner; the blind man prodding the pavement with his stick, and turning his sightless eyes

about uneasily, as though uncertain what to do. The young lady had paused also to open her parasol, a pretty thing but somewhat refractory. She turned at the old man's speech, regarding him with a quick glance from bright blue eyes.

"Curiosity!" I thought. "All women are dowered with it, from the highest to the lowest."

She passed on, and I stood for a moment irresolute, wondering whether it might not be a kindness, nay—almost a duty—to ask the afflicted man where he lived and set him on his way. But I resisted the impulse: I was not responsible for him; he should have known better than to have ventured alone into a strange neighborhood; those who had charge of him should not have permitted it. Besides, there were the police.

Twirling my cane, I proceeded on my way. In front of me the young woman had just reached the opposite curb. Suddenly she turned about, glanced at the corner where the blind man was still stranded, and retraced her steps. "Probably she has forgotten some gewgaw or other," thought I, and continued on my way. But the blind man was on my conscience; and after I had gone a few steps farther, I turned once more to see what had become of him. To my surprise, the young woman was talking to him. Then they came toward me, she with a neatly gloved hand laid gently on his arm. He could not see me, she did not observe me. When they had passed, I followed somewhat closely; for I began to feel interested. Could there possibly be any connection between that shabby old man and the handsomely attired young lady, *habitué* of a world to him evidently unknown? Hardly; and yet I will admit that, though not a woman, I was quite curious, and rather pleased to learn from the tone of her voice that her companion was somewhat deaf as well as blind. Thereby I was enabled to hear their conversation without attracting their observation.

"You tell me you are lost?" she was

saying in a remarkably sweet voice.

"Where do you live, sir?"

"In X Street, Miss."

"That is rather distant," she observed, after reflection. "How do you come to be so far out of your way?"

"I do not know. I was to meet my daughter. She had gone to take back some sewing—she is a seamstress,—and I missed her. I had come out for a walk, the day is so fine."

"Very well. I will take you home."

"It will not inconvenience you, Miss?"

"Not at all. I had planned to do some shopping, but it does not matter."

"You are very kind, Miss."

"Not at all: it is a pleasure. You live with your daughter?"

"Yes; she is a widow. There are two children. I make fruit baskets and they help. She is an excellent seamstress and has plenty of work."

"That is good. And you get on well?"

"Very well."

"And the children? Do they go to school?"

"Oh, regularly!"

"I shall like to know them. It is a blessing for you to be surrounded with children; you have more reason to be thankful than many who are not blind."

"Oh, yes, Miss! You are right. There is often real happiness for the blind."

I fell back, fearing to be detected in my espionage. I heard no more, but could see that the talk went pleasantly on. At last they paused in front of a large building. A woman and two little boys were standing in the doorway.

"Here he is!" they cried, as the pair approached.

I lingered on the sidewalk, pretending to pull the point of my cane from a crack between two stones. There were cheerful words and some laughter, and then the young, fashionably dressed good Samaritan hurried away, glancing at her watch as she went. She did not cast her eyes toward me, but I said in an undertone: "God bless her, and God forgive my

rash judgment of her!" She was in a hurry, and she went out of her way—she whom, in the uncharitableness of my heart, I had called a frivolous creature without sense or feeling,—to conduct a poor, strayed blind man to his home; to console him with sweet, kind words; to fill his thoughts with hope and contentment; while I, who flatter myself on being a philosopher, not to say a Christian, without anything in the world to do but amuse myself, on whom time often hangs heavily, had not the human sympathy, the generosity of soul, to offer the service which I could so readily have performed.

I had no desire to walk any longer that morning: my life and its emptiness looked very poor to me. I resolved never again to judge by appearances, and went slowly homeward to ponder on the parable of the mote and the beam.

A B C.

A Favor of Our Queen.

THE CURE OF MARIE BOREL.

FOR the following very satisfactory account of an extraordinary cure at Lourdes we are indebted to Mrs. Bellamy Storer, whose greatest desire, she tells us, is "to have as many people read it as possible, it is so simple and convincing." This cure is certainly one of the most remarkable ever wrought at Lourdes; it was generally unexpected, yet was sudden, complete and permanent. The reader will not wonder that our Blessed Mother, the Consoler of the Afflicted, was moved to pity a victim of such awful suffering as Marie Borel. The physician's description of her malady, and of her condition on arriving at the Grotto, is harrowing. We characterize the account of her cure as "very satisfactory," because it gives the official report of Dr. Boissarie, of Lourdes, with the certificate of Dr. Bardol who had attended Miss Borel, her own story, and the testimony of the Marquise de Chambrun, Mrs. Storer's

daughter, who saw the favored pilgrim seven weeks after her return home. It was a happy thought to secure this testimony to the permanence of the cure.

DR. BOISSARIE'S REPORT.

Marie Borel, aged twenty-seven years, of Mende, had, at the age of nineteen, an attack of typhoid fever, from which she recovered perfectly. Two years later, at twenty-one, she began to suffer from appendicitis, and remained subject to repeated attacks of that disease, in spite of medical treatment. At the age of twenty-three an operation was considered necessary, and the appendix was removed at the Montpellier Hospital. The patient left the hospital twenty-five days later, apparently quite cured. In a few months afterward, however, an abscess formed in the scar of the incision, and soon opened spontaneously. The patient began to suffer from abdominal pains, and was obliged to enter the hospital at Mende, where an operation was performed by Dr. Bardol, with the object of closing the fistula resulting from the abscess. But, in spite of the treatment, the fistula persisted.

The patient then began to complain of pain in the back, and was placed for some time in Bonet's apparatus to give rest to the spine. When the apparatus was removed, the girl was unable to leave her bed, and for the next thirty months was confined to it. A few months after the appearance of the first abscess, a second was formed above it, which opened spontaneously. The patient objected to any surgical interference.

Some months later a third abscess showed itself, on a level with the iliac crest, in the axillary line. The patient was now twenty-five years old, and had three suppurating fistulæ, which soon began to give passage to fecal matter. Two other fistulæ appeared subsequently in the lumbar region, discharging pus. The vertebral column became more and more ankylosed, and the patient was scarcely able to move in her bed. The three fistulæ

which discharged fæcal matter began to intercommunicate; a sixth fistula, also discharging fæcal matter, was formed later in the neighborhood of these three.

For five months preceding the month of August, 1907, the patient had not had a movement through the anus, all the contents of the intestine escaping through the four fistulæ in the iliac region. It was a case of artificial anus with several openings. The wounds had to be dressed twice a day, as a considerable amount of pus escaped from the two posterior fistulæ.

For thirty months before this date, the patient could not empty her bladder without the use of a catheter several times a day; and from the beginning of the year 1907 her urine had become purulent.

With a stiff vertebral column, ankylosed in the lumbar region, with the abdominal wall perforated by four apertures opening into the intestine, and allowing its contents to escape through them entirely, the patient was brought to Lourdes in a condition beyond the help of surgical skill.

Her wounds were dressed twice a day on the 19th and 20th of August, 1907. On the morning of the 21st the dressings were removed; and, we are told by the nursing ladies, they contained; as usual, fæcal matter anteriorly and pus posteriorly. He was then carried to the tank.

On the afternoon of the 21st the dressings were removed before the patient was immersed. To the great surprise of everyone, the lint and cotton were quite dry, there was no trace of fæcal matter, and posteriorly only a few small yellowish stains. The same morning she had a motion per anum, which had not occurred for the last five months. Still the cure was not complete. The patient had still to be carried on a stretcher. On the 22d of August, after the immersion, she felt better, and was able to rise unsupported, which she had not done for thirty months. She could also pass urine without the catheter. She then came to the Bureau des Constatations, where she was examined under the direction of Dr. Desplats, of

Lille. The dressings, which had not been changed since the previous day, August 21, in the morning, were perfectly dry; the fistulæ were closed and healed. The vertebral column could be easily moved in every direction; the patient leaned forward, backward, sideways.

She showed us the certificate of Dr. Bardol,* who says that she is suffering from purulent and fæcal fistulæ of the abdominal wall connected with chronic inflammation of the cæcum and appendix, and also from ankylosis of the vertebral column, in the lumbar region, in consequence of which she is unable either to rise or to walk.

The patient has been well ever since; the bowels and bladder have recovered their natural function; the urine is clear.

We saw her again at the Bureau des Constatations before her departure, and were able again to ascertain that the fistulæ were healed; that there was no trace of suppuration; that the iliac fossa was normally soft; that the vertebral column could be moved freely in every direction. The result of the examination was confirmed by several medical men who were present at the Bureau.

We shall not endeavor to account for such a fact, beyond affirming our conviction that the closing, in the space of a few hours, of six fistulous openings, four of which discharged fæcal matter, is beyond the scope of the ordinary laws of medicine, and that the action of natural forces is not sufficient to account for it.

Unless we wilfully ignore and disregard such cases, we must acknowledge the intervention of a supernatural power, and confess that we are in the presence of a miraculous fact.

* I have attended Marie Borel, who has been suffering for about three years with pyostercoral fistulæ in the abdomen, as well as chronic inflammation of the appendix and the cæcum, and an ankylosis of the lumbar region of the vertebral column, which prevents the patient from rising or walking.

(Signed)

DR. BARDOL.

AUGUST, 1907.

MARIE BOREL'S STORY.

Miss Borel's account of her cure, as follows, is translated from the *Croix de la Lozère*, Dec. 8, 1907. We have shortened it somewhat by omitting incidental references to some cures of which our readers have already heard, and other irrelevant matter:

"On the evening of August 15 I was carried on a litter, in a wagon, to the railway station, to take the train to La Bastide; and was placed in a railway carriage, where I was laid down along the seat. We had to pay for the whole compartment. The Sisters Germaine and Victoire were with me.

"How can I describe my sufferings? At each jolt of the train I held a cloth to my lips, as I was nauseated. My wounds reopened and the pain in my sides was like a red-hot iron. We left La Bastide at ten o'clock, and arrived at Allais at half-past one. I was then in a stupor, and unconscious of what went on about me. My litter was placed on a bench in the waiting-room, and at last we set off for Montpellier, where we arrived at half-past four in the morning. Mademoiselle Dubois had me carried into a room opposite the railway station. At three o'clock some train hands came and carried me to a compartment in the 'Bleu-jaune' train, where there was another sick person, with two nurses. I was quite worn out. I vomited continually; and, because of my groans and cries, my wounds had to be dressed, and I was given a hypodermic injection of morphine.

"We arrived at Lourdes at half-past seven on the morning of August 17. We were taken at once to the Grotto in a large wagon. I could think clearly of nothing, but I prayed with the others. After having heard three Masses we were taken to the hospital. I was put to bed, and my wounds were dressed. I swallowed a few mouthfuls of *café au lait*, but vomited it at once.

"The ladies work in silence. I saw

them hold handkerchiefs to their faces. Mademoiselle Armond, of Mèze, who had been so kind to me, and who, with an assistant, dressed my wounds, has said to me since: 'The odor was so dreadful that I hastened to shut the doors which opened on the staircase. If your condition had been known beforehand, you would not have been placed in that room.' I myself heard some ladies, speaking in a very low voice, saying: 'This is a most interesting case. We have never before had such wounds to dress. If she only may be cured!'

"At half-past two o'clock we were carried back to the Grotto. There were prayers and hymns chanted, and the Rosary was recited. I followed the service,—praying more for the cure of the others, however, than for my own. At four o'clock came my first immersion. I had no sensations at all. At six o'clock we went back to the hospital. I was put to bed. The nurses were greatly interested in me. All wanted to see my frightful wounds. I did not sleep a wink all night long. The wounds reopened. The last three openings, near the spine, had grown into one. 'It is not possible that I can be cured,' I said to myself. 'It is lost time.'"

"You were discouraged then?"

"I was resigned. I said to myself: 'There are others here who are worse than I am,—who are much more in need of a cure.' Not far from me lay a sick woman, who had five children and a consumptive husband. I would have changed places with her. 'At least,' I said, 'I have no one dependent upon me.'

"This was Sunday morning at half-past one. We had just received Holy Communion. Previous to this, my wounds had been dressed with cotton and gauze soaked in water from the Grotto in place of oxygenized water. I took some *café au lait* for breakfast, and I was not sick afterward.

"At half-past seven we were taken to the Grotto,—I last."

"And this time, too, you felt no pre-sentiment of cure?"

"No. You see, some of those about me were saying, 'To-day I shall be cured,' and they were not; so I could not say it.

"After the immersion we came back to the hospital. I took some bouillon, and this also was retained in my stomach. At two o'clock we returned to the Grotto, where prayers were offered as usual. I was given another immersion, as a favor.

"You must be cured," whispered Père Colomban. 'Pray!'

"Oh, I know very well that the Blessed Virgin *can* cure me!" I answered. 'But—'

"At the Esplanade we were placed in a row, and the procession passed by us. When I heard the invocation, 'O Jesus, cure the blind!' I said to myself: 'The blind? That is very difficult. If He will, He can cure me. Let it be as He wills.'

"The Blessed Sacrament passed by, above our heads, and we returned to the hospital. I swallowed some bouillon. I passed a night of pain and agitation. I fell asleep only in the morning, on Monday. It was the 19th. At six o'clock I received Holy Communion; then breakfast,—always *café au lait*.

"To-day you must get well," said Père Colomban to me.

"I wish it might be so," I answered.

"Then we went back to the Grotto and to the Pool, where I was surrounded. I heard people say: 'It is the girl from the end.' 'It is the one who has a perforated intestine.'—'What an awful odor! It is dreadful!' And some persons asked me kind questions as to my sufferings.

"We came back to the hospital at half-past ten. At dinner I had some bouillon and a little mashed potato. I retained it. At two o'clock, back to the Grotto, and afterward to the Pool.

"I could not sleep that night. I was very much excited. 'Oh,' I kept saying to myself, 'others are cured—and not I!'

"On Tuesday evening a doctor and his wife (she also a doctor), both Protestants, came into the hall. The wife

helped to dress my wounds. At every motion I made, fecal matter escaped through the orifices.

"Poor girl! It was madness to send you here, in such a condition," she said.

"Nobody sent me, Madame."

"I don't see why you did not die on the journey.—I hope she may live to get home," the lady added, speaking to the nurses. Then she went away with her handkerchief to her nose.

"The next morning, Wednesday, Holy Communion again, and dressing of the wounds. The nurses who came to see me were nauseated, and said in a low voice: 'What a condition she is in!' It was raining, and we did not go to the Grotto. At breakfast I took some *café au lait*, at dinner soup and string beans. I retained them on my stomach. At two o'clock we went to the Grotto, and again to the Pool.

"Come now, you must get well!" said Père Colomban. 'Make a distinct vow and a serious one. Write it down, and, if you are healed, carry it yourself to the Grotto.'

"That evening we were not taken to the Esplanade, but remained in front of the Grotto while the procession went by. I made my vow at half-past three. I felt more devotion, more fervor. I prayed joyfully. All that night this one thought possessed me: 'I must pray! I am losing time.' I slept a little toward morning.

"The dressings had been made at eight o'clock in the evening. The wounds were less livid, the largest one had closed a little, there was scarcely any fecal matter coming from it. All of them seemed cleaner."

"Now comes the great day. Try to remember clearly. Don't forget any detail."

"On Thursday morning, at half-past five, I wrote my vow, and placed it in an envelope, resolved that I would carry it myself to the Grotto, if I should be cured. I received Holy Communion with much more fervor, and I ate some bread for my breakfast. I helped myself twice to it,

and was told laughingly: 'You shan't be restrained.'"

"Did you at last believe in your cure?"

"I was not *sure*, but I felt more inclined to believe in it. The feeling is indefinable. At seven o'clock we were taken to the Grotto and afterward to the Pool. Madame la Salle allowed me one more immersion as a favor. She told me to pray. She inspected my wounds, from which only a small quantity of pus escaped, although they had not been dressed that morning.

"Six persons carried me to the tank. When I was in the water, Madame Fournier handed me a statue of the Blessed Virgin. At this point my memory leaves me. I don't know what happened until the moment when, recovering consciousness, I found myself standing up, supported by the arms of Madame la Salle, while the attendants rubbed my chest.

"I am told that I cried out: 'For the conversion of sinners! I am healed!' My first act was to stoop down and lift up the image of the Blessed Virgin which I had let fall in the water; and I said: 'Oh, I *must* be cured, since I can stoop and pick up the statuette!'

"The ladies about me, lost in amazement, said nothing at all. Then I looked down at my side. 'Oh, see!' I cried. 'My wounds! There are none left!'

"That is true,' said the ladies.

"Look at the three most recent ones, which I can not see myself!'

"They are closed even more than the others!'

"The attendants wanted to help me to walk up the steps.

"No,' I said. 'I shall walk up alone, since I am cured.'

"At once all my organs seemed moved to take up their normal functions."

"What was, at this moment, your state of mind?"

"I could say, and repeat over and over again, only one word—'Thanks!' When I set out from Mende I had said to myself: 'If I should be cured, I believe it would drive me crazy.' Now, I never in my life

felt so calm as at this very moment. I stooped and rose up several times, so as to make sure of the suppleness of my hips, so long rigid. My clothes were brought me. Once again I gazed down at my wounds,—they were *really* closed; only the largest one was still raw.

"I went at once to the Grotto. I had so completely lost the habit of walking that I asked myself what foot should go first. I placed my letter behind the altar. I prayed; and then I walked, without fatigue, to the Bureau des Constatations. Dr. Desplats looked up the certificate given me by Dr. Bardol, when I left Mende, and seven or eight doctors examined me.

"That wound is not healed,' said one: 'it is raw.'

"But examine it!'

"Yes; it seems like a spider at work. See how the skin is coming back, as though it were woven across the raw places!'

"I then underwent a long examination.

"When are you going home?" asked Dr. Boissarie.

"To-night.'

"That is a pity. Your case is very interesting. It is the first time that I have seen one like it.'

"At the consultation the Protestant doctor and his wife were present, very attentive. The latter said: 'We don't have such things happen in our religion. I shall become a Catholic.' 'I too,' said the husband. And they followed me about all that afternoon. At midday I went out of the Bureau des Constatations. Everyone went to the Grotto, and chanted the *Magnificat*. Then I was taken in a carriage to the hospital, for Dr. Boissarie had forbidden me to walk back on foot.

"At the chapel in the hospital the *Magnificat* was sung once more. Then we had dinner. I ate, with appetite, soup, rice, and chicken. 'I shall kill myself from eating such things,' I kept saying to myself. Since I came out of the bath I had not suffered any pain. I seemed in a delightful dream, and I felt in my soul (so calm!) an impulse that

urged me to repeat, again and yet again, that one word: 'Thanks, my Mother,—thanks!'"

The testimony of the Marquise de Chambrun, establishing the permanence of the cure, is given in a letter to her mother, dated Oct. 16, 1907, seven weeks after the events just recorded. As we have remarked, this letter greatly enhances the interest both of Dr. Boissarie's report and Marie Borel's own narrative. The Marquise writes:

"... Yesterday we went to Mende,—Pierre to see the Prefect and the Bishop; Marie de Lasteyrie and I to see the young girl who was cured at Lourdes last August,—Marie Borel.

"Her case is one of those which leave no room for doubt, or for any natural explanation. She is a gentle-looking girl, with a look in her eyes not like everybody else's. She showed us her scars. The one on her front is four inches long, nearly an inch deep, and the skin which covers the opening is still rather reddish. The others look as if they had been closed a year at least. As for the perforations of the intestine, Dr. Jean, who is not a practical Catholic, told me they must have closed spontaneously at the same time as the outer wounds; for which he says there can be no natural explanation.

"We saw Marie Borel at the home of Madame Grousset, of Mende. I had gone there to get her address, and Madame Grousset sent for her to come to see us. She arrived, running through the street, with her umbrella, in the pouring rain, and had some color. Generally, however, they say she is still rather pale; but she does not look like an invalid. She tells very simply about her sensations at the time of her cure. She did not expect to be cured, but she believed that it was possible. The morning of her cure she promised that if she got well she would give her life to God and to the poor. She is now about to enter a religious Order of Sœurs Garde-Malades."

One Note of the Church.

"WHAT is the Catholic Church? By what notes may we recognize it?" These are questions which the Anglican Bishop of Carlisle attempted to answer in the January number of the *Hibbert Journal*. The attempt was a very sorry one. To admit unity as a note of the Church founded by Christ and in the same breath to characterize that unity as "unsearchable" and "unfathomable" and "vague and dim," is equivalent to declaring that, although God has provided means for the salvation of the world, we are in the dark both as to what they are and where they are to be sought. It is a great satisfaction to find, in the current number of the same periodical, a satisfactory answer to the questions proposed by the Anglican prelate. It is supplied by the Rt. Rev. Monsignor Vaughan, who has wisely confined himself to one mark of God's Church—its unity. We should like to quote several passages of this excellent paper, but the Monsignor's exposition of a divinely-chosen figure to symbolize the Church of all nations and of all times must suffice. After remarking that our Blessed Lord compares His Church not to a belt of trees or a forest, which would be required on the Bishop of Carlisle's theory, but to a single tree which puts out great branches, the writer continues:

We will select this last figure and examine it somewhat more in detail. In the first place, then, a tree is a single organic whole, and homogeneous throughout. Though it is made up of a great number of different parts, yet every one of these parts is in perfect harmony with the rest, and all are correlated. Further, the different parts are not only correlated: they are disposed and arranged according to a special plan. The leaves are dependent upon the smaller branches, the smaller branches on the larger, and each of the larger depends upon one and the same trunk. Supposing the tree to be, e. g., an oak, then every part will have the characteristics of the oak. The leaves may be innumerable, they may grow on a thousand different branches, but each will bear the unmistakable form and character of the oak. Search as we may, we

shall never find so much as one beech or ash or maple leaf on any branch that grows out of the oaken stem. How is this uniformity secured? The answer is plain. They all draw their nourishment from the selfsame source. Every twig and leaf, even the most remote, is fed by the sap rising from the one trunk. . . .

The leaves represent the Catholic laity throughout the entire world. They are in direct communion with their respective parish priests (the smaller branches of the mystical tree). The priests, in their turn, are in direct communion with their bishops (*i. e.*, the larger branches). And all the bishops are in direct and constant communion with the Sovereign Pontiff (*i. e.*, the trunk or stem of the entire tree). . . . In this way the least and humblest catechumen is as truly united with the great centre of authority at the Vatican, and as truly in touch with its decisions and its teaching, as the crowned heads of Spain or Italy, or indeed as the Archbishops of Paris or Westminster.

That the spectacle presented to the world by the Catholic Church is unique and without a parallel is something which it is folly to deny. If nothing else in Monsignor Vaughan's article arrests the attention of the Anglican Bishop of Carlisle, it is to be hoped that he will reflect a while on two short extracts from the *London Times* (Dec. 16, 1869) and the *Daily News* (Dec. 14, same year) with which the article concludes. Both refer, of course, to the Vatican Council:

Over 700 bishops, more or less representing all Christendom, were seen gathered round one altar and one throne, partaking of the same divine mystery, and rendering homage by turns to the same spiritual authority and power. . . . It was impossible not to feel the *unity* and the power of the Church which they represented.

No other but the Pope could have assembled such a body as met to-day in the Council Hall of St. Peter's. . . . From the remotest quarters of the globe—from a land that was just heard of when the Council of Trent sat; from a land that was then wholly unknown; from Palestine and Syria, cradles of Christianity; from Persia, from China, from India, from Africa, from the Western Isles, as well as from the countries washed by the Mediterranean,—men of various languages and of diverse origin, men of great learning and of great age, have come together to this famous city [of Rome] in obedience, voluntary and spiritual obedience, to the Pastor who claims to be the successor of St. Peter and the Vicegerent of God upon earth.

Notes and Remarks.

Everyone has heard of Jean François Millet. His little painting of the "Angelus," the best known of all modern religious pictures, has rendered his name familiar to many to whom even some of the greatest of the old masters are strangers. Not so well known as Millet, though quite as deserving, was his contemporary, Camille Corot, the French master of landscape. Both were men of religion. Of the latter the writer of "Et Cætera," in the *London Tablet*, says:

Corot's literary preference, indeed, was given to "The Imitation of Christ,"—a work which, he informed the world, never left his pillow. His last drawing was a portrait of the Abbé Jouveau, made, a few days before he died, for another priest, the Curé of Coubon, the place where he ended his days.

There are sayings of Corot's which could find their way into books of spiritual maxims, as when he declared that whenever he painted well it was because God sent an angel down to his studio; and again, when he said that there was no honor to be won on earth equal to that of a Sister of Charity. Corot was once crowned with laurel leaves; and, strange to say, it was by the hand of a Sister of Charity. Corot, staying at Port Marly in 1872, and as usual favoring and finding favor with children, found himself one day at a prize-giving at the local school of the Sisters of Charity; and the story goes that one of the Sisters manufactured crowns of paper for the little girls, and when she had crowned them she turned to Corot and set her laurels on his head. "The St. Vincent de Paul of Painting" was the title with which he was saluted one day as he was painting in the fields by an unknown curé, who was unconscious that he was naming the saint of Corot's predilection.

It is said that statistics do not generally impress the French people, but we should think that they would feel some interest in the figures which prove that their race is surely and not slowly passing. The population of France, whose 30,000,000 formed the most numerous national monolingual group in Europe at the opening of the last century, has increased only 26 per cent during the past hundred years.

as against England's 350 per cent, and America's 1600 per cent. The total population of France is now 38,350,788. The number of French families, according to *Harper's Weekly*, is 9,781,117, of which 1,314,773 are without children; 2,249,337 have but one child; 2,018,665 have two; 1,246,264 have three; 748,841 have four; and 429,799 have five. These figures continue to represent, in a rapidly decreasing proportion, the number of families having any larger number of children.

Recent events in New York—events in the "society" world and the socialistic—have impelled the *Times* of that city to be thus frank in its comments:

There is no denying that we have reached something like a social crisis in the United States. It is the clear duty of people in high places to assist in the peaceable solution of its problems as much by the good example of their own private lives as by their public acts and utterances. . . . Within a year we have had far too many marital scandals, and other results of moral turpitude in our "high life"—that is to say, among the rich Americans,—and there is not enough intellectual force, artistic appreciation, or public spirit among people of that quality to compensate the country for the bad influence of their misdeeds. The awakening of the very rich to a sense of duty, however, ought not to be hopeless. There must be some way to get at their consciences.

The only way to get at the consciences of the very rich, the very poor, or any other category of human beings, is to quicken their religious sense. Possibly that process might be less discouraging in the present case, had the people in question been subjected to genuine religious training in their impressionable school-day period.

From an interesting, if brief, sketch of Bishop England, contributed to the *Levee's Journal*, we clip the following paragraphs. They recall a notable instance of the power of oratory over the minds and hearts of even a hostile auditory:

While he was Bishop of Charleston, an intolerant party was organized in the Lower House

of the Legislature of South Carolina, for the purpose of preventing the grant of a charter to a community of Ursuline nuns whose services he was anxious to secure. They were a branch of the Order whose convent had lately been burned by a mob of bigots in Boston. Bishop England's friends got him an invitation to lecture before the Senate, and many of the members of the Lower House attended from a desire to hear his far-famed eloquence.

He discoursed of toleration; he held up to their scorn the brutal Boston mob; he referred to the subject of his charter; hurled defiance at them; showed them that, had he the means, he could buy the entire State for ecclesiastical purposes, despite their narrow-souled policy. He showed them the folly of attempting to deprive Catholics of the common privileges of citizenship. He changed his theme and spoke of Catholic charity; brought before them in solemn procession the Church's countless institutions for promoting the glory of God and the welfare of man. There was not a dry eye in the house, and on the following day the charter was granted without a dissenting voice.

It must have been worth while to listen to that speech. How the mercenary grafters of the period must have withered under the scorn of the strong man who told them to their faces that, "had he the means, he could buy the entire State for ecclesiastical purposes,"—as no doubt he could!

New Orleans has lost a Catholic heroine of common life whose work entitles her to a place alongside that Southern city's "Margaret." Anna Meyer, deceased at the age of sixty-one, was a girl at the close of the Civil War. Intensely interested in the welfare of the colored people, she gave herself up to the task of bettering their condition. Says the *Morning Star*:

She soon had a class of nearly one hundred pupils, boys and girls, whom she educated gratis. This large class of children she taught to read and write, and instilled into them the principles of their faith, preparing them for their First Communion and Confirmation, taking them in a body each morning to Mass; and during the days of the retreat having them remain with her in quiet and prayerful preparation for the greatest event of their lives. In the spring of 1866, one of the largest classes of First Communicants in New Orleans was the class of colored children prepared by Miss Meyer. She

kept on with her work year after year, her little school growing to greater proportions; some of the pupils paying if they desired, but the great majority receiving their instruction free. . . .

She wanted souls for God—helpless, abandoned souls,—and so she gave her life to the care of the colored people of that section. For forty years, day in and day out, Miss Meyer was at the early Mass with her class of First Communion children; these seldom numbered less than forty, and often more. She taught them to be pious, earnest, respectful; and sought to give them a clear idea of the great action which they were to perform, and how all their lives should be modelled upon those of Jesus, Mary and Joseph. The majority of the children attended the catechism instructions at the Sacred Heart of Mary Church; and thither she would take them on the stipulated days, certain that each child knew the entire lesson and understood it. More than this: of an evening she would gather the older colored people, men and women who desired to be instructed in the faith, and would teach them their catechism and their duties to God, to their neighbor, and themselves.

Noble work unostentatiously done,—work which a Montyon "Prize of Virtue" would congruously honor, but which has already received its eternal reward.

The Cincinnati *Herald* and *Presbyter* gives some surprising statistics of a Presbyterian church in New York. Of four hundred and eighty-seven families belonging to it, only eighty-seven have children, an aggregate of one hundred and sixty-three. One block on Fifth Avenue, in the near vicinity of this church, is said to have but two children in its whole row of brown-stone front houses. From which the Ohio editor draws the following moral:

Such figures emphasize the reason for the comparatively slow growth of our leading Protestant churches in many places; or, rather, their steady decline in proportion to the growth of the population in many great cities. They also emphasize the reason for the growth of the Roman Catholic Church in the same places. One year may not see a great change,—nor ten, nor even twenty. But the change is coming. In thirty, forty, or fifty years, the changed conditions become apparent to all; and, unless there comes a reversal, a century will see a catastrophe submerging Protestantism in our

great cities, and the handing over of our institutions to those who, faulty in many ways, are true enough to God and His laws to suffer the little children to come to their homes.

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast," of course; but is there any real likelihood that Protestantism can survive, under any conditions, for even half a century?

Notwithstanding the recent declaration in the British House of Parliament anent affairs in the Congo, and the periodical statement of some of our American Catholic contemporaries that Catholics are not called upon to condone the misrule of King Leopold, we are not at all convinced that the Anti-Congo Crusade is dictated solely by motives of humanity, and that the national cupidity of a country whose history does not lack instances of similar greed is an element entirely absent therefrom. Just as an offset to some of the invectives that we have been reading of late, we reproduce the following remarks of "Papyrus," the exceptionally able reviewer of the *Catholic Times* (London). Apropos of a new book, "The Congo State," by Father Castelein, S. J., he writes:

Here is a huge territory, extremely rich in rubber and minerals, and therefore infinitely desirable by any commercial nation which, with a handful of soldiers, could control the natives and exploit their country and its wealth. It has come into the possession of the King of the Belgians, who governs it through his officials. . . . "misgoverns it," cry out a number of Englishmen; "massacres the people, enslaves them, tortures them, taxes them, and turns the land into a hell upon earth!" What are we to think of these terrible charges? Can they be true? Or is the one great element of truth in them this—that the Congo is extremely rich and that England wants the Congo?

If they are true charges, then I say that not only the Belgians but the French and German are rogues and villains; for, being in possession of contiguous territory, they can not be ignorant of what is going on in the Congo. Their official in Africa would, beyond all doubt, report to their home government the mad massacres of King Leopold's infernal minions. . . . if there were any massacres to report! . . . As Father Castelein

S. J., says in his book, now lying before me: "Whence come, in fact, these charges against the Independent State? Principally from England, and in the next place from the United States. Our great neighbors, France and Germany, both of whom are assuredly anxious for the great interests of civilization, and both of whom possess a colonial empire in Africa contiguous to our own, take no part in this campaign of accusation and disparagement." Here, methinks, is a stern fact which requires a deal of explaining away before we can take on trust the blood-curdling charges of the Anti-Congo Crusade. Why do not French and German people protest against Congo atrocities? It is an awkward question,—awkward for us in England, for it leads Father Castelein to ask another. "Have we not the right to suspect," he says, "among some of the English public a hostile prejudice stimulated by greed and jealousy? . . . Are there not also some recent precedents in English policy which should make us distrustful? In 1884, by common accord with Portugal, which is in some degree the financial dependent of England, certain English statesmen endeavored to turn us out of the Congo, and but for the opposition of other powers they would perhaps have succeeded in doing so."

While we hold no brief for King Leopold, and would heartily condemn such cruelty as is alleged to be exercised on the Congo natives, we repeat the expression of our incredulity as to the massacres, tortures, etc., etc., and our suspicion that more interested motives than altruistic philanthropy have had much to do with the Anti-Congo Crusade.

The new saying that "The real Ireland is from the Shannon to the sea" holds a great deal of truth in it, according to a writer in the *Month* who has been visiting Galway. It is referred to as "a congested district." We should have used another adjective to describe it, and from the extract which follows the reader will understand why:

In spite of the making of poteen, we saw few signs of drunkenness during our stay; although we paid a visit to one of the villages upon a fair-day, when men and women, cows, pigs, ponies and sheep crowded the narrow streets, and stretched out north, east, and west—for the sea lay here to southward—beyond the purlieus of

the village. Sometimes, of course, the temptations of a market-day in town prove irresistible. One evening we met an old woman walking inland along a road that winds through the bog, and eventually leads to Galway. In talking to her, we discovered a neighbor had warned her that her husband had succumbed to these temptations, and she was going to meet him and help him home.

"But why are you going this way?" we said. "Isn't it four miles nearer by the highroad?"

"It is so, your honor," she replied; "but I'll tell you the way it is with him. We have a fashion coming out of town of calling into the chapel as we pass, but when there's drink upon himself he wouldn't go for to insult the Son of God going into His house; so it will be over the bog he will be coming home, and not up the chapel street at all."

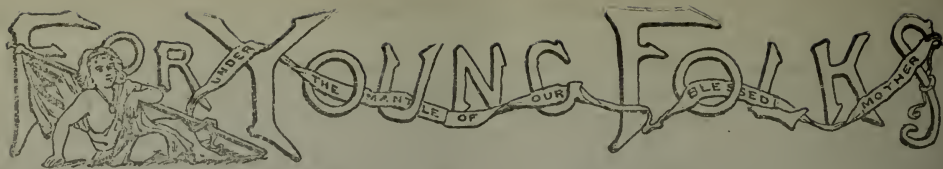
The writer terms this 'getting badly drunk'; though "the hopeless victim of intemperance," as many a sober Pharisee would call him, chose to add four miles to his toilsome homeward journey rather than pass by the church which he felt himself unworthy to enter! The poor fellow may have required a little help from his wife—she was old and couldn't have given much anyway—to get home through the bog; but, like the publican who stood afar off, we venture to say he "went down to his house justified."

In a recent issue of the London *Catholic Times* appear some interesting extracts from a diary kept by an English army officer during a pilgrimage to Lourdes. Most visitors to Our Lady's Pyrenean shrine can certify to the correctness of this entry:

My chief feeling is one of intense thankfulness to God for all I saw at Lourdes: so much suffering, so much prayer, such fervent piety and faith,—faith that moves mountains,—the absolute certainty of asking and it shall be given. The whole thing was thrilling, inspiring, and altogether wonderful. In the ordinary world, prayer and spiritual things take a back seat. At Lourdes, prayer comes first; exteriors are disregarded, everything is prayer; it is the one important thing.

The same feeling will be experienced by all who read the favor recounted elsewhere in this number of THE AVE MARIA.

FOR YOUNG FOLKS



A Restorer.

BY M. R.

THE Spring restores to hills and leas,
To lowly shrubs and stately trees,
The verdant garb, the bright array,
Torn by rude Winter's hands away.
The speedwells show like azure seas,
The clover blossoms scent the breeze,
When the laburnum's draperies
Of yellow gold where sunbeams play
The Spring restores.

The blackbirds seek all ears to please
With trills and rondos, lilts and glees,
When to each sheltered country way,
Where happy children laughing stray,
The primrose pale, the blue heartease,
The Spring restores.

What Birds Do for a Living.

BY MARY KELLEY DUNNE.



REMEMBER once hearing a young man, who wasn't very fond of work, wishing himself "free as the birds of the air." He evidently had an idea that birds have nothing in the world to do but preen their feathers, parade up and down the highways of the air and sing gay little ballads, or perhaps make speeches in bird language from tall stump rostrums. How little he knew about birds!

If you think birds can't set you an example in "hustling" for a living, just watch a robin feeding his nest full of babies. No wonder the spick-and-span shining coat in which he dresses himself at Easter grows dull and seedy before the summer is half spent. No squalling infant has his human daddy under his thumb more completely than those

squawking, big-headed, undressed robin babies have poor Mr. Robin. Perhaps you are one of those clever youngsters who will say straightway: "But baby robins have no thumbs." To be sure, but they have mouths out of all proportion to their scrawny little bodies, and poor papa and mamma robin have to rush every single minute of daylight to keep those mouths closed. When they get time for their own meals is a mystery.

Some day, when you find a robins' nest in a tree under your window where you can look right into it, as happens quite frequently, suppose you watch carefully and see how many trips the parent birds make with food. A man who watched for an hour once, says the old birds made fifty trips. That means that each baby robin had a dainty worm every four or five minutes, or fifteen such tidbits each hour. Four-minute meals would kill a human baby, of course; but birds have rapid digestion and they grow very fast. At the end of three months, a robin is at least ten times the size he was when he first came out of the shell.

As a matter of fact, birds work very hard for a living, both winter and summer; although their life is not quite so strenuous after their nests are built and the babies have grown. But for most birds there is the long semi-annual journey, with its wearisome flights, punctuated only by a few days' stop here and there on the journey of thousands and thousands of miles between their winter and summer homes. And there is the semi-annual change of clothes, which must take a great deal of the bird's energy. You have noticed how listless your canary or your chickens become during the moulting season, haven't you?

Birds have no hibernating season like the toads or the bear. Nor do they seem

to have acquired any of the thrifty saving habits of the squirrel family. I have never heard of a bird that hid away a winter supply of seeds and nuts. Birds live from hand to mouth, as we say of thriftless humans; and as a consequence they have to dig for a living, winter and summer. To be sure, after the baby birds are able to look out for themselves, they do not have to work so hard. Each one has only himself to provide for. There is no family life among birds, apparently, after the first few months, when the young are helpless or learning to fly.

In earning their living, birds help us to earn ours. That's something young people ought to have impressed upon them. By eating insects and worms, birds make it possible for us to have fruits and grains and vegetables. Indeed, if it were not for the help birds give us in keeping down pests in the cotton fields, we should have comparatively few clothes to wear. It rarely occurs to us how dependent we are upon the smaller, unconsidered brethren. The earthworms, which Tommy thinks of no consequence except to bait fishhooks, are really important factors in keeping the earth tillable. Their passage to and fro helps to keep the soil open and porous, so the heat and air can get through it. But, of course, the worms might get too numerous if they were not restrained in some way, so the birds keep the balance by feeding on them.

But we are far more dependent on the birds than on the earthworms. Indeed if all the birds were to die off suddenly, the rest of us would all follow in two or three years. Without the birds to eat insects and grubs, the crops would not amount to anything. No amount of insect powders or spraying would take the place of the ten thousand varieties of birds, with their varied tastes and appetites. Or even supposing the birds were not all killed, but that something went wrong with the winds at the equator, and that the millions of birds returning from their winter homes in South America

were blown out to sea so far they had not the strength to get back. We should still have robins and bluebirds and sparrows and owls and a few others, but they could not begin to keep down the ravenous insect life. Farmers would be in despair and in a few years we should all be crowding over to Europe perhaps, or maybe fighting like savages for the little food there would be left. So you see that man's most dangerous enemies are not roaring lions and howling wolves, but tiny weevils and moles and microbes.

It's hard to imagine just the dreadful state of affairs we should have if our allies, the summer birds, failed to arrive in time to help us with our potatoes and wheat and apples, and the dozens of other grains and vegetables and fruits we simply must have in order to keep going. It never has happened, to be sure, in all the ages this co-operation of man and bird has been going on, so probably it never will. But if we could imagine what it would mean to us, we should have more respect for the feathered folk. Certainly we would never again treat them as nuisances.

The New Scholar at St. Anne's.

BY MARION J. BRUNOWE.

IV.—A COUNSEL OF PEACE.

Mother Margaret, Sister Marietta and Sister Berenice—a council of three—sat and looked at each other. The scene was in Mother Superior's room; the hour was between eleven and twelve on the morning succeeding the coming of the latest new scholar, Miss Isabel Kersey.

"Absolutely refuses to answer a single question,—absolutely!" this from Sister Marietta, with a gesture of the hands and an inflection of the voice, half suggesting comedy, half despair.

"I should send for her parents and expel her at once. If allowed to remain, her example will be most demoralizing."

* Sister Berenice spoke with slightly heightened color. She regretted exceedingly the impulse which had prompted her to give this unusual specimen of new scholar into the care of the "Remains." She had long ago forgiven but she could not quite forget the pranks of "The Madcap Set." Secretly she had never approved of Mother Margaret's apparent condoning of much that had taken place in the past.

That lady herself, her fine eyes slightly shadowed as she looked from one to the other of the two women before her, leaned back in her chair, and made no comment for a moment or so. Her heart went out to both her daughters, realizing the difficulties of their respective positions. More than a score of her own long years in religion had been passed in intimate contact with girls of all ages; and what Mother Margaret did not know about youthful femininity, good, bad or indifferent, was hardly worth the knowing. When she spoke it was to Sister Berenice, First Prefect of Discipline.

"I am afraid, Sister, were we to do what you propose, it would be a reflection upon our own judgment in admitting her."

"Oh, no! Expulsion is out of the question!" exclaimed Sister Marietta, in the quick, frank way natural to her. "And, besides," she added, speaking more slowly, "I am afraid that in this case it would be, for the poor child herself, a leap from the frying pan back into the fire. She's safer in the pan."

Her companions both looked their questioning surprise. Sister Marietta observed:

"When I entered the Order," she said, turning directly to the superior, "I thought I was leaving the world and all that pertained thereto; and for the many, many years that I said my prayers, and taught music from morning till night, I was practically and peacefully quite 'out of it,' if I may use the vernacular. But during the months—now nearly six—since I succeeded Sister Fabiola as Directress of Studies, I am constrained to admit that

the world has been very much with me."

A shade of comprehension flitted across Mother Margaret's expressive countenance. She herself had once filled the position of Directress of Studies at St. Anne's. She "knew"; but she also knew that there were certain conditions, emanating from the perplexities of modern life, which she in her day had not been called upon to meet, and satisfactorily adjust, as was the lot of the present Directress of Studies.

"I have met," the latter went on, "with many varieties of parent—the indulgent, the over-indulgent, the strict, the wise, the foolish, and the silly; with those who had been accustomed to the refinements of life, with those to whom such things were but a veneer. In short, I thought I was past surprises—"

She paused a moment, and the stately Prefect of Discipline bent forward in interested attention. Mother Margaret showed frankly, though with a shade of concern, her interest also.

There was a gleam very like anger in Sister Marietta's eyes, as looking from one to the other, she continued:

"Why, the child is practically a pagan, and purposely made so. Although almost fifteen years of age, she has never yet approached the sacraments. And why? Because her mother, avowedly a Catholic, has yet a theory—"

There was the barest perceptible pause, together with a slight ironic inflection, after the word "theory." But Sister Marietta could not help it; her soul was sick of a modern mania for theorizing. She had had to encounter more than her share of it, all the way from Mrs. S., who had had a "theory" that her daughter, a freckled-faced snip of twelve, should be approached in a "spirit of respectful consideration," to Mrs. W., whose "theorizing" led her to suggest that *her* daughter, a languishing damsel of eighteen, though not a special pupil in any way, be permitted to take her meals in a private dining-room, and subsist upon the abso-

lutely indispensable dishes of sweetbread and terrapin; Mrs. W. having a "theory" that forty-five minutes was entirely too short a period in which to eat an ordinary dinner. So Sister Marietta had, if the whole truth must be acknowledged, small use for theories and theorizers.

"Well," she went on, "Mrs. Kersey has for years had a theory that the mere mentioning of that ugly word *sin* in the presence of the young was calculated to have a 'most distressing effect upon their pristine innocence.' Her daughter was baptized when an infant, therefore the poor child is not quite a pagan" (this parenthetically). "But preparation for confession and Holy Communion would involve the frequent use of the aforementioned ugly word; therefore everything of the kind has been carefully eliminated. 'The dear child has lived upon the doctrine of sweetness and light,' whatever that may be." And Sister Marietta shrugged her shoulders, and questioned the ceiling a moment. Sister Berenice's expression was becoming rigid.

"And yet you say this—this person calls herself a Catholic?" questioned Mother Margaret, quietly.

"Decidedly. She goes to Mass regularly, even takes Isabel; being careful, however, always to withdraw during the time of the sermon, unless she is quite sure that the preacher will be 'one of those lovely Jesuit Fathers, who are so considerate of the feelings of persons of refinement.'"

Mother Margaret turned quickly around in her revolving chair, and her shoulders shook. She had a keen sense of humor, this saintly mother of many daughters; and she was thinking of the Jesuit Father who preached her Sisters' last annual retreat. The same thought struck Sister Marietta; and she too laughed.

"However, to hurry on with my tale," she said, "the child, unhampered by any sense of moral responsibility, has been allowed to do practically as she pleased for now nearly fifteen years. Recently her father, a quiet-mannered man, pro-

fessing no creed whatsoever, but with the modicum of common-sense which the mother seems to lack, awakened to the fact that Miss Isabel was getting beyond control in various ways, and decided that a year or two of the training usually acquired in a convent school would be beneficial to both her mental and moral health. The decision was carried out, I suppose, in spite of wifely protests. Taking into account what the mother had told me, I asked if she wished to have her daughter considered and instructed as a Catholic. The answer came from Mr. Kersey, and it was emphatically in the affirmative. So," and Sister Marietta smiled again, and expressively shrugged her shoulders, "it comes to about this: that, no matter how incorrigible the poor child may prove, it is nothing less than our duty to take her in hand."

The Prefect of Discipline stirred uneasily in her chair.

"You say she absolutely refuses to answer the examiner's questions?"

"Absolutely refuses," rejoined the Directress of Studies. "Sister Rosalie has been with her now for an hour and a half; Miss Isabel has not yet allowed her to determine whether her abilities, or lack of abilities, fit her for the Kindergarten or the Graduating Class."

"Where and with whom is she now?" inquired Mother Margaret, gravely.

"Seated before the clock, her own thoughts for companions," said Sister Marietta, briefly.

The tradition at St. Anne's consigning the most desperate cases to a seat before the great clock in the Senior Hall had existed from time immemorial. It marked the displeasure of the Directress of Studies, and that was very high displeasure indeed to have incurred. Mother Margaret and Sister Berenice glanced quickly at the present incumbent of the office; she rarely "punished" publicly.

"May I ask how you succeeded in persuading her to obey even so simple a command as to be seated before the

clock?" inquired Sister Berenice, with fine irony.

"Oh, I merely suggested that a seat before the clock might be a change of position! Our young lady nonchalantly fell in with the suggestion, succinctly remarking that it was a good place from which to view whatever was going on."

Sister Berenice rose majestically.

"If you will excuse me, Mother," she said, "I will go back to my duties. I plainly see that I can be of no possible use in this conference."

Mother Superior's hand detained her.

"Just a moment, Sister," she said quietly. "Much will depend upon the companions with whom the child is thrown. You could perhaps arrange that?" There was a question in the gentle voice.

Sister Berenice's expression became almost comic in its excess of consternation.

"I do not know what possessed me," she admitted, "but last night I gave her into the charge of those young ladies who formerly called themselves 'The Madcap Set.' I believe I must have had a moment of aberration myself."

If Mother Margaret and Sister Marietta exchanged glances which had in them something not entirely of consternation, they were so swiftly given and received that they were not perceived by the third party to the interview, whose brows were knit, and whose eyes and hands were occupied in disentangling the rosary beads which hung at her waist.

"They're called the 'Remains' now; aren't they?" ventured Sister Marietta, tentatively.

Sister Berenice approached the door with slow stateliness.

"I believe so. Any and every absurdity and audacity is evidently permissible in this institution nowadays."

"Just one more moment, Sister," said Mother Margaret, with a little plea in her voice. "Haven't the—the 'Remains' been remarkably discreet in behavior during the past few months?"

Sister Berenice paused, her hand on the door knob, and—but I hardly like to say it—*sniffed*.

"Grace Winton is scheduled for punish class to-night," she remarked concisely; "and Helen Marr—" She paused, and both her companions bent forward a little: Mother Superior with genuine concern upon her features, Sister Marietta with a swift glance of inquiry. "Well, she has not done anything yet," concluded the Prefect of Discipline, somewhat lamely. "But there are signs: I know them only too well."

Her companions sighed in relief.

"Let us hope for the best," suggested Mother Margaret, with ready optimism. "Let us hope for it both in the case of the 'Remains' and in that of this puzzling new scholar of ours. Suppose," she concluded, directly addressing Sister Marietta, "that after you think Miss Isabel has looked at the clock for a period long enough to be salutary, you casually invite her to enter Third Class? From her age, this would, I should judge, be about the proper grade for her."

Sister Marietta bowed.

"I shall do so," she said, "and await results; that's about all that's left to any of us."

"And I anticipate favorable ones," remarked Mother Margaret, with conviction. "The dominance of your personality over the girl is already evident."

Sister Marietta's black eyes flashed and a little flush rose in her usually pale cheeks. She was not at all above humanly appreciating this tribute to what some people called magnetism in her, and some defined, in terms of far more truth and strength, as character.

Sister Berenice was already marching "back to her duties," her head held very high, a feeling akin to despair at her heart. It certainly *was* hard to be Prefect of Discipline—or First Angel of the Study Hall, in local parlance,—at the Convent of St. Anne.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"Science and Its Counterfeit" and "Galileo," both by that indefatigable and illuminative apologist, Father John Gerard, S. J., are recent issues of the London Catholic Truth Society. Like all the reverend author's works, they are distinguished for their inexorable logic and their uncommon "common-sense."

—A multitude of readers, we feel certain, will welcome Mr. Alfred Perceval Graves' "Father O'Flynn" in separate form, together with a Gaelic and a Latin version, a facsimile of the author's manuscript, his portrait, and an illustration for each verse by Mr. Lindsay Symington. Messrs. Burns & Oates are the publishers.

—We are very glad to announce a new revised edition of the Rev. John Talbot Smith's excellent work on ecclesiastical seminaries. For introduction it will have an admirable article by the Rt. Rev. Bishop McQuaid, who has also contributed an additional chapter on the training of a seminary professor. This new edition would be well worth while if only for these additions, but we understand that Father Smith has given his important work a thorough revision.

—The Church scarcely counts among her clergy anywhere a more indefatigable advocate of daily Communion than Father Zulueta, S. J. There have come to our table simultaneously the two latest additions to his books and booklets on this subject: "Parents and Frequent Communion of Children," a Catholic Truth pamphlet; and "The Ministry of Daily Communion," a consideration for priests, a neatly bound volume of about one hundred pages, issued by R. & T. Washbourne.

—This is the day not only of the short story but of the short sermon as well. Yet another collection of brief discourses is "Short Sermons for Low Masses," by F. Heffner, priest of the Order of St. Norbert. It is Vol. III. of Father Heffner's instructions, and contains a sermon for every Sunday in the year. As the book has only 114 pp., it is clear that the title is amply justified. The average length of the discourses is, in fact, only from eight hundred to a thousand words. The matter is solid and practical; the style simple, direct, and clear. Joseph F. Wagner, publisher.

—In the foreword to "The Angelus," by Leo Gregory, we are told that it is a work for serious people, and are led to believe that its author intends it as an optimistic companion poem, in contrast one, for Mr. Markham's rather pessimistic

"The Man with the Hoe." The contrast is sufficiently marked, too. "The Angelus" consists of some four hundred and fifty lines of blank verse in the classic metre, iambic pentameter. We do not particularly admire the author's fondness for ellipsis, even though his frequent omission of the part of speech that used to be known as the article is a peculiarity which he shares with Mr. Alfred Austin, poet-laureate of England. In the following three lines, for instance, undue conciseness leads to obscurity:

At intervals for years I heard a song;
So distant voice that sang or dull mine ear,
I knew not whence it came, from earth or heaven. . .

The H. H. Publishing Co., Aurora, Illinois.

—"Style-Book of Business English," by H. W. Hammond (Isaac Pitman & Sons), is designed for use in business colleges, high schools, and also for self-instruction. The preface states that "time and again the teaching of English style has been attempted and abandoned in commercial courses on account of its meagre results, and all for lack of a proper text-book." We presume that every author or compiler of a new text-book is under the impression that he is filling an actual want; although in reality the impression, as like as not, is quite erroneous. We have in mind, for instance, one or two books that may compare fairly enough even with this work of Mr. Hammond's. It is only fair to add, however, that the "Style-Book" has some excellent features of its own; and is likely to please those for whose use it has been designed.

—Times have changed since the days when this bit of advice could be given in "The Old Librarian's Almanac":

You shall chuse your Books with Care and Circumspection. When you have determin'd that 'tis Prudent to purchase a certain Work, do so cautiously and make a Shrewd Bargain with the Vendor. It will then be your Duty to Peruse the Volume, even if (as doubtless will be the Fact) you have scan'd it before Buying. Do not let the Importunities of Persons who come to the Library hasten you in the Performance of this Task. They should be Content to wait for the Book until you have Satisfied yourself of its Contents. There will then remain the Necessity of recording its Acquisition in your Ledgers of Record. As for the Entry of its Style and Title in the Catalogue, many counsel that this is not needful, since you may be expected to remember that the Book has been Purchas'd for the Library. Some would advise that if it be a volume of Sermons it be placed on the Shelves with others of its like; or if it be a work of Natural Philosophy it stand near the volumes of that class. This is a waste of Labour. Assign it a Number which shall Correspond to its Position on the Shelf, and shall be the next in sequence from the latest Book which you have added, and so let them stand

in the order in which they are Receiv'd. For, surely, if you desire to find a number of volumes of Sermons, it will be an easy matter for you, recalling when they were Purchas'd, to pluck them from their several resting-places. Keep your Books behind stout Gratings, and in no wise let any person come at them to take them from the shelf except yourself.

—Concluding an appreciative review of the Catholic Encyclopedia (Vol II.), the Bombay Examiner proffers a useful suggestion to the editors of that great work:

In course of time a number of printer's errors or otherwise faulty passages will be brought to light by criticism: and no doubt the editors will keep a list of these for use in a subsequent edition. Our suggestion is this: Why not publish, on a slip attached to each new volume, a list of such *corrigenda* down-to-date—at least those which make any important difference? This would do justice to the authors of the different articles, who will not relish the idea of being victimized by accidental mistakes. It would also prevent the public from being misled in detail. Probably the list for each volume would not be a very long one. But, long or short, it would enable the possessors of copies to mark the corrections marginally in their proper place, and thus secure reliability where accident has marred the work.

An excellent idea, well worth acting upon by the editors of any work the successive volumes of which appear only at intervals of months, or, possibly, years.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

"Short Sermons for Low Masses." Rev. Fr. Heffner. \$1.

"Style-Book of Business English." H. W. Hammond. 60 cts.

"A Catechism of Modernism." Rev. J. B. Lemius, O. M. I. 25 cts.

"Sheer Pluck and Other Stories." 85 cts.;

"Tommie and His Mates." Rev. David Bearne, S. J. \$1.

"The Holy Gospel According to St. Mark." Rev. Cecil Burns, M. A. \$1.

"Meditations and Devotions." Cardinal Newman. In three parts. Each, 40 cts., net.

"Round the World." Vol. IV. 85 cts.

"A Pilgrim from Ireland" 45 cts.

"Heliotrope." Rev. John Rothensteiner. 60 cts., net.

"The Inquisition." E. Vacandard. \$1.60.

"The Prince of the Apostles." By the Rev. Paul James Francis, S. A., and the Rev. Spencer Jones, M. A. Cloth, \$1.25, net; paper, 75 cts., net.

"Qualities of a Good Superior." Edited by the Rev. Ferreol Girardey, C. SS. R. \$1.25.

"The Fathers of the Desert." From the German of the Countess Hahn-Hahn by Emily F. Bowden. With a Chapter on the Spiritual Life of the First Six Centuries by John Bernard Dalgairns. In Two Volumes. \$2.50, net.

"The World in which We Live." By R. J. Meyer, S. J. \$1.50.

"The Catholic Who's Who and Year Book, 1908." Edited by Sir F. C. Burnand. \$1.50, net.

"Practical Sermons." 2 vols. Rev. John Perry. \$2.50, net.

"The Sunday-School Teacher's Guide to Success." Rev. Patrick Sloan. 75 cts., net.

"The History of the Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ." Rev. James Groenings, S. J. \$1.25.

"The Life of Antonio Rosmini-Serbati." Rev. G. B. Pagani. \$3, net.

"Social Questions and the Duty of Catholics." Charles Stanton Devas, M. A. 25 cts., net.

"The First Page of the Bible." Father Bettex. 30 cts.

"Practical Preaching for Priests and People." Rev. Bernard W. Kelly. \$1.25, net.

"Society, Sin, and the Saviour." Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J. \$1.35, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

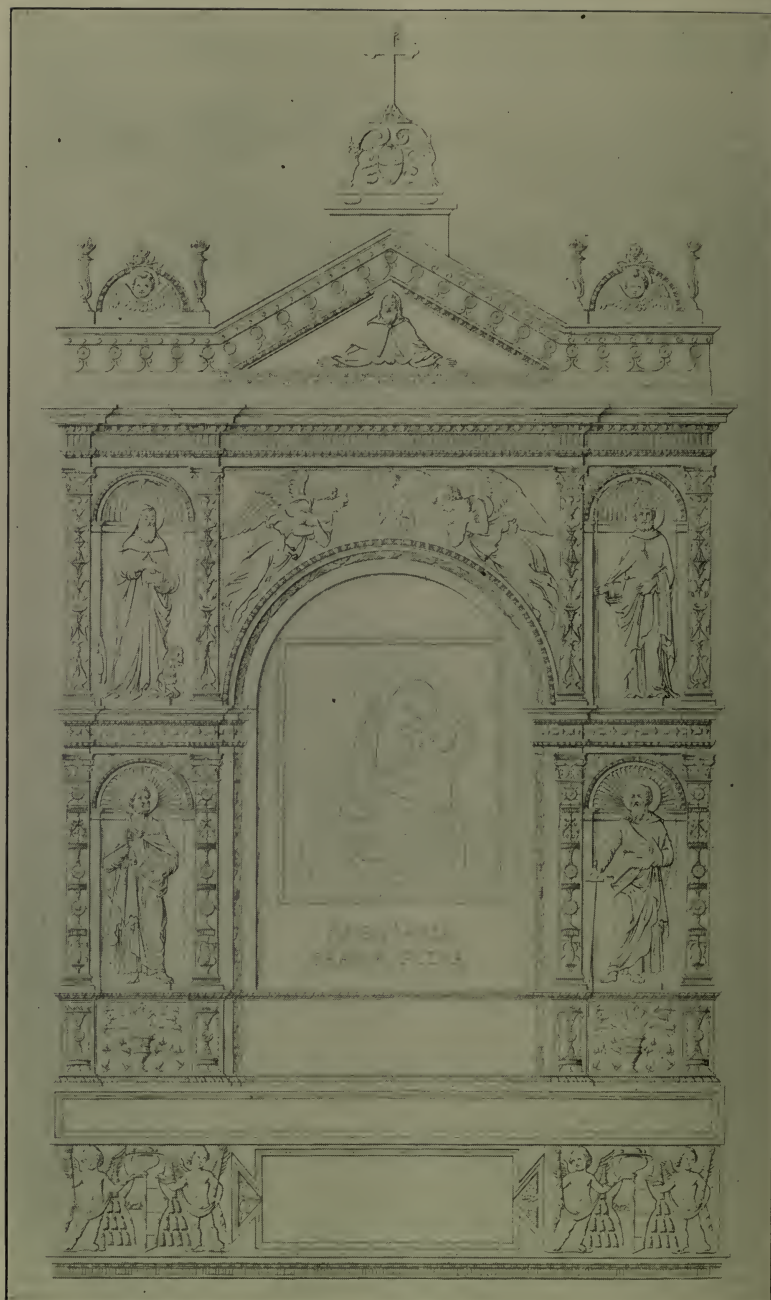
Rev. Anthony Pauk, archdiocese of St. Louis; and Rev. Gilbert Nuonno, O. F. M.

Brother Theogene, C. S. C.

Sister M. Gertrude, of the Order of the Visitation.

Mr. Francis V. Pellerin, Mr. Rudolph Kroha, Mrs. P. M. Dwyer, Mr. Henry S. Pouter, Miss Teresa Mullen, Mr. John F. Jenkins, Mr. Thomas McGettigan, Mr. George Beadell, Mr. Matthew Foley, Mrs. George Trudeau, Mr. Patrick Lennon, Mr. James Bouton, Mrs. Constance Machem, Mr. William Petrlík, Miss Mary Gorman, Mr. John Schreiber, Miss M. Marley, Mr. William Becker, Mr. Isaac Kelley, and Mr. Robert Brown.

Requiescant in pace!



ALTAR IN THE CHURCH OF S. MARIA DEL POPOLO.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

OL. LXVI.

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Mother Most Pure.

BY L. F. MURPHY.

AST seen the lilies lifting in the light,
The night-blown roses in the dawn's first glow?
And there are buds that blossom in the snow,
And fairy flowers springing in the night,
So frail, too fair, too pure for mortal sight.
There is a light that guarding angels know
From souls of little children shining so!
And virgin souls, all consecrate and white.
Pure is the light that shines in sinless eyes,
From hearts made pure through Christ's up-
lifting grace,
The love-light in a mother's gentle face,—
Pure as the changeless light of Paradise;
But naught on earth so fair, so pure, so good
As Mary, Flower of all womanhood!

The Cultus of Mary in the Catholic Church.

BY DR. FRANZ HETTINGER.*

THE words "born of the Virgin Mary" are uttered in the Apostles' Creed by all believers in Christ. Thus the Son naturally leads us to the consideration of the Mother; for she gave Him to the world; through her He became flesh of our flesh and bone of our bone, our Brother. Therefore, His Mother is also our Mother. For double reason, surely, why we should study who and what the Mother of God is. Our natural feelings tell us that if we wish to honor the Son, we must not treat

the Mother with disrespect. "And yet," says the Protestant writer Dietlein, speaking of his co-religionists, "there is a certain kind of dread of the Mother of God amongst us,—a constant fear even to accord her the word of salutation which the Eternal Father sent her by angel's lips, to remove the ancient curse which separated us from God and from His love. To any other child of Adam and Eve that has preceded us into the eternal home, we may address an '*Ave pia anima*' as often as we choose, but not to the Mother of Christ; for that would be *Catholic*."

Let us, therefore, make the attempt to state, as briefly as possible, the dogmatical principle of the cultus of Mary in the Catholic Church.

"Uniting with the Holy Fathers," says the Synod of Chalcedon in the fifth century, "we teach, in regard to one and the same Lord Jesus Christ, that He is perfect in divinity and perfect in humanity . . . ; according to His divinity, begotten of the Father; but in the fulness of time, on our account and for our salvation, according to His humanity, *born of the Virgin Mary, the Mother of God*." "For," says Cyril of Alexandria, "if the Emmanuel is true God, the Blessed Virgin is Mother of God; because she corporally bore in her womb the Word made Flesh," and not a simple man with whom the Divinity was afterward united. The Eternal Father determined to bestow upon her His Son, whom He had begotten

* "*Apologie des Christenthums*," Translated for THE AVE MARIA, by J. M. T.

like unto Himself from all eternity, and whom, as the Only Begotten, He loved as Himself, in such manner that He is truly "one and the same Son of God the Father and of the Virgin."*,

We see that as once the word *ὁμοῦσιος* was opposed to Arianism, so, when Nestorius denied the true and actual incarnation of the *Λόγος*, admitting only an accidental, external, moral, but not a substantial, hypostatic union of the divine with the human nature in Christ, the word Mother of God, *θεοτόκος*, became the corner-stone on which all the attacks of heresy were broken,—the foundation stone of the true belief in Our Lord, the Person and work of the Redemption. Only thus, in opposition to the rationalistic halving of Nestorius, did the mystery of the Incarnation gain its full, comprehensible expression; the inner, substantial, indivisible unity of the God-Man is forever settled by the *θεοτόκος*. "The word Mother of God," says John Damascene, "seals the mystery of the economy of salvation."

Whilst being Mother of God, Mary is virgin before, during, and after the birth of her Divine Son; she is *παρθενομήτηρ* (Virgin-Mother), and *ἀειπαρθένης*. "He was conceived of the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary," says the Church in the Apostles' Creed. "If," says Proclus, Patriarch of Constantinople, "the Mother had not remained a virgin at the birth, then it was a mere man that she bore, and his birth was not wonderful." "Birth from the Virgin," remarks Athanasius, "was the clearest evidence of the divinity of the Son." "The Wonderful must have been wonderfully born," confesses Augustine. "For, as she conceived Him in faith, His birth must have increased, not diminished, her virginity," adds Theodotus of Ancyra. This birth was not "of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man"; for in that case the fruit would be sinful—would be involved in the universal guilt of the race. From

* The Bull *Ineffabilis Deus*.

the Woman was the Redeemer born, that He might be of our race, that His birth might be really a human birth, and that He Himself might be the "Son of Man," in all things like us. He is the new Adam, begotten by the power of Him who, creating and forming in the beginning, moved over the waters at the first creation.*

Thus the idea of the God-Man stands or falls with the birth from a Virgin; this is the escutcheon of His divinity as God-Man, in opposition to the errors of the Ebionites, the Gnostics, and the *Docetae*.†

From all this we gather naturally the significance of Mary in regard to the Person and the work of Redemption, her place in the economy of salvation, her title to a special and singular veneration as Mother of the Redeemer, and of His brethren, the redeemed. All the height and depth of her mysterious being, of her calling and graces, are contained and expressed in those words of the Evangelist: "Mary, of whom was born Jesus, who is called Christ."‡ As in Christ all the graces and glories of His humanity flow from its personal union with the Word, and are demanded thereby, so all the graces and glories of Mary were given because of her union with the Son by her maternity. On account of her Son, whose Mother she is, and who is infinite, she has an infinite dignity. By this are her graces and glories to be measured,—her lofty position above all creatures. Even the Cherubim are only the adoptive sons of God, whilst she is Mother of God. Therefore her history is inseparably one with the history of the Lord. Whoever:

* The power of the Most High shall over shadow thee. (St. Luke, i, 35; Gen., i, 2.)

† "Although we must say," observes the Protestant Martensen, "that the virginal birth is concealed by a veil impenetrable to physical contemplation, still this birth is the only one that satisfies the religious and theological contemplation."

‡ There are many Apostles, but only one Mother of God. In this is the Virgin Mary raised above all other children of men, and drawn nearer to her Divine Son.—*Dieltien*.

denies Him, denies her; whoever despises her, despises Him. Therefore her place in the Church takes its root in that of the Lord; therefore are all references to Christ more or less closely interwoven with ideas of Mary; all the hopes and expectations of the Messias are also hopes of Mary,—an expectation of the new Eve, the Mother of the “new Man.”

“God from eternity chose the one that should be the Mother of God,” says Pusey.* “He created her in time, and endowed her with all the qualities with which she should be adorned, of whom it is said, *‘Tu ad liberandum suscepturus hominem non horruisti virginis uterum.’* In my youth it was truly a surprising thing to me when I first perceived clearly that it must be true that one of our race, which is the last and the lowest amongst God’s rational creatures, is raised nearer to God than all the choirs of Angels and Archangels, of Powers and Principalities, of Cherubim who stand so near to God, and of Seraphim with their burning love. And yet it is self-evident that she from whom He took His human flesh was wrought nearer to Him than all created beings; that in the whole creation, and in all possible creations, she alone has the pre-eminence; that in her womb He, who in His divinity is of the same nature as the Father, in His human body is of the same nature as she. All ideas, therefore, that we can form to ourselves of the superhuman soul, ‘full of grace,’ of her whom God had thought from eternity, when He considered the ways and means of uniting His rational creation to Himself by the redemption of our fallen race,—of whom He, who was to be God and Man, should take His human flesh, and of whom He was to be subject in His childhood,—must fall below the truth.”

“When one calls her [Mary] Mother of God,” writes Luther, “no one can say anything greater of her or to her, even though he had as many tongues as there are leaves and grass, stars in heaven, and

sands in the sea.” Through Him and because of Him, but by her own free co-operation, she was free from all actual sin,—yea, free from all sin even at the first moment of her conception.*

“Thou and Thy Mother,” says Ephrem, addressing the Lord,—“you alone are in all things pure. For in Thee, O Lord! there is no spot, and in Thy Mother no stain.” In her was Israel’s calling both personified and fulfilled—to prepare the pure, spotless body worthy of God, which was to take upon itself the coming salvation; she was, according to an expression of Proclus, “the unapproachable Holy of Holies of sinlessness”; the “virginal garden of Paradise, profaned by no sin, from which the new Adam was to be made.” She is, as Theodotus of Ancyra says, “holy, pure, spotless,—a lily amongst thorns, consecrated to God even before her birth.”† For “if the body of the Lord had been formed from flesh infected by sin, how could Christ, the Word made Flesh, be without sin, as He would then have taken flesh from sinful flesh? Therefore, in truth, His flesh was not taken from sinful flesh.” And even Luther confesses: “One could not say, ‘Blessed art thou,’ if she had ever been under the malediction. It would also be right and proper for that person to be kept from sin, from whom Christ should take that flesh which overcomes all sin. For that is called blessed which is endowed with God’s grace,—that is to say, which is without sin.”

Thus she, who through her Son crushed the serpent’s head, bears in her womb all the promises of the Old Law—the incarnate blessing, in whom “shall all the kindred of the earth be blessed.”‡ She is the Ark of the Covenant, which contains the true Holy of Holies.§ Therefore, as the

* The Bull *Ineffabilis Deus*.

† As the first man was formed from undefiled earth, so was the second also, is a thought common amongst the Fathers.

‡ Gen., xii, 3; xviii, 18; xxii, 18.

§ Heb., ix, 1, *et seq.*

grace of original holiness and justice was bestowed on the first Eve, it was bestowed in a still higher degree on the second Eve, Mary. The prophets, to whom the word of the Lord was sent, were holy; John, the last and greatest of them—who not only foretold the coming Redeemer, but pointed Him out,—was sanctified in his mother's womb. But Mary was more, for she was the Mother of the Lord. And the Lord was subject to her: He executed all her commands, as an obedient Son; and He could execute them, for they differed not from the will of God.

Therefore the "plenitude of grace" was in her. Clad in holiness from the beginning, in no moment of her existence was she in sin; and, being the Mother of Him who crushed the serpent, she was, therefore, not in the power of him who is the father of sin,—of him whose head she crushed through her Son. Shining in splendor in the sight of the Father who chose her from eternity, and of the Holy Spirit who espoused her, she was marked with the seal of perseverance, and she corresponded freely with all the graces bestowed on her by God.

That the Mother might be worthy of the Son, and that she who was to be the proximate and immediate instrument of the birth of the Redeemer, might be worthy of her office, it was becoming that she should primarily and in a super-eminent degree participate in the graces of the Redemption.* It was becoming, that the Spouse of the Holy Ghost should be worthy of her Bridegroom; for not for man did He prepare a dwelling-place in her, but for God.

All this was becoming for her, the chosen one of the Father, so that He might show in her how the Eternal can love and bestow favors. And if the Creator came down upon earth in the form of a servant, why should not she mount up to heaven,—she, the first of creatures, the Mother who gave Him His human nature?

Thus the end sends us back again to the beginning—Mary's coronation as Queen of All Saints* to the graces received at her conception. The wonderful beginning of her life no longer causes our astonishment, because her maternity and virginity—because the birth of her Divine Son, whom by the power of God she gave to the world whilst remaining a virgin—because her whole life was a miracle of grace. For, let us ask, could the Eternal Father free her from the curse under which the whole sex lay, of bringing forth in pain, and not from that which brought about this curse—namely, sin? Rightly, therefore, does Sophronius† say: "Thou hast surpassed all the orders of the Angels, obscured the brilliancy of the Archangels; the Thrones are beneath thee; thou art raised above the Dominations; thou predested the Principalities; thou art mightier than the Powers, stronger than the Virtues; thou standest above the Cherubim, thou hast preceded the Seraphim." "She is greater than the heavens," says Peter Chrysologus, "stronger than the earth, broader than the world; for God, whom the world does not contain, was contained by her alone. She carried Him who carries the world; bore her Genitor, nourished Him who feeds all the living."

Thus stands Mary in the midst of time, on the boundary lines of the Old and the New Testament; the former she explains, the latter she foretells and founds. She conceived the greatest blessing bestowed by God in the Old Testament—the blessing of maternity in the flesh; with her and through her enters the still greater blessing of the New Testament—the *charisma* of virginity, the spiritual maternity, the most fruitful Mother and the purest Virgin, "from whom henceforth as from an immortal root, the virginal branches spring. She is the last Prophetess, and the Queen of Prophets; for the word of the

* *Kyria kai pánton xρισμάτων δεσποζύουσα.*

—Joan. Damasc.

† Patriarch of Constantinople in the seventh century.

* Cf. Thom. Aquin, i, c., Art. 5.

Lord not only came to her, but she conceives and bears in her womb the Incarnate Word." Therefore she exclaims in the spirit of prophecy, "Behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed." And with the million voices of the bells, and from the hearts of millions of the faithful, and for hundreds of thousands of days, thrice a day, in fulfilment, ascend to her the words, "*Ave Maria!*" Thus she is the only possible witness of the mystery of the Incarnation, from whose blessed lips the Apostles learned it and proclaimed it.

She is the High Priestess, anointed by the Holy Ghost Himself, in whom all the priestly vocations of the Old Law culminated; a living Holy of Holies; a tabernacle made by the hands of God, adorned by the Spirit of God, in which dwells the Most Holy Sacrament of the Body of Christ, "the mystery hidden from eternity." * She bears on her arm the great, eternal Lamb of sacrifice, and enters with Him into the sanctuary, lays Him down on the altar on that great, only, eternal day of reconciliation on Calvary. And with His blood, with which the world was thence besprinkled, redemption came to the sons of men. "Hail to thee, thou holy throne of God, thou treasure-chamber of heaven, thou house of glory, thou expiatory altar of the world!" exclaims Germanus. She is the Mother and Queen of the New Covenant, for so her Divine Son designates her in His last hour. †

If the life of the Church is only the continued Incarnation of the Lord ‡ in the mystical union of the faithful with Him, through whom and in whom we all become one body, then with Him we should all look up as brothers of the First Begotten to the Mother—His Mother and our Mother. She is the Mother of the Head of the Church, and therefore Mother of all the members; the rock set up by God over

the redeemed; the new Eve, the Mother of Life and of the living.* The blood that flowed from His wounded side established the New Covenant, and is our drink in the Blessed Sacrament; and this blood and this pierced body were taken from Mary. "The flesh of Christ," says Augustine, "is the flesh of the Virgin." She is Mother of the real body of Christ; therefore Mother of His mystical body, the Church, which is growing from century to century; a large, holy family, under her guardianship and protection, which is ever stretching its tents wider and wider, is ever winning new sons. "All the wonders of grace that have been operated and that still continue to be performed since the Word was made Flesh, God has done through Mary; they are her maternal pride, her maternal joys, as they are the acquisition of her maternal pains, which she endured before and after the birth [of Christ]." †

Thus we see the justification of the title of Mediator ‡ which the faithful, looking up with gratitude, give her. It is true that the God-Man is the only Mediator through whom man entered the sanctuary of the Divinity, through whom the Divinity condescended to the lowliness of man; but this miracle of the Incarnation was accomplished only by the operation of the Holy Ghost on the one hand, and the co-operation of Mary on the other. Thus she stands in the closest, most intimate proximity to the Deity, raised nearer to God than all the saints; and her share in the work of Redemption is altogether her own, is immediate, being surpassed only by the work of the Redeemer Himself. "It is true," observes Euthymus, "that in the counsels of the Eternal the Redemption had been decided upon; but until the appearance of the Virgin Mary no human instrument had been found commensurate thereto." "Mary," says Irenæus, "was

* The wound that Mary closed, Eve opened first.
Who sits so beautiful at Mary's feet.

—*Paradise*, xxxii, 2.

† Dietlein.

‡ *Μετατεύουσα θεῶν καὶ ἀνθρώπων.*

—*Basil. Seleuc.*, p. 360

* Col., i, 26.

† "Behold thy Mother." (St. John, xix, 27.)

‡ "Behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed." (St. Matt., xxviii, 10.)

† Athanas., *De Incarnat.*, c. 21.

the cause of salvation to the entire race."

The beginning, the foundation, and the root of her mediation was, above all things, her faith. "Blessed art thou that hast believed." * Greater than hers was the faith of no creature; for she believed on the word of the Father, by angel's lips announced, that the unheard-of would take place in her; she believed, whilst all nature looked on in wonder. † And in faith she conceived of the Holy Ghost. "By faith in the angel's message," the holy Fathers tell us, "she won back what the incredulity of the first woman had lost for us; she brought life to those to whom the first woman once gave death." Obeying in faith, she uttered that great *Fiat*, "Be it done unto me according to thy word," with which, as the first *Fiat* called this visible world into existence, a second and higher world, the Redemption, was connected. For "the work of the Incarnation, expected by heaven and earth for centuries, is not to be accomplished till the Virgin gives her consent." ‡

This *Fiat* is the termination of the old world, the beginning of the new, the fulfilment of the prophecies, the turning-point of time, the first ray of the Morning Star that precedes the rising of the "Sun of Justice," which, as far as human will possessed this power, formed that wonderful and mysterious band which drew heaven down to earth and raised man up to God; it named the moment when the cry rang through heaven and through all the worlds of spirits, "The Word is made Flesh!"

And as Mary's vocation began, so was it continued, so was it perfected, in faith. Her eye looks upon a weeping Child in the manger, but she believes that He it was who built the heavens; a naked Child, but she believes that to Him belong the world

and the riches of life everlasting. She sees a weak Child, with whom she flies from the Roman *satraps*, but she believes in Him whose nod the angels obey; a silent, speechless Child, and she adores in Him the treasures of Eternal Wisdom; therefore she "kept all these [His] words in her heart." * Therefore she says at the beginning of His public life: "Whatsoever He shall say to you, do ye." † She looks upon Him dying on the cross, and she believes in Him, the Redeemer of the world, who by His death conquers Death, and by His resurrection brings us back life. Who ever believed as did she, the Queen of Confessors?

In faith she became a mother; ‡ and as her motherhood was singular and elevated above all earthly maternity, so also was her love free from all concupiscence. The Spirit was the principle and active power of her love; for only in Him and through Him could she worthily love a God-Man. And, through this love being mystically made one with Him, she voluntarily shared in His humiliations, sufferings, death; she co-operated most effectually in the work of Redemption. The lance that pierced her Son's side pierced her soul. § She suffered with Him and in Him for the salvation of the world; thus she became the Queen of Martyrs. In order to commemorate worthily the Compassion of Mary and the Passion of the Lord, the Church celebrates the Festival of the Sorrows of Mary on the Friday preceding the commemoration of the Death of her Son; for the sufferings and death of the Son can never be separated from the compassion and mystical death of the Mother.

Thus the significance of Mary and her central place in the Christian economy of salvation are unfolded to us. As in Adam and Eve the natural order of our race was founded, and was with them

* St. Luke, i, 45.

† Tu quæ genuisti, natura mirante,
Tuum sanctum Genitorem.

—Hymn of the Church.

‡ Bossuet, I. Sermon on the Nativity of the B. V. M.

* St. Luke, ii, 51.

† St. John, ii, 5.

‡ Beata cæli nuntio,
Fœcunda Sancto Spiritu.

—Hymn of the Church.

§ St. Luke, ii, 35.

included under sin, so the supernatural order, the order of redemption and grace, rests upon Jesus and Mary. Her greatness is the reflection of the greatness of Jesus Christ; her beauty is a participation in the beauty of Jesus Christ; her dignity arises from the dignity of her Son, is inseparably connected with it,—flows from Him who clothes her with the garment of His glory. When we praise her, we praise her Son; when we glorify her, we glorify His grace. "There is no doubt," says St. Bernard, "that whatsoever we utter to the praise of the Virgin redounds to the Son; and that, on the other hand, when we honor the Son, we can not withhold our praise from the Mother."

How at the same time we subordinate the Virgin to Christ has not been better expressed than by a preacher of the Middle Ages, the Franciscan Berthold von Regensburg. "Were it possible," he says, "that our Blessed Lady, Holy Mary, Mother of God, were out yonder in the meadow, and that I were worthy to look upon this heavenly being—and you know that I would wish with immense gladness to see her,—and I were on my way to see our Blessed Lady, and a priest should come toward me carrying Our Lord in the sacrament of the Altar, on his way to a sick person, I would rather turn back with the priest, and would rather fall on my knees before him than before our Blessed Lady and all the heavenly host. However gladly I would see her, and although I had never seen her before, I would show more honor to Our Lord, although I see Him every day here on earth. Small is the portion of sunshine that can go through the eye of a needle compared to all the sunshine that the sun gives over all the world; and even so small is the holiness of all the heavenly hosts, and of the Virgin superadded, compared to the holiness of God Himself."

Exiled from Erin.

XVIII.—ELLIE'S STORY.

NEXT evening, when the brother and sister were at leisure to converse, Ellie had a thousand questions to ask. She was deeply touched on learning of Father Kearney's generous kindness, and suggested that they should remunerate the good priest doubly when their "ship came in." Willie told her of his arrival in New York, of the vain search for her, the meeting with Jule, and of the poor creature's legacy, which was to Ellie a new and grateful surprise.

"Doesn't it seem that good luck and bad come in streaks, Willie?" she said. "Poor Jule, God rest her soul! She wasn't so bad at all, when you knew her. If it hadn't been for her, before and after she left Uncle Tim, I'd have lost my mind. She was the only friend I had; and I grew to like her well, though the first time I saw her she reminded me of a witch. She really terrified me for a moment then, but at the last I almost loved her."

"I can see how you did," said Willie. "That was a very hard road you had to travel, Ellie. But—thank God!—those days are past forever. You must try to blot out the memory of them."

"Not entirely," said Ellie, gravely. "'Twill be good for me to think of them, if I'd ever have the temptation to be proud, like the 'Woman of Three Cows.' Do you remember it?" she added gaily.

"Indeed I do. Joe can say it fine. But I wonder you had the courage ever to strike out from Malone's,—I can't call him 'uncle.'"

"I should have done it before I did, Willie; and I would, only I feared he might find me and arrest me."

"Arrest you! He couldn't have done that."

"I know now that he couldn't, but in the beginning I was very 'green.' He told me I dare not leave him till I'd worked out my passage money. And he threatened

To *control* one's self is the first result of Divine Grace; to *give* one's self, the second.

me with the jail, if I did. I bore it all as long as I could, and then I began to see that to run away was the only thing to do. I left my box, with some little things in it, and a note saying I'd pay the rest I owed him when I earned it."

"He owed father far more."

"Did he? I wish I had known that, Willie. There was no fear of his doing anything to me, really; but I didn't know it then. Indeed, after my firmness in refusing to say a word to Tidy Bushman, Uncle Tim had me there to torture me,—that was all. He hated me worse than rank poison after he found that Bushman did not want me either, unless I was perfectly willing. Oh, it was a dreadful time, Willie! Thank God it's over!"

"I believe he'd have killed you, if he dared, from what Jule told me," said Willie.

"I believe he would."

"And how did you get your fine place, Ellie, and the good mistress? You were very lucky."

"Indeed I was. Things got so bad at Uncle Tim's that I began to feel I would rather be in jail—if he could put me in it—than under his roof, in that horrible Bend. He even tried to take away the only comfort I had—going to Mass. But on this point I was firm, and told him I'd go, whatever he said. And when I think of the dreadful surroundings—the dirt and filth and nakedness that was everywhere around me,—I wonder, Willie dear, how I lived in it at all. I went to the Rosary Mission twice. At first the priest there told me to stay, if possible, at Malone's till I worked my debt out. He said Uncle Tim was a wicked man, and that I'd better brave it, if I could, till my passage money was paid; then to come to the Mission, and they'd get me a place. One day another priest came to the house to see a poor dying woman. I met him in the hall. He was tall and thin and holy-looking, like that beautiful picture of St. Aloysius in mother's room; and I longed to talk to him."

"And did you?"

"Yes, for five minutes, maybe. He stopped and said: 'My child, you seem out of place here.'—'I am, Father,' I said. 'I'm to be in it only till I work out a debt to my uncle, who keeps the house.'—'Do you go to Mass regularly?' he asked.—'Oh, yes, Father; and to the sacraments once a month!'—'Keep in that way,' he said; 'and leave the Bend as soon as ever you can. Come to me if you need advice. I am one of the assistants at St. N.'s Church.'—'I will, Father, thank you!' I answered, and then he went away."

"Did you go from Malone's suddenly at the last?" inquired Willie.

"I did. He came in one Saturday morning and said: 'My bar-keeper is off on a drunk and I'm going away myself on business over Sunday. You'll have to take care of the place till Monday night,—bar and all.'—'I'll not do it,' said I.—'You will, then,' said he, 'or I'll beat you and lock you up. I'll starve you to death if you don't.' I didn't answer, but my mind was made up. I put two changes in a little bag I had, locked the rest of my clothes in the trunk, and left the key in it. That night I wrapped myself up in my mother's grey and black shawl, and slept better than I had for a long time, because I hoped it was the last night in Malone's. I'd spoken to the Rosary people that morning, and they told me to come any time. I can't tell you the comfort that shawl has been to me, Willie."

"Were you cold, often?" asked Willie. "Surely he gave you enough covering for your bed."

"Oh, yes, he did,—such covering as it was. But that's not what I meant. It was the way the shawl reminded me of home and my mother. When I was feeling dreadfully lonely, and wondering if I'd ever hear from you again, I'd wrap that shawl about me and sit in the dark and close my eyes, and I'd see mother's face before me plain. If I'd open then, it wouldn't be there at all, but when

I'd keep them shut I could see many a picture. And I'd look and look, and my heart would nearly burst with sorrow and longing. And I'd cuddle up in it in the bed, it was so warm and soft; I'd feel as if my guardian angel was making a cover for me out of it, and that no one could harm me when I had it about me. When the weight of homesickness was so heavy that I thought I should die, that dear shawl would comfort me. And times when they were making a noise and cursing and swearing in the barroom, I'd cover my head up in it till I couldn't hear them, and so fall asleep. O Willie, there's no gold or jewels that could buy that old grey and black shawl from me, if it were worn thin as a veil!"

"Poor girl,—poor Ellie!" said her brother, wiping his eyes. "Thank God mother did not know! She would have died under it."

"She would indeed. O Willie dear, you couldn't imagine it if you hadn't been through it!"

"And did you never lose hope or courage, little sister?"

"Thank God I never did, though I had many a sorrowful and weary day! The morning I went, there was great joy in my heart; for I knew the Mission was a refuge, and that they would stand by me as they promised. I got up early and went to church, to confession, and received Holy Communion, then made right for the Mission."

"Without breakfast?"

"Yes. I thought I would have a little there,—a cup of tea. I was just putting up my hand to ring the bell, when I turned round, and whom do you think I saw in front of me on the sidewalk?"

"Not Malone?"

"No, but his shadow—Tidy Bushman. He stood for a minute, his black brows coming together over his eyes, and a terrible sneer on him."

"Did he speak?"

"No, he didn't say a word, but just went on. Willie, I can't explain the terror that

seized my heart. It was like death itself. I forgot all the priest at the Rosary Mission had said to me,—that they'd take care of me. I thought Malone would be after me the minute Bushman told him where he'd seen me; and I couldn't—I *wouldn't*—be the means of making any trouble at the Mission, or raising a hue and cry in that good place. As soon as Bushman turned the corner, I walked away as fast as my feet would carry me, thinking only to go far, far, where Uncle Tim would never find me,—fearing that he might be after me maybe with the patrol."

"And likely the poor old man never told him at all."

"By what followed, you'd think so. But at the time I was in the greatest terror of him."

"Poor little sister!" said Willie.

"Well, I don't know how many blocks I walked or how I turned; I think I went straight ahead till I came to a church, and a tall house next to it. I thought of the kind young priest, and my heart grew a little lighter; for I hoped he would remember me, and maybe help me. I don't know how I ever had the courage to walk up the steps, but I did it. God forgive me, Willie, if I'm committing a sin against charity telling you what happened, or whether I'm terribly hard in not being able to get it out of my mind! I have fretted over it many a time since."

"What was it, Ellie?"

"I'll tell you. I touched the bell—just touched it, I thought, Willie,—when I heard a loud clangor inside. A weazened little old man in a long coat flung open the door in my face, and said he: 'What do you mean by ringing the bell like that, woman? If it's a sick call, you won't be waited on one minute sooner for all that noise. What do you want?'

"I'd like to see Father M."

"'He doesn't belong here. Don't you know this isn't St. N.'s Church?'

"'No, sir,' said I. 'I thought it was.' He was going to shut the door again, but I said: 'Another priest would do.'

"Just then a tall, stout, bishop-looking man came from the dark end of the long hall. He had a very bustling way; he seemed to fill the whole place, if you can understand what I mean, Willie.

"Here's a young woman, Father,' said the old man, pointing his finger at me as if I'd stolen a house and farm,—here's a young woman,' said he.

"What is the matter?' inquired the priest, in a terribly harsh, rasping voice.

"Father,' said I, nearly frightened out of my senses and wishing I was in the street again,—'Father,' I said, bewildered like, 'I'm running away from my uncle that brought me to America, and—'

"You're running away from your uncle that brought you to America!' said he, still looking at the ceiling. 'And *why* are you?'

"He was unkind to me,' said I. 'And it isn't a good place; and I thought maybe you'd know of some nice, respectable lady that would be wanting a servant. Father, I'm a lonely stranger.'

"Young woman,' said the priest—and he never once looked at me,—'this is neither an Intelligence Office nor a Bureau of Information. Do you understand?'

"Yes, Father, I do,' said I, backing to the door. 'But I thought, as I'm a lone girl not long from Ireland, and in a place where no good woman ought to live, maybe I could be put in a way here to find something to do.'

"Go to the Rosary Mission,' he said, 'or go to an Intelligence Office. And I hope you are telling the truth.'

"With that he turned and went back along the hall the way he came. My heart was nearly bursting within me. It wasn't what he said, Willie,—oh, no!—but the way he said it. I can't describe it to you. It went to my very soul,—the coldness, the hardness of it. You who didn't see it or hear it can never understand it. O Willie, I've often thought of it since, in the nice, good home God led me to, in a Protestant house; and—God forgive me!—I've wondered often if He wouldn't pardon a poor girl, not

well reared or well instructed, that would turn from her religion if she found love and kindness among strangers, when her own had sent her out without one hopeful or cheering word. And I've thought too, Willie, that the Lord maybe is very merciful to those poor creatures that go, homeless and friendless and blind, to destruction, when one kind word might have saved them."

"True for you, Ellie,—true for you," said Willie, thoughtfully. "But there are queer priests now and then, as well as kind ones. Maybe you'd never meet another like that one in the whole world."

"God grant I may not!" said Ellie.

"What happened then?" asked Willie.

"Well, a queer thing. It was good for me, and made me forget a little what had gone before. I turned to go out, when a door at the side of the hall opened and out came two small, dark priests, and they had their arms about each other's shoulders. They were laughing and talking in the queerest language, and one of them had a big shovel-hat in his hand, and they both wore purple cassocks like the Bishop at home. I stood back against the wall to let them pass, and as I did they threw their arms around each other's necks and kissed on both cheeks. Then one of them—the man that had the hat—went out. The other one smiled at me very kindly as he passed me. When he had gone into the room again the porter said to me:

"You never saw the like of that in Ireland, my girl."

"I never did," said I.

"One is the Bishop of 'Loose Angels,' California; the other, the Bishop of 'Equator,' somewhere down in the South Sea Islands," said he.

"Can there be any such place as 'Loose Angels'?" asked Willie.

"I don't know. I'm only telling you what the man said. 'They're Spanish,' said he. 'That's Spanish they're talking. They are both fine men, though. They've been over to Rome to pay their respects,

and the California Bishop is stopping here. Mora is his name.'

"That's like Irish," said I.

"It was once, maybe," said the porter. 'In my own town of Galway there are Irish with as dark a complexion as his. They came with the Spanish Armada, and some of them stayed. Maybe they went back to Spain—a few—with the Irish wives they married. He's a fine man, anyway.'

"I'm sure he is," said I; and the talk put my own affairs out of my head for a minute. I was thinking of the queer ways some foreigners have, when I went down the steps again to the street.

"And what did you do after?" asked Willie, who was eagerly drinking in his sister's every word.

"It was then God stretched out both hands to me," she replied solemnly. "Just when I didn't know what was to become of me, He stretched them over me. Of a sudden it came to me fully how forlorn I was, how friendless I was, in that big city, and I stood on the walk almost paralyzed. And I said: 'God help me!' And He did help me then and there."

Willie, leaning forward on the little table that separated them, hid his face with the tips of his fingers. He did not want to betray the strong emotion that his sister's words had caused.

She nerved herself up, and went on:

"The words were hardly out of my mouth when some one touched me on the shoulder. Some one heard me. I was standing still, you know. I turned about and saw a handsome-looking, middle-aged woman dressed in black, and said she: 'My dear, did you get faint at Mass? I did, and had to come out.'—'No, ma'am,' said I.—'I overheard you,' she went on, 'and thought I'd ask you.' And, Willie, what do you think I did?"

"Began to cry, maybe."

"The very thing. The sound of her kind Irish voice and the look of her sweet Irish eyes made me think of my mother, and— and there I was!"

"Poor Ellie!"

"She took my bag out of my hand and put her arm in mine and said: 'Come! We'll walk along this side street, for the people will be crowding out of Mass now; and you'll tell me about it, my dear.'"

"And you did, Ellie?"

"I did. I told her everything, just as though she were my mother,—everything except the part about the priest. And I don't know how it was, but in a little while she had me sitting in a chemist's shop—or drug store, as they call it here,—drinking a glass of soda-water. Then we went out again, and she said: 'My dear child, you are the very one I'm looking for. You'll come up with me now to the hotel where we are stopping and get your breakfast.'

"Well, to make it short, I found she was cook and housekeeper to Miss Truman. The second girl, that had lived with them a long time, got married, and they were wanting another. (Miss Truman never employs any but Irish.) The two of them were in New York, partly to visit, partly to do some shopping, and to find a girl. Miss Truman left it all to Bridget Flynn—that was the good woman's name,—and I went back home with them to Pennsylvania, and there I've been ever since. And I'm learning everything a woman ought to know, Willie. 'Tis a lovely place, and Bridget is a fine housekeeper. The work is not hard, but it's particular. I can sweep and dust and clean silver, and make bread and cake and pastry, and iron fine things. Maybe I ought to say I'm *learning* to do all these things. Anyway, Bridget and Miss Truman tell me I'm making a good hand at everything I try. And I can sew, and I'm beginning to cut out, and I can darn stockings fine. And, Willie, more than all, Miss Truman is teaching me to keep books, because she thinks I'm good at figures, and there's no telling, she says, when she may lose her sight. I'm thinking (though God spare her!) that she'll be losing her life first; for she's far from strong. And that's why we

are going to California. I wish you were coming too, Willie."

"God be praised this night for all His mercies!" said Willie, reverently.

"Amen!" replied Ellie. "Would there be two happier people than you and I in the whole world to-night if mother and Joe could only be with us?"

"We'll be together yet, please God."

"In America, do you mean?" said Ellie.

"No, dear: in Ireland. I'd never ask mother to come to this country, and it won't be necessary for her to do it. You will have your legacy, and that will set us all on our feet."

"I'm not used to that yet,—not the thought of it," said Ellie. "But you're right, Willie. It will make everything different. Does mother know?"

"Yes: I've written. But of course they understood, over there, that my return depended upon my finding you."

"When can we go, Willie?"

"Aren't you promised to Miss Truman for the journey to California?"

"Yes, I am."

"Very well. You owe her gratitude and kind care. Stay with her your year out, at least. By that time the money business will be settled, and then we can go home. I'm learning a great deal as well as you, Ellie. I hope to go back to Ireland able not only to help ourselves but others. And let us both write home this night before we sleep."

After a few days it became necessary for Ellie to go up to New York, principally for the purpose of being identified. Mr. Trainer, who had business in the city at the same time, accompanied her, and Willie formed the third of the party. When their business was completed there was still some time to spare, as Mr. Trainer was detained. Willie took advantage of this to show Ellie the city, in as far as he was acquainted with it. They had learned from the lawyer that Malone had been tried and convicted, with some others, and sentenced to five years'

imprisonment. They were both human: the news caused them little regret.

As the twain were walking [down Broadway one morning—and a handsomer pair seldom trod that crowded mart of civilization,—two men issued from a shop in front of them. They looked like brothers; though one of them, with a sprinkle of grey in his hair, seemed considerably older than the other. Ellie laid her hand on her brother's arm.

"Willie," she said in a low voice, "I know that man!"

"What man?" he rejoined.

"The one just ahead of us,—the smaller of the two. He's a Mr. O'Brien. He came over on the ship with me, and was very good to me. I think I ought to speak to him."

The men were walking rapidly.

"I'll call him," said Willie.

He hailed them and they turned around. When the elder saw Ellie, his face lighted up with pleasure. He stretched out both hands to her, saying:

"Well! well! well! Miss McMahon, who would ever have dreamed that we should meet on Broadway? I have been telling my brother about you, and wondering how we could find you. And here you are!"

"Oh, I am glad, glad to see you, Mr. O'Brien!" said Ellie, her eyes sparkling. "You were so kind to me, and I've thought of you often. And this is my brother Willie."

(To be continued.)

The Body and the Soul.

(After the Armenian of Koutchak.)

BY THOMAS WALSH.

BACK to the grave a soul made way
And cursed its body in the clay;
The ashes from the pit replied
Unto the hapless wraith and sighed:
"We were together in our sin,
So both the selfsame doom did win:
I, who was earthly, melt to earth;
But thou—whence came thy spirit birth?"

An Unwary Word.

A STORY OF THE DAYS OF PERSECUTION.

BY A. M. CLARKE.

A BEAUTIFUL September day in the beginning of the seventeenth century had drawn to its close,—one of those still autumn days which have all the warmth and beauty of summer, without its steady glow and scorching heat. Shortly after the sun had set, a mist began to rise from the meadows around the town of Oxford, hanging heavily over the river that wound its slow course beside the walls of the jail. As the hours crept by, the mist thickened, so as completely to hide the surface of the water from the sight of a prisoner, who was eagerly gazing out of the window of his cell, waiting, listening in breathless suspense for the first faint sound indicating the approach of the friendly skiff that was to bring him deliverance from the durance vile in which he, a prisoner of Christ, had already languished for several weeks. The zeal of the pursuivants, by whom the faithful servants of God were hunted down like wild beasts, had lately been reawakened by the stringent laws passed by King James I. against his Catholic subjects, and the large rewards promised to those who informed against priests and recusants.

The prisoner of whom we are now speaking, Mister Thomas Tunstall by name, was one of the secular, or, as they were then termed, seminary priests (in contradistinction to the Jesuits and other Regulars), who, by ministering in secret to their afflicted co-religionists, helped to sustain their courage and keep aglow the flame of the Faith at the peril of their lives in unhappy England during three centuries of persecution.

Whilst journeying on a missionary tour from one Catholic nobleman's house to another in the County of Oxford, in disguise and passing under an assumed

name, Tunstall had been betrayed by one of the false brethren who were more to be dreaded than open enemies, and lodged by the magistrate in Oxford Jail. There he awaited his removal to the Tower of London, that grim fortress where so many martyrs and confessors had been immured in the preceding reign. But a Catholic gentleman residing near, who had himself suffered a long imprisonment, and been forced to sell a large portion of his property to pay the enormous fines imposed on him for refusing to attend the Protestant worship, had concerted a plan for the rescue of the good priest.

Among the warders of the jail was one who had been a domestic in the gentleman's service; and it was an easy matter to persuade this guard to place a file and a stout rope in the cell of his prisoner. A night had been fixed upon, and an hour chosen when the sentry on guard would be least likely to keep a sharp lookout, for the attempt at escape. This eventful night had now come, and a very favorable one it proved; as the mist that hung over the river veiled from sight a light boat drifting down the stream until it lay alongside the walls of the prison, below the window where Tunstall stood peering out into the darkness, listening to the footsteps of the patrol going his rounds, and the soft swish of the water as it flowed lazily past.

It is astonishing how acute a man's senses become at such a moment as this. To no other eyes than those of the expectant prisoner could the dim form of the boat beneath have been discernible, to no other ears than his would the sound of the muffled oars have been audible, before a ray of light from a dark lantern flashed momentarily on the ceiling of his cell. At this signal, Tunstall immediately began to remove one by one the lower bars which he had laboriously filed through. He then fastened the rope securely to one of the upper bars, threw the end of it down to the silent watchers beneath, and proceeded to climb through the aperture. The rope was caught, drawn in, and held

tightly; a few instants of terrible apprehension followed, while the prisoner slid down the rope and let himself noiselessly into the skiff, which had been brought close under the walls.

Then the rowers resumed their seats. Tunstall's rescuer welcomed him with a warm grasp of the hand; and, with a few quick strokes of the oar, they put off unobserved, and under cover of the darkness reached a landing place above the town on the opposite bank of the river. There two swift horses stood ready saddled and bridled, in the charge of a serving-man, their heads turned in the direction of Wallingford.

The escape of the priest was speedily discovered, and search was made for him in the houses of all the recusants in the neighborhood who were suspected of harboring so-called "traitors." Owing to the wise precaution of his host, or rather to the help of Providence, Tunstall was enabled to remain in concealment until the excitement following upon his disappearance had subsided. Arrangements had meanwhile been made to convey him to the east coast, where a good Catholic skipper, who had already smuggled several priests out of the country, was prepared to lend his vessel again for a similar purpose.

Never did the park and gardens of Chislehampton Hall, which was situated about ten miles from the city of Oxford, as well as the venerable mansion itself, show to more perfect advantage than when seen in the soft light of a cloudless autumn day. Standing as the house did on an eminence, the broad walk which ran in front of it commanded views of all the surrounding country, charming glimpses of woodland scenery being discernible between the trees in the park; while the distant Thames, gleaming like a band of silver, lent life and variety to the scene. From the house a succession of terraces, adorned with brilliant autumn flowers, led to the well-kept lawn below.

The summer had been exceptionally warm and fine; so that, although September had already begun, the rose garden, which was one of the chief beauties of the grounds, could still boast many splendid blossoms.

Among the roses, a fairer flower than any of them, moved Margaret, Lady Amhurst, the mistress of the wide demesne. Tall and graceful, the charms of her face equalled those of her figure. Her soft brown eyes were exactly the same color as her glossy and abundant hair; while her well-cut features and delicate complexion completed the harmonious whole. In fact, no one who beheld her, whatever his individual taste might be, could deny that she was a truly beautiful woman. Her face was indeed her fortune; for she had six sisters, and her parents, being the reverse of wealthy, were only too glad to marry her, when she was scarcely more than eighteen, to Sir Percival Amhurst, a wealthy and childless widower, more than forty years of age. He was a justice of the peace, and held in high esteem at court on account of the zeal he displayed in putting down the ancient Faith. As a matter of fact, his wife had to conform; but Margaret's parents saw no obstacle in this, their sole aim in life being to secure brilliant matches for their pretty, penniless daughters.

Nor were Margaret's scruples difficult to overcome, though she had been brought up a Catholic. Her husband regarded her as a fresh ornament to the home of which he was justly proud, and admired her as he admired the peacocks that sunned themselves upon the terraces, and the gold and silver fish that darted hither and thither in the pond that was not far from the centre of the lawn. He might now be seen advancing toward the rose garden, a stately and commanding figure, stern of aspect, and evidently made rather to be feared than loved. Yet his greeting to his wife was kind and genial:

"Well, Maggie, you are busy among

your roses as usual, I see. Can you spare one for your husband, or do you want all to make the rooms look gay? Do not be late," he continued, glancing toward the mansion, from a side door of which an old servant had just issued. "You are apt to find your patients a little too engrossing, I think. You know how much I dislike your absence when the dinner bell rings."

Much to Margaret's satisfaction, all further remonstrance was cut short; for the elderly domestic, who had formerly been her nurse, had now come close up. Dropping a respectful curtesy, and glancing timidly toward Sir Percival, she said:

"I beg your pardon if I am interrupting you, my Lady. But it is the hour when your ladyship visits the poor sick people in the village, and you bade me come and remind you of it."

"Quite right, Sally," said her mistress. "Good-bye for the present!" she added, turning to her husband and holding out to him the finest rose she could find in the basket which hung on her arm. He gallantly accepted it, and offered to carry the basket back to the house for her.

So mistress and maid set forth together on their errand of charity, as it was their habit to do twice in every week. Margaret had no children to occupy her time and thoughts; and in the days in which her lot was cast; evil as they undoubtedly were in many respects, idleness was not so prevalent as it unhappily is in our own. Those who were exempt from the necessity of earning their bread were not content to fritter away their days and years in the mad pursuit of so-called pleasure. Margaret had deft and skilful fingers; she had, moreover, inherited from her mother an aptitude in binding up wounds and applying bandages, and had acquired a considerable knowledge of the medicinal uses of many plants and herbs.

A special heirloom in her family was the recipe for a certain unguent famous for its healing powers. Not her own dependents alone, but sufferers from a

distance often sought and proved its efficacy. She had fitted up in one of the cottages a room which she called her dispensary. Here she saw and treated all who were not too weak to leave their homes.

On the day in question, the room was more than usually full when she entered it and took her seat at a table in the centre of the apartment, amid the respectful greetings of a motley and somewhat grotesque-looking assembly. Meanwhile Sally the nurse was arranging, within her mistress' reach, the contents of the capacious basket she had carried.

In a gracious and affable manner, Lady Margaret began her labors.

"How is the burn on your arm getting on, my little man?" she inquired, as she lifted a boy of three years onto her lap.

"And please, your ladyship," put in an older sister, who had charge of the sufferer, "Jack's arm is not so well to-day. He is a naughty boy; mother says he does not deserve to get well, for he pulled all his bandages off in the night."

"Poor little Jackanapes!" said Lady Margaret, as she proceeded to renew the dressing on the injured arm, in spite of the tears that fell from Jack's eyes as the process went on.

Next in order came an old man who had cut his arm with a billhook in a somewhat critical place, and who was nervously afraid lest lockjaw might supervene. Then the mother of a large family had a piteous tale to tell, about having been bitten by a dog which she declared to be mad, but which Lady Margaret knew to be perfectly healthy, although she had great difficulty in convincing the terrified peasant of the fact.

After this manner the morning slipped rapidly by. The greater part of the patients had gone their various ways; and Sally was repacking her basket, as the hour of departure had come, when a knock at the cottage door announced a fresh applicant. The knock was so gentle as not to be audible until it had been repeated

several times; and when Sally, at her mistress' bidding, at length opened the door, the stranger who stepped in was so evidently not one of the countryfolk that those who yet lingered there fell back and made way for him to advance to the table where Lady Margaret was still seated.

Margaret's practised ear had already heard the light, gentle step of the newcomer, and recognized its contrast with the ponderous tread of the villagers. The first glance showed her that he was different indeed from the rest of her patients. Her quick eye noted his small, pale, delicate features, well-set ears, and slender fingers. His dress, however, would not have distinguished him from the common herd, and was by no means calculated to set off his personal advantages.

Glancing around him with an air so modest and diffident as to savor of timidity, he approached the table and said to Margaret:

"I fear, Madam, that I am somewhat late. I am a stranger to these parts, and have lost my way in seeking you out. But I have heard wondrous reports of your charity and of the marvels your unguent can work. I am a peddler, and my hand has been grievously hurt, as you see, with rough-handling the rope that secures my pack. It gives me no little pain, both by night and day."

Suiting the action to the words, he unwrapped his right hand from the linen in which it was swathed, and laid bare an extensive and festering sore.

Margaret felt irresistibly drawn toward him, and determined to do her very utmost to help him. His melodious voice completed the favorable impression his person had made.

"You may go now, all of you," she said, addressing those peasants who yet lingered near.

Then, turning to the fresh arrival, she addressed him in her blindest tones, requesting him to come and sit beside her that she might examine his hurt, while

Sally prepared all that was necessary for dressing the wound.

The operation ended, he departed, after gratefully thanking Lady Margaret. She gave him a small box of the ointment, instructing him how to use it, and graciously granting him the permission he asked—to come on her "dispensary days," as she called them, until his hand should be healed.

For about a fortnight the peddler made his appearance quite regularly. Margaret became more and more interested in him, partly because of his pleasing manners and gentle patience, partly also, it must be confessed—for she was a true daughter of Eve,—because there was something mysterious about him, in spite of his prosaic name of Jones and his threadbare garments. She could not resist a certain feeling of pique.

"Surely," she said to herself, "my kindness deserves to be repaid with some measure at least of confidence." But tact and delicacy alike forbade her from making any effort to penetrate the mystery, of the existence of which she was persuaded.

At length the day arrived when, his hand being thoroughly cured, the stranger paid his last visit to the cottage. The thanks he tendered to Lady Margaret were warm and cordial, but the veil that shrouded him remained impervious as ever. "Whence has he come? Whither is he going?" she kept asking herself. Her baffled curiosity made her less reticent than she might otherwise have been, and she discussed him with Sally, as mistress and maid wended their way home together.

"'Tis my belief, Madam," said the shrewd old woman, "that he is some one in disguise. A peddler, forsooth! I never saw such a one in all my days. Have patience, my Lady: you may find all out before long."

Had he told her his secret, Lady Amhurst would have kept it at any cost to herself, and the sequel of this story would, alas! have been very different.

One of a Noble Galaxy.

IT has become the fashion of the day, and a very good fashion it is, to rehabilitate the memory of many of those great minds and souls whom ingratitude and misfortune have relegated for a time to obscurity. Among them may be mentioned James Drummond, Duke of Perth, once Grand Chancellor of Scotland, the friend of Bossuet. He was converted to the Catholic Faith by the writings of the great French Bishop and controversialist. The zeal of the Bishop and the holy ardor of his distinguished convert present a picture not often equalled in the annals of similar friendships. Before he submitted to the teachings of the Catholic Church, no Scottish nobleman stood higher in the opinion of his countrymen than the Duke of Perth. After his conversion his importance in the minds of his historians suddenly scatters like a cloud on the edge of a storm. We hear of him only as a victim of proscription and persecution; his contemporaries traduce him; Bishop Burnet writes of him as of a personal enemy; and even Macaulay, usually more just, re-echoes all the Bishop's diatribes in what he says of the illustrious man who gave up all for his Faith.

James, Earl of Drummond, and later Duke of Perth, was descended from one of the most ancient families of Scotland. The name of Drummond was honorably distinguished in the first historical records of that country; and it was already glorious when, in the fifteenth century, it was united to royalty in the person of Lady Arabella Drummond, wife of Robert Bruce, and mother of James I. The house of Drummond remained faithful to the varying fortunes of the Stuarts. Bossuet was at the height of his militant career when his work, "The Exposition of the Doctrine of the Church," came under the notice of the Scottish Chancellor. This simple "Exposition" was a revelation to the Duke, who later wrote regarding it:

"I shall thank God all the days of my life for allowing this book to fall into my hands. This is all the more remarkable as it was sent me by a minister, more to gratify my curiosity than to influence my judgment in the matter of religious doctrine."

It is not too much to say that James Drummond arose from the perusal of it, to all intents and purpose, a Catholic. He was for a time withheld from a public profession of faith by a fear that his conversion would be considered as insincere, and more as a flattering tribute to the religion of the King and a desire to ingratiate himself with that monarch than the result of his own firm convictions. But the absolute honesty of the man would not long permit of concealment in so important a matter. Having privately made known his determination to the King, he publicly acknowledged his change of belief; and in a letter to France, dated Windsor, 1685, he declares himself a Catholic for life and death. "What I have done," he writes, "will draw down many reproaches upon me, but may the will of God be done! We are commanded to cut off the right hand and pluck out the eye rather than allow scandal to come, and it seems to me that it will be profitable to suffer some slight obloquies, when they are accompanied by the blessing of God. The interior peace which I enjoy entirely compensates for the goods of this world."

It was at this period that the Scotch Chancellor was brought into personal relations with the Bishop of Meaux. It was through his sister-in-law, Madame de Crolly, a friend of Bossuet, that the correspondence was begun. The great Bishop had a warm regard for the English who had retained, as well as those who had returned, the Faith of their ancestors; and in this predilection the Scotch were included.

In a letter to the Chancellor he avers this state of feeling, saying: "You will already have realized that I cherish a tender love for England and Scotland,

because of the saints who have adorned those kingdoms, as well as for the fruits their labors have borne. Hundreds and hundreds of times I have longed to be able to do something toward the restoration to the Faith of those two great countries; my prayers never cease in that regard."

From this time forward a warm friendship was established between the Bishop and the nobleman; they were united especially in a common cause and desire—that of the restoration of the British Kingdom to the Faith it had abandoned. The first step in the contemplated work was to place the doctrines of the Church before the people at large. The Duke ordered a translation of the "Exposition" to be made, and engaged for that purpose a Benedictine monk named Johnson. He also had a translation made of Bossuet's excellent pastoral to converts on the subject of Holy Communion.

His labors, however, met with so much opposition, his motives were so misconstrued, and the indifference of those whom he had hoped to reach so great, that many a time the good Chancellor would have been ready to lay down his office and honors and repair to a land where he might spend the remainder of his life in the service of God and the education of his family. This being denied him, he did the next best thing by sending his son to France. He also had several other consolations. One of the conversions he had effected was that of the Earl of Melfort, his brother, who shared his own great qualities, and who also participated in a large portion of his labors, his cares and misfortunes. His son's tutor, a distinguished Protestant clergyman, had also entered the Church.

The Duke and his episcopal friend made many plans for the conversion of Scotland, among others the restoration of the hierarchy and the establishment of religious Congregations,—to all of which the King gave his assent and promised his assistance. But he was a man of promises, given more to petty affairs than

to great ones; and the Duke wrote to Bossuet: "We must only have patience, pray, and be resigned to the holy will of God."

The will of God was manifested very soon, and in a terrible manner. In the month of September, 1687, Drummond and Bossuet exchanged letters on their projects, hopes, and fears. A year later Bossuet received another letter from his illustrious friend, but it was dated from the depths of a prison. The Court of King James no longer existed; his son-in-law, the Prince of Orange, had usurped his throne; and the populace, with swords and clubs, and wearing the colors of their quondam ruler, marched through the streets crying, "No Popery!" Following in the wake of his royal master, who had already landed on the shores of France, the late Chancellor was obliged to flee from Edinburgh. But he had delayed too long: he was captured, with his wife, and imprisoned in Sterling Castle, even then famous in the history of the unfortunate Mary Stuart. His brother, the Earl of Melfort, had already found a refuge in France. Some time after his incarceration, he wrote Bossuet as follows:

"Thanks to you, Monseigneur, I am able to endure my sufferings in a manner somewhat resigned,—I might say, in a manner not only supportable but even agreeable; for I feel that I am suffering here not only for my King, but for my God; and if there is something grand in being made a victim for loyalty to one's sovereign, how much more so when it is because of loyalty to the Catholic Faith and one's conscience!

"I doubt not that you often see the King, my royal master; there is no one whose eloquence and piety are better calculated to console and cheer his Majesty. He must suffer greatly. I beseech you to sustain him in his afflictions, and to grant him the benefit of your pious prayers, to the end that he may be re-established in the Three Kingdoms, and his subjects once more come to their

right senses; for there is reigning everywhere a species of universal folly."

The remainder of the letter continues in the same strain. The Duke recounts to Bossuet that his portrait, worn close to that of the King, within his bosom, had been taken from his possession by his enemies, as also a crucifix worn near them. "You see," he writes, "that they were in good company." He goes on: "I have a humble prayer to make to you. It is that if it be the will of God to take me soon out of this world, as now appears very probable, and that my wife continues in her resolve to pass over to France, when she may, I beg of you to assist her in her pious intentions, and deign to be a father to my son, and a friend to my brother." Then, throwing himself, as it were, at the feet of the Bishop, he concludes: "Have the goodness to give me your blessing, which I ask on my knees. All the priests are so badly persecuted here that they are obliged to keep themselves in concealment, and thus I have little hope of seeing one. Finding myself deprived of all worldly succor, the prayers of persons like you, Monseigneur, are all the more necessary. I hope that Our Lord, who has placed me, although unworthy, in a position to suffer for the true religion, will hear your prayers by granting me the grace of a happy death and an eternity of joy and benediction."

In reply Bossuet wrote:

"God knows how deeply touched I was by the recital of your sorrows. I sympathize with you from the bottom of my heart. I rejoice with you in your humiliations; and I could not read without shedding tears of joy what you tell me in your letter—that your persecutors have burned the picture which your friendship for me caused you to preserve with that of the King, your master, and the crucifix. If it had been pleasing to God, I should have been glad that I myself, instead of my portrait, had been near you to encourage you in your sufferings, to share

in the glory of your confession, and, after having preached the truth of the Faith to your compatriots, to confirm it with you, if God should judge me worthy, by my blood.

"Meanwhile live in peace, servant of God and holy confessor of the Faith. Like those of St. Paul, your chains cause you to be celebrated in all the churches and make you dear to the children of God. Wherever the faithful are congregated, you will have their prayers. If God shall please, He will deliver you; it may be that His angel has already been sent on that errand. But until he comes, you are still near God, and you are of the sweet fragrance of Jesus Christ, in life and in death.

"Your wife, whom you have honored me by recommending to my care, shall be as dear to me as my own sister. Your son shall be mine in the bosom of Jesus Christ. Your brother, whose worth I well know, shall be unto me a brother and a friend. The interests of your family shall be dearer than my own. As for yourself, to whom God has united me in bonds the most tender, you shall live forever in my heart. I will offer you to God morning and night, and whenever I celebrate the Holy Sacrifice of the Victim who has effaced the sins of the world. Fight like a brave soldier of Jesus Christ; offer, as an atonement for your sins, all that is left to you of earth. May your conversation be in heaven! Though you are deprived of the assistance of God's holy ministers, you have with you the Sovereign Pontiff, the Bishop of all our souls, the Apostle and Priest of our faith and confession—the Lord Jesus Christ. You will receive all the sacraments in spirit; and I give you in Christ's name the blessing which you ask. Remember me in your prayers. I hope that God will deliver you from the hands of the wicked."

It was on March 14, 1689, that Bossuet sent to the Duke of Perth this consoling and affectionate epistle. The captive remained four years longer in prison; but on June 20, 1693, he was released from captivity, after having signed a promise

to quit the kingdom, and remain absent under a penalty of 5000 crowns. God had accepted the offering of his life, without requiring the sacrifice. The illustrious exile took his departure, never to return. He embarked for France, where he again met his King and the holy Bishop. After a short sojourn at the Castle of Saint-Germain, he went into the Low Countries. He also visited Italy; and through his letters we are able to follow him step by step to Rotterdam, to Anvers, to Aix-la-Chapelle, to Ghent; thence to Venice, Bologna, Naples, and Rome, where in the month of June, 1695, the Pope welcomed him as a confessor of the Faith. But the King wished to have him near him.

Recalled to Saint-Germain, he was named first gentleman of the court, governor of the King's son (the Chevalier de Saint George), and Grand Chamberlain of the Queen. He survived Bossuet, whose friendship had been the consolation of his misfortunes; and on May 10, 1716, he departed this life at the court of Saint-Germain-en-Laye.

He had well earned his repose, having struggled and suffered greatly; a victim with countless other expatriates, weeping bloody tears, yet planting the Cross wherever their footsteps were allowed to rest. They are a noble galaxy, whose works have gone before them as a flaming torch, making us realize that there is a heroism greater even than that of the battlefield—the heroism of captivity, of deprivations, of poverty, of starvation, of hunger and cold and nakedness,—the heroism of souls whose foundations rest upon the pillars of the religion of God.

CONFIDENCE always gives pleasure to the man in whom it is placed. It is a tribute which we pay to his merit; it is a treasure which we intrust to his honor; it is a pledge which gives him a right over us, and a kind of dependence to which we subject ourselves voluntarily.

—*La Rochefoucauld.*

The Great Sign of the Times.

TO the April issue of the *Fortnightly Review* Mr. W. S. Lilly contributes a paper, "The Will of the People," which rather effectively punctures not a few fallacies prevalent among the less thoughtful observers and critics of politics and sociology generally. The very phrase that forms the title is fallacious—as indeed Mr. Mallock conclusively demonstrated less than a year ago,—and there are others equally sophistical. It is with Mr. Lilly's comments on Socialism, however, that we would make our readers acquainted. He says:

It seems to me that what is vaguely called Socialism is the great sign of the times, in the public order. I say "vaguely," for the word covers a variety of doctrines, and is freely applied—why not?—to any Utopia which any one likes to conjure up. Perhaps Social Democracy is a better term, as indicating more precisely the goal to which the ochlocratic movement is tending everywhere throughout the civilized world. In this respect our country has lagged behind France, Germany, and Italy; but the rise and growing strength of the Labor Party sufficiently indicate the progress which it is now making. Who can doubt that this party has the promise of the future? It has something tangible to offer to the masses as the object for which they should use their overwhelming political power; it has a distinct ideal to put before them, a definite goal to point out to them. It starts with the position that the present system of distribution of wealth is wrong: that the "owners" of the soil, the machinery, the railways, and otiose capitalists in general—especially the class pungently described by Mill who "grow richer, as it were, in their sleep, without working, risking or economizing,"—receive an undue share of the surplus created by labor; while neither the exceptional ability to which much of the product may be fairly ascribed, nor the mass of the industrial army, receives anything like an adequate share. It points to the indubitable fact that in these latter days the world's wealth has increased much faster than the world's population; and it asks what is the final end of wealth, sale being, admittedly but a means. It insists on the equally indubitable fact that famine and crises arise not from a deficiency of wealth, but from a superfluity, owing to the

unrestricted competition of individual firms and companies for profit, and of the rank and file of workers for subsistence wages. It contends that the existing economic conditions are really anarchical, and inconsistent with social well-being; and it demands that a democratically organized State shall bring about the transformation from private appropriation and exchange to public ownership and public service in a co-operative commonwealth.

All this is, of course, extremely disagreeable to the possessors of property, especially to those who, in Burke's phrase, "hold large portions of wealth without any apparent merit of their own." A noble Duke has recently expressed the opinion that "the Socialistic programme is one of undiluted Atheism, Theft, and Immorality." But, as I observed just now, Socialism is a vague and comprehensive term. There are doubtless schools of it which are open to this impeachment. People may, however, be Socialists without being atheists, thieves, or adulterers,—I have the pleasure of reckoning such among my personal acquaintances. And, after all, hard words break no bones.

Mr. Lilly is no Socialist—not, at least, in the sense which the word connotes to most readers,—but he is a sane observer of existing conditions, and a political economist who can see beyond the horizon of dollars and cents. "It is a monstrous and deadly error," he asserts, "to suppose that the mere accumulation of wealth is the test of a nation's progress; or that production, without regard to the far more important problem of distribution, is the criterion of its prosperity. A country may be *magnas inter opes inops*; nay, the greater its riches are, the poorer it may be. The most prosperous nation is not the nation which has the largest manufactures, the most extensive commerce, the most bloated millionaires. The most prosperous nation is the nation which has the least pauperism; the nation in which the men and women who compose it are able to procure, with moderate toil, what is necessary for living *human* lives,—lives of frugal, rational, and assured comfort."

Thus defined, prosperity is perhaps the distinguishing feature of fewer nations than are at all willing to acknowledge their secondary rank in the list of civilized peoples.

Notes and Remarks.

The current year is the centenary of not a few notable historical events. In 1808, Napoleon held a conference and played the conqueror at Erfurt, there being present Alexander I. of Russia and a host of German princes; Joseph Bonaparte was made King of Spain, and Murat King of Naples; the English, under Wellesley, entered Portugal as allies; and the importation of slaves into this country was abolished. In the same year Pope Pius VII. created four new American dioceses: New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and Bardstown (Louisville). It is probably within the mark to say that the sorely tried Sovereign Pontiff of the opening nineteenth century did not, in his most roseate view of future Catholic expansion in the Western Hemisphere, dream of such phenomenal growth and development as the religious centenaries that have already been, or are about to be, celebrated make evident; and it is a truism to add that the jurisdictional act of the Pope, seen by the light of a century's experience, was far and away a more pregnant historical event than was the martial success of the future Duke of Wellington or the arbitrary king-making of the great Emperor of the French. To the distinguished prelates, the devoted clergy, and the appreciative laity of the jubilating dioceses are due and tendered the cordial congratulations of their co-religionists throughout the republic; while our non-Catholic fellow-citizens view these religious celebrations with a sympathetic admiration which, a hundred years ago, would have seemed impossible.

What our uniformly interesting contemporary *Rome* rightly styles a significant event was the recent founding in Paris of a neo-monarchical daily paper, and the frank profession, in its columns, of monarchical principles by so prominent a man of letters as Jules Lemaître, of

the French Academy. He declares that, though a staunch Republican for many years, a believer in parliamentary government, an upholder of the rights of public opinion, he has at last been nauseated by the inward rottenness of the elective system. As leader of the *Ligue de la Patrie Française*, he has been brought into intimate touch with all the machinations, trickery, fraud, employed by democratic parties to compass their ends, and it has all made him lose faith in the possibility of an honest Republic. Nor does he believe that the cause of monarchy is so forlorn as might appear at first sight. "It is alleged," declares M. Lemaître, "that our people are afraid of a monarchical restoration, because they are afraid that it would mean a government of priests. But the force of such prejudices is probably not so great as might appear; and, on the other hand, everybody knows that the Republic of to-day is nothing but the government of Freemasonry, and Freemasonry itself is not popular. It does seem to me that the superstition of the word 'Republic' is about to disappear."

Rome adds the comment, reassuring to many, that "the monarchical movement in France is a purely political and in no sense a religious one, as is evident from two facts: many of its leaders have no religious faith, and all of them agree in attacking Republican Catholics with as much energy as they devote to their assaults on Republican Freemasons."

Apropos of matters French, and of the foregoing in particular, our readers will be interested in these recent words of Pius X. to one of the French bishops: "Will the trial be long or short? I can not say. But what I do believe, and firmly, is that it will end with the triumph of the Church; and not only of the Church itself—about which there can be no doubt at all, on account of the promises Our Lord has made her,—but of the Church of France, to which I have devoted and for which I shall always cherish a special affection....

Tell your people, and never cease to repeat, that the first thing necessary is a return to the Christian life. There and there alone is salvation. Many look to great things from events which might lead to a change in the policy of the parties in power. Vain hopes! It is idle to change the government without a change of heart. It is building on sand."

Sir Charles Santley, whose magnificent voice has so frequently been heard in aid of English Catholic charities ever since his conversion to Catholicity in 1880, is still, at the age of seventy-four, apparently only in his prime. To the ordinary artist who has passed the three-score and ten limit, is applicable Johnson's line,

Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage; but of Sir Charles, the London *Academy*, apropos of a recent symphony concert, declares: "If Time makes no impression on the supremacy of Bach and Mozart and the other great classical composers, it may almost as truly be said that he makes none on the power of Sir Charles Santley. His renderings of 'Non Più Andrai' and 'O Ruddier than the Cherry' were astonishing manifestations of his superb artistic method. Any one closing his eyes would surely have refused to believe that the voice that filled the Queen's Hall proceeded from a man of his age; and, even if one saw him quite plainly, it would be hard to believe, judging from his appearance, that he was much over fifty."

Something more than a quarter of a century ago, when the late Bishop Rouxel was rector of the cathedral, New Orleans, one of his penitents, Miss Regina Bernard, developed a religious vocation, and, at Father Rouxel's suggestion, entered the Ursuline Convent. Her health failing before she could take her vows, she returned home with the understanding that on her recovery she would go back to the convent. "But," says the *Morning Star*,

"health did not return. On the contrary, she grew worse and worse, until finally she became a hopeless invalid. For twenty-five years she has not been able to leave her room, her sufferings being at times almost beyond her strength. But she has borne them with the greatest fortitude and courage and Christian resignation. For twenty-five years, week in and week out, Bishop Rouxel went to her, bringing with him the Holy Communion, the Bread of Life, to strengthen and sustain her on her way to eternity, in the royal road of the Cross of sickness and suffering that her Lord had traced out for her to follow."

And this is why the good Bishop wrote, down at the bottom of his last will and testament: "I give and bequeath to Miss Regina Bernard the sum of \$200." Not a great legacy—Catholic prelates are rarely wealthy,—but a thoughtful act of a kindly heart.

The recent reconstruction of the British Ministry presents several features of interest, particularly the sudden disappearance of Mr. McKenna from the Ministry of Education, after a short tenure of office, during which he had managed to embitter enormously an already bitter controversy. His removal to the Admiralty at a moment when all sections are crying out for a peaceful settlement of the Education difficulty is itself an augury of peace. His successor, Mr. Runciman, is much more likely to approach the subject *suaviter in modo*; and the new Premier, Mr. Asquith, is quite as anxious as was Sir. H. Campbell-Bannerman to get the subject out of the way as quickly as possible. English Catholics are living in hopes that this Session's Bill will be a measure introduced by general consent, and will save them their schools without another big fight,—though fight they will, if need be. In all probability they will revert to the position of holders of private schools subsidized by the State; and the controversy, or the negotiations, will turn largely

on the amount of the suggested subsidy. Thousands of Catholics are the more eager to see the question settled, since they are deeply interested in the Government's temperance measure of this Session,—a great move forward against the drink evil, though denounced as confiscatory by the Conservatives, and by many good Catholics of that way of political thinking.

For the rest, there have been two or three retirements through age, but happily not that of Lord Ripon, who at the age of eighty is still the trusted counsellor of the younger politicians, as well as the faithful guardian of Catholic interests. There remain also the two most interesting figures of the Cabinet—the two friends of the Irish: John Morley and Augustine Birrell. It is strange that John Morley, the eulogist of the Revolution, who in his younger days thought it worth while to spell the name of God with a small *g*, should have become for so many years the champion of the Irish Catholics, should be to-day known by universal consent as "honest John," the man most absolutely disinterested in contemporary politics, and, moreover, the father of a *religieux*.

As for Mr. Birrell, it is entirely fitting that the long-delayed Irish University for which this Session's legislation will provide, should be his personal triumph where Gladstone and Balfour both failed. For Mr. Birrell, a Protestant Nonconformist, is the devout lover of Newman, and is said to know the "Ideal of a University" almost by heart. He fought hard two years ago to settle English education by consent, but failed. But he has his reward now in Ireland,—a reward which will be very dear to the man who hides beneath all his brilliance and wit a deeply religious and humble soul. It was he who wrote of the great Cardinal as "contriving to put into his controversies more of the spirit of Christ than most of us can get into our prayers."

And it was he who last year got up in the British House of Commons and spoke of his Eminence Cardinal Logue as "the most humble, simple Christian I have ever met, with no thought in his mind save for the spiritual interests of his flock."

As an object-lesson in the method of eliminating from public entertainments features offensive to honest racial self-respect, the *Pilot* prints a letter from the Rev. P. H. Callanan, to the New York Entertainment Bureau, and the reply which he received. Briefly, the "Decker Moving Pictures," exhibited recently in Father Callanan's parish, showed some "Irish types" that were not only not typical but distinctly obnoxious to Irishmen by birth or descent. The priest protested to the Bureau in a moderate but trenchant communication, and received in reply a conciliatory letter, as follows:

We regret exceedingly to have presented any pictures offensive to your people, and we assure you that we do not want any pictures in our list that could give offence. We have many Irish scenes, and in future exhibitions we will present different pictures. We do not want you to think that our entire list of pictures is in need of being gone over. Your very clear statement of what goes to make up a successful moving-picture exhibition should be read by every exhibitor in the country. Our operator should have used better judgment in the matter. Our only desire is to please the audience and to give a clean exhibition; and now that we have received an expression of your views, we shall be guided accordingly in all future exhibitions.

Unless we have been misinformed as to the nature of very many of the "moving pictures" now so common throughout the country, the desire to give "a clean exhibition" is rather exceptional.

So many apocryphal stories are related of Pius X. that it is refreshing to find one duly authenticated, as is this of his experience with a life-insurance agent. We find it in *Rome*:

While he was Patriarch of Venice, the Holy Father was besieged by importunate agents so fiercely and so perseveringly that he absolutely

refused to see any of them, or even to have the word "insurance" mentioned in his presence, until one day a real diplomat in the business found occasion to have a conversation with him on some other matter, and then adroitly led the discourse to the tabooed topic. The Patriarch told him how much he had been pestered, and how he had succeeded at last in getting rid of his persecutors. The wily agent cordially agreed with him, adding: "Of course it would be absurd for your Eminence to insure your life: you have no near relative depending on you for support." The Patriarch, however, corrected him: "That is not exactly true; for I have relatives who live with me, and for whom I must make some provision."—"In any case," replied the agent, "your Eminence has no need to insure; for of course you have saved something, and your relatives would be provided for in any case."—"Saved something!" said the Patriarch. "I've never saved anything, and I possess nothing." The agent simply added: "And then?" And a few minutes later he was instructed to make out a modest policy on the life of Joseph Sarto.

Mr. Arthur Machen recounts in the London *Academy* an interview with an old-fashioned country parson, and quotes the latter's comments on the "Simple Bible Teaching" which Mr. McKenna's school bill was to secure for the children throughout England and Wales. It is rather a strain on one's credulity to believe that the parson in question was not "poking fun" at Mr. McKenna and the supporters of the Simple Bible Teaching plan. Let our readers judge from this extract:

The Christian hears the words: "He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood dwelleth in Me and I in him." The teacher will call the attention of his pupils to this passage; he will cause them to compare it with the account of the institution of the Lord's Supper in the three other Evangelists, and also with St. Paul's admonition to the Corinthians on the same matter. He will not fail to point out that the Jews who were present when this great doctrine was first uttered by the Christ seemed unable to understand or believe it.

Well, of course there are many other topics that will suggest themselves. Simple Bible Teaching will naturally include the foundation of the Church as a visible, ordered society, with its recognized heads, the Apostles, with its sacraments as before mentioned, with its ritual observances, with a divine promise that the

powers given should be perpetually continued. Further, it will be shown that the Apostles, to whom these promises were made, really believed in them and acted on them; that they believed themselves, for example, to have the power of conferring the Holy Ghost by the imposition of hands and by breathing, and that the Simple Bible actually informs us in many places that the Holy Ghost was really and veritably given in this ritual and sacramental manner. It will also appear that the Apostles assumed that they possessed the power of continuing their own Order, just as a master in Freemasonry possesses the power of making another master; and that this power was exercised in the case of Matthias, chosen and consecrated in the place of Judas, who, it may be stated by the way, was the determined foe of ritual observance. And, again, there will be no avoiding of the phrase, "it seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us," used by the Apostles; nor will the master forget to record the Apostolic warning against the dangers of the private interpretation of the Bible; nor, again, the Apostolic admonition to reverence tradition and to be guided by it. . . .

"You see, then, don't you, the immense debt of gratitude that the Catholic [Anglican] Church will owe to Mr. McKenna and to Simple Bible Teaching?"

"Do you imagine for a moment," I said, "that the scheme you have outlined is what McKenna and the Dissenters mean by the phrase that they are always using?"

"Yes, I do," he replied. "I am compelled to believe it."

"Why?"

"Because if I did not believe it, if I thought that when they talked of simply teaching the Bible they really meant simply teaching the opinions of 'Dr.' Clifford or of Mr. Campbell or of Mr. Hocking about the Bible,—well, then I should have to believe that they were a pack of the most impudent liars and hypocrites that the earth has ever seen. And I should be sorry to have to adopt such a conclusion."

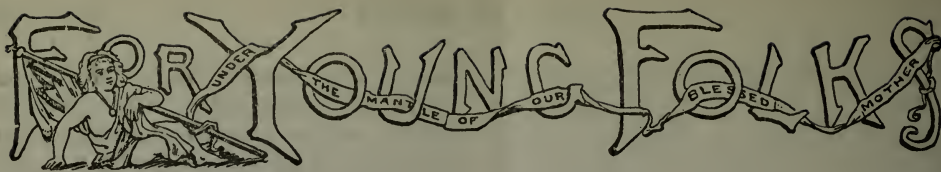
Yet the conclusion is unavoidable, nevertheless. The teachers of the Simple Bible would very certainly fail to draw the parson's moral from the passages they explained.

Judging from some marked copies of Milwaukee papers recently received by us, the good people of that city—non-Catholic people as well as Catholic—still consider the Rev. Homer C. Stuntz (former presiding elder of the Methodist conference

of the Philippines) of sufficient importance to make it worth while convicting him of ignorance or bigotry or dishonesty, or all three. His own utterances show what sort of man and minister Brother Stuntz is. This anti-Catholic common scold has, it appears, lately characterized the Church in the Philippines as "an institution of suppression, of extortion; of priests who used their offices for purposes of personal gain, who made the rule in the Philippines one of horror and blood and dread."

But Brother Stuntz has forfeited all right to the consideration of people of normal sanity. Three years ago, he made himself ridiculous by protesting to the President against a Filipino religious festival in connection with the Virgin of Antipolo, and was of course ignominiously ignored. As we commented at the time, a man who in this twentieth century, and to an American audience, speaks of a devotion dear to millions of his fellow-citizens as "a superstition and form of idolatry," gives evidence of limitations that obviate any necessity of his being taken seriously by either the President to whom he makes his protest, or the humblest Catholic, brown or white, whom he insults.

The Sisters of St. Hedwige have just acquired possession, in the village of Dalum, near Odense, Denmark, of an Augustinian abbey confiscated and sold three centuries ago, at the time of the Reformation. The right wing of the abbey dates back to the Middle Ages. The present Sisters, like their predecessors of bygone centuries, follow the rule of St. Augustine. The property has been known during the past three hundred years as Christiansdal (Christians' Dale), but will henceforward be called Hedvigsdal. The religious purpose establishing there a sanitarium for sufferers from the great modern disease, tuberculosis, as their predecessors in the Middle Ages ministered to lepers.



Our Lady's Month.

(A Villanelle.)

BY UNCLE AUSTIN.

WHO does not love the cheery May,
Its homage to Our Lady bringing
Full jocund 'neath her gentle sway?

When balmy breezes round us play,
Swift heralds from the South upspringing,
Who does not love the cheery May?

The wild flowers clad in fair array
Are censers to the Virgin swinging,
Full jocund 'neath her gentle sway.

While robins trill their roundelay,
And rustling leaflets join their singing,
Who does not love the cheery May?

The heavens doff their cloak of gray,
Our Lady's blue and white outflinging,
Full jocund 'neath her gentle sway.

And round her altar as we pray,
Fond children to our Mother clinging,
Who does not love the cheery May?

Pure hearts grow gladder day by day,
Our Lady's loving heart enringing,
Full jocund 'neath her gentle sway.

Although too soon 'twill pass away
As Time his rapid flight keeps winging,
Who does not love the cheery May
Full jocund 'neath Our Lady's sway?

IN several counties of Ireland eggs are used as currency, and are everywhere received over the counter in payment for all kinds of groceries and general merchandise. Accounts are kept, and goods supplied with eggs as a medium of barter. Agents and peddlers of all sorts take eggs instead of coin, relieving themselves of their fragile loads at the nearest market town.

The New Scholar at St. Anne's.

BY MARION J. BRUNOWE.

V.—THE "REMAINS" CONJECTURE.

WHILE the consultation mentioned in our last chapter was taking place in Mother Superior's room, the "Remains," about whom good Sister Berenice entertained sundry misgivings and doubts, were quite decorously promenading "up to the Gate and back,"—the regulation morning walk of something over half a mile prescribed at St. Anne's. The "Gate" marked the limit at one end of the beautiful park-like grounds surrounding the massive convent buildings. This walk was often a bore, in that it *had* to be taken. On the other hand, however, it furnished opportunities for apple and raw turnip raids. The familiar route of up to the Gate and back lay between abundant orchards on the one hand and vegetable gardens on the other. It was difficult, but not impossible, to evade the vigilance of the Sister in charge of this daily promenade, and agilely vault over stone walls and drop down into apple orchards and return with one's turned-up skirt full of rosy beauties. In the spring, however, apple orchards had no charm; in the direction of the turnip fields ran the queer tastes of the girls at St. Anne's. To "steal" a raw turnip and feast upon it with salt, surreptitiously obtained from the dining-room, seemed to be the acme of delight to maidens who would turn up their noses at the same homely article of diet when placed before them in a cooked condition.

On this particular morning, however, even turnips had no charms for the "Remains." They were in a quiver of

subdued curiosity; for the "new scholar" was known to be sitting in the hall before the clock; but why or wherefore sat she thus, it had not been given to them to know. Conjectures on the subject, however, were rife. Those put forth by Grace Winton were delivered in a cheerful frame of mind,—why cheerful may perhaps be divined.

"She has done something pretty dishonorable, I'll wager, or Sister Marietta would never do *that*. I knew she wouldn't have to wait long to find her out."

"How glad you seem to be!" observed Rosebud. It was one of Rosebud's "pleasant" observations.

Grace colored and quickened her walk. She often had an impulse to slap Rosebud; she had one now.

"I suppose she refused to go to class," conjectured Helen, sagely. "And, as they won't run her in by physical force, I suppose sitting before the clock is the only thing left to poor Sister Marietta."

"All the same, it's rather disgraceful," ventured Madeleine, timidly. "Don't you think so, Rosebud?" Madeleine had an almost reverential regard for her bosom friend's opinion.

"I don't see as there's going to be any fun in it for us, if she keeps up that silly way of resting herself," was the fair beauty's sole comment.

"Well, it certainly doesn't look as if anything *much* was going to happen," floated back from Grace, who, with Helen, had gone on some paces ahead.

Arm in arm the two, Grace and Helen, quickened their steps. "Break ranks" had been the order issued as soon as Sister Corine, in charge of that morning's walk, had been sure that the entire school, excepting the sick or disabled, had been correctly, two by two, marshalled out of doors. Now that ranks had been broken, the girls were free to trot briskly along in pairs or in groups, according to their tastes and moods. This morning it would seem that Helen and Grace, by mutual consent and attraction, though for different

reasons, were moved to draw a little apart from their companions.

Helen was in glorious spirits, and outspokenly proclaimed the fact. She wanted to walk alone for a little, or with a kindred soul to express unrestrainedly her joy in the fact of being alive on this beautiful day of early spring. Grace was in gay mood too, but the impulse to "slap" Rosebud was upon her so overpoweringly at the moment that she felt she might verily have yielded to it had she not sought safety in flight. Grace Winton certainly did experience what even she herself would call a "wicked joy" in the fact that the Directress of Studies had felt called upon to impose the severest punishment in her power upon the refractory new scholar. But—it was one thing to feel this privately; it was quite another and uglier thing to hear the fact bluntly put into words. Though both belonged to the "Remains," yet there was ever a sort of armed neutrality between Grace and Rosebud. Considering past events, it was only in human nature that there should be. It was not in Rosebud's nature to wipe the slate clean and begin all over again. This was what Helen perhaps could do, and Grace in a degree; but Rosebud's memory was tenacious of little things. She could not forget—she *never* forgot—that Grace had sometimes humiliated her in the past; and though she, and she alone, had been the sole cause of her own undoing, Grace never was entirely forgiven. The latter intuitively felt this; hence the truce between them,—which was not all a truce.

When they were far enough away, out of earshot, Helen turned to Grace.

"Whatever in the world *has* she done?" she surmised confidentially. "Do you think she really *dared* to refuse Sister Marietta point-blank?"

A flood of color—angry color this time—suffused Grace Winton's cheeks, neck and brow.

"If she did, I'd—I'd like to drown her!" she announced unequivocally, with a

gleam in the direction of the miniature lake surrounding the Grotto of Lourdes which they were at the moment nearing.

"In *there?*" queried Helen with interest, a dimple showing. "You'd have to sit on her till you were sure it was 'all over.'"

"Of course there's the river," mused her companion, with gloomy cheerfulness, if one may be allowed the expression.

They were at the moment crossing the rustic bridge which spanned the approach to the tiny island whereon stood the Grotto. Both paused by mutual consent. Sister Corine, who headed the rank, had just passed on. She was surrounded by a bevy of satellites, who, after collectively breathing forth a momentary prayer at the shrine of Our Lady, crowded round her in school-girl fashion, some walking normally beside her, others skipping backward in front of her,—a lively, animated group, whose young, light laughter rang out pleasantly amid the lights and shadows cast by the swaying branches of the tall elms, in a grove of which they walked.

A hundred yards, perhaps, separated the two on the bridge from their fellow-pupils. The distance left them in a little solitude of their own making, which was of a sudden strangely sweet to both. Neither was in what she would have called a "pious" mood; quite the contrary indeed, if one might accept as genuine the rather murderous sentiments just expressed by Miss Winton. But there was something about the spot—a subtle spell, a soft, tender atmosphere of peace and spirituality—which went home to both young hearts. Helen's hand rested lightly on the rustic woodwork of the little bridge; Grace moved closer, and covered it with her own. Neither spoke for a minute or more.

Ardent, poetic and imaginative in temperament, it required but little stretch of fancy for Helen Marr to close her eyes, and in an instant find herself transported to a certain dear, cosy "den" in a certain sea-coast town. Here a silvery-haired

father (she had lost her mother in early childhood) was wont to sit night after night, taking long pulls at his favorite meerschaum, listening to the voice of the sea, and longing—so his dear letters told her—for the home-coming of his "little girl." Helen bit her lips to stifle the cry of loneliness and longing in her own young heart. She was very happy at school, but school was not home; and few are the school-girls whom such "spells," varying in degrees of intensity, do not seize at the most unexpected of moments.

The mood passed, however, as quickly as it had come, though her eyes were suspiciously dewy as she raised them to meet those of her companion. Grace drew her onward a trifle insistently. There were times when Grace Winton herself was too deeply stirred to dare to exhibit emotion. This was evidently one of them.

"Oh, come on!" she said shortly. And as Helen looked at her a little startled, she suddenly hid her face in both her hands and broke into a suppressed, though passionate, storm of tears.

Helen's arms instantly went about her neck.

"Grace! Grace!" And she almost wept in sympathy. "O Grace! tell me what has happened?" And she petted and soothed, while her companion, with stifled sobs, remorsefully declared herself a "monster," a "person with a most hateful disposition; bad, wicked right through."

"I said I would—I would like to drown her!" she sobbed. "And—and I really would, and sit on her till she was dead too." (Helen put her hand over her mouth here.) "But—but it must be some bad spirit in me that makes me have thoughts like that,—a bad spirit; and—and" (she lifted her face and flushed darkly)—"and Rosa Budd, she stirs up everything bad in me." Her eyes flashed, and her tears dried as by magic; the storm was over for the time.

"Hush! hush!" cautioned Helen, apprehensively. "She is—they are coming."

It was curious, this it would seem almost physical antipathy which at times existed between Grace Winton and Rosa Budd. It manifested itself only in flashes, being for the most part dormant. Yet all who knew both were intuitively aware that it did exist.

As Rosa, Madeleine and Blanche, the remaining members of the "Remains," sauntered up, all three looked rather curiously from Grace to Helen and then at one another. The signs of emotion on Grace Winton's countenance were obvious. Helen appeared scarcely less agitated, her hat being pushed awry and her cheeks unduly flushed.

Blanche thought she "understood"; and, with a look of what she meant for comprehending sympathy, quietly slipped close to Helen, and possessed herself of one of her hands.

"Anything may happen, you know," she whispered significantly, but loud enough for Grace, too, to hear. But if Grace heard, she paid no heed; her penetrating eyes were fixed upon Rosebud's face, which was half turned from the immediate group, the while her glance sought the public highway beyond the convent walls, upon which at the moment a speeding automobile had just come to grief. The young beauty's profile wore a slightly supercilious expression, but her attention was entirely concentrated upon the large and luxurious touring car, which was evidently in a hubbub of trouble. Above the chauffeur, one lady was the only occupant.

"It is *her* mother," observed Miss Budd suddenly, with a quickening of interest which every event did not call for from her. "If it's her own car,—well, they've got plenty of money." And Miss Rosa Budd at the moment registered several mental resolves.

"Whose mother?" questioned Helen, curiously.

"Why, our precious new scholar's," returned Rose, with deliberation. "It happened to be in the parlor hall last

evening when she arrived, and saw both her father and mother. Yes, that is Mrs. Kersey."

The group crowded forward to get a better view; anything relating to the "new scholar" was of significance at the moment. But Sister Corine and her immediate companions barred the way.

"Time to return, young ladies," she said, waving them on before her. "We have only ten minutes as it is," and she looked at her watch.

"But there's a lady out there in trouble," put in Rosebud. "She's Mrs. Kersey too, mother of that new girl who came last night. Don't you think, Sister" (even Rosebud faltered a bit, the request was so unusual),—"don't you think that I might run outside of the gate and ask her to come down to the house, or at least to the porter's lodge, until her machine is repaired?"

"By no means, my dear!" answered Sister Corine with spirit. This rather elderly and old-fashioned religious had an unreasoning abhorrence—many people have—of the tribe automobilist and all his ways and doings. "Hurry on!" she continued. "I imagine Mrs. Kersey will come through her trouble without much difficulty." And she waved her charges forward more imperiously than ever.

Mrs. Kersey's touring car was by this time surrounded by three or four others, and offers of help were evidently forthcoming. By the din which woke the echoes of the quiet country road, and sent the little squirrels in the grove beyond scampering to the tree tops, the lady was evidently being extricated from her difficulty not without some trouble. But it was a case in which Sister Corine did not feel a bit like the good Samaritan. Her adverse opinion of the "automobility" was still further confirmed when, less than five minutes later, she and her charges, on their homeward way at the time, were suddenly scattered to right and left in the wildest confusion by the appearance in their midst, with hardly an instant's

warning, of the aforementioned big red touring car, with a lady luxuriously reclining on the back seat, and the chauffeur undoubtedly "speeding" down the inviting hill, past the still more inviting curve at the gate, and on down the second stretch of incline, to draw up, with much hooting and tooting and letting off of steam, at the great front door.

"Outrageous,—perfectly outrageous! I shall report to Mother Superior without fail!" exclaimed Sister Corine in high dudgeon.

But Rosa Budd was in an ecstasy of delight. She swallowed the dust, and it seemed like chocolate caramels. To be sure Isabel Kersey was not the only girl at St. Anne's whose father owned an automobile; there were at least six or seven others, but none had cars so luxuriously appointed as Rosebud's quick eyes had apprehended this was; and, more significant still, none of those so obviously blessed had been of her own age or set. Certainly Isabel Kersey was worth "cultivating."

At the moment that young lady, seated by the window in Third Class—whither she had a few minutes before been lured by Sister Marietta's artful hint that there was a pretty view of the river and the road from said point of vantage,—was obstinately and positively refusing to leave this place of observation and descend to the parlor, there to meet and be interviewed by her fond mother, who, according to her own tearful recital, had spent the previous night in anguished longing for her darling, and who simply *had* to come to her this morning as fast as chauffeur and car could bring her.

"No!" snapped Isabel, shortly. "She gave in to my coming here when she knew I didn't want to come. No, I *won't* go down and see her! Let her go home." And, before Sister Marietta could realize what she intended doing, she had thrust her head and half her body out of the window, and was calling directions in French to Gaston the chauffeur.

"*Oui, Mademoiselle!—oui, oui!*" Gaston called back in his native tongue. "*Je conduirai Madame à la maison.*"

As the dignified Directress of Studies rescued Miss Kersey from her unconventional position on the window-sill, she distinctly and positively shook her. Her black eyes likewise flashed, and there was no uncertain note of anger in her voice:

"Where do you think you are?" she asked without ceremony. "In—in a tenement house? Any more conduct of this kind, and I assure you, my dear Miss Isabel, you will be bundled home with very short notice."

And Sister Marietta hastily left the room, more moved indeed than she cared further to show. The relations between this mother and daughter were the most extraordinary she had ever heard of.

And Isabel, still in a sort of a trance of amazement, and other feelings best to be imagined—no one had ever dared to lay a finger upon her before, much less *shake* her,—sat huddled up beside the window, and watched the members of Third Class presently file into their places behind their respective desks.

Sister Alice, beloved of the "Remains," was the teacher in charge of this hour. To her Sister Marietta had said in the corridor:

"Pay no particular attention at all to Miss Kersey, but go on with your class as usual. I shall explain as soon as—as soon as I can rid myself of her mother."

And Sister Alice had nodded comprehendingly.

(To be continued.)

The Word "News."

The word "news" points out its own meaning, which is: information gathered from the North, East, West and South. It also recommends the practice of Nobleness in our thoughts, Equity in our dealings, Wisdom in our counsels, and Sobriety in our pleasures.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Among recent reprints in pamphlet form issued by the Catholic Truth Society of London are Father Herbert Thurston's illuminating discussion of "Garibaldi and His Friends" (the *Month*); "Some Methods of Social Study," by Leslie A. St. L. Toke (*Downside Review*), and the excellent paper, "The Reform in Church Music," contributed by Justine Bayard Ward to the *Atlantic Monthly*.

—In *Le Correspondant* of April 10 appears the first instalment of another study of the United States, by the author of "The Land of the Strenuous Life." The Abbé Klein entitles his work "L'Amérique de Demain" (The America of To-morrow), and avows his purpose of discussing the problems, the fears and hopes, the dangers or the promises "that announce themselves."

—"My Very Own," the opening story of a collection of tales by S. M. Lyne (Catholic Truth Society, London), has the ring of old-fashioned Christmas stories; but there is nothing more old-fashioned than life, so the story carries conviction as well as charm. Nelly and Bill are worth knowing. "An Old Woman's Gratitude" is a touching story, and "Robbed of His Faith" is surely taken from life. "Étoile" is a veritable "Star of Bethlehem"; indeed, all the stories are good for young and old readers.

—There has been a gratifying revival of interest in the works of George Henry Miles since the late new edition of his "Essay on Hamlet." In "Christine and Other Poems" (Longmans, Green & Co.) we have evidence of versatility, poetic powers, and deep spirituality. In "Christine," the spirit of the romantic school is marked, and there is the music of the Troubadour throughout. "The Sleep of Mary" embodies in metrical form the beautiful legend of Our Lady's Assumption; while "Amin" takes us to Egypt in Moslem times, and round the story is woven something of the mystic beauty of the valley of the Nile. The poems are unequal in quality; but, measuring them by their best lines, their author deserves a place among our worthiest American poets.

—The zeal of the London Catholic Truth Society in the dissemination of wholesome Catholic reading matter is unabated, and the Society deserves well of clergy and laity in the way of patronage and encouragement. Among late publications we note "Stories of Benedictine Nuns in East Africa," "Stories of English Benedictine Nuns," both of which pamphlets

are illuminative of Church history in England; "Dick Hart," by Father Bearne, S. J.; a new and attractive edition of "The Practice of the Presence of God," also "Spiritual Maxims," by Brother Laurence, the famous Carmelite Brother of the seventeenth century.

—"My Lady Beatrice," by Frances Cooke, is a pretty love story, with the usual obstacles to test the hearts of those concerned. The setting contrasts the fever and fret of city life with the quiet restfulness of country life; and a contrast is also found in the character groups. The story shows a better handling of elements than "The Secret of the Green Vase," by the same author; but the heroine is still somewhat of the melodrama order. Mr. Meredith, Dr. Freyne, and the Lomas family are genuine, and are delightful to meet even if only in the book world; and the reader, as he closes the volume, breathes a wish for the happiness of Martin and the Lady Beatrice. Published by Benziger Brothers.

—The forty addresses contained in "We Preach Christ Crucified," by Herbert Lucas, S. J., (B. Herder), were for the most part delivered in the Boys' Chapel or in St. Peter's Church, Stonyhurst; and in subject-matter, oratorical method, and literary style, they much resemble Father Lucas' previous discourses published under the titles "In the Morning of Life," and "At the Parting of the Ways." Like each of these former volumes, the present one will be found of interest and profit to Catholics more mature than school boys. Although written to be spoken, the addresses stand very well the test of reading, or being read,—a quality which, by the way, is not always found in professed speeches, or even in the more pretentious addresses termed orations.

It may interest educators, and others who have to do with the young in this country, to know what are the ideas, or at least what is the practice, of this English Jesuit as to the proper length of sermons for boys. The addresses vary in length from thirteen hundred to three thousand words, the average being about twenty-three or twenty-four hundred. Assuming that Father Lucas is not an exceptionally rapid speaker, we judge that he generally preaches to his boys about twenty minutes.

—"A Pulpit Commentary on Catholic Teaching" (Vol. I. The Creed) is a substantial volume of four hundred and sixty pages, and contains fifty-three sermons by fourteen different preach-

ers, the largest contributor being the late Rt. Rev. Bishop Bellord, who furnishes sixteen of the discourses. Among the other preachers represented are Mgr. Canon John Vaughan, the Rev. H. G. Hughes, the Paulist Fathers Conway and Burke, the Rev. William Graham, and the Rev. John Freeland. While "The Creed" is a title generic enough to cover all the subjects treated in the different sermons, it is proper to say that the different articles of the Creed are not taken up in order and discussed one after another as is commonly the case in sermon-books professedly explaining the Symbol of the Apostles. As for the style of the discourses, it naturally varies in force, vividness, color, and grace; but the characteristic note is distinction.

Volumes II., III., and IV. of the series are to deal with the Commandments, the Means of Grace, and the Liturgy of the Ecclesiastical Year. The publisher, Mr. Joseph F. Wagner, expects that the books will, apart from their professed purpose, serve as matter for spiritual reading in religious houses, as well as for presenting points for daily meditation. Judging from the contents of Vol I., the complete series will prove a valuable addition to the library of the pastor and the catechist.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

- "A Pulpit Commentary on Catholic Teaching." Vol. I. The Creed. \$2.
- "Christine and Other Poems." George Henry Miles. \$1.10.
- "My Lady Beatrice." Frances Cooke. \$1.25.
- "My Very Own." S. M. Lyne. 80 cts.
- "We Preach Christ Crucified."* Herbert Lucas, S. J. \$1.
- "The Ministry of Daily Communion. F. M. De Zulueta, S. J. 60 cts., net.
- "Short Sermons for Low Masses." Rev. Fr. Heffner. \$1.
- "Style - Book of Business English." H. W. Hammond. 60 cts.

- "A Catechism of Modernism." Rev. J. B. Lemius, O. M. I. 25 cts.
- "Sheer Pluck and Other Stories." 85 cts.;
- "Tommie and His Mates." Rev. David Bearne, S. J. \$1.
- "The Holy Gospel According to St. Mark." Rev. Cecil Burns, M. A. \$1.
- "Meditations and Devotions." Cardinal Newman. In three parts. Each, 40 cts., net.
- "Round the World." Vol. IV. 85 cts.
- "A Pilgrim from Ireland." 45 cts.
- "Heliotrope." Rev. John Rothensteiner. 60 cts., net.
- "The Inquisition." E. Vacandard. \$1.60.
- "The Prince of the Apostles." By the Rev. Paul James Francis, S. A., and the Rev. Spencer Jones, M. A. Cloth, \$1.25, net; paper, 75 cts., net.
- "Qualities of a Good Superior." Edited by the Rev. Ferreol Girardey, C. SS. R. \$1.25.
- "The Fathers of the Desert." From the German of the Countess Hahn-Hahn by Emily F. Bowden. With a Chapter on the Spiritual Life of the First Six Centuries by John Bernard Dalgairns. In Two Volumes. \$2.50, net.
- "The World in which We Live." By R. J. Meyer, S. J. \$1.50.
- "The Catholic Who's Who and Year Book, 1908." Edited by Sir F. C. Burnand. \$1.50 net.
- "Practical Sermons." 2 vols. Rev. John Perry. \$2.50, net.
- "The Sunday-School Teacher's Guide to Success." Rev. Patrick Sloan. 75 cts., net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Francis Beauvais and Rev. Matthew Auer, of the diocese of Detroit; Rev. Christopher Hughes, diocese of Fall River; Very Rev. William Kelly, diocese of Ogdensburg, and Rev. Joseph Graham, diocese of Albany.

Sister M. Walburga, O. S. B.; and Sister M. of St. Jude (Flynn), Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Mr. Charles Hastings, Mr. Raymond Kalso, Mr. R. Kerwin, Mrs. M. Buddew, Mr. Luke Fox, Mr. Jacob Rectenwald, Miss Katherine Shelley, Mr. Joseph Mazza, Miss Anna Williams, Mr. Francis Endres, Mrs. Anna Kuck, Miss Mary Murray, Mr. John Warlaumont, Mrs. Robert O'Reilly, Mr. Joseph Shebech, Mrs. John Donegan, and Mrs. Margaret Warlaumont.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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Triolets.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

BENEATH the skies of May
 Serene and blue and bright,
 There's ne'er too long a day;
 In song the birds unite
 Beneath the skies of May.
 The thorns are snowy white
 Beneath the skies of May,
 Serene and blue and bright.

Beneath the skies of May
 The heart of youth beats high;
 The winter's far away,
 Though days like hours go by.
 Beneath the skies of May
 The mountain tops seem nigh;
 Beneath the skies of May
 The heart of youth beats high.

Beyond the skies of May
 A Queen, our Mother, reigns;
 And heaven owns her sway,
 Yet earth she ne'er disdains.
 Beyond the skies of May
 Blessings for us she gains.
 Beyond the skies of May
 A Queen, our Mother, reigns.

For God and Country.*

BY THE REV. JOSEPH C. SASIA, S. J.

AS Catholic Faith teaches us, God, the Founder of His Church and the Author of human society, has divided the government of mankind between two powers: the spiritual authority of the Church, and the temporal power of civil rulers. The former is chiefly concerned for the spiritual welfare of men,—their heavenly, eternal interests; the latter is particularly intended for an earthly end—the material and temporal prosperity of society in this world. The two powers are indeed essentially distinct, but they are by no means hostile to each other; far from it. Independent in their respective spheres, they have reciprocal duties, the performance of which affords them a mutual support, so long as they work harmoniously together, like two wheels in a carriage. Thus if the temporal power, which is in duty bound to protect the liberty of its citizens in the conscientious discharge of their religious obligations, causes the spiritual authority to be respected, and, keeping within its legitimate sphere, refrains from meddling with things beyond its competence, the spiritual authority on its side recognizes in the temporal rulers a power that comes from God; and, by imposing on its subjects complete submission, vindicates the majesty of

EVERY individual who breathes a word of scandal is an active stockholder in a society for the spread of moral contagion. He is instantly punished by Nature by having his mental eyes dimmed to sweetness and purity, and his mind deadened to the sunlight and glow of charity.

—William G. Jordan.

* An address delivered on the occasion of the Silver Jubilee of the Young Men's Institute.

the law, secures the triumph of social order, and the permanent stability of kingdoms, empires, and republics.

This is the admirable order established by God's wisdom for the material and spiritual welfare of mankind. This is, in the designs of God's Providence, the normal condition of the relations between Church and State. And so long as this heavenly-appointed order is observed, civil authority remains unshaken, the rights of citizens are protected, the nation's prosperity is secured, and man pursues untrammelled, the lofty purpose of his existence. But to attempt to subject the Church to any other power than that which God has ordained, would be to strive to frustrate the divine plan, and overthrow the work of God Himself. This, not to speak of the past, is what several modern governments have actually done, and are still doing, in Europe, and in some republics of South America; thus inverting and upsetting the divine order by subjecting the spiritual authority of the Church to the temporal power of the State,—by subjecting God to Cæsar.

In this deplorable condition of things, so detrimental to the peace and well-being of men, we see the reason of the new mission entrusted by Divine Providence to the Catholic laity. They are called upon in our times to lend to the Church the help and protection which she can no longer expect from the State, either on account of its open hostility, or because of its indifference to, or total separation from, all religious and Christian associations. The new noble task of the laity is, by the use of all legitimate means, to devote their individual energies, their talents, their resources to the defence of the rights and independence of the Church of God. In the present vicissitudes of the Church there is no work more holy, more advantageous to souls, more dear to Christ than this: the union of the laity with the clergy for the furtherance of the interests of Catholicism throughout the Christian world. But to accomplish

successfully so sublime a mission, it is necessary that our Catholic laity should be equipped with unconquerable strength,—a strength which can be derived only from perfect organization. It has been said that in union there is strength; but this is true only on condition that union be thoroughly organized. Without organization, multitudes produce only discord, weakness, and confusion.

There is undoubtedly a great deal of lay energy in this country; and, if properly developed and rightly guided, it can accomplish a wonderful amount of good. Thus, to use a familiar illustration, the Niagara River has for ages been pouring its mighty stream over falls, and dashing itself into spray on the rocks below; but only recently has its tremendous energy been utilized and drawn off into channels, and made subservient to the interests of commerce and industry, and to the comfort of civilized life. Ever since the eventful day of the Catholic Congress in Baltimore (1886) the cry has been: Organize the laymen, and particularly the young laymen, who have the force, the energy, the spirit, and the enterprise of buoyant youth; weld them into one compact, coherent body, with one interest, one purpose and aim in view—their spiritual and material good, and the well-being and triumph of their Church.

What is needed, then, is a power to control energies, and so direct and combine their forces as to secure the greatest results. In matters like the present, belonging in a great measure to the supernatural order, this can be accomplished only by a leader that has the guarantee of divine assistance, and the prestige of nineteen hundred years' experience and success. Such a leader is the Catholic Church, who is herself a society founded by the Saviour of the world. Aware of the vast amount of human activity available for good among the millions of her loyal subjects, she breathes into them her Christian spirit, purifies and arouses them into healthy

action, directing them to the attainment of the noblest ends, the glory of God and the spiritual welfare of men. She indeed makes men the best citizens of earth and the heirs of God's kingdom in heaven.

Members of Catholic societies have, in the Faith, a light, a guide, an inspiration, which, compared to the feeble flame that burns for their less fortunate fellow-men, is as the sun compared to a flickering rush. They need have no doubt as to the meaning of life, and its purpose or end. They are not disturbed by the appearance of false lights, or bewildered by newfangled theories and false ideals; for they have at hand a sure standard of action, a certain monitor of conduct, and a tower of strength in the sacramental system of their Church, and perfect models of every virtue for every state of life in Christ and His saints. Hence they need but keep their eyes steadily upon those shining beacons to steer clear of all the rocks and shoals of life. Their duties to God, to themselves, to their families and their fellowmen are as clearly marked out to them as a path at noonday sun. Our Catholic young men possess in the treasure of Christian Faith, as expounded by the unerring judgment of God's Church, not only the safest guidance of their conduct, but also the best vindication of their dignity and the surest guarantee of their liberty.

Who first announced to the world man's inalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, that fundamental principle of every political system worthy of freemen? These sacred rights and privileges were first proclaimed by Christ, the Saviour of the world; and the Church He founded was charged to maintain and preserve them in all their integrity through the flight of ages even to the end of time. Henceforth, in virtue of the newly proclaimed heavenly doctrine, the individual was to be of supreme value. Cæsar's slave became the equal of Cæsar himself in the sight of God. The individual inherited

these glorious rights, because founded on his eternal destiny,—a destiny placed by the Son of God beyond the jurisdiction of all earthly powers. The State is no longer the supreme good of the citizen, the final end by which his life is to be measured. He was invested by his Creator with rights which the State could not touch. His immortal soul was his own. The State could not legislate for his conscience. Every human individual was declared a freeman by Christ when He said, "You shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."* As error is the slavery of the mind, so sin is the slavery of the will. To be free from both constitutes the true liberty of men,—the liberty to tend to their last end untrammelled by any political interference; the liberty to secure to themselves happiness in this life, and immortal bliss in the next. Thus the divine seal of eternal freedom was impressed upon men, and the tyranny of paganism passed away, never to return.

From the beginning of her existence even to this day, the Church has ever been the zealous guardian and unflinching advocate of the rights of man; for she alone has preserved immutable the revelation of the Divine Master on man's everlasting destiny, and the means and right to pursue it unmolested by any earthly power. The annals of her history are open to the scrutiny of the world, but no one can allege a single instance where the Church was found willing to strengthen the hand of the despotism of the State against the rights of the subjects, or to sanction any doctrinal teaching opposed to the liberty of man. On the contrary, impartial historians freely admit that she has ever been the champion of the people against the tyranny of rulers, and the upholder of justice against the rebellion and fury of the mob. The principle of which we have spoken, that every man has an unalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness—the principle that underlies our political constitution—

* St. John, viii, 32.

is *her* principle; it is the fruit of her teaching, the peerless boon which she has ever guarded against the encroachment of the State and the unwarranted usurpation of irresponsible demagogues.

All Catholic societies, then, anxious to secure unfailing success to their organization, can well afford to trust themselves to the guidance of their Church, the infallible teacher of men, the protector of their liberty, the defender of their rights, the torch of heavenly faith, which, like a beacon set on the mountain-top to guide the tempest-tossed mariner into the harbor of safety, dispels from the human mind the clouds of error and deception, and points out to men with unerring certainty the path that leads to eternal bliss. We have ample reason to believe that Catholic societies will grow, flourish, and endure so long as they remain faithful and loyal to the beneficent, saving influence and sure guidance of the Church; so long as they pride themselves on their unswerving allegiance to her Head, the Vicar of Christ, rallying around the Chair of Peter, the rampart impregnable by all attacks of error, heresy and unbelief; the protector of the rights of conscience against the tyranny of earthly princes and the scoffs of an unbelieving world.

Pro Deo,—Pro Patria! Sublime motto summing up all the duties we owe to our Creator and to the country of our birth or of our adoption. Next to God is country, and next to religion is patriotism. It is a duty of conscience, of justice and gratitude enjoined by God Himself, the Founder and Preserver of civil society. For country exists by natural, divine right; it receives from God the authority needful for its preservation, activity, and well-being. St. Paul, writing to the Romans, whom he had converted from paganism, laid down the Christian principle, the basis and corner-stone of civil allegiance: "Let every soul be subject to higher powers, for there is no power but from God; and those that are, are ordained of God. Therefore he that resisteth the power, resisteth the

ordinance of God; and they that resist purchase to themselves damnation." * When outsiders accuse Catholics of failing in allegiance to their country, we can triumphantly repel the groundless, calumnious charge by simply reminding them of the teaching of our Church on obedience to civil powers, which she imposes on all her subjects as a peremptory duty, to be fulfilled under penalty of grievous sin in this life and eternal punishment in the next; a divine sanction proclaimed in God's name by the Apostle of the Gentiles in that striking sentence: "They that resist purchase to themselves damnation."

Hence in the Catholic idea there is such a thing as the religion of patriotism,—the religion which imparts to patriotism its sacredness, its sublimity, and its force. Patriotism! There is a magic in the word. It is bliss to repeat it. It is love of country; it means loyalty, interest and sacrifice for its welfare; love tender as that of son for a mother, as strong as the heroism which it inspires. Through the long ages of the past, the human race burned the incense of admiration at the shrines of Patriotism. The most beautiful, soul-stirring pages of history are those which recount its brave deeds; and the orators are most thrilling when they borrow their inspiring eloquence from the fires of patriotic deeds. The value of patriotism to a people is above commerce, wealth, and industry; above armies and warships. It is the vital spark of national honor, the source of a nation's prosperity, the shield of a people's safety and of their political independence. It is the patriotism that rises within the soul adorned with the halo of religion and animated with the spirit of sacrifice, prompting all loyal citizens to be ready to endure all things—nay, death itself, if need be,—in defence of their country's flag, interests, and life. These are the sentiments embodied in the motto *Pro Patria*.

Allegiance to country is limited only by allegiance to God, and His representative

* Rom., xiii, 1, 2.

upon earth, the Catholic Church. God and His eternal, unchangeable laws of justice and righteousness are supreme, and hold the first claim on the conscience of man; hence no sooner do the rulers of a nation attempt to exact from its citizens the transgression of those laws than they destroy their own moral authority, and forfeit the right to command what is sinful and unjust. For Catholics firmly believe that the great principle, securing the prosperity of the nation and safeguarding the liberty of its subjects, is that which was proclaimed nineteen hundred years ago by the Incarnate Son of God, when He said: "Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's."* When our people are governed by this Gospel maxim, then we need not fear for the future of our country. But when nations disregard that principle, and when, instead of seeking to realize the lofty ideals and noble aims which it implies, they trample it under foot, follow passion, greed, vice and crime, disowning the very end of their existence—honor and respect to the Deity, and the welfare of their subjects,—then those nations are doomed, and sooner or later divine retribution shall overtake them; for, as the Lord declares in Holy Scripture,† "Justice exalteth a nation, but sin makes nations miserable."

Hence we Catholics hold that the infallible test of true patriotism is loyalty to God exhibited by a conscientious discharge of all religious and moral obligations. For we firmly believe that there lurks danger, and a most serious danger, in irreligion and corrupt morals, which break down the barriers to sensuality; as man destitute of religious principles and virtuous habits is supremely selfish; and appeals to duty in the hour of danger find no response in a guilty conscience. Such a man is utterly incapable of rising to the height of that self-sacrifice and generosity which only patriotism inspired by religion can produce.

* St. Matt., xxii, 21. † Prov., xiv, 34.

An Unwary Word.

A STORY OF THE DAYS OF PERSECUTION.

BY A. M. CLARKE.

(CONCLUSION.)

THAT same day, at table, while Sir Percival was carving a huge round of beef on the board before him, he asked his wife how her poor clients were getting on.

"Has your wonderful ointment wrought any more cures?" he said. "The Papists will put you into their calendar and honor you as a saint, if you continue to work miracles."

"Laugh at me if you will, Percival," Lady Margaret replied good-humoredly. "For all you say, I must confess it has been most efficacious of late in several instances."

"It has done nothing apparently for Granny Fairbrother's little grandchild," continued Sir Percival. "It is sad to see the poor little fellow's head bowed down on his neck in that terrible way."

"That is beyond the power of medicaments to cure," rejoined his wife, gravely. "It is the 'king's evil.' I wish, the next time you go to London, you would speak to some one at court, and get King James to touch the child for it."

Sir Percival shook his head.

"That is not an easy matter," he said. "I fancy the canny Scotsman only half believes in his own power of healing. However, I shall bear it in mind. But now tell me some of your successes."

"Well, the burns on Jack's arm are quite healed now. You remember how the little fellow fell into the fire? He will bear the scars until his death, but the wounds are all cicatrized now." Then, after a momentary hesitation, Lady Margaret went on: "I have had one very interesting patient lately. I may well call him a 'patient,' for I never saw any one suffer so cheerfully. He had torn the skin off his hand, he said; and,

through some irritant having been applied to it, or perhaps through poverty of blood, it had festered badly, causing him, I am sure, much suffering. I really was afraid at first that he would lose his hand; but I dressed the wounds to the best of my power, and this morning he declared himself cured. I am sorry to lose sight of him, he was so gentle and refined, and grateful."

"What was his calling?" inquired Sir Percival. "Was he from these parts? What made him come to you?"

"He said he was a peddler and had heard of my skill in curing wounds. He asked me most courteously to take pity on one who was poor and had seen great trouble."

"Did he tell you his name and where he came from?" asked Sir Percival, whose interest was now fully awakened.

"He said his name was Jones," Lady Margaret replied. "I fancy, though I am not sure, that he came from The Grange."

No sooner had these words escaped her lips than she would gladly have recalled them. An angry frown contracted Sir Percival's brow.

"Probably a cursed recusant," he muttered. "Did the man deign to tell you how he came by his hurt?" he added thoughtfully, setting down a goblet of wine which he was about to raise to his lips.

"No. He only said it was done with a rope, and of course I could not question him further."

"Done with a rope, do you say?" Sir Percival almost shouted. "I have it! Margaret, you are not half awake. Why, that must be the knave we have been hunting for high and low for days past,—a Mass-priest who escaped from Oxford just about a fortnight ago! We could find no trace of him; only a rope hanging from the window of his cell showed how he had got away. He is in hiding at The Grange, you say? I ransacked that house from garret to cellar last week without finding him, but he shall not elude me now."

"O Percival," exclaimed Lady Margaret

in consternation, "you will not arrest him! Pray do not! He can not do any harm, he is so gentle and good! Oh, how I wish I had not told you about him!"

"Not told me? You ought to have told me long ago. There is a price on his head. If we take him, it will be yours as informer. Quite a windfall for your charities."

"Do you suppose I would accept blood-money?" rejoined Lady Margaret, indignantly. Then, changing her tone, she added: "I implore you, Percival, by all you hold dear, do not try to capture this man. You have searched for him. And, besides, you may be mistaken."

But while Lady Margaret uttered these words, her conviction belied them: she felt an inward certitude that her patient was the escaped prisoner; in fact, while dressing his wounds she had seen the marks of the irons on his wrists, though he had hastily pulled down his sleeves to conceal them.

"I should be false to the commission I hold from his Majesty if I let a traitor escape my hands," Sir Percival coldly replied. "Your entreaties are of no use. You know very well there will be no peace in the realm while these men are sneaking about. Remember the Spanish Invasion. Remember the Gunpowder Plot in our own day. Remember Babington's conspiracy. The country was continually in a ferment until Mary Stuart was put out of the way."

"It will make me wretched for my whole life if I have been the means of betraying that unfortunate stranger," said Lady Margaret, her eyes filling with tears. "O Percival, do not cause me this grief! I shall never forgive myself. I never thought that you would take up my words in this way—my foolish, heedless words! For my sake let the man go, even though he be a Papist and a priest."

"Nonsense, Margaret!" her husband retorted angrily, unmoved for the first time by the sight of her tears. "I can not be false to my trust. What should I

be worth—forsooth!—if I neglected my duty for a woman's foolish fancy, and let a traitor go scot-free? No, indeed; and there is no time to be lost. The men-at-arms shall be called out, and I will make another visit to The Grange before sundown. I will do my work thoroughly this time. Please say no more about it."

So saying, Sir Percival rose and left the room, leaving Lady Margaret in despair. She saw all further pleading would be of no avail. What could she do? If her friend were really concealed at The Grange, could she not apprise its inmates of his danger? She would attempt this, at any rate. But who was to be sent? She could not go so great a distance herself; she dared not sally forth to find a trusty messenger in the village; one of the servants must be entrusted with the errand. She hastily penned a few words of warning addressed to the mistress of The Grange, sealed it and tied it with a silken cord, and calling one of her maids, bade her dispatch it with all speed.

Her missive never reached its destination, although Margaret was not aware of this. Sir Percival, crossing the courtyard after giving orders to summon the bailiff's and sheriff's officers, observed one of his grooms leading a horse out of the stables, and inquired whither he was going. The man, after some equivocation (for he had been pledged to secrecy), acknowledged that he was about to carry a billet from her ladyship to Madam at The Grange.

"Give it to me," Sir Percival, observed peremptorily. "I am going thither myself, and will take charge of it. If your mistress questions you about it, say it was delivered."

The evening was cloudy, and twilight closed in early. Every preparation had been made for Tunstall to leave the country; relays of horses were bespoken to carry him with all possible speed to the east coast, where lay a sailing vessel which had been chartered to convey him to the coast of France.

The proscribed servant of God had left his hiding-place—a ruined well in the grounds adjoining the residence of his rescuer,—deeming himself safe in consequence of a domiciliary visit having already been made at the house, and had joined the friends who had afforded him shelter at the peril of their own lives.

A large wood fire blazed cheerfully on the hearth of the spacious hall where the family were assembled, and cast a flickering light on the faded tapestries on the walls. It was a sorrowful moment for the little group that stood around the hearth, about to bid farewell to the revered and beloved guest; and, to quote the touching and appropriate words of Holy Writ, "they grieved most of all for the words which he said, that they should see his face no more."

The future martyr, however, knew not the things that were to befall him. "Bonds and afflictions" had already been his lot, and they were again to be his portion,—aye, and death itself, sooner than he or his friends anticipated. Before he could be "brought on his way to the ship," like the apostle of old, a heavy step was heard in the vestibule, and Sir Percival Amhurst, using his privilege as a pursuivant, entered the hall unannounced, followed by the dismayed domestics.

"I crave pardon for my intrusion," he said, with sarcastic politeness. "I come in the King's name, and have here a warrant for the arrest of one Thomas Tunstall, *alias* Jones, a Popish priest."

The stranger instantly stepped forward. "I am he whom you seek," he said; then he turned to take a courteous leave of his host.

At a sign from Sir Percival, two men-at-arms advanced to pinion his arms behind him; whilst two others took into custody the master of the house, who was compelled to accompany the prisoner to London, to answer before the Royal Commissioners on a charge of harboring a traitor.

Thus the day closed sadly indeed, not

only for the unlucky denizens of The Grange, who lost for they knew not how long a period their husband and father, but also for Lady Margaret, who was a prey to the bitterest grief and regret when she learned the result of the expedition.

After the usual form of trial and condemnation, the priest was dragged to the scaffold and put to death according to the revolting fashion of the time.

Upon Sir Percival's return to Chislehampton Hall, not a single word was spoken upon the subject which was present to the thoughts both of husband and wife. But from that day forth their relations became painfully formal and constrained. How, indeed, could it be otherwise? Equally inevitable was it that Lady Margaret's health should fail and her splendid spirits desert her.

Sir Percival marked the change with great uneasiness. He well knew that remorse—the most cruel of all the demons which, since the days of Judas, have lacerated the human soul—was the cause of the increasing pallor of his wife's cheek, and the listlessness which replaced her wonted energy and interest in all that surrounded her. After the lapse of three or four months he surprised her one morning, as they sat at breakfast, by saying all at once:

"What would you say, my dear, if we were to go and pass the Christmas in London? It is dull work for you here in the winter. Business calls me thither; and, though I am not so young as I was, my limbs are not so stiff as to prevent me from enjoying a gallop with the hounds."

"O Percival, how good of you!" exclaimed Margaret, with sudden animation. "I should like it of all things."

Percival looked delighted; he had not heard her speak in this way for months.

"She wants only change of scene and amusement to free her from this fit of the blues," he said to himself.

Then he added aloud:

"When shall you be ready to start, Maggie? You must take all your finery

with you; for my wife shall be second to none in her dress at the ball on New Year's Day. The Amhurst diamonds shall sparkle bravely. Not that they are brighter than your bright eyes. You need fear no rival amid all the fair dames and damsels."

With these words he rose to leave the room, pausing to bestow an unwonted kiss upon Margaret's cheek as he passed her chair.

Poor Sir Percival! if he had but known the thoughts and hopes that surged up in her breast at the bare mention of the proposed journey, his pleasure would have quickly disappeared. Since Tunstall's execution, and owing doubtless to his prayers on her behalf, Margaret's conscience, so long dormant, had begun to waken from its sleep. She remembered her early days; she reflected how easily she had surrendered, for the sake of worldly advantages, that Faith for which many had been willing to give up all they possessed and to die a cruel death. She longed to unburden her soul, and she rejoiced in going to town solely because she hoped that she might there find the opportunity for which, in her own neighborhood, she was well aware she would seek in vain.

The winter was mild, and all went well with the travellers, who took up their quarters in the finest and most commodious hostelry in the city of London. Sir Percival Amhurst was a consummate horseman, and sat his steed with as much ease and grace as any younger man could have done.

He was the cynosure of many admiring eyes as, mounted on a magnificent chestnut horse, he rode forth to join the meet one sunny January morning. His wife knew he would be absent some hours, and she seized the opportunity of executing her long-cherished project. Dreading lest she should be recognized, watched, and betrayed, in spite of having taken the precaution of putting on gar-

ments she had never worn before, she hastened with trembling steps to the house of a Catholic friend where she knew she could obtain access to a priest. This friend was at the time seriously ill, and Margaret's ostensible reason was to inquire after her. She knew that she could confide in her; and before long she found herself in the presence of the minister of God.

Here her long pent-up feelings found vent; her grief, her remorse, were poured out with sobs and tears. The listener was deeply touched. Her self-abasement was evidently genuine, her sorrow poignant and sincere.

"But, my child," the good Father said, as soon as the torrent of words ceased for a moment, "you had no evil intention in describing your patient so as to enable your husband to identify him?"

"Oh, no, no!" was the prompt reply. "I never had in my heart one thought that was not kindness concerning him."

"In this case your remorse appears to be somewhat exaggerated. You grieve so bitterly on account of your heedless words and their result; but do you never reflect how terrible a sin you committed when, for the sake of a brilliant marriage and a life of worldly happiness, you abandoned your Faith?"

Margaret crimsoned, and burst into a fresh fit of weeping.

"It is too late, Father!" she said. "As I have sown, so I must reap. But I have conformed only outwardly: my heart has ever been true to the proscribed Faith."

"We can always retrace our steps while we live," replied the priest. "The path for you would be rugged indeed, yet I hope and believe you will have grace to walk in it one day. Farewell, my child! May God bless you!"

Margaret knelt to receive the priest's blessing; then, without another word, silently left the house, soothed in a certain way, but humbled as well. The words she had heard were well chosen, and had produced the very effect which the speaker intended.

[Sir Percival returned to the hotel in the highest spirits, full of delight in his favorite exercise, eager to relate many pleasant meetings with old friends.

"I had only one mishap, Maggie," he concluded, "and that is a mere trifle. In leaping a hedge, a great thorn tore my right hand a little; it is only a surface wound, but it smarts a good deal. See here," he continued, marching across to where she sat.

Margaret grew white to the very lips and remained rooted to her seat like a marble statue. Her husband stared. No association was connected in his mind with the apparently slight injury: he did not know that, by a singular coincidence, he had torn open the very same part of the hand which had been grazed by the rope in Tunstall's case.

"There is nothing to be alarmed at, Maggie," he said. "Your ointment will soon make it well again."

But it did not do so: on the contrary, as the days went by, the wounded finger festered and defied Margaret's skill. She very naturally feared that her husband would never recover from his wound; she thought that a just retribution had overtaken him, and that he would lose the hand that had worked so much evil.

A doctor was called in. Percival was laid up for several weeks. But his splendid constitution triumphed; the wound healed, and in the early part of February he was able to return home.

Again the months slipped by in an uneventful course at Chislehampton Hall. The summer had come round, and the June sun shone upon a world that was full of beauty. Sir Percival, whose tastes were thoroughly rural, and who loved to spend his time in outdoor occupations, was accustomed to lend a helping hand to his men when the hay or corn had to be gathered in.

One day, when he was busily assisting in making a rick, a blade of coarse grass in the bundle he was handling cut the wound open. This time neither his wife's

ointment nor the doctor's skill availed anything. Sir Percival's hour had come. Blood-poisoning set in, and in less than a week he died.

He remained in an unconscious state for some hours before his death, and was believed to have lost the power of speech. Throughout his illness he had manifested no interest in religion or the slightest fear for the future. A few moments, however, before he actually expired, a glimpse of eternity appeared to have been revealed to him. Raising himself upon his pillows, he exclaimed three times, in a voice so piercing as to wake the slumbering echoes of the old house and fill every heart with dismay:

"Too late! Too late! Too late!"

And so he passed into the presence of his Judge.

For Lady Margaret a more merciful fate was reserved. She had given up her religion in order to marry Sir Percival, and now his sad end gave her courage to return to it. The property was made over to a brother of Sir Percival (a Protestant like himself), in consequence of his having denounced his widowed sister-in-law as a recusant. She had always been a great favorite of his, and he might perhaps have hesitated to take this step had he not been instigated to it by his wife, who, herself a very plain woman, married only for the sake of her fortune, was jealous of Lady Margaret's beauty and attractiveness.

Thus the late mistress of Chislehampton Hall found herself penniless. For some time she subsisted by selling her jewels; but ultimately she made her escape to France, where she lived in poverty and obscurity for many years, her sole source of income being a meagre pittance doled out to her by her brother-in-law. Her life was pious and austere; no one could have recognized in the white-haired woman, aged beyond her years, and uniformly clad in a black serge gown, with cloak and bonnet to match, the brilliant and vivacious Lady Amhurst of former years.

The Voice of Death.

BY S. M. R.

O WEARY lids and weary eyes,
No longer vigil keep!
The dark that is agathering
Is made for eyes that weep;
My touch will fold you round with peace
And give you gentle sleep.

O weary hands, with labor worn,
Relinquish now life's quest!
My touch will still the pulse of toil
That hath so long oppressed;
The hush of labor's eventide
Is full of quiet rest.

O weary soul, God calleth thee
From struggle and from strife!
He knows the sorrow and the sin
That in this world are rife;
And so He sendeth me, kind Death,
To lead thee into life.

Exiled from Erin.

XIX.—FROM EAST TO WEST.

THE strange young man stood in the background, his gaze fixed admiringly upon Ellie McMahon. If the girl had been accustomed to the flattery of either words or glances, she would not have minded it, perhaps; but it was something new. She flushed beneath his gaze. The elder man, observing the expression of her face, was recalled to himself; and, turning quickly, he said:

"This is my brother Terence. Fine, my boy, isn't it, to have come across them so?"

The young man stepped forward and took Willie's hand, then lightly touched Ellie's, whose cheeks were very pink. She cast down her eyes. The elder man glanced sharply from one to the other of the pair. A curious expression passed over his countenance—something between surprise and disappointment. Then his brow cleared, his lips assumed their usual gentle expression, and he said:

"Could we not go somewhere and have a talk?"

"Come to our hotel," replied Willie, who was a little mystified, never having heard of their new acquaintances before. "It is just a few steps from here."

"You are not with—your uncle, then?" said O'Brien, joining Ellie, while the other two walked behind.

"Oh, no! That is all like a painful dream,—my time of stopping with him," said Ellie. "He deceived me, Mr. O'Brien, and brought me to a dreadful place to live. Thank God, I got away! And I've been with a very kind lady in Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania. I'm here for a little while only. I will tell you all about it when we get to the hotel, Mr. O'Brien."

"I feared you were being deceived," said O'Brien. "You can not imagine how often you have been in my thoughts. I'm glad you have your brother to look after you."

"Yes, thank God!" said Ellie. "He is such a good brother!"

When they reached the hotel, they went up to Willie's room, where they had a long talk. Willie and Ellie related some of their experiences, the elder of the brothers being deeply interested in all they had to say; the younger was silent and abstracted. But when Willie began to enlarge upon the condition of things in Ireland—her needs, her hopes, her future,—the young man became talkative and animated. He asked many questions, and made several very practical remarks, showing that he had studied the subject thoroughly.

"My brother Terence here is a crank about Ireland," said the elder man. "He has a dream of going to live there some day: of taking the initiative in forming colonies which are to improve and finally overturn present conditions. I'm afraid, however, it is but a dream. I am neither so hopeful nor enthusiastic."

"No, Tom, it is no dream," observed the other. "The right men in the right

place can do a great deal, and they will sooner or later. I mean to try it when the proper moment comes."

"Father Kearney, our pastor, has the same idea," said Willie. "I've heard him talk of it many a time. Indeed, the people say he is quite 'gone' about it. But I lean to his opinions. I think something can and ought to be done."

A long discussion ensued, during which Ellie, sitting silently listening, felt very proud of her brother. During the conversation she learned that the O'Briens were half-brothers only; that the elder felt almost like a father to 'his Terence,' as he fondly called him. It was evident that the younger had received the better education of the two; and later Ellie learned that his brother had spent a great deal of thought as well as hard-earned money in giving the young man a training that would fit him for a solid and responsible position in life. Terence, on his part, had responded to all that was expected of him. Handsome, cheerful, optimistic, clever, with beaming eyes, a delightful voice, and pleasing manners, the charm of his personality grew rapidly, not only on Willie but on his sister; while the young man, whenever the girl looked away from him, would find himself gazing upon her fair face. But when their eyes met, a gentle embarrassment seemed to fall on both.

The O'Briens had just lost their mother. Terence, who had a taste for mechanics, had invented a bottle-stopper and a fruit-jar cover; both of which, having been patented, were sold recently in New York.

"I am almost a wealthy man," he said. "I have realized something like twenty thousand dollars on my trifling inventions, and there are others still undeveloped in my brain. But they will see the light some day."

"And what do you suppose he has already taken steps to put in train?" asked the elder brother. "Nothing less than his Irish colony."

"You may lose money," said Willie.

"No, I think not. I have studied the question deeply, and have enlisted several friends in the movement. We have a kind of league, a friendly, informal one, without rules or constitution. We are simply kindred souls. But certain requisites are necessary to become one of us. We shall receive no man who drinks. We are all total-abstainers. No Irishman can deny that liquor is the curse of his country."

This and much more he said. Willie's heart was warmed to fire; Ellie felt a new and most pleasurable sensation creeping through her veins.

"To make what I can not help calling this chimerical plan appear more strange and admirable," said the elder O'Brien, "I must tell you that my brother has never been in Ireland at all: he was born in America. But we have lived among Irish people always, principally out in Minnesota; though about two years ago we removed to California."

"And yet I am a true American," said Terence, with a very musical laugh. "After Ireland, this is the greatest and most beautiful country under the sun. How long are you to be in New York?" he continued, turning to Ellie. "I hope for some time."

"We go back the day after to-morrow," she answered.

"Can you not prolong your stay? I have taken a great fancy to your brother. It would be pleasant and profitable to discuss things together. He seems very well posted on the subject in which I take so much interest. Could you not persuade him to stay?"

"Our time is not our own," said Ellie. "We are here with the gentleman who employs Willie. I am living with his aunt."

"You are both too fine to be working for others; you should be working for yourselves," said Terence.

"We hope to be some day," replied Ellie. "I have had a little money left to me, and when we get it we are going back to Ireland."

"That is right,—that is what you should do. But come out to California first. Do not leave America without seeing California: And afterward—who knows?—we might go to Ireland together."

What he said was simple enough, but there was a note in his voice that caused Ellie's cheek to burn and her pulses to flutter. And, simple as the girl was, her heart was the heart of a woman. She must betray no emotion, she must not appear to understand. Turning to her brother, she said:

"Willie, isn't it odd that Mr. O'Brien should live so far away?"

Then came explanations, and it was decided that they should meet again on the morrow.

Almost as soon as the two brothers left the hotel and were walking up Broadway, Terence began:

"Tom, I mean to marry that girl—if I can. She is the loveliest thing my eyes have ever seen. I wonder you did not lose your heart when you came over on the ship with her."

Thomas O'Brien did not answer for some moments. He remained silent for so long that his brother could not understand it, wondering if it were possible he did not approve. At length he spoke.

"She is lovely," he said slowly. "Terence, if I had not thought so I should not have remembered her and wondered what had become of her, as you know I did. If you can win her, you will, I feel sure, make no mistake. It seems to me she will be just the right wife for you,—a flower from that Ireland you love so well, that will bloom more brightly and fragrantly in her native land than if she were transplanted here. You have my approval, Terence; but be sure of yourself first."

"Sure of myself!" cried the young man. "I was never so sure of anything in my life as that I mean to have that girl for my wife."

"Maybe she won't have *you*."

"Something tells me she will," answered

the young lover, hopeful with the confidence of affection, not egotism.

"But you must give her time."

"Not much, Tom. At least I shall not let her pass from sight until I have told her."

"It is far too soon."

"But some one else might get ahead of me."

"You are bold, Terence."

"'Tis my first experience, but I always knew I would never be 'a laggard in love' when it came. And I tell you again I can't help wondering how you were with her a whole week without losing your heart."

Again the older man was silent. Then he said:

"I learned early, Terence, that love and marriage were not for me. There was my mother, always so delicate; and then you to be cared for and educated. In those days I never even thought of love or marriage, or longed for their estate. And now—I am too old."

"Too old! Not quite forty. You're not too old, Tom!"

"I hope you will give me a sister, Terence. It is all I ask,—and that you may be happy."

Glad with the hope and promise of youth, Terence talked on. From time to time his brother would look up to his radiant face, quietly smiling and rejoicing in his joy. If there was a slight struggle—and that there was can not be denied,—if the vision which had just begun to take form on the horizon of his hopes had faded almost as soon as its filmy semblance had gathered,—then and there it vanished from his soul forever; the renunciation was complete.

There was another pleasant interview, in which, by the advice of his brother, Terence wisely refrained from declaring his intentions. He made them so plain in every other available way, however, that there could be no mistaking the ardor and sincerity of his suit. When they parted, he had secured from Ellie

a promise to send him her address; and also a promise from Willie that he would not return to Ireland before having visited California.

When they arrived home they found Miss Truman seriously ill. Pleurisy and pneumonia developed; the siege was not long, and in less than a week the good lady had bidden adieu to a world which had always used her well, as she had deserved. Ellie grieved deeply for her kind mistress. She accompanied Miss Trainer to Pennsylvania to dispose of some of Miss Truman's effects. The old lady had provided well for her housekeeper, who purposed living with her brother, a priest in the New York diocese. And now, though Ellie found herself without a situation, Providence, always kind, made room for her in the Trainer household. The parlor-maid married, and Ellie was taken on in her place.

Life progressed calmly and agreeably for the brother and sister, who were both improving their minds in every way. The reception of a long letter from Terence O'Brien, who begged her to write to him occasionally, set Ellie to practising not only with her pen but her mind. When her simple, artless, yet thoroughly sensible and interesting letter reached her lover, he could hardly restrain his impatience to see her and call her his own.

But his brother again prevailed upon him to go slowly. At the same time he wrote repeatedly to Willie, begging him to come, with his sister, to California, where they might both profitably spend a year. This was quite in accordance with Willie's own wish. Finally he decided that they would go when his term with the Trainers was completed; and so informed his employer, who, while he was very sorry to part with them, would put no selfish embargo upon their movements.

When Terence O'Brien at last heard that they were coming, he would wait no longer to put the crucial question. Simply and naturally, as though he had been

sitting beside her, Ellie replied to his proposal, telling him that his affection was returned, and that she could not say "No" to a request that would, she felt, insure her great earthly happiness. However, she made one condition, as follows: "But only if you will promise that we shall really go home to live in Ireland. I know this is your intention now; but unless I were sure that you would carry it out, nothing—*nothing*—could keep me from the dear mother who is waiting for me there." Assurance was readily given. Then Thomas O'Brien wrote, welcoming her as a sister, and suggesting that the wedding take place immediately on their arrival in Los Angeles, not far from which beautiful city the brothers had a fruit ranch. As this seemed the most feasible plan, Ellie did not demur.

And now the Trainers began to shower the pretty bride-elect with sensible and beautiful presents, sending her to her husband with a trousseau of which any girl in her position might have been proud.

Brother and sister never forgot that long and interesting journey. They left the farm one morning in September, when the sun, despite a mass of soggy clouds, was trying to smile through the autumn gold already touching the garden that had been Willie's care; through the forest trees beneath whose shade they had often wandered in their leisure hours; and above the wonderful hills that had shut in the pleasant landscape and shut out the noisy, sordid world. Then followed days of whirling past thriving villages and well-tilled, prosperous farms; and through smoky cities, teeming with the life and movement of a grinding and restless modern civilization.

Then the plains, and after them the desert, with its brassy, cloudless sky; across the regions of grey sagebrush and low olive-colored grease wood, and tracts where the cactus loomed up savagely, surrounded by its lesser mates, shapeless, distorted, terrible. And in the midst of

it a windstorm—a sandstorm,—driving and filtering through the closed and shuttered windows of the train, filling the travellers' eyes with tiny invisible particles which made them smart like fire. This was followed by rain, the first of the early fall; no patter drops against the glass, no tinkle, tinkle on the roof of the car, but a dashing, drenching torrent. It cleared the atmosphere, and sent the clouds scurrying northward. And after twilight fell, a new moon appeared in the sable sky, with millions of stars like diamond points glittering in the darkness. Through the fragrant sagebrush the stealthy coyotes moved. If Ellie could have heard them wailing, she would have been terrified at the sound of their mournful cry. And as the train rushed fiercely along as though it would annihilate time and distance, far-off red lights flamed,—the camp fires of the desert, kindled by wandering prospectors to ward off the chill of the autumn night.

And now up, up, and still ascending, groaning, laboring along rugged granite mountain sides to their giant tops; then toiling slowly downward on high, narrow trestles, over fearful cañons, to look down upon which was like a dreadful nightmare. And, after miles and miles of mountain climbing and descending, again on the level, rushing under great dark trees on the outskirts of forests, with blue pellucid lakes lying at peace within their dusky depths. There were delightful views of pretty villages opening up before them; pleasant vistas of landscapes and hill slopes, all green and brown and scarlet, shot with gold. Ferns upon ferns lined the sides of the cañons; clear, limpid threads of streams like silver ribbons wound in and out of the woodland,—streams that in the winter, now so near, would broaden their banks and hasten their flow, as, fed by the mountain rains, they rushed headlong, freighted with sediment and withered leaves and foliage, transformed to impromptu rivers of muddy chocolate brown.

And after that, cultivated gardens, and tree-embowered groves upon groves of ripening oranges and lemons, some a pale yellow, and others shining like the gold of the noonday sun. And flowers, rioting in the dooryards, overran the low wooden fences, climbing to the housetops; in a panoply of blue, yellow, pink and crimson, lavender and vivid scarlet, till the eye, feasting upon their wonderful profusion, could scarce assimilate the plenitude of beauty and color they so bravely flaunted. Oh, it was wonderful, indescribable! Ellie enjoyed every moment of that marvelous journey. But at last it was over.

The brothers met them at the station. They drove to a hotel, where they rested a little. Terence, accompanied by Willie, went to the court-house for the license, and in the cool of the evening all four sought the cathedral for confession.

As Ellie knelt in one of the pews, performing her penance, the priest to whom she had made her confession passed up the aisle. She recognized him immediately as one of those whom she had seen on that sorrowful morning in New York taking leave of his friend. Yes, it was the venerable and saintly Bishop of "Loose Angels," the meaning of which she now for the first time understood. And the next day, Sunday, after the earliest Mass, he united her in marriage to the husband of her choice, and gave them both his holy and paternal blessing.

That afternoon they drove to the ranch, where Willie and the elder O'Brien followed them two days later; and where, amid ideal surroundings, auspicious of happiness and love, Ellie O'Brien's new life began. Holy peace was there, and simplicity, and heartfelt piety. The benediction of God had been pronounced upon the youthful pair, and the angels smiled and hovered protectingly above that quiet sanctuary of wedded Christian love.

(To be continued.)

James Jeffrey Roche.

BY KATHERINE E. CONWAY.

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE, American Consul at Berne, Switzerland, who died on April 3, 1908, was one of that notable group of Boston authors, adherents of the Catholic Faith, which, beginning in the Seventies, with Robert Dwyer Joyce, John Boyle O'Reilly, and Mary Elizabeth Blake, has gone on through succeeding decades, widening by accretion of native born and adopted, until now it includes, with a few others, Louise Imogen Guiney, Mary Catherine Crowley, Mabel Fuller Blodgett, James B. Connolly, William A. Leahy, Denis A. McCarthy, and Boyle O'Reilly's daughters, Mary and Elizabeth.

In literature, Mr. Roche had his points of resemblance with some of these, having at least a strong reflex of Boyle O'Reilly's passion of sympathy with the toilers and the oppressed of the world, and a classic scholarship and a refinement of expression comparable with Miss Guiney's. His individuality was marked in his American patriotic ballads—there are none better in the language,—and in his scintillating, irresistible wit. He had the keenest sense of the grotesque and the incongruous, and the faculty of condensing a page into an epigram. His humor never needed the enhancements of dialect, solecisms, or bad spelling. It was not confined to an avowed bit of drollery, like "Her Majesty the King," but flashed out in the most unexpected places in his serious work.

James Jeffrey Roche was born in Queen's County, Ireland, May 31, 1847, but grew up in Charlottetown, P. E. I., receiving his education first in his father's private school, and later in St. Dunstan's College. He and a young aspirant to the priesthood, Cornelius O'Brien, were c'assmates and star scholars. Fond friends hoped that young Roche would also be called to the sanctuary, in which event it was expected that he would accompany Mr. O'Brien to the American College, Rome. But the

CEREMONIES are the translation of virtue into our own language.—*Bacon.*

former developed no vocation. After the promotion of Dr. O'Brien to the Archbishopric of Halifax, N. S., Mr. Roche was wont to refer to his eminent classmate as "the Archbishop I might have been."

After seventeen years spent in commercial life in Boston, his free hours dedicated to the pen, Mr. Roche, in 1883, became assistant editor to John Boyle O'Reilly on the *Pilot*. In this congenial environment, where short hours and equitable division of labor ruled, Mr. Roche rapidly adjusted himself to his true calling. His strong points as a journalist were literary criticism and the short editorial paragraph, in both of which he had few equals. With leisure for creative work and the good comradeship of his literary brethren of the Papyrus Club, of which Boyle O'Reilly had been a founder, Mr. Roche's path to fame was for some years smooth and flower-strewn.

In 1886 he published his first volume of poems, "Songs and Satires." He took its fair success modestly, merely remarking, at the appearance of the second edition, that it had to come, so he might be able to replace from it the autograph copies of the first which his friends had lost.

The death of his friend and chief in 1890 was to him, as to many others, an irreparable loss. Before the end of the year, and in the midst of conflicting cares and duties—for he succeeded to the editorship of the *Pilot*,—Mr. Roche had written, at the desire of Mr. O'Reilly's family, his "Life of John Boyle O'Reilly." It had a large circulation, and it brought its author the friendship of President Roosevelt.

Mr. Roche had inherited a staff of Boyle O'Reilly's training, and was able to continue his purely literary work. In 1891 he brought out in London, in the Fisher Unwin "Adventure Series," his "Story of the Filibusters," the fruit of twelve years' research and study, and the best example of his prose. In that year also the University of Notre Dame conferred on him its LL. D.

Mr. Roche was a slow and careful

worker, letting nothing out of his hands until it was condensed and pointed to its utmost. He had more sympathy with "The Art-Master" than had Boyle O'Reilly, nor ever scorned the file. His next book, in 1895, was the "Ballads of Blue Water," marking the high tide of his poetic power. His intimate knowledge of American naval history had been fostered by his worshipped elder brother, Lieutenant John Roche, one of the heroes who perished in the Samoa disaster, and whose untimely death cast a deep shadow over the poet's life. A requiem for this brother, "At Sea," and two exquisite religious poems, "The Last of the Druids" and "The Lay-Brother's Story," appear in this volume. With them may well be included "The Corporal's Letter," in honor of the Blessed Virgin; and "Hubert the Hunter," in the earlier collection.

In 1898 came "Her Majesty the King," an alleged "Romance of the Harem," but in reality a clever satire on social and political conditions in lands of English speech. Its success encouraged the author to a sequel, "The Sorrows of Sap' Ed," which appeared in 1904, and was his last book.

The chief character in "Her Majesty the King" is neither Queen Kayenna nor the long-disguised Prince, but the philosopher Shacabac, the confidant and comfort of the henpecked Pasha. One brief interchange of thought between these worthies has passed into our proverbial philosophy.

Asked the Pasha: "When an irresistible force meets with an immovable obstacle, what happeneth?" And the wise man answered: "In the case of matrimony, the force retireth from business."

But Shacabac was not always so hard on women. Otherwhere he observes: "Marry not any woman out of gratitude lest perchance she come in time to wonder where the reward cometh in."

The book is alive with electric sparkles like these. They recall to Mr. Roche's former associates many a still better unrecorded pleasantry.

A well-known advocate of cremation inquired of him the attitude of the Church to this practice. Mr. Roche briefly explained why cremation was not permitted, except in extraordinary circumstances, among Catholics. "But what does your Church think of us who practise it, anyhow?" persisted the cremationist. "Oh, well," said Mr. Roche, "if you must have it, why, for you poor unfortunate outsiders, she regards it as a method of breaking the ice, so to speak." There was no further theological discussion that evening.

He was wont to read his humorous articles to his serious editorial assistant, who once inquired his motive. "As a test of the density of the public," he promptly answered. "If you laugh, any one will."

This flash-light fun remained even through the many years of impaired health which preceded his retirement from the *Pilot*, and his acceptance of the Consulate of Genoa. The climate of that city not entirely favoring his condition he was transferred a year ago to Berne. A fortnight before his death he was apparently much improved, and he and his wife were planning a visit to Boston. Then, a little quickly at the last, the light which had withstood so many a storm of sorrow flickered and fled to Him who kindled it. Peace to the dead!

One of Ireland's Old Castles.

AMONG the sights of Ireland, there are few that more vividly recall the days that are no more than the ruins of those noble old castles scattered through the length and breadth of the land,—castles that once lifted a proud head against the foe, but now lie dismantled; and oftentimes, like their gallant chiefs, with their very names and histories forgotten, or but dimly remembered.

In southern Ireland, in County Cork, not many miles from the famous seaport of Queenstown, stand the remains of Barry's Court, once one of the finest

of the country's old castles. It is a lofty and extensive pile, in the square form, with walls of great strength and thickness. It has three towers connecting at each story with the principal rooms, the highest of the three commanding an extensive view of the surrounding country.

The castle stands on a green plain of reclaimed marsh land, but originally the salt water washed the front base of the fortress,—a wise precaution in those fighting days, though the massive walls of Barry's Court could not have yielded easy entrance. One can imagine, at tidings of approaching assault, how promptly cattle and sheep must have been turned into the spacious paved courtyard, with its rows of covered buildings, planned for such a need; and how the archers must have smiled grim defiance as they took their stand by the narrow stone windows. In those days, when gunpowder had not begun its deadly work, such a place as Barry's Court, with plenty of food and water, must have been almost impregnable.

In the castle is an interesting and touching memento that these brave men could pray as well as fight. Ascend the narrow, twisted stone stairs of the building, and you will come upon a small, well-preserved chapel. It is about fifteen by nine feet, and at one end stands what was once the altar. It is formed of one limestone slab. Behind it is a long, gracefully shaped, stone-framed window. And through that eastern window in bygone times the morning sun streamed its rays, and bathed that altar of simple stone in colors more glorious than those of the stained glass and costly mosaics of a later day.

On the right-hand side of the altar, the basin for the priest's ablutions is hollowed out of the wall. It is shaped something like a small holy water font, and is formed of one stone, chiselled into eight vine-waves. They taper centre-ward to a small hole through which the water runs. In a straight line downward from that opening, the hollow continues to the

ground; for in the building of these walls one stone had been purposely omitted, so that the water should fall from the priest's hand even into the earth.

In olden times, a subterraneous passage led out of Barry's Court. The entrance was within the castle doors, and the passage terminated about a quarter of a mile outside the castle grounds. In modern days the earth fell in and choked up the course of the passage, but both the openings can still be seen. It was probably planned to send a secret messenger for help or food in case of siege, but in later times it undoubtedly served in other dangers. In the bitter days of Ireland's penal laws, Barry's Court was (as it still is) in Catholic hands; and many a fugitive priest celebrated Mass beneath its sheltering roof, and was hurried to safety through that secret passage when some watching peasant brought news that the priest-hunters were upon his track.

The altar-stone has since been given to the parish church of Barry's Court, Carrigtohill. The vestments and chalice used in the castle chapel are still in existence. The vestments are richly worked in pink and gold; the chalice is very small, of silver-gilt, and of a pattern quite unlike what is now used.

Apart from its architectural beauty, which even in its present state is considerable, Barry's Court is of peculiar interest from its varied and romantic history. It was built by Philip de Barry in the beginning of the thirteenth century, and there is a tradition that it was erected on the site of a still more ancient castle. It was first called Castle Cloyduleh, but later on was known as Barry's Court, from the name of its founder.

In 1580, Captain (afterward Sir) Walter Raleigh was dispatched by Queen Elizabeth to Ireland to suppress the insurrection that had broken out under the great Earl of Desmond. Among the insurgents was Lord Barry, then proprietor of Barry's Court. Raleigh had been victorious over

the surrounding country, and had received orders to seize the Court, when the brave and hopeless owner, with his own hands, set fire to his castle, and, flying to the woods, joined Desmond.

In happier times the work of destruction was repaired; but years later the castle was threatened by another great peril, when Cromwell's troops were ravaging the country. Barry's Court had stood faithful to the most luckless of the Stuart kings, and was about to suffer for its loyalty. The first shot had been fired under the personal command of the ruthless Oliver Cromwell, when he learned the name of its proprietor. It was that of Stephen Coppinger. Some years previously, Cromwell, when at Louvain, was relieved of a money difficulty by the generosity of a young Irish student of the University. The kindly student was now chief of Barry's Court. The leader of the "Ironsides" had grace enough to remember his old obligation. He drew off his troops, and Stephen Coppinger was one of the very few Irish Catholics whose lands were not seized in the confiscations of the time. In the western wall of the castle, the hole made by Cromwell's one shot may still be seen.

Near the castle garden is a raised walk, once closed round by clipped yew hedges. It bears the pretty name of "The Rosary Walk"; for the Coppingers, the last inhabitants of the castle, were devout Catholics, and used to recite the Rosary as they paced up and down this peaceful, sequestered spot. It may interest American readers to learn that General Coppinger, who saw service in the Union Army, is a member of the same family.

Since Barry's Court was inhabited, Ireland has seen many changes; yet this noble pile stands forth, a hope as well as a memory; for, in the happier times that seem now about to dawn, Ireland may find means to preserve, perhaps even to renew, the memorials of her glorious past.

THE best of men are but men at their best.—*Anon.*

How the Abbé Peyramale Converted His Parishioners.

BEFORE being appointed curé of Lourdes, Monseigneur Peyramale was for some years curé of a small village in the west of France. Two important events marked this period of his ministry: the erection of a new church and the banishing of hail from his parish. How this latter feat was accomplished is an interesting and edifying story.

Abbé Peyramale, on his arrival, was much delighted with his new parish. His welcome had been a warm one; his presbytery was a charming little house, close to the church; and his parishioners seemed to be honest, kindly people. But as time went on, and Sunday succeeded Sunday, the good priest became aware that all was not quite as it should be, and was sorely puzzled how to remedy the evil which was of long-standing. For although his flock attended Mass faithfully, they thought nothing of breaking the rest of the Sabbath Day, and often of a Sunday they might be seen in their fields holding the plough or cutting the corn. His opportunity came at last.

It was in the first warm months of the year. The ripening ears of wheat, bent and swayed with the breeze; the vines, clothed in their summer raiment, gave promise of a bountiful return; and the apple trees, having discarded their lovely blossoms, stood covered with rich clusters of little green balls. It was no wonder that the village wore its brightest aspect, and that the farmers laughed gaily as they met and talked of the coming harvest.

But alas for the vanity of earthly hopes! One morning a cloud, of a dark grey color, came up from the west, increasing in volume as it advanced, and broke over the village, hurling down a shower of white stones. Through the prosperous vines these fell, breaking the leaves and tender branches; into the growing wheat, striking it down to the earth; and in and

out of the apple tree branches, covering the ground with myriads of green balls.

Loud were the lamentations which arose among the villagers that day. "Why," they cried, "should we so often be visited by this curse, while our neighbors' lands remain untouched?" The curé had his answer ready. The next Sunday he mounted the pulpit, armed with a large Bible, in which he had carefully marked the passages he wished to quote.

"My brethren," he said, "afflictions are sent by God to the wicked in punishment for their sins, and to the good in order to increase their virtue. In your case, my brethren, it must be as chastisement that this grievous ill has befallen you. And chastisement for what? For breaking the Third Commandment, which is so common an offence among you."

The curé then drew forth his Bible, and read out many passages where the loss of temporal goods had immediately followed the breaking of God's law.

"Now, my brethren," he concluded solemnly, "this is the word of God. Therefore if you will promise no longer to work on the Sabbath Day, I, in God's name, will promise that no more hailstorms shall visit the parish."

The villagers were much moved by the sermon; and, after consulting together, they agreed, one and all, to accept their pastor's proposition.

Abbé Peyramale acknowledged later that, as he descended from the pulpit, he was beset by many misgivings: had his promise been a presumptuous one? And many a time during the following months, when the black clouds came up from the west, he could not help being troubled by a feeling of anxiety,—of which, however, he allowed not the faintest trace to become visible. But on one point at least he was unmoved: the villagers should keep to their part of the agreement.

Every Sunday morning, therefore, Abbé Peyramale would climb to the top rooms of his presbytery, whence a splendid view of the country round could be obtained,

and keep watch lest any of his parishioners should break their word. But the fields remained deserted; and, with a thankful heart, he would climb down from his post of observation and take up his usual round of duties.

Many weeks had gone by when one Sunday morning the zealous watcher caught sight of two laborers loading a cart with hay. Filled with indignation, he descended from his elevated position and in a few minutes stood beside the dismayed culprits. Snatching the pitchfork out of their hands before they could say a word, he tossed the hay back into the field, and in a thundering voice bade them begone. The men slunk away without a word; for never before had they seen their pastor roused to anger, and the novelty of the sight filled them with awe.

This, however, was the first and last attempt made to work on the Lord's Day,—at least while the good Abbé was curé; and not once during that period did the dreaded hail return to the now prosperous village.

A Burning Question.

IN his latest message to Congress—perhaps it would be better to say the one dated April 27,—President Roosevelt expresses the hope that both Houses will pass the Child Labor Law. In most of our States laws have already been enacted prohibiting the employment of children under a certain age; but, strange to say, there is no such legislation for the District of Columbia. This phase of the social problem has been so thoroughly discussed in the leading reviews, magazines, and newspapers of the country that the enactment of laws regulating child labor meets with little opposition; but, as Mr. M. A. Fanning points out in an excellent article—one of a series on social questions contributed to the *Catholic Universe*,—the enforcement of such laws will be difficult until a widespread public sen-

timent against child slavery has been created. Every word of his article is calculated to stir up this feeling. He says, with equal force and directness:

The requirements of industry are now harder than ever. The responsibility for turning out men and women sound and wholesome physically and morally is heavier to-day than ever before, because of the conditions under which we live. Society needs better members, physically and morally, than it is now receiving. The rights of the child must be recognized. . . . The right of preparation for life by play and study, by lack of strain during the period of growth, is too palpable to be argued. And hence the "Cry of the Children," which rang through England, leaving it unalarmed, should be heeded in this great Republic. We must not crush the spirit of the child with manhood's toil. The measure of the triumphs of the race that-is-to-be is what can be accomplished for the child that is, what we can do for his development physically and mentally, but above all spiritually. The child is entitled to his childhood. It is the duty of all of us to see that he receives it in its fulness.

The question is a burning one. In spite of the wise and humane laws adopted in nearly every State of the Union, child labor is on the increase. The physical and moral degeneracy resulting from this is not generally realized. The lot of slaves in many parts of the South before our Civil War was incomparably more happy than that of innumerable children now condemned to work in mines, factories, etc., through the greed of parents and the inhumanity of money-makers. There is crying need of a great society for the prevention of cruelty to children, and Mr. Fanning has furnished an admirable motto for it: "We must not crush the spirit of the child with manhood's toil."

Mr. Fanning is thoroughly informed on the subjects which he is so ably treating; he is neither pessimistic nor impractical. If his articles, especially the one from which we have quoted, are painful reading at times, they are also temperate and sympathetic, besides being well written; they constitute an excellent and highly important feature of one of our best Catholic journals. We shall hope to see these timely articles reprinted in book form.

Notes and Remarks.

The services in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, on the 28th ult., to celebrate the diocese's centenary, were the most impressive ever witnessed in the United States. Pontifical Mass, with two cardinals, a Papal Delegate, ten archbishops, forty bishops, several hundred priests, and between seven and eight thousand of the laity in attendance, was certainly never celebrated in this country on any previous occasion. The splendor and dignity of the procession from Madison Avenue through Fiftieth Street to the main entrance of the Cathedral on Fifth Avenue, afforded some consolation to the thousands who, hoping against hope, were unable to gain admittance to the sacred edifice. An enthusiastic Irishman, who had the good fortune of being in the procession and of attending the Mass, declares that "it was the greatest day for Ireland in this country since Christopher Columbus landed on these shores." The same thought occurred to Cardinal Gibbons, though he expressed it differently, saying in his sermon:

But of all the nations that have contributed to the upbuilding of the Church of Christ in the city of New York, you will all avow with gratitude, whatever may be your own ancestry, that the post of honor must be assigned to the children of ever-faithful Ireland. They have borne the brunt of the battle. Whatever may have been the unhappy causes that have led to the expatriation of so many of Ireland's sons and daughters from their native soil, an overruling Providence has made their exile subservient to higher and holier purposes. I can safely say that there are few cities or towns in the United States where the Catholic religion has not been proclaimed by priests and sustained by laymen of Irish birth or descent.

The most appropriate feature of the celebration, to our mind, was the presence of Cardinal Logue, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of All Ireland. It was fitting that he, of all others, should have been chosen to celebrate the Mass. With what notions he intoned the *Grazias agamus*

Domino Deo nostro may be imagined. It was the loyalty and love, the faith and devotion of the people whom he represented that made the celebration possible. Glory to God and honor to Ireland!

The *Casket* cites a writer from Manitoba who, discussing the present state of the school question in that province, points out that the history text-books which Catholic as well as Protestant pupils are obliged to use, are really anti-Catholic, though they pretend to be neutral. And he tells how a Catholic examiner last year found in the examination paper on history, written by a Catholic pupil, the statement that the troubles which culminated in the English Revolution were partly due to the ambition of the Pope and the Roman clergy. As our contemporary pertinently remarks, "this is a good instance of how so-called undenominational schools, which are really Protestant schools, are calculated to fill the minds of our children with anti-Catholic ideas." Instances have not been wanting, in this country, in which text-books grossly calumnious of the Church and her doctrines have made their appearance in our professedly undenominational public schools. As Catholic citizens are obliged (most unfairly) to contribute to the support of these schools, we have every right to denounce such insidious sectarianism.

While we cordially approve, in common with the great mass of the people of this country, of our President's activity in the matter of suppressing Anarchistic periodicals, we can not but recognize the truth of the following observations on the subject, contributed to the *London Catholic Times*:

President Roosevelt may reduce the evil to small proportions; and, in calling for more stringent legislation against Anarchist publications, as well as refusing to allow them to be carried as part of the mails, he is taking effective measures to hinder the Anarchists in recruiting their ranks. But unless the country is thor-

oughly Christianized—and this one can scarcely hope for so long as religious teaching is excluded from the primary schools—it may be doubted whether he will succeed in absolutely suppressing Anarchism. The man who looks around him without having his mind illuminated by the light of Christianity, can scarcely avoid being assailed by doubts and despair with regard to the justice and utility of society as it exists. We can not wonder that he who does not believe in man's eternal destiny, and who sees wrong without redress, suffering without hope, wickedness unchastised, the unscrupulous thriving, and the virtuous their ill-treated servants, is carried to wild excesses by his disappointment and indignation. Without other-worldliness—the knowledge which Revelation gives that the balance will be redressed in the life to come—man, society, and the whole universe are incomprehensible mysteries.

It is, in its last analysis, the old story: you can not legislate people into morality. But you may educate them into it, provided you begin soon enough. The growth of Socialism increases the necessity of religion in the schools. Not all Socialists, of course, are Anarchists, but all Anarchists began by being Socialists; and Anarchy is hardly anything more than Socialism carried out to its logical conclusions.

The recent summoning of a confessor to give evidence in the trial of his penitent, in Chicago, furnished Mr. William J. Onahan with an occasion to summarize in the *Record-Herald* the interesting historic case of Father Kohlmann, rector of St. Peter's Church, New York, in 1813. The priest was called upon by the court to divulge the name of a penitent in behalf of whom he had made restitution of some stolen goods. Father Kohlmann of course absolutely refused to do so; and his action was sustained by the Court of General Sessions, presided over by De Witt Clinton, subsequently Governor of New York. The following extracts from Clinton's decision may prove of interest to those unfamiliar with the case:

It has been contended that the provision of the Constitution which speaks of practices inconsistent with the peace or safety of the

State, excludes this case from the protection of the Constitution and authorizes this tribunal to coerce the witness. In order to sustain this position, it must be clearly made out that the concealment observed in the Sacrament of Penance is a practice inconsistent with the peace and safety of the State. The language of the Constitution is emphatic and striking. It speaks of acts of licentiousness, of practices inconsistent with the tranquillity and safety of the State. It has reference to something actually, not negatively, injurious,—to acts committed, not to acts omitted; offences of a deep dye and of an extensively injurious nature. It would be stretching it on the rack to say that it can possibly contemplate the forbearance of a Roman Catholic priest to testify what he has received in confession, or that it could ever consider the safety of the community involved in this question. To assert this as the genuine meaning of the Constitution would be to mock the understanding, and to render the liberty of conscience a mere illusion. It would be to destroy the enacting clause of the proviso and to render the exception broader than the rule, to subvert all the principles of sound reasoning and to overthrow all the convictions of common-sense.

The concluding clause of the foregoing paragraph puts the whole matter in a nutshell. All sound human legislation, as well as all moral theology, is based on common-sense; and no one who lays claim to that quality will seriously hold that the secrets of a penitent, told in the confessional, are not sacred and immune from the prying curiosity of any court, civil or ecclesiastical, on earth.

Among recent non-Catholic denunciations of Modernism, one of the most readable is that contributed to the *London Academy* by Mr. Arthur Machen. The whole paper is well worth perusal. We have room for only the introductory paragraph, which has the merit—not a slight one on a subject so hackneyed—of novelty and appositeness:

There are many paths, many ways; and it is usually an ungracious and a foolish person who does nothing but proclaim in strident accents the fatality and futility of every track save that which he himself is following. But when every allowance of charity and reason has been made, it remains that one road is always to be disallowed, and that is the way of

which those stand who proclaim that the goal does not exist,—that there is not indeed, in any real and efficient sense, any way at all. There have always been people of this sect; it is conceivable that in the wilderness there were scientific and rational Jews,—broad, liberal-minded men, who perceived that the journey of the tribes was a vivid Oriental allegory; that, while the desert was real and true enough, the talk about the land flowing with milk and honey was a mere flourish, a pious fraud, justified perhaps by the literalism and simplicity of the days of bondage, but without any true fulfilment in the nature of things. "Here," these enlightened ones might have said, "is the only Promised Land which we or any one else will ever see. In the natural order we shall never get out of the wilderness, for the very good reason that there is nothing but wilderness in the universe; the Land of Canaan is a poetic dream. Still, if we journey faithfully, if we are constant in the performance of humanitarian and philanthropic work, if we help our fallen brother, if we carry the burden of the weary, if we cherish kindly sentiments about everybody, then the desert shall blossom like the rose, and we shall achieve not the mythical splendors and delights of an imaginary Promised Land, but the very real reward that always attends unselfishness."

No reader who has perused the pernicious dogmatizings and multifarious vagaries of sundry writers of the new school of thought, will need aid in making the proper application of Mr. Machen's parable.

Gen. Frederick Dent Grant ought to be popular with the W. C. T. U. He is a total-abstainer, and he always looks lovely in full uniform. His opinion on the canteen question should have weight with these very zealous, well-meaning ladies, though they refuse to inform themselves of certain conditions that have recently developed near the national soldiers' homes as a result of the abolition of the canteen. In eight months, according to Major Moses Janis, general treasurer of the board of managers, "the number of cases of acute alcoholism treated . . . increased. The smallest increase reported was thirteen per cent at the Pacific branch (Santa Monica, California); and the largest,

ninety-one per cent, at the Eastern branch in Maine." And Maine is a "prohibition" State, mind you! In explanation, here is a compressed statement from the report of the governor of the home:

The number of saloons which have been established in the vicinity of the home since the anti-canteen provision can not be positively stated, because such places attempt to work secretly. Observation would indicate that the number has more than doubled. There are now places in the vicinity of the home to which the members resort in large numbers, to all appearance for no other purpose than to obtain liquor. This liquor is of the vilest. Pocket peddlers are numerous. Some of them have become so bold as to attempt to ply their trade within the reservation.

Nor are these conditions peculiar to the vicinities of old soldiers' homes: they are also to be found near most of our army posts. Gen. Grant said not long ago that he was in favor of re-establishing and maintaining canteens until "the time comes when the civil authorities abolish those dens near military reservations kept by vicious persons who tempt the soldiers of our army to their destruction."

An especially gratifying feature of the Philadelphia centenary is thus referred to by the *Catholic Standard and Times* of that city:

The chief note of local incident to give the centennial a distinctive mark is the munificent send-off to the movement for a Girls' High School from an unknown benefactor. It is princely in its amount, so far as it goes. It may be hoped that in the spirit in which it was offered it may be met by those who, not less willing but less able, are heart and soul with the giver in the promotion of an ideal no less admirable than practicable. But an institution of the kind contemplated must require a very considerable initial momentum to give it going force, and that momentum can be acquired only by the friction of co-operation. Let the "great unknown" be looked up to and imitated by the great known, and the known who do not claim to be great, but simple doers of good so far as lies in their power. Let all those who have had to fight their way in the battle of life—in this land where the race was not to the swift, but the battle was to the strong in virtue as well as arm—remember what their own trials were as

men, and bethink them what the conflict means to Catholic girls in the years to come, when these girls are left to face it alone.

Those of our readers who remember the forcible plea in behalf of a Girls' High School made by Philadelphia's exceptionally able Superintendent of Parochial Schools, the Rev. P. R. McDevitt—a portion of which plea was reproduced in these columns,—will rejoice that the good work bids fair soon to become a successful reality.

An anonymous contributor to the *Fortnightly Review* writes entertainingly of "The Conversion of Sir Antony—and of His Critics." Sir Antony is, of course, Sir Antony MacDonnell, late Under Secretary for Ireland. The writer, who professes to be "a near observer of both" the Secretary and his critics, declares that, "while some politicians refused to recognize the evils of cattle driving, he spoke out strongly against it; while others dared not offend any Nationalist, he curtly informed a voluble priest who gave evidence before one of the Commissions upon which he sat that he would not 'give twopence for his opinion'; the ecclesiastic, aghast at the trenchant nature of the remark, taking refuge in the ambiguous formula, 'Oh, you're welcome!'"

As our readers are aware, Sir Antony is a staunch Catholic,—a circumstance which will aid in explaining the following incident recorded by the *Review* writer:

But perhaps the two factors which more than anything else have converted his critics to a firm belief in his straightforwardness, independence of character, and strength, were his attitude on the occasion of the police strike in Belfast, and the rumors of his views upon the necessity of drastic steps if lawlessness continued to develop in the country. . . . His capacity for dealing with trouble was markedly displayed during the Belfast police strike. Mutiny in that city showed itself on a Friday and on Saturday. On the Monday morning he had drafted the main lines of the proclamation which, signed by the Lord Lieutenant, appeared on the following Thursday. By Monday evening he had arranged with the military authorities the details of the necessary movements, using no intermediate

channels and wasting no time in passing his ideas through other departments. He followed up this with his diplomatic work in Belfast, settling the industrial strike, gaining such gratitude from employer and employed alike that a leading Orangeman remarked to me: "If Antony Pat would stand for any Division in Belfast to-morrow, we would put him in with flying colors"

There is a lesson that may be profitably read by more people than at first blush appear to be concerned therein, in the account given by *Rome* of the Joan of Arc celebration, this year and last, at Orleans, France:

It may be remembered that last year the traditional procession was reduced to a very grotesque exhibition. The Freemasons had applied for permission to take part in it, carrying the banners and wearing the emblems of their sect; and their request was politely granted by the rabidly anti-clerical mayor and municipality—with the result that the bishops and clergy and devout faithful remained away. So did the tens of thousands who always thronged to Orleans for the occasion. . . . They sent in again this year their application to be allowed to take part in the procession, and they must have been very much astonished on receiving a point-blank refusal from the mayor, who is not by any means a "clerical." They were given to understand that their presence last year had not only destroyed the significance and solemnity of the occasion, but had been attended with such serious losses to the tradespeople of Orleans that it was decided to return to the traditional ceremony.

We doubt not that the experience of the people of Orleans will eventually become that of France generally, and that the "serious losses" in other fields than commerce will decide the people "to return to the traditional" religion. The losses, in such matters as race suicide and consequent depopulation, juvenile criminality, anti-militarism, and aggressive immorality, are already serious enough to give pause to the most rabid of the anti-religionists; and present indications give no promise that under existing conditions things are destined to improve. Indeed no one who has the least faith in statistics can doubt that France is going to the dogs.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

Maytime.

BY J. F. W.

AGAIN we greet the May Month,
Spring's lovely, favored child;
Arrayed in brightest raiment,
With ways surpassing mild.
The skies bend blue above you,
The flowers bloom at your feet.
Why are you thus enchanting, May?
Why were you made so sweet?

"This is the Month of Mary,"
The children's voices sing,
And to the curious questioner
A ready answer bring:
The Queen of Heaven's dowry,
To her your days belong;
What wonder you're so winsome, May,—
That round you beauties throng?

At every shrine and altar
We find your tributes fair,
Their fragrance ever blending
With the incense of our prayer.
Oh, may our lives be always
As in these hallowed hours,
When we kneel at Mary's altar blest
Amid the bright May flowers!

The New Scholar at St. Anne's.

BY MARION J. BRUNOWE.

VI.—ROSEBUD PLANS.

HELEN MARR thought insistently of Blanche Burton's words as she took her place for the eleven-o'clock recitation that morning.

"Anything may happen,—yes, *anything!*" she found herself repeating in thought more than once, as she glanced from the geometrical proposition on the blackboard—like all branches of mathematics, Helen's *bête noire*—to the slim figure, sitting so wonderfully still, off by the window. "If Sister Marietta can compass *that*, she can compass anything," concluded Miss Marr; "and then—and then—well, good-bye to a good time for us!"

Helen must have thought the last phrase almost out loud, for Sister Alice looked her way inquiringly. Helen colored, and her eyes sought the pages of the book on the desk before her. Then she was called to the board.

It was a "frightful" proposition, in Helen's vocabulary, and she proceeded to make a hopeless muddle out of it; returning to her seat at length in confusion, and inwardly raging against "snuffy professors who made up geometries to crack girls' brains."

Miss Marr, on this occasion, was not the only one to fail, however; several other members of the class came forward, only to retire in almost as great confusion. As the fourth of these bewildered damsels was returning to her seat, there was a sudden, quick movement in the corner by the far window, and in another moment Miss Isabel Kersey was on her feet and before the blackboard. She seized a fresh

THERE are certain portions of Arizona where it is said that it never rains. In contrast to this, there is a group of islands south of New Zealand, called the Seven Sisters, which are subjected to a practically constant rainfall. The same may be said of the islands and mainland of Tierra del Fuego, except that snow there sometimes takes the place of rain. There is an imaginary line running around the world which has many places where rain seldom ceases to fall. This is called "the zone of constant precipitation."

piece of chalk, and in a few minutes had demonstrated, to the complete satisfaction of Sister Alice,¹ and conformably with Davis' advanced mathematics, that the proposition set forth for the instruction of the class could be proved true in every particular.

"That is excellent indeed!" commented Sister Alice, as the fair demonstrator nonchalantly returned to her seat. "You must have had a very fine instructor, Isabel."

"Oh, he was an old muff!" replied that young lady, carelessly. "I'm naturally clever, when I care to exert myself,—that's about the size of it."

An ill-suppressed titter ran round the class. Sister Alice frowned slightly. She abhorred slang, and the rules prohibiting it were very stringent; but she also bit her lip.

Nothing else "happened"—if this can be called a happening—during the rest of the class hour. Isabel remained in her seat, alternately surveying the room and its occupants and the view from the window by which she sat. It was a beautiful view of river and mountain and velvety lawns.

At about a quarter to twelve the chug-chug of the automobile announced that Mrs. Kersey was at length departing. Every eye in the class room flew to the face of her idolized daughter Isabel; but that young lady remained calm and motionless: there was not even the flicker of an eyelid.

The fond but foolish mother, straining her eyes upward, was not rewarded with even the faintest glimpse of her darling. As for the members of Third Class, they simply gasped. Not to fly out of the window even, if there was no other way available, in order to see one's mother! It was inconceivable. Sister Alice began to entertain the hope that this disturbing element, labelled "new scholar," would eventually find her permanent abiding place in some other class. It would be, to put it mildly, difficult to keep attention

focused upon studies with Isabel Kersey as a fixture off by the far window.

As the gong struck for the end of class, Rosa Budd managed to get close to the new scholar.

"If you like, I will be your partner down to the study hall," she offered amiably.

Isabel surveyed her coolly. It was a little way Rosebud had with her own victims.

"How do you know that I am going down to the study hall?" she demanded.

For a moment even the fair Rose was nonplussed. But she recovered rapidly.

"We form ranks there for dinner, you know; I thought you might be hungry by this time."

Isabel considered a moment. "I am," she confessed. "But why can't I go to my dinner without going in a rank? And what a curious hour to dine—twelve o'clock!"

Rosebud tossed back a stray curl. "It's the rule," she explained laconically. "You know, here we all live by rule. One doesn't like it, but" (she shrugged her shoulders) "what is one to do about it?"

"Kick it over," said Isabel Kersey, promptly and inelegantly. "Father used to try to make rules for me during lessons," she went on, rather more reminiscently than confidentially; "but I always kicked them over."

"It must have been very interesting," ventured Rosebud, linking arms. "I hope you will tell me all about it after dinner."

Rosebud's dainty nose had already caught a far-away odor of an appetizing dish of which she was particularly fond, and almost unconsciously she hastened her own steps and those of her companion. A voice at the extreme end of the corridor, however, stayed both as they were about to descend the stairs, the very last couple in the rank.

It was the Directress of Studies herself, and she came toward them, a tiny envelope in her hand.

"I promised your mother I would give you this at once," she said, directly addressing Isabel and handing her the

note. "I do not know its contents. Contrary to our rule, I promised her I would not try to ascertain them, but—I always trust parent and child. I am sorry you would not see your mother, Isabel. You distressed her deeply."

Miss Kersey took the note, said "Thank you!" rather shortly, though with something, too, of meekness, and then, feeling dismissed, walked on with her companion. As she descended the stairs, she glanced over the note quickly, then carelessly passed it across to Rosebud.

"My own dearest," ran the hastily pencilled lines, "knowing how strict the convent rules are, and how little you will probably have in the way of dainties, I've packed a hamper with my own hands, assisted by Jules" (the senior French chef of the N., the most expensive and exclusive hostelry in New York, where they had been living for the past year), "which I wish you, my darling, to receive. It weighs at least twenty pounds; and so, when I go into the convent" (this was vividly written in the car *en route*) "Gaston will lift it out of the *tonneau*, and conceal it behind some masonry just outside a lower front door, which I observed on my first visit. No doubt your own abnormally quick wits, dearest, will enable you to devise some plan of transferring the delicacies within doors. I enclose a list of the contents. Enjoy them, darling, and think of your fond mother."

Rosebud's eyes, figuratively speaking, almost flew out of her head; for the strangeness of the note was as nothing to the "glory" of the "list of contents" describing the wonderful hamper. It was certainly a list calculated to make any schoolgirl's mouth water; for the matter that, it might have easily tickled the palate of a professional gormand.

Rose was but a simple schoolgirl, after all, though at times she was pleased to give herself sophisticated airs; and many of the viands enumerated she had never seen, even on the *menu* of the fashionable

restaurant which she occasionally visited with her parents. She knew enough, however, to realize that there was a bewildering array of birds, fowls, salads, pastries, sandwiches, cakes, pickles ("Oh, delicious pickles!"), olives, nuts, cheese and crackers; besides several *entrées*, whose wonderful names, though ostensibly in French, were not, Rosebud had inwardly to confess, in any sort of French with which she was familiar,—and she was, for her age, a good French scholar. There were, besides, various exquisite bottled essences, from which could be evolved delicious drinks. There was even a bottle of grape juice unfermented.

By the time a full realization of all this had burst upon Rose, both girls were in the study hall taking their places in the ranks. Isabel was unexpectedly quiet and complaisant; and Sister Berenice, watching her narrowly for signs of an outbreak, was agreeably disappointed.

Rosebud asked and obtained permission to place the new scholar in the chair next to hers at dinner. She had breakfasted privately, no one knew how or where—in the little dining-room attached to the infirmary, it was surmised,—and this, therefore, was Isabel Kersey's first appearance in the general refectory.

The episode of the red touring car, which had come so near "annihilating them all," in the picturesque language of the indignant Sister Corine, was by this time common property; and the wild, weird tales which fifteen minutes later were circulated throughout the school about the character, habits, and general history of the new scholar, who, arriving only the previous evening, was known to have been already punished "before the clock," and who openly averred her intention of "running away," could have been exceeded in vividness of imagination only by those concerning Haroun-al-Raschid. Therefore all eyes were fixed upon, or constantly wandered to, the table at which the extraordinary new scholar was seated. All agreed that she looked harmless

enough, and she certainly appeared to be applying herself to her dinner with the ordinary schoolgirl's very ordinarily healthy appetite.

It was well for Rosa Budd that the signal for talk was given five minutes after the girls were seated. Fortunately also, English conversation was the order of the day. One can not so easily scheme and plan in French unless one is to the manner born; and Rose felt that no time must be lost if the "Remains" were to formulate a plan whereby that wonderful hamper was to be rescued from its present position and satisfactorily disposed of. So roseate were Rosebud's dreams in this regard that her own appetite positively deserted her; this, too, in the face of the fact that the *pièce de résistance* of the day happened to be one for which she had a peculiar *penchant*, and which the convent *chef* served to perfection—fried parsnips. But upon this occasion Rose merely tasted her soup, toyed with her meat, turned up her nose at the potatoes, ate a little of the usually "delicious" parsnips, and actually refused dessert,—apple tart, too, it was.

Helen glanced across the table at her once or twice, her eyes big with surprise; the dainty fair beauty's usual "appetite" was almost a joke among her intimates. But Rose was for the most part wrapped in earnest colloquy with her right-hand neighbor, the new scholar.

"In the first place," she took it upon herself to advise Isabel, "let me keep, or rather destroy, this note; will you?" And she indicated the communication from Mrs. Kersey, which, through the Directress of Studies, had reached Isabel unread. Rose intuitively felt that if either Grace or Helen or Blanche knew of that note, or the circumstances attending its delivery, not one of the three would be a party to the daring midnight raid upon the hamper which she already had in contemplation. About Madeleine it did not matter so much: she could doubtless "manage" her.

Isabel carelessly assented. "Do as you like," she said. "But what else are you going to do?"

She spoke rather loud, attracting the attention of the girl on the other side, who did not happen to belong to the "Remains." This young lady bent forward in interested attention, which for some moments Rose found it difficult to divert. Presently, however, she was again able to claim Isabel's ear exclusively.

"We were just longing for something to happen," she confided to her,—“we, the 'Remains.' And now that we've elected you a member, this is about the jolliest thing that *could* happen. But of course it has to be at once—to-night."

"What are you talking about, anyway?" said Isabel, with some acerbity. "Don't be getting off riddles. I abominate them."

Rose flushed with annoyance; she was not accustomed to being addressed in that petulant manner. However, as she had swallowed the dust of the automobile and found it good, so now she found it expedient to stomach with a good grace the bad manners of the owner of a heavy hamper of goodies.

"I am trying to explain," she went on apologetically. "I didn't mean it for riddles. As I said, we elected you a member of the 'Remains,' and—"

"Who elected me?" questioned Isabel Kersey, bluntly.

"Why, we all did," returned Rosebud,—“that is, all except Grace Winton. She stood out against you.” (Rosebud was conscious of a malicious pleasure in stating this fact.) “However, as the rest of us—Helen Marr, Blanche Burton, Madeleine Hunt and myself—were in favor of you, Grace was outvoted.”

"Hm!" commented the new scholar, examining Grace carefully,—she happened to be her *vis-à-vis* at table. "I wonder what she's got against me?"

Rosebud shrugged her shoulders. "She doesn't like you; she—eh—she didn't give all her reasons."

Whose curiosity could fail to be piqued

by that kind of a rejoinder? Certainly not a schoolgirl's.

"Which ones did she give?" she asked.

Rosebud was human, and it was a chance to "pay back" that remark about the riddles.

"Excuse me! but I forget," she said suavely. "The chief one of all she didn't give," she added in a lower tone.

"Oh!" commented Isabel, and subsided for a minute or two. But she stole several furtive glances at her opposite neighbor, and pondered in her active brain what could be "the chief one of all."

In the meantime Rosebud, at her ear, went on:

"Of course you won't want to eat that big hamper all by yourself—"

"What?" broke in Isabel abruptly, and so loud that instantly every eye in the refectory was turned upon her. She certainly had atrocious manners at times. Rosebud felt that even the automobile and the hamper combined would hardly compensate for that harsh "*What*."

Under the universal focus of glances, Rosebud became as pink as her name. Isabel, however, did not change color.

"Oh, the servants can have it!" she said carelessly, and in a key little less lower than her abominable "*What*." "I'm sick of that kind of stuff. I told mother she didn't want any."

Rosebud nearly gasped. "Don't talk so loud, Isabel!" she almost implored in her ear. "Oh, you don't know what boarding-school is, and how one gets perfectly *famished* for 'good things,' and *such* 'good things' as you have! Why, we can have a glorious midnight feast!" And Rosebud clasped her hands in ecstasy.

"What is Rosebud saying her prayers about?" commented Grace, somewhat satirically, to her companion on the left, Helen.

"I think something's going to happen, after all," sagely commented that young lady. "I've been watching Rosebud all through dinner, and I'm sure she has something up her sleeve."

At the moment Isabel Kersey was turning with suddenly aroused interest toward her neighbor.

"*Midnight*, did you say?" she inquired. "Well, yes; there might be something in *that*."

The next instant the gong struck, announcing the end of dinner.

(To be continued.)

The Love of Two Brothers.

Gasparo and Ferdinando Fimenez, two noble and pious brothers, were sailing in a ship called the *St. Paul*, which set sail from Seville for India. They had successfully accomplished a part of the voyage when they were overtaken by a furious tempest, so that all were in imminent danger of going down; and, the wind blowing a hurricane, the ship could not resist the fury of the storm. Both sails and masts were carried away; and, to lighten the hull, the sailors were obliged to throw all the cargo overboard. Notwithstanding this, crew and passengers would probably have been sunk by the great waves that swept over them had it not been for the many prayers and vows which they made. They were still in imminent danger; for the ship, without masts or sails, could no longer pursue its course; and the greater part of the passengers and sailors were obliged to resort to the life-boat. But there was still danger of shipwreck; for the boat, being overloaded by the number of passengers, could not support the weight, but appeared to be on the point of sinking, so that it was necessary to lighten it by throwing some one overboard.

In this desperate state of things they finally determined, in order that all might have an equal chance, to draw lots and decide which one should throw himself into the sea. The fate fell on Gasparo, the elder of the Fimenez brothers, who generously consented to sacrifice himself for the safety of the others.

But Ferdinando, the younger brother, opposed him, offering to throw himself into the sea in his place.

"On me," said he, "who am the younger, let this lot fall; not on you, who are the elder and more worthy to live."

"Indeed no," answered the other. "I, who have lived the longer already, ought to die more willingly than you, who have come later to the light of life."

"My death," said the younger, "will be less insupportable to our parents, and more honorable to our family, as it will be encountered for fraternal love."

"If Heaven," said the elder, "had chosen your life for the safety of the rest, it would have caused the lot to fall on you. It has chosen me, and you ought not to oppose the will of Heaven."

"Ah," replied the other, "let not the accident of a blind fortune be the arbiter of our life and death; but let the error of chance be corrected by the judgment of prudence, which teaches that the younger should be sacrificed to the older."

"I can say no more," concluded Gasparo, "but that I am ready to die; life preserved by your death would be too bitter."

"My death," repeated Ferdinando, "is beyond your power to prevent; for if I did not perish in the sea, I should die of grief for the loss of so dear a brother. Detain, O passengers, so noble a man, so much more worthy than I to live!"

"Stay," cried Gasparo, "this youth of so much promise, who does not deserve to die in my place!"

Whose was the victory in this loving contest, which could not be prolonged, as the boat was in such peril? Ferdinando, the younger brother, conquered; and, with the great compassion of the others, he threw himself into the waves, and would then have perished if the sea, astonished, so to speak, by so much virtue, had not refrained from burying him in its depths; or if God, the rewarder of a virtue so sublime, had not bestowed on the magnanimous youth a wonderful robustness of strength, so that he kept his

head above the waves by an unconquerable strength of arm, and followed the boat by swimming an incredible distance.

The sailors, who were amazed at the sight, recognized it as miraculous, and with loud voices wished courage to the swimmer, and made vows to God; and at last, touched by wiser sentiments and pious affections, they saw their cruelty in having sacrificed one whom by so signal a prodigy God showed His will to save. They then took the better course of stopping the boat and taking him in; and he was received with tender embraces, especially by his brother. God, who had thus rewarded the disinterestedness of Ferdinando in devoting himself to death for his brother, was pleased to behold the compassion of the sailors, who had received back their companion with the danger of shipwreck for themselves; so that suddenly the heavens became serene, the sea grew calm, and with a favorable wind they soon arrived in port.

The old writer who relates this story of the love of two brothers concludes it with these words: "Oh, how well may we thus see confirmed the words of the sacred Canticles: 'Many waters can not quench love, neither can the floods drown it!'"

Ivory Mats.

There are but three mats of ivory in existence. The largest one known measures eight by four feet; and, although made in the north of India, has a Greek design for a border. It was used only on state occasions, like the signing of important State documents by the rajah. The cost of this precious mat was almost incalculable, for more than 6400 pounds of pure ivory were used in its construction. Only the finest and most flexible strips of the material could be used, and the mat is like the finest woven fabric. There will never be another like it; for the greed of man is swiftly exterminating the picturesque and useful elephant.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A neat booklet of sixteen pages issued by the St. Joseph's Sodality, St. Louis, contains "The Little Office of the Sacred Heart of Jesus," in English and Latin. The recitation of this Office has been enriched with indulgences by both Leo XIII. and Pius X.

—M. Henry Martin, the Administrateur of the Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal, Paris, is issuing through MM. Plon-Nourrit et Cie. an "ouvrage de luxe" under the title of "Le Tércence des Ducs." It will contain a reproduction of all the miniatures (133 in number) from one of the most beautiful manuscripts of the Middle Ages.

—The *Athenæum* announces the immediate publication of the fiftieth volume of the Vienna "Corpus Scriptorum Ecclesiasticorum Latino-rum," containing Ambrosiaster's "Quæstiones Veteris et Novi Testamenti," edited by Dr. A. Souter. This is the only British contribution to the series, with the exception of Prof. Robinson Ellis' "Orientius," published in 1888.

—"Common-Sense Talks" (London C. T. S.) is the attractive title chosen by Lady Amabel Kerr for a series of instructive conversations on some important points of Christian Doctrine, notably "A Personal God," "Purgatory," "The Holy Eucharist," and "The Teaching Church." Eloquent and Anselm, through objections, questions and answers, bring about a clear exposition of the teaching involved. A special, though sad, interest attaches to these papers; for they were found after Lady Kerr's death among her MSS. A saintly soul she was.

—The third volume of the new Eversley Tennyson contains "The Idylls of the King"; and the notes of the poet and his son, the present Lord Tennyson, are naturally of great interest. They tell more clearly than has ever before been told how the scheme of the "Idylls" formed itself and grew in the poet's mind. Moreover, these notes are full of references that throw light on the personality of Tennyson. Thus, his son states that "Elaine, Guinevere, The Holy Grail, and the Passing of Arthur were his favorite idylls for reading aloud." With reference to the title the poet says, "I spelt my Idylls with *o* l's mainly to divide them from the ordinary storied idylls usually spelt with one *l*." The Appendix contains many pages of such notes as these, of great interest and value to the lover of Tennyson.

—An interesting souvenir of the centenary of the archdiocese of New York is the "History of St. Patrick's Cathedral," by the Most Rev.

John M. Farley, D. D., published by the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. Incidentally, the volume is a history of Catholicism in the metropolis of the United States, and the narrative is one to excite admiration and gratification. Of the two hundred and eighty-four pages, seventy-eight are taken up with a detailed description of St. Patrick's Cathedral. Its extreme length is 332 feet; its extreme breadth, 174 feet; the two towers are each 330 feet in height; the capacity of the edifice, calculated on the basis of one square yard for four persons, is 18,696; it ranks eleventh in size among the great cathedrals and churches of the world; and its cost, up to the present, has been about four million dollars.

—"The Primadonna," the latest of Marion Crawford's voluminous works, is a sequel to that other novel of his, "Fair Margaret"; but, like all good sequels published as separate volumes, it is quite complete in itself. The story is one of the present day life in this country and England, and it is superfluous to add that it is skilfully and picturesquely constructed, delineating clear-cut characters in uniformly interesting situations. There is a suggestion, perhaps, of Wilkie Collins in the entanglement of the plot; and the unsophisticated reader will be apt to reach the full dénouement before making up his mind as to the guilt or innocence of Mr. Van Torp. Apart from the charm of an engrossing story, the book has a liberal allowance of incidental reflections, philosophical and humorous, on men and women, literature and art, and life generally, that enhance its interest and will bear re-reading when the desire to see how the story turns out has been satisfied. The Macmillan Co.

—A chorus of praise has greeted the appearance in England of Part I. of the "Children's Encyclopædia." The work will soon be offered for sale in this country, and the praise is sure to be repeated—that is, unless the *Academy* has numerous readers amongst us and they are cautious enough to consult its pages before "rushing into print." It would be a sincere gratification, by the way, to have the assurance that this excellent review has a large circulation in the United States. It deserves a host of readers wherever our language is read. We have been receiving it regularly only since the year began, but have many times wondered how we ever managed to get on without it, it is so bright and informing, so broad and so sane. The *Athenæum* is always more magisterial but

not always quite so urbane as the *Academy*. Both can be severe when occasion demands and the latter was evidently of opinion that the appearance of Part I. of the "Children's Encyclopædia" and the enthusiastic approval of it by notables and nobodies called for stern criticism. We quote the following paragraph from an article entitled "The Carmelite Wolfe" in one of the April numbers of the *Academy*:

It seems to us entirely amazing that persons of culture, and parts, not to say eminence, should consider it consonant with their dignity to bestow ill-considered encomiums upon a work whose antecedents are clearly suspicious, and whose corner-stones are clearly speciousness, pretentiousness, claptrap, and commercialism. In view of the many exacting duties of her exalted position we can not expect her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales to vex herself with a minute examination of the books that find their way into the royal nursery. But we are unfeignedly sorry that such a piece of shoddy as Part I. of the "Children's Encyclopædia" should have "delighted each" of her Royal Highness' children. We do not discover that Marlborough House indulges in the habit of issuing useful testimonials to poets or novelists, or improving writers for the adult. That an exception should be made in the particular instance before us is simply woeful. For persons like the Bishop of Winchester, the Dean of Norwich, Mr. W. T. Stead, and Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton we can conceive of no possible excuse. Either these gentlemen have read Part I. of the "Children's Encyclopædia" or they have not; if they did read it, they must know just as much about it as we know about it, and they must be aware that they had no business to recommend it. If, on the other hand, they failed of their reading, their praise is doubly regrettable. We should like to see Mr. Watts-Dunton reviewing Part I. of the "Children's Encyclopædia" over his name in the *Athenæum*. Meanwhile, despite the united voices of authority, we shall advise the people of England to keep the "Children's Encyclopædia" out of their houses.

We extend the same good advice to the people of the United States.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

"History of St. Patrick's Cathedral." Most Rev. John Farley, D.D. \$1.50.

"Common-Sense Talks." Lady Kerr. 40 cts., net.

"The Primadonna." Marion Crawford. \$1.50.

"A Pulpit Commentary on Catholic Teaching." Vol. I. The Creed. \$2.

"Christine and Other Poems." George Henry Miles. \$1.10.

"My Lady Beatrice." Frances Cooke. \$1.25.

"My Very Own." S. M. Lyne. 80 cts.

"We Preach Christ Crucified." Herbert Lucas, S. J. \$1.

"The Ministry of Daily Communion." F. M. De Zulueta, S. J. 60 cts., net.

"Short Sermons for Low Masses." Rev. F. Heffner. \$1.

"Style - Book of Business English." H. W. Hammond. 60 cts.

"A Catechism of Modernism." Rev. J. B. Lemius, O. M. I. 25 cts.

"Sheer Pluck and Other Stories." 85 cts.

"Tommie and His Mates." Rev. David Bearne, S. J. \$1.

"The Holy Gospel According to St. Mark." Rev. Cecil Burns, M. A. \$1.

"Meditations and Devotions." Cardinal Newman. In three parts. Each, 40 cts., net.

"Round the World." Vol. IV. 85 cts.

"A Pilgrim from Ireland." 45 cts.

"Heliotrope." Rev. John Rothensteiner. 60 cts. net.

"The Inquisition." E. Vacandard. \$1.60.

"The Prince of the Apostles." By the Rev. Paul James Francis, S. A., and the Rev. Spencer Jones, M. A. Cloth, \$1.25, net paper, 75 cts., net.

"Qualities of a Good Superior." Edited by the Rev. Ferreol Girardey, C. SS. R. \$1.25.

"The World in which We Live." By R. J. Meyer, S. J. \$1.50.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bonds.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rt. Rev. Nicholas Moes and Rev. Charles Saltzer, of the diocese of Cleveland; Rev. Walter Tallon, diocese of Newark; Rev. August Schneider, diocese of Monterey; Rev. Edmond Harrington, O. P.; Rev. Francis Cone, O. F. M. Very Rev. John Fedigan, O. S. A.; and Rev. Michael J. Lauth.

Mr. C. V. Horton, Mr. John Faulkner, Mr. Jeremiah Egan, Mr. Philip A. Kemper, Mr. John S. Collins, Mrs. Henry Lammers, Mr. Philip Tully, Dr. Richard Coughlan, Mr. William Dreyer, Mr. Joseph Reddin, Mrs. Robert O'Reilly, Mrs. Annie Bailey, Mr. N. C. Nolar, Mrs. Katherine Schaefer, Mr. Edward Meagher, Mr. William Edwards, Mrs. Margaret Carr, Mr. Henry Block, Mr. T. C. McKeon, Mr. Joseph Bergan, and Mr. Edward Ledger.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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In Agony.

BY FRANKLIN C. KEYES.

ALL night I lay in agony. My soul
Was sullen with despair; and near me stole
An angel of rebellion, darkly seen
Through misty vapors, heavy and unclean.
At last the morning came, the shadow fled,
The angel left me and the pain was dead;
And in my heart a surging joy did rise,
A great *Te Deum*, mounting to the skies.
Then as I praised the God who made me glad,
I heard within my heart a whisper sad:
"O foolish soul! At last thou thankest Me!
Was I not with thee in thine agony?"

The "Gloria Patri."

BY THE VERY REV. R. O'KENNEDY.

ONE word first. God is worthy of praise; He deserves all the praise we can give Him. When one reflects on the goodness of God, one wishes for the lips of a saint to bless Him. It is a part of our nature that the more we reflect on the infinite perfections of God, the more do we feel within us a something irresistibly urging us to praise and glorify Him. In the divine prayer that our Saviour has left us we are led to look upon the inhabitants of heaven and those of earth as two branches of the same family—"Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven,"—and to look upon the God and Lord of

heaven as the Head and Father of both. Earth, then, should bear a resemblance to heaven, and the *Gloria* of earth be a response to the *Alleluia* of heaven.

But we are left in no doubt as to the form of praise used in heaven: "And they rested not day and night, saying: Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty, who was, and who is, and who is to come." * Now, it is true that on earth also there is a continuation of praise, if we take into account the universality of the Church, and consider that the laity all over the world at their prayers, the religious in the choir, and the priesthood at the Divine Office, are evermore crying out: "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen."

St. Augustine says that as Christians, even while we are still pilgrims and travellers on earth, we may consider ourselves as citizens of the Heavenly Jerusalem from the moment we begin to live according to the spirit of God. And of the "Glory be to the Father," St. Francis of Sales† says that by "the beginning" is meant the eternity that existed before creation; by the word "now," all the time from the creation of the world to its end; by "ever shall be world without end," the eternity that shall be after time is no more; and that when we say the *Gloria Patri*, we wish and offer to Him (1) all the glory He had in that sole and mysterious existence of His before the dawn of time; (2) all

* Apoc., iv, 8.

† "On Divine Love," Book V.

the honor He has had from creation up to this, and all He shall have from this to the end of the world; and (3) all the praise He will have during eternity.*

It is certain that of ourselves we could offer no such glory, honor, and praise. It is certain, on the other hand, that no greater could be offered. Furthermore, the Seraphim in heaven could not imagine and could not desire greater. Oh, how blest if we ourselves could offer such praise as this! It is, indeed, certain, that of ourselves we could not; but what we can not do by the finiteness of our powers, God takes as done by the infinitude of our desires. For as it would be reasonable to hold a person guilty of internal murder who, after the slaying of a man, wished to have shared in his killing, so is it accounted reasonable, and even morally certain, that if I desired to act toward God as a holy person or a saint would have done upon any occasion, the same merit that the saint or holy person would then have gained, would, because of my desire, be apportioned to me.

On this principle, then, I can, by reciting the *Gloria Patri* solemnly and reverently, offer to God the praise and glory and honor of the first eternity of time, and of the last eternity. Oh, what more could be desired by a "man of desires"? Praise be to God that this prayer has been given to us! Praise be to God that He has permitted our unhallowed lips to repeat it and cry: "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost; as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen!" In that prayer there is eminently an act of intense and illimitable charity. If it were said that there were in it three great acts of charity; nay, even if it were said there were in it nine several acts of charity, I do not well see how these assertions could be gainsaid.

* The translation of the *Gloria Patri* into English has been found fault with, and its accuracy disputed. I will consider the matter at the end of this article.

I.—"GLORIA PATRI."

Theology, like the eagle holding its young to the sun, lifts us far above earth, and bids us gaze on eternal brightness. It brings before us, as the first of its dogmas, the one that to the human mind is the most unintelligible of all,—the one from which it most recoils, and which, aided by nature alone, it can scarcely be expected to accept—the dogma of eternity.

It might be permitted me to say that Catholics, who believe it, should be lenient with non-Christians who do not believe it, and with those even who refuse to believe it. They have never been baptized, and have never therefore been spiritually aided by the graces infused from heaven into the infant soul at baptism. For the same reason, again, we are to bear a lenient mind toward non-Catholics who do not believe in the future eternity, especially of punishment. Many of them have not been baptized, and therefore have not the spiritual aids from on high which Our Lord and Saviour ordained should be the perpetual accompaniments of the Sacrament of Regeneration.

No small injury was done to souls (I speak now of England) when in 1851 it was decided, by the lay body which rules the English Protestant Church, that it was lawful for ministers within its pale to hold and teach that baptism was a mere ceremonial, simply marking the admission of a person into the Church; that it removed no disability or sin; that it gave no graces and infused no virtues. The immediate result was that the sacrament, which was previously administered with laxity enough, now demanded and received much less care and attention, and souls were in consequence seriously affected.

Now, at baptism, together with the sacramental grace of regeneration, there are infused the theological virtues of faith, hope, and charity. According to the theologian Ferraris, a "virtue" is "a *habitus* perfecting the substance of the intellect

and inclining it to a good and right operation." And he continues: "Virtue is divided into intellectual and moral, infused and acquired. Intellectual virtues are those which perfect the intellect, wherein they reside, in the knowledge of truth. Aristotle tells us they are five: intellect, science, wisdom, prudence, and art. Moral virtues are those which incline the human mind, wherein they reside, toward what is good and becoming; they are prudence, justice, fortitude, and temperance. Others indeed are contained in these, or may be reduced to them; and prudence, though essentially a virtue of the intellect, is nevertheless the leader and queen of all the moral virtues. The infused, or supernatural, virtues are those which can not be obtained by our own power, but of their nature require to be *infused*, and are thus infused into us immediately by God; such as faith, hope, and charity, are divinely infused even into little children at baptism."

A virtue, then, being a help—"a habit working for good; a natural virtue being one that is acquired by repeated acts, and therefore giving a facility and a power to do certain things; and a supernatural virtue being, on the other hand, one that has been infused, and which renders man capable of performing acts which exceed the powers of mere human nature; and furthermore these supernatural virtues not alone giving a facility, but absolutely conferring upon man the power or aptitude to dispose himself for his supernatural and destined end," *—this being the case, I ask permission to say that when brought face to face with dogmas of faith, we ought not to boast of our own readiness to believe, nor glory over those who find their human nature revolting against the command to believe; but we ought to thank God, who, of His inscrutable predetermination, bestowed on us the powers which made us not alone capable of believing, but even ready to believe; and sympathize humbly and charitably with those who

have not been endowed, and who therefore, depending on the powers of nature, find it naturally impossible to believe. Speaking of faith, hope and charity, the Council of Trent * says: "All these infused [by God] together with the remission of sins, man receives in the very act of justification, through Jesus Christ."

There is, then, an eternity; and this eternity is as unbeginning before creation as it will be unending after the final doom. In that anterior eternity there was no created thing: there was no angel, no man, no individual existing thing. There was but God alone, and He was eternal. Now we have a knowledge of many things in this strange and wonderful world,—things in the skies above, things on the earth and in the deep seas; things in the depths of forests, in torrid regions, and things in the midst of frozen seas in the Arctic and Antarctic Oceans,—vegetables, fish, animals; things that are born and die in the twenty-four hours, and things that come into life, and live hundreds and even thousands of years. But we know of only One who never had a beginning, and who as an absolute reality is eternal,—that is God.

In our endeavor to grasp eternity in thought we imagine time at creation to be produced indefinitely before that moment when it came into being; and we fail to comprehend eternity as we were bound to do; and for two reasons. First, we take the wrong material with which to work out our problem. For let us suppose a fish in a river; the river is flowing constantly round and round a granite mountain; the fish knows something of water, but it knows nothing of granite. Time and eternity are far more diverse than water and granite; they belong not to the same species or genus; they are infinitely different. But there is a better reason. One would laugh if the fish took into its head to swallow the granite mountain. But it would be mere child's play compared to our attempt

* Lehmkuhl.

* Sess. 6.

to comprehend eternity; for we are finite, eternity is infinite. "What is meant by the divine essence,—in other words, what is God? That we can not know, but we deduce what it is by argument," observes Father Tongiorgi, S. J.

In that eternity before creation, God alone existed, and He was eternal. "Eternal" is another word for "infinite." The most striking type to us of eternity is the ocean. "A line is length without breadth," quoth the old geometrician. Now, you might as well attempt to cut a single slice in the middle of the ocean—"length without breadth"—as to find a finite quality in infinity. An ocean, to be an ocean, must be an ocean all round—length, breadth, height, depth,—an ocean in every way you take it. So eternity must be infinity; that is to say, whatever is eternal must be infinite. God alone is eternal, and God alone is infinite. "In presence of the infinite, the finite is annihilated and becomes a pure nothing." *

Immensity is included in infinity; therefore God is immense. The original meaning of the word "immense" is "what can not be measured." With us "immense" ordinarily means "extremely large." Its true meaning is "without bounds or limits." God is without bounds or limits: He is boundless, limitless, immense. In our ideas, everything that is immense is formed of a great number of parts. God is not formed of parts; in the words of the Schoolmen, He is *simplex*, *simplicissimus*,—"simple," "most simple." There is in God no composition of parts; He is not formed of a number of parts perfectly or imperfectly infinite. He can not therefore, like us, be a body, because a body is formed of parts. Nor can He be a body and a soul, because that is composition. God is from eternity a single Act or Being; that and no more. "If God does exist, He must be incomprehensible; because, having neither parts nor limits, He has no relation with us." †

God is everywhere present; for, since

God is without bounds or limits, it must be that He is omnipresent. "A being may be present in a place in three ways: (1) by his power, as a king is present in all his dominions; (2) by actual presence, as a person is in a room [though he does not occupy the whole room], but sees everything in it; and (3) by essence, when he occupies the whole space, as the soul does the body. Now, God is in the whole world in this manner, that He is wholly in every one place and in each of its parts. For the divine substance is not *formally* extended,—that is to say, so extended that a line could be drawn about the extremities, or diffused through all things, as air or light or vapor; but is most *simple*, and therefore can not be divided; and hence wherever it is, it is there wholly. Even the human soul, which is finite, is entirely in the whole body, and just as entirely in each of its parts." *

From this also it comes that God is immutable, because He is most simple. If God should change, it would be into a better or a worse condition. It could not be into a worse, for then God had not from the beginning all the essential qualities of excellence; He lacked the quality of being able to continue evermore in His excellence. On the other hand, it could not be into a better; for He was not therefore infinitely perfect from the beginning; and it is an axiom with all metaphysicians that the Being who is a *se* (from Himself) must be infinitely perfect. And God is that Being. "I am who am," said He to Moses in the Book of Genesis.

But the attribute of God which is most pleasing and desirable to us is goodness. If God be infinitely perfect, then He must be infinitely good. In two ways especially do we account God to be good. First, He is good in Himself; secondly, He is good in communicating to us, according to our capacity, the riches of His own goodness. Now, it is a saying, or principle, of the Schoolmen, and a truth which our

* Pascal.

† Ibid.

* Father Tongiorgi.

own nature attests, that goodness ever tends to communicate itself to others; and the greater and more perfect the goodness, the greater the impetus which urges it to that communication. God is infinitely, everlastingly, and boundlessly good; there is therefore on the part of God no limit to the motion of His goodness to impart itself to us. It is only on our part that the limit comes in, interferes, hinders, and bars the wave of heavenly motion, originated by and from His goodness to communicate itself to us.

"The manifestation and effect of this internal wish," according to Father Tongiorgi, "is His external beneficence, or the actual communication of the divine goodness. Oh, who does not wonder and stand amazed when he considers with what lavish generosity and in what wonderful ways the Divine Goodness manifests itself through the whole creation; when he sees it designing with such wisdom, cherishing with such assiduity, and promoting with such magnificence and liberality, the perfection, charm, usefulness, pleasure, and happiness of man and all sensible creatures?"

Goodness on the part of God is relatively happiness in us. If God be infinitely perfect, God must be infinitely happy. Later on we shall see that in this infinite goodness or happiness of God we shall be made partakers, and in such boundless measure that it is only the hand of God will stay us from utter annihilation at the joy.

Yet there is one thing, in our minds, absolutely contradictory of God's happiness in the first eternity, and that is His being alone. Nevertheless, the Schoolmen say: "Singleness, solitariness, oneness, is of the essence of the Necessary Being"; that is to say, God must be one, solitary, alone. It may seem strange at the first glance; but once we turn our attention to it, we see how reasonable it is, and at the same time how necessary. We human creatures argue (and rightly, according to St. Paul) "from what we see to what we do not see."

"Let us suppose," says Tongiorgi, "that at the beginning of the world there were several gods. When they decreed the creation of the universe, did they determine on a fixed plan or did they not? If they did not, nothing could ensue but a chaos of contradictions; for as soon as 'they spoke, all things were made.' But if they agreed among themselves as to the plan, then were they dependent on one another's will and were in no wise free. But God can not be dependent on any will outside of Himself. Therefore not one of these gods could be God in the true sense. . . . God is an infinitely perfect Being, than whom no greater can be conceived. But if God had an equal, there would then be two equal infinite beings; and a greater than any one of them could easily be conceived,—namely, a being equal to the two."

Therefore God is and must be alone in eternity. Creation is but a mere vapor compared to His eternal existence. It would not have come into existence had not God willed from all eternity to bring it into existence. In eternity He was alone. Says Tongiorgi again: "Eternity is existence without beginning, without succession, without end." And according to St. Augustine: "In eternity there are no such words as 'there was' or 'there will be'; the only word is 'there is.'"

But eternity coexists with time, though it is not made up of gliding moments as time is. It is one single instant, fixed and unchangeable forever. Time may move by it or around it and pass away, but *it* never passes. And, far different from time, the whole of eternity is contained in the one, unchangeable point; as if a man who had lived sixty or one hundred years could, by imagination or dream, live all his long span of life in one instant of time. This brings us to, perhaps, the most wonderful thing regarding God in eternity. Boetius says that "eternity is the perfect and complete possession of unending life *all at the same moment.*" The definition is explained thus:

"It is called 'possession of life,' because God not only exists [like a tree], but has life [like beings]; and lives the noblest life,—that is to say, the life of a being of infinite intelligence and most perfect will. He lives an 'interminable life,'—His life has no terminus or bound; it is without beginning and without end. He possesses it 'all perfectly at the one same moment,'—that is, without any succession whatsoever. For God enjoys His whole life together, and not by parts; and possesses that whole life perfectly, for He exercises no successive acts of living beings, but is Himself an infinite and most pure Act." *

Let us, then, make a short summary, not considering all His infinite perfections, but directing our attention merely to two—His goodness and His glory. God is infinitely good, therefore infinitely to be loved. But God is forced by His nature to love whatever is good, and to love it to its exact proportion. He is Himself infinitely good, therefore is He bound to love Himself in an infinite degree. But what He is bound to do at any single moment (let me use the expression) in eternity, that He is bound to do at every moment in eternity (if eternity were made of moments). Now, think of all the years that go—vainly go—to make up an eternity! Think of all the hours and think of all the moments! The world could not hold the figures. But at each of these moments God was bound to love Himself infinitely, and He possesses all His life at one and the same instant. Multiply, therefore, the bewildering sum of figures, that would outspan the earth's limits, not by the same bewildering sum of figures again, but by a still greater—namely, by eternity,—and you come to have an idea, infinitely inadequate indeed, of what is meant when we say, "God loved Himself in eternity."

If we could love God with that infinite love, we should be doing, not what was extravagant or heroic or saintlike, but

barely what was just. If it were possible that all creatures who are now in heaven or on earth were living in the first eternity, when no one at all existed but God, and that each one offered to Him the burning love of the choir of Seraphim to-day, they would have offered Him a praise as infinitely unequal to, and less than, the right of God's goodness to claim, as time is less than eternity, as much beneath His due as earth is beneath heaven. We are worms, and less than worms, when brought beside the Infinite God.

In like manner, when we come to think of God's glory "in the beginning," as if we were brought near to the sun in the tremendous whirlwinds of its brightness, we stagger and totter, dazzled with the light. In God, we, finite beings, reckon many separate attributes, in our helplessness to grasp all His splendor at once. "God has but one simple and infinite perfection, and this perfection is a single and pure act. To speak more intelligibly, God is one perfection, sovereignly single, and solely sovereign; and this perfection is one, pure, and very simple act, which, being nothing less than the divine essence, is consequently eternal and permanent. Though convinced of this truth, we speak of the Almighty as if there existed in Him a number and variety of operations. But the weakness of our understanding renders this unavoidable." *

We know that God "has a name which no one knoweth but Himself"; that His perfections are not only beyond the words of men to describe, but they are beyond the power of angels. Yet God is not displeased when we speak of His attributes as if they could be separate; for He knows it is the well-meaning attempt of our littleness to understand His infinite perfection. All His adorable attributes, then—His self-existence, His eternal life, His divine essence, His immutability, His simplicity, His immensity, His wisdom, His liberty, His goodness, His power,—

* Father Tongiorgi.

* St. Francis of Sales.

all make up what we understand by His eternal and essential glory. So we come to our computation once more.

God gives merit, reward, glory, where it is due, and in the exact proportion to which it is due. His goodness and His justice alike incline Him to it. St. Paul styles Him "the just Judge," who gives the crown of justice to them that deserve it. Wherever, then, glory is due, God will give it and in its proper measure. Now, on the score of each of His attributes, God deserves, and receives from Himself, infinite glory. He has received it in all eternity. But, as eternity is "complete possession" and enjoyment at each single instant, if we may so speak, God receives as much glory at each instant as there are instants "in the days of old" and "in the everlasting years." But the number of these instants would, as we have said, more than overlap the whole earth's surface and the realms of space,—nay, would not have begun when earth and the stars would be teeming with the finite figures of us, puny mortals. And this would be the case if each of His attributes, as we understand them, alone existed. What, then, shall be the sum of the glory of all His attributes in the eternity before the world was made,—“in the beginning when the Word was with God, and the Word was God”? That neither created minds could conceive nor earthly figures calculate; but that our hearts can desire, and do desire, when we say: “Glory be to the Father, to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; as it *was in the beginning.*”

(To be continued.)

THE heavy handle on the church door, ill to be met with in many cases, was for the benefit of fugitive criminals, who hung to it until the door was opened, and they could obtain sanctuary for forty days, with leave to embark for some foreign country in case their crime had been murder.—*Goadby*, “*The England of Shakespeare.*”

Exiled from Erin.

XX.—AN IMPORTANT DECISION.

ELLIE and Terence O'Brien had been married a little more than a year. Everything was prosperous with them. They had sold their lemons and oranges at good prices; and Terence had perfected another invention, a tack-hammer, for which he had already been offered a good royalty by a prominent hardware firm in Pittsburg. Willie made an agreeable third in the happy little household. The elder O'Brien, who did not especially care for ranching, now that his brother was well established in a home, returned to San Francisco, and went into the business of house-painting with a friend; though he sometimes ran down on Saturdays to visit them, staying over Sunday.

Willie had not at all abandoned his intention of returning to Ireland in the near future; and his brother-in-law constantly spoke of going, when the time should be propitious. He and his sister were talking one evening of the changes he would make at home, on the farm. After they had discussed many persons and things, Willie said:

“Ellie, I’ve often wondered how the Misses Trainer came to think your name was Honor. That is what they called you when they were giving you to me for a wife. If they had said your own name, I believe I’d have suspected the truth.”

“I *was* called Honor when they were visiting Miss Truman,” rejoined Ellie. “She thought I looked so much like another girl she had, of whom she was very fond, and who died, that she wanted to call me Honor. So she did for a while. But it was bad enough to be a lone girl, far from all I loved, without losing the name I had received at baptism. I couldn’t stand it: it made me lonesome. And I asked her if she wouldn’t call me Ellie, and she did ever after that.”

“And you never finished telling me,

Willie, about 'ould Graddy' (as we used to call him), or his son."

"I never did, because you never asked me, sister, and because it is a sad story." After a pause, for the remembrance had moved him, he went on: "You know that Graddy, or Grady, the old man, used to drink. Well, he got into 'the fits.' Ned Brien, that used to plough for him, told me that he kept following and following him one day as he was ploughing below in the well-garden. He never put in such a day, he said. Ned did not know the moment he'd leap on him and attempt to throttle him. 'Turning the headland,' said Ned, 'he'd come so close to me that I was sure he'd want to trip me.' Now, you know Ned is no baby, but he was so afraid that he was in perspiration from top to toe. Grady would get the horses' reins, make knots, open them, and tie them again, and see how they'd run; and he'd laugh a big, empty laugh. Ned said *that* is what used to frighten him most; for you remember what a black-faced, dark-looking man he was. And then he'd go over and look into the well, and you'd think every minute, said Ned, 'glory be to God, that he'd throw himself in. I never put in such a day.'

"Well, at long last he went toward his own house, carrying the reins in his hand. Ned got uneasy; and, tying the horses at the headland, he stole up after him. He came on tiptoe to peep into the stable; and, sure enough, there they were."

"Who?" said Ellie.

"The father and the son. The father was standing on a stool; the lines* were dangling from the rafter and touching his head. The son was standing with his back to the door. They were watching each other, without saying a word. The father took the lines and was putting them round his neck. The son watched, kept his arms folded, never said a word and never made a move. Well, Ellie, if you were to hear Ned on that 'boy-son,' and that was the mildest word he used."

* Hempen reins for a horse.

"Don't mind," said Ellie, "about Ned or the boy-son, but tell me what happened."

"The father saw a smile, or thought he saw a smile, on the son's face; and just as Ned was going to rush in, he said:

"Yes, you'd give a good deal to see me hanging there. You think you'd have this house and place then; but I tell you Kit-the-Curser's son will never own a sod of it. I have made my will, and I have left you as much land as will cover your ruffianly carcass, and no more. And for your genteel smile at me, when you thought I was going to hang, I tell you this is the saddest you ever saw.'

"The son smiled again, a bitter smile.

"Go out of my sight, you low scoundrel, or I'll—"

"Try it!" cried the son, and he stood defiantly in his way.

"Glad and thankful to have things end so well, Ned caught the son by the collar, and with one whip brought him outside the stable door. 'I had never such a mind "to paste" a fellow,' said Ned. And if Ned began to 'paste' him, he would indeed make 'paste' of him. 'Ah, you know,' said Ned, 'the old man was a gentleman; but that young *buddhoch!*'" *

"I hope it ended there," said Ellie.

"Indeed it did not. The old man passed out of the stable. With one hand he held his long beard; the other he opened, and offered the soft white lady-fingers to Ned, for he admired the manly act he had done and the manly way he did it. 'Come, Ned,' he said, 'and have a drop.' Now, Ned would take a glass as readily as any man, but it might be an excuse for the old master's taking more; 'and dear knows,' said Ned, 'he had enough already. So I made an excuse about the young colt and the *drum-ach*.† and went away.'

"To his horror, in the dusk of the evening, Ned saw the old man go toward

* Upstart.

† The harness on a horse's back when ploughing.

the *corcass* * with a gun in his hand. He kept his eye on him; and, in order to pretend nothing, continued whistling:

I'd plough and sow,
I'd reap and mow,
And be a farmer's boy.

Down below, don't you know, where Davy Nail lived? And you remember the day the old man put out Davy and his wife Kittie?"

"Oh, I do well!" replied Ellie. "They lived where the old *cowel* † is; and there are two or three trees standing near; and a little stream of water runs down, that used to be full of foam after a flood."

"That's the place," said Willie; "and the two or three trees are there still, looking quite lonesome. They always remind me of the sheep in May, when we take away their lambs to sell them at the fair of Stonehall. The poor mothers look about, foolish and lonesome. In the same way, the trees are looking for the people that lived in the house, and the fire that once made the old *cowel* cheerful when it was a little home, and the smoke that went up the chimney, and the children that played around the door, and maybe the dog and the hens and the cow and the ass. It made me almost cry sometimes when I sat near the old *cowel* and shut my eyes, and thought for a moment they were all there; and then of a sudden I'd open my eyes, and see nothing but the yellow mud walls and the two or three lonesome trees, and hear the little stream going ever by."

Ellie laid her hand on his arm.

"Ah, 'tis a happy thing to see them in God's sunlight and in the open blessed air," she said; "but I will tell you the sad thing: to be shut up in an American city, to see nothing but dead walls, dirty houses, dirty people, dirty children. Then a hunger would come upon you to see a green field such as you'd see everywhere in Ireland, and to breathe one whiff of its pure air, and to see the sun shine softly as it does in Ireland. Oh, I have

cried many's the time when I thought of sweet Ireland, of pure Ireland, of dear Ireland! But with God's help I'll see it again, and perhaps soon."

"Well, he went down to the two trees at the edge of the *corcass*," said Willie. "You see, he often used to get a shot from that. So Ned thought it was only a plover, or a snipe maybe, that he fired at. After a while he came home and had his supper, and began cleaning the gun in his room. About midnight the house was wakened up. 'Fire!' They broke in his door: the room was full of smoke and flames. When they were able to make their way, they found him lying on the floor, the paraffin lamp thrown down on him, every bit of his clothes burned, and he roasted to a *griskin*." *

"Oh, God save us!" exclaimed Ellie, shiveringly.

"Wait till you hear about the son. 'Twas at him he fired below near Davy Nail's *cowel*. It was near a week before he was found, and when they got him he was half eaten by dogs or rats."

His sister covered her face with her hands and sighed audibly.

"Listen, Ellie! Since I was a boy I have heard it and read it, and do verily believe it, that no one who was kind to the poor ever had a bad death. If the end of all those who were harsh to the poor Irish, especially in the famine times—landlords, agents, bailiffs, and evictors,—could have been truly written, it would make the world wonder. But there is the house and the place now, and no tenant save the birds of the air,—the house and place and lands, to secure which so many poor families were flung out on the road, so many died in the workhouse, so many are now lying at the bottom of the ocean, so many 'wandering on a foreign shore.' There it is now idle, and where is he?"

Ellie lowered her eyes and remained silent. Her husband came in, as brother and sister sat thus meditatively in the twilight. He wondered.

* Marshy hollow. † Framework of a house.

* A piece of meat done on the cinders.

"Tell him, Willie, what you have been telling me."

He did so; and brother and sister, with many a parenthesis, explained to him local things which he could not know. When the tale was ended, Terence cried:

"At last it is time for us to go! We will get everything ready as soon as possible."

They looked at him and did not understand. But Terence went on, still more imperatively:

"Pack up your things, both of you!"

On their looking inquiringly into his face once more, he added:

"That man made the place a wilderness: we, with God's help, will make it smile like a garden. On every spot from which a roof-tree and family have been hurled, we will endeavor to plant another. Since this Irish Question crossed my brain, I have been thinking and thinking. There are many ways of settling it,—or, rather, there are many ways that contribute to settle it. Look at one of our cities here; see all the railroads that converge and lead to it. Then the cars on one road bring one thing to our market; another set of cars on another road, another thing. And so the market gets plentiful and abundant, not by what one brings, but by what all bring. The same way with Ireland; one man can set up one industry, another another. Let them be large or small, they all help; only let each man do what in him lies. I say, Ellie girl, you and I go in for having that misguided man's farm, be the same more or less. Three hundred acres, you say? Very well. We'll plant the old homesteads there again; and we'll set the plough in the furrow, and the scythe in the meadow, and the sickle in the grain, and the spade and hoe in the garden. And I say, what is better still, we'll make them pay.

"Two things only I ask in those we gather round us; but two things, my Irish girl, we'll require and get—thrift and sobriety. We'll take no one, if it were only to sweep the street, who will not bring a letter from his priest to say that he is a

total-abstainer for a year at least. That's for sobriety. And for economy, he must show that he has something laid by, either in the savings bank (which is secured by the credit of the government), or in the ordinary bank, or last and least in the 'old stocking.' Our Saviour gave a lesson or two in wide finance when He said of the one talent to the unfaithful servant: 'Why didst thou not lend it to the bankers, that at my return I might have it with usury?' Each man shall show his thrift by letting us see his banking account, or his 'dhry' money.

"Thrift and sobriety are the two wings to lift us up, the two wheels to set up rolling in riches. The man that has head enough to be sober and thrifty is sure to succeed. With a colony of thrifty and sober men and matrons, I could face and fight the world; at any rate, I could set them in comfort, and keep them there. To-morrow morning, Ellie, I want you to write to good Father Kearney, who was always so kind. You will ask him to empower an honest attorney to bid for the place, and buy it, at as reasonable a figure as he can, when it comes into the market."

"The creditors are shoving it into the market," said Willie; "they are afraid, with all his land, his debts won't be paid. And, from the way I saw things going on, they may be sure they won't be."

"Well, we're none of his creditors, thank God! So that does not trouble us. But that is all the better reason, my Ellie, why you should write at once to the dear, good parish priest and tell him that an out-and-out Yankee Irishman longs to see him, and that he thanks him for the little Irish girl he sent him."

Ellie's heart was beating with joy. You may well believe she got a delightful tea and shortcake for the evening repast. Glory be to God! To see again the dear priest, and the old chapel, simple and plain, formed like the letter T, and to bring happiness to her mother's heart; to see the hills, and the paths through

the fields, and the crowds going to Mass! And maybe a little pride came with the thought of seeing herself driving with a spanking pony and tired wheels, and the newest fashion in her bonnet. And what woman-face would it not brighten to think of it? Coming home from Mass, she'd walk with *him* (her husband of course) through the fields, and tell him the story of every fence and corner and bush; or perhaps she'd drive home by herself, and fill the trap with all the little children of the place.

Oh, blessed be God! The one and only thing for which holy David forgot to sing a psalm to God was for giving us so hopeful and elastic an organ as our poor little beating heart. Let us say, brother, let us say, sister, blessed be God for it!—blessed be God! Never mind the folk that would exorcise daydreams and heart-visions; that would tell you it is sinful idling to build castles in the air. The good God has made us all painters, if not by hand and brush, by a much more brilliant faculty,—by imagination. Talk of painting or of statuary! I have seen things a hundredfold more beautiful than human fingers ever wrought, in a simple peat fire

On the gay hearth blazing;
Or in the crimson clouds, when daylight dies
And sunshine melts along the silent sea.

That dear Irish girl walked on air all that evening. The letter was mailed to Father Kearney the very next day; and with delight she listened to her husband describing the marginal lines laying the foundation marks, as it were, of the little human hive that was to be.

"This is to be no enchanted castle, where everything is done with a wave of a magic wand. There is to be no *Fortunatus'* purse in this work. Not a fairy is to come into it, except the two beautiful fairies, ever ready to lead mortals to success, Thrift and Sobriety. My Irish girl is to be no Lady Bountiful, that will drive around in her carriage, and touch the ground with her golden

slippers, and fill hovels with extravagant charities and leave them hovels still."

Ellie smiled.

"No," he went on: "we'll begin small and work up. Can you tuck up your sleeves, little wife?"

"That I can," she said, "and will with joy for dear old Ireland."

"Good!" he cried. And, turning to Willie: "Can you drive your teams afieid?" he asked.

"God give me to see a pair of horses before me, and the plough handles in my hands! It were a beauty of beauties."

"Now, then, the very day we hear through Father Kearney that the farm is bought, we'll put this place on the market; for better, for worse (God willing), the very day. I hope we may be able to cross over in the autumn, so as to have everything prepared for next spring. The house is not to be restored as they say: it is to be no enchanted castle; only the rooms we would want. How many would do, Ellie?"

"One to cook in, one to eat in, one to sleep in, one to sit in when work is done,—four."

"Four rooms, then; a ploughman and pair of horses,—we've got the ploughman, money will get the horses; a man to work with the spade and shovel and fork and hoe and billhook."

"Joe could do that," said Willie.

"We'll want Joe, I expect, to do all the odd jobs,—run with the cart to market, bring messages from town, look after lots of things. We must get a good, sensible man who can use his back. Then we'll want especially a gardener. There is a garden there, I suppose? About what size is it?"

"About two acres," answered Willie; "but it is gone to weeds."

"No matter, so as it is there. Now, that is all we'll take in for the first year. And until we'll try them, and they try us, we'll simply give them the highest wages in the market; the best man at the highest wages is the cheapest, if you have work for him.

"As soon as ever we can—as soon as we are sure of our men,—we'll begin to build houses, form into a company, allotting shares in proportion to each man's wages; establish every trade we need, as far as we are able,—weaver, tailor, shoemaker, carpenter, mason; have a people's bank, and live like princes. At present it would be unwise to go any further into detail until, like Noah's dove, we find room for the sole of our foot. Then according as things grow on us, and we can look the situation in the face, we shall do as best answers. But, with God's blessing, we will make the attempt; and with the two good fairies, Thrift and Sobriety, I have no fear for the venture. And there are, as you both know, many who will be glad to join us."

All that evening Ellie kept crooning an old ballad of her childish days:

The old hills, the green old hills,
 The hills my childhood knew!
 A change has come; but, oh, my hills,
 'Tis I am changed, not you!
 The cares of rolling years have tinged
 The golden locks with grey;
 While you are green, serene, and calm,
 As though 'twere yesterday!
 But still, old hills, my own old hills,
 Though far-off hills are blue,
 My heart hath never clung to them
 As it hath clung to you,
 Old hills,—
 As it hath clung to you!

The pathway up your tangled sides
 I long once more to tread;
 Upon your highest peak to stand,
 And bare my reverent head,
 And whisper: Friends! I've tried to spend
 A faithful lifetime through;
 And bring, thank God, my childhood's heart
 Once more, old hills, to you!
 And so, old hills, my own old hills,
 Though far-off hills are blue,
 My heart hath never clung to them
 As it hath clung to you,
 Old hills,—
 As it hath clung to you!

(To be continued.)

Syon and Isleworth.

BY A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE.

DURING the last thirty years, London has been spreading out rapidly over the surrounding country. The central part of the great city is being more and more given up to shops, offices, and warehouses, where, after six p. m., only a few caretakers are to be found; and the hundreds of thousands who have been busy there during the day have their homes in the ever-widening ring of suburbs that stretches far into Middlesex, Essex, Surrey, and Kent. Railways and tramways, and later the motor car, have made this possible. The opening of every new line means that what till then were pleasant fields are laid out in streets by the speculative builder, and rows of houses spring up like mushrooms,—many of them of the ugly "jerry built" type, though in this respect there has been some improvement of late. At the same time what were once outlying villages become involved in the spreading sea of bricks and mortar. The quaint old cottages of the village high street are pulled down to make way for shops. Gardens are built over. Stately tree-surrounded mansions disappear. The elms fall under the axe, and the grounds are cut up into little plots round "villas" of the conventional suburban type. The result is that one has to travel far out to find a village that retains any trace of its Old-World appearance.

On the west, where one of the most important high roads runs out of London, the suburb of Hammersmith, three and a half miles from Hyde Park, was not so long ago the end of the town. But from Hammersmith to beyond Chiswick, once famed for its rose gardens, there is a mass of houses and streets, and new buildings are rising along the road between Chiswick and Brentford. It is only after one has traversed the mile-long high street of

Brentford town that one can feel that one is at last in the country.

West of Brentford Bridge we are in the parish of Isleworth, most of which is still open country. North of the high road the fields stretch away toward Harrow. On the south side there is a walled park, with a beautiful arcaded gateway, in the Italian style. On top of the central arch, the Red Lion of the Percies, Dukes of Northumberland, stands carved in stone; and, looking through the gateway, we see green fields, and grand old trees that hide the great house. But there is a public way for travellers on foot through the park; and, following this, we have a near view of the mansion—a large, severe-looking Tudor structure, without much decoration. It bears the name of Syon House, and stands on the site, and is partly built out of the materials, of one of the most famous of the old religious houses of England—"the convent of Syon," founded by King Henry V., and suppressed by his unworthy namesake and successor, Henry VIII. This beautiful park was once part of the lands of the convent. Beyond the house, the park extends to the bank of the Thames, and the curving river bounds it on two sides. It belongs to the Duke of Northumberland, to whose ancestor it was given by King James I.

The district of Isleworth was a crown domain in Norman and Plantagenet times; it formed part of a royal hunting ground, or "forest," that extended from the river Brent at Brentford along the north bank of the Thames, to Staines Bridge on the road to Windsor. It was out of the royal domain of Isleworth that Henry V. endowed the religious house he founded here in 1415; and he subsequently added to its wealth other lands and revenues, ordering that whatever surplus should remain over each year, should be given to the poor. Pope Martin V. took Syon convent under the special protection of the Holy See. It belonged to the Order of the Holy Saviour, generally called the

Brigittine nuns, from their foundress, St. Brigit, the sainted princess of Sweden. It was a peculiarity of the Order that attached to each house there was a separate and smaller community of priests, living under the same rule, who acted as the chaplains of the convent. Thus there were two separate communities at Syon in old Catholic days,—the convent with fifty-nine nuns (choir and lay-Sisters), and the monastic community of thirteen priests, four deacons, and eight lay-Brothers. Among the nuns were daughters of some of the noblest families in England.

But the great glory of the convent of Syon is that, when the days of persecution came, under Henry VIII., one of the first of the martyrs belonged to the community of priests attached to it. He was their superior, Dr. Richard Reynolds, one of the most learned men of his time,—a Greek, Latin and Hebrew scholar, and a doctor of theology. A contemporary describing his appearance at his trial in Westminster Hall, where he was arraigned for refusing the oath of supremacy, describes him as "a man of angelic countenance," and on account of his saintly life he was spoken of as "the Angel of Syon." He was the friend of Blessed Thomas More and of Pole, the future Cardinal. He was one of the protomartyrs of the persecution. On May 4, 1535, he and four other priests were dragged on hurdles from the Tower to Tyborne gallows, out in the open country, then among the fields and trees, on the spot near where now the Marble Arch marks the entrance to Hyde Park. There the martyrs were hanged till they were half strangled, cut down alive, disembowelled and hacked to pieces with the hangman's knife. The horrible sentence was executed with deliberate cruelty, in order to strike terror into the opponents of the King's new claim. Blessed Richard and his comrades died with heroic bravery. "They were truly martyrs," says the Protestant historian, Dr. Gardiner.

Three of Blessed Richard Reynolds'

comrades in his triumph were Carthusian monks: Blessed John Houghton, prior of the great Charterhouse of London; Blessed Robert Laurence, prior of Beauvale; and Blessed Augustine Webster, prior of Axholme. The fourth was a secular priest, a near neighbor and friend of Richard Reynolds, Blessed John Hall, or Haile (as the name is sometimes written), the vicar of Isleworth.

Leaving the grounds of Syon by the south gate of the park, we find ourselves at the north end of Isleworth village; and here on the bank of the Thames, and looking out on one of its most beautiful reaches, is the old parish church, surrounded by its graveyard. One can see that it has been rebuilt since it passed into Protestant hands. The tower, carefully restored, is in the perpendicular Gothic style; but the rest of the church is a specimen of the debased architecture of the eighteenth century, for it was rebuilt about two hundred years ago. Entering it, we see, by the absence of Ritualistic ornaments, that the present vicar belongs to the "moderate" type of the Anglican clergy. At the end of the church there hangs a printed list of his predecessors since the days when Roger de Halughton was vicar of Isleworth, in the reign of King Edward III. Looking at the long list, one sees nothing that gives the casual reader the remotest hint that there was ever a change in religion and worship. One would imagine that the worthy Protestant parson of to-day was the latest of an unbroken succession of pastors in undisturbed possession through more than six centuries.

But looking down the long row of names we come to that of John Hall, who was appointed in 1521, and whose term of office ended in 1535. This is all the list tells us. One might suppose that he died peacefully here among his people in the riverside village, or perhaps went away to take a richer benefice. How few of those who look at the record are aware that, because he would not (like his

immediate successor and the worthy gentleman who officiates in his church to-day) acknowledge a king as head of the Church and reject the successor of St. Peter, brave John Hall left this beautiful place for a prison, which he quitted only to be dragged to that awful scene of torture and death at Tyborne gallows!

The bare-looking "communion table," at the end of the church, stands on the spot where once stood the altar at which the martyr offered up for years the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Standing before it and thinking how all is changed, how the vicar of 1535 was hanged to make way for his Protestant successors, and how a little later it was a crime to say or hear Mass in England, one must marvel at the strange theory of the High Churchmen of to-day, who try to make out that the Protestant Church as by law established in England represents and is one with the Church of those old days,—the Church of St. Cuthbert and St. Edward, of St. Anselm and St. Thomas of Canterbury, of Blessed Richard Reynolds and Blessed John Hall.

Fastened to the door of one of the pews there is a small metal tablet—a sepulchral brass—with the outlined effigy and the epitaph in Old English letters that once marked a grave in the older church. The figure is that of a nun, and the inscription reads: "Here lyeth the body of Margaret Dely, a Sister professed yn Syon, who decessed ye vij of October, 1561, on whose soule Jh'u have m'cy." Margaret Dely, or Delye (as the name is spelled in some of the convent records), was treasurer of the community when Syon was suppressed by Henry VIII. in 1539. Some of the nuns went to the Brigittine house of Termonde in the Netherlands; others remained in England, living with their relatives. All the property of the house was forfeited to the Crown. Queen Mary restored the convent in 1557. The survivors came back from Termonde; and were joined by some of those who had

stayed in England and by new aspirants to the religious life. But next year the Catholic Queen died, and in 1559 the Protestant Elizabeth suppressed Syon for the second time, and seized its estates. Sister Margaret Dely was old and broken in health; and, while most of the nuns went into exile, she remained in Isleworth; and, as the date in her epitaph shows, did not long survive this second destruction of her old home.

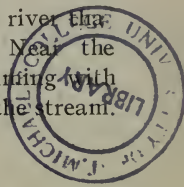
When Henry VIII. suppressed the convent, he kept the buildings and lands in his own possession. Here one of his victims, Queen Catherine Howard, was a prisoner for a while. When Henry died, his body was conveyed from Westminster to Windsor for burial; and there was a halt at Isleworth, where for a night his huge coffin lay in the desecrated chapel of Syon. A grim tradition tells that in the night the coffin burst open, and in the morning there was a pool of blood on the pavement, and a stray dog had to be driven away from it; and men remembered how, years before, the Franciscan Friar Peyto, preaching in his presence, had warned him not to listen to false teachers, lest the curse that fell on Achab and Jezebel should overtake him.

However this may be, an evil fate certainly overtook the first two of the Reforming nobles who made the plundered convent of Syon their home. Somerset, the Lord Protector of the sickly boy, King Edward VI., took possession of Syon, and began to demolish the monastic buildings and erect out of them the stately mansion we now see. He was denounced as a traitor who was seeking to usurp the King's authority; his nephew, the King, signed his death-warrant and sent him to the block, and forfeited his property to the Crown. Edward gave Syon to Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, who had displaced Somerset. Northumberland married his son, Guildford Dudley, to Lady Jane Grey, a girl of fifteen. Lady Jane was the granddaughter of Mary, the younger sister of Henry VIII.; and the

Dudleys plotted to set her up as Protestant Queen of England, and to oust Mary Tudor from the succession on Edward's death. This would have meant the prolongation of Northumberland's power. It was at Syon the poor girl passed her few weeks of married life. It was there she was informed that she was to be Queen of England. The plot failed, and Northumberland went to the block, the second possessor of the desecrated monastery to meet this fate.

Henry VIII. had tried to abolish Papal jurisdiction in England, and to banish the monastic life from his kingdom. His son Edward and his daughter Elizabeth carried on his work, and added to it an attempt to root out the priesthood and the Holy Mass from the land. Blessed Richard Reynolds and Blessed John Hall received the martyr's crown in resisting the first onslaught of the Church's enemies, and the great monastery of Syon was suppressed; but the martyrs of Isleworth did not die in vain. The Holy Mass was said in the village in the penal times and in the long years of waiting for the "Second Spring"; and instead of the one religious house of Syon, the Catholic parish of Isleworth of to-day has within its boundaries as many as three convents of nuns and two houses of religious men. The parish church has been Protestant since the days of Henry VIII., except during a few brief years in Mary's reign. Desecrated as it is, the memory of its martyred pastor makes it a holy place for Catholics; and one trusts that yet, perhaps in days still far in the future, it will be restored to the worship for which it was founded. But we must go elsewhere to find the sanctuary of the Isleworth of to-day.

We pass along the river-bank and into the village, noting as we go many quaint old houses. The road becomes a street, and crosses a bridge over a little river, ~~the~~ here runs into the Thames. Near the bridge is a huge flour mill, humming with machinery, built on arches over the stream.



There has been a mill here for centuries. It was part of the property of Syon Monastery. We cross a square with a school-house in the middle of it,—a strange and wonderful bit of bad Gothic; and then past some cottages and shops into what is called the Upper Square, though it is really an irregular triangle. From the south side of this triangle a short road runs down to the Thames. It is called Shrewsbury Place, and derives its name from the title of the Talbots, Earls of Shrewsbury. During the days of persecution most of the Talbots were Catholics, and they had a riverside house in this corner of Isleworth. It was pulled down about a hundred years ago. The part of its site nearest the river is a wharf, with a dwelling house and sheds for storing building materials. Here, a few months ago, was discovered what looked very like the remains of an underground priest's hiding-place.

On the landside of the wharf, a little courtyard gives access to what has been for the greater part of a century the Catholic church of Isleworth. Part of it was once the big kitchen of the old mansion of the Talbots. It is a very poor little church, with no pretensions to architecture; but it keeps the memories of a great past, whose life it perpetuates. Just inside the door we see a copy of the Bull of Beatification of the English Martyrs. And there are the two Isleworth names in the roll of honor: Blessed John Hall, whose legitimate successor is Father Eric Green, the present Catholic rector of Isleworth; and Blessed Richard Reynolds, of St. Brigit's Monastery of Syon. The little church is dedicated to St. Brigit. There is her statue on a bracket near the altar, and below a lamp burns before a picture of Blessed Richard. Beside the church is the boys' school, a small, rather barn-like building. Church and school have become too small for the growing congregation, and are being replaced by newer and larger buildings on a fine site at the east side of the village. Following

the winding main street of Isleworth, we come to an open space where it joins the high road from Brentford to Twickenham and Hampton Court. Here, on land given by a generous benefactor of the mission, handsome schools have just been completed, and a new church in the Italian style of architecture is being roofed in.

The foundation stone of this new church was laid last October, and it was a great day in Isleworth. There was a procession from the existing Catholic church through the village to the new site. There is a large Catholic element in the local population, but Protestants joined with their Catholic neighbors in decorating the route of the procession. Lines of flags hung from house to house, and there was the strange sight in Protestant England: priests in their vestments, acolytes with cross and candles, nuns and the laity carrying banners and singing hymns, passing in procession along the street. It was not the first celebration of the kind Isleworth had seen. In the summer there had been an open air procession in honor of the Martyrs, and this is to be an annual event.

Opposite the new church stands one of the great old mansions of Isleworth—Gumley House, built by a banker and army contractor, named John Gumley, in the days of Queen Anne. Later it was the residence of Pulteney, Earl of Bath, the famous orator and minister of the reigns of George I. and II., and the rival of Walpole. When George III. was king, Gumley House was the home of the soldier, Lord Lake, who defeated the Mahrattas at Laswaree, and the Wexford insurgents of '98 at Vinegar Hill. In 1841 the house was tenantless and for sale, and it was bought by Madame d'Houet, the foundress of the Faithful Companions of Jesus. On the feast of the Annunciation in that year, Dr. Griffiths, the Vicar Apostolic of the London District, blessed the new convent. The nuns have added many other buildings to the old mansion. They carry on a great work,—a high-class

boarding-school for girls, a middle-class day-school, and an elementary school for the working classes. Among their pupils have been some of the princesses of the House of Orleans, during the years in which the home of the exiled royal family of France was at Twickenham, near Isleworth.

Besides Gumley House, there are two other convents, namely, that of the Sisters of Nazareth, a fine modern building, with a beautiful chapel on the river-bank, on the site of Isleworth House, once another of the great riverside mansions near London; and on the very edge of the parish, toward Hounslow, there is a convent of the nuns of the Little Company of Mary, an Order founded to work among the poor. Dr. Bagshawe, formerly Bishop of Nottingham, and now titular Archbishop of Seleucia, acts as their chaplain. From their blue veils they are popularly known as the "Blue Nuns," and one of them spends the greater part of every day among the poor of Isleworth, visiting them in their homes and nursing the sick.

Besides these four convents, there are two communities of men, exiles of the French persecution. There is a house of the Fathers of the Missions Étrangères, the Congregation that has done, and is doing, such splendid work in the Far East, and so many of whose members have suffered martyrdom in our own times in Corea, Tonkin, and China. One sometimes sees one of the priests, wearing the beard that marks the missionary of the East, saying the morning Mass at Isleworth church, or acting as deacon at High Mass. Then there is a house of the French Vincentian Fathers. The parish is a large one; and near the railway station, more than a mile from the village, numbers of new streets have been built. For this outlying population the Vincentians have an auxiliary chapel.

The total Catholic population is about 1500, and there is a steady stream of conversions. The presence of so many religious communities, and the growth

of the Catholic body, are rapidly making the place once more a centre of vigorous Catholic life. One feels that here, as everywhere else where such sacrifices have been made, the blood of martyrs is the seed of the Church. The losses of the past are being more than repaired. The altars that were desecrated in the days of the so-called Reformation have been more than replaced. In the old parish church there is the bare "table"; but in seven places in the district there is now the altar, the tabernacle, and the Sacramental Presence of Our Lord. The one community of nuns of Syon, with the auxiliary community of their chaplains, was suppressed more than three centuries ago; instead, we have two communities of missionary priests, and three communities of nuns engaged in teaching and in the care of the poor and the aged. This year the new church will be solemnly consecrated. The Catholic body in Isleworth has the right not only to cherish the memory of the heroic past, but also to rejoice in the results already obtained in the present, and to look forward with confidence to the future.

The Heart of Robert the Bruce.

A CHARMING Scottish legend tells us that the brave Douglas had promised to his revered King Robert to bury his heart near the Sepulchre of Christ. After the King's death, the loyal Knight secured the heart of the Bruce, wrapped it in a silken cover, hid it in his breast and started on the long journey to Jerusalem to redeem his promise. He bade good-bye to his beloved Highlands, crossed the sea, rapidly traversed France and reached the Pyrenees. The legend tells us that the heart of the King resting on the heart of his vassal worked wonders.

Exhausted and sad, Douglas wistfully looked at the mountains: they reminded him of home. His own Highlands rose up before him, bathing their crests in the

dewy clouds, and their feet in the azure blue lakes of bonnie Scotland. He grew homesick under the spell: he made up his mind to return to the Caledonian shores and keep his treasure at Dunfermline. But no sooner had the idea of being unfaithful to his promise taken shape, than the withered heart of the Bruce swelled with apparent life, and began to beat violently upon the breast of the weary traveller, as if to reproach him for his cowardice. A new strength came over the Knight, and, encouraged by the kingly warning, he resumed his long journey to the Holy Land.

Arriving there, Douglas reached a plain where a hand-to-hand encounter between Christians and Moslems was being fought; the latter were getting the best of the battle. Instantly the heart of Robert the Bruce began to beat violently. Douglas, all excitement, vaulted in the saddle of a dismounted knight. Sword in hand, he headed the Christian forces, led them in the attack upon the enemy, and to a glorious victory.

Thus at every encounter, in the midst of every danger, the blood of King Robert's heart leaped into life and made the heart of the Douglas thrill with courage and daring, until he finally reached Jerusalem and redeemed the promise made to his Sovereign.

"Christians," exclaimed the Rev. Father Coubé at the Eucharistic Congress of Lourdes, "we have more than the dust of a royal heart to press upon our breast: we have the living heart of our God! Receive it frequently in your own heart; let it rest there often by frequent Communion. It will vivify ours with its divine pulsations; it will make us strong and invincible until we also reach Jerusalem the Heavenly."

C. P. M.

A Noble Project, an Urgent Need.

MR. WILFRID HAMPSON, writing in the *London Catholic Times*, makes a strong plea for a Catholic daily in England. On one point he says:

There was formerly an objection to a Catholic daily newspaper which carried weight. It was that there was not a sufficient Catholic population in any given centre to provide adequate support for such a newspaper. That difficulty can be easily overcome to-day; for the newspaper projected could be of a national character, with headquarters in London, and distributed all over the country, as some of the London dailies are distributed at the present time. Furthermore, it could be made to appeal to others than Catholics by its character. It would have to be equal to the best of the daily newspapers in the country,—like them in all except its attitude toward the Church. In commercial, literary, and news matters, it would appeal to many besides Catholics; and its high tone, clean conduct, and literary excellence would win for it many non-Catholic supporters, particularly in the present state of the Established Church. . . . Its name could be quite neutral. Conducted on these lines, our Catholic daily would be a success.

We are greatly in need of such a newspaper, and we shall feel the need more and more as the years roll on. Our newspaper would be a powerful means of propagating the Faith. It would reach people who would never dream of entering a Catholic church, and would be like sunbeams on a foggy day in its effect on the ignorant prejudices of our fellow-citizens. It is a noble project, one worthy of the Catholics of this country; and when we all set our hands to the task, it will be successfully accomplished.

Every good reason for the establishment of a Catholic daily in England applies with intensified validity and force to the founding of a similar journal in this country. And the century should not be a decade older before the beneficent work is begun. We are entirely convinced, notwithstanding the pessimistic views of sundry able Catholic editors and publishers, that, even as a purely business enterprise, an American Catholic daily would speedily win success; and we hope to see our conviction shared by those who are in a position to put it to the test. In the meantime, pending the appearance

THERE are few things impossible in themselves: perseverance to bring them to a successful issue is wanting much more than the means.—*La Rochefoucauld*.

of the much-needed daily, the Catholic weekly paper undoubtedly deserves more encouragement than, in many an instance, it is getting. In this connection, we commend to our readers' attention these remarks of the *Los Angeles Tidings*:

Suppose you were maligned and slandered in certain quarters, and suppose you had a friend who stood up for you, exposed the slander, cleared your character, and made you respected and favored where you were previously misunderstood or disliked. Would you not appreciate that friend? Well, as a believer in the Catholic religion, you are frequently misrepresented and misunderstood. But you have a friend that goes to several hundred non-Catholic newspaper offices and scores of libraries, and corrects the misunderstanding. That friend is the Catholic paper, says the *Boston Pilot*.

This also should be credited up to the Catholic paper: In the locality in which it is published, the secular papers are more considerate of Catholic views and more disposed to print Catholic news.

For the Catholic family of to-day—with an ocean of secular newspapers, periodicals, "large edition novels," and countless pamphlets about it—the Catholic paper is the rudder and compass to all who would follow the true line and reach the right destination.

You turn over the pages of a monster Sunday paper to find a few articles here and there which interest you. But every page of your Catholic paper has articles appealing directly to your interest and written from your standpoint.

Worldliness,—everywhere worldliness: in the mart and in the workshop; in the glitter of the theatre, in the halls of society, in the inspiration of the latest novel, and in the fold of the morning paper. We need all the spiritualizing forces we can bring into our lives.

To take a Catholic paper is an evidence of interest in Catholic views as well as Catholic news. To stop a Catholic paper is evidence of a loss of interest in things Catholic. The very act of taking a Catholic paper is tantamount to raising a Catholic flag over your home. Be assured that such an act tones up the Catholicity of your whole family, and helps to make your descendants vertebrata among men. Depend upon it, a Catholic family brought up to read year after year a good Catholic weekly will get a thousandfold the value of the subscription paid.

To our mind, the present duty of American Catholics, as regards the Catholic press, is—to pay for the existing weekly and pray for the advent of the daily.

Notes and Remarks.

That it is nothing but effrontery on the part of the Modernists to call Newman their master must be the conviction of the least attentive of his readers. He was never tired of repeating that "ecclesiastical authority, not argument, is the supreme rule and the appropriate guide for Catholics in religion. It has always the right to interpose; and sometimes, in the conflict of parties and opinions, it is called upon to exercise that right."

As with Newman now, so in the sixteenth century with Erasmus. The Reformers claimed him as one of their followers, and Protestant writers still assert that he was in sympathy with the revolt inaugurated by Luther. Yet, in a letter to Pirkheimer, Erasmus writes: "In nothing do I rest more securely than in the definite judgments of the Church. Of reasonings and argumentations there is no end." Erasmus was undoubtedly one of the most learned men of his time, and also one of the most influential. If he had had the spirit of Newman, the spread of the Reformation might have been checked both in Germany and England.

If many things would seem to indicate the decadence of religion in Italy and France, many other things go to show its survival in spite of all that is being done to destroy it. There is a world of significance in this pretty little incident related by a correspondent of the *London Guardian*, writing from Siena:

Across the Piazza to the open door of Santa Maria, outside which is a little stall for the sale of rosaries, candles, and pictures, come three tiny children—one six, another four, and another three,—poorly clad in nondescript garments. Hand in hand they walk, grave, solemn, sedate, and obviously "cleaned up" for the occasion. . . . For these tiny mites are going to church. Not to a children's service, nor a catechising, nor even an ordinary Mass or Benediction: they are going in on this special vigil just to "say their prayers." Arrived at the door,

a hoop, carried in the hand of the oldest, seems to us likely to present some difficulty: it would be an insuperable one to an English child of the same class. But no! One serious look around, and with absolute *savoir faire* the hoop is securely placed behind the little candle-stall, safe between it and the church wall. In trot the children; the pointed hood is thrown back, and the head bared; off comes the scarlet patch, revealing the sex of the wearer, before unguessed, and all three are lost to our sight. In five minutes they are out again; hats are replaced, the hoop rescued from its hiding-place, and the babies are off to their play. Who sent them to church? Who told them which particular prayer to say? How much did it mean to six and four and three?

In conclusion the *Guardian* writer asks this question: "In spite of convents and churches converted into barracks, in spite of scurrilous anti-clerical papers, in spite of secularist societies, how many centuries will it take to stamp out of Italy the deep religious instinct which from baby-hood mingles devotion with every daily act of life?"

A seminarian soldier in the French army tells us of the edification given him, not only by many of his companions, but by officers of high rank, who, despite petty persecution on the part of the government, remain faithful to their religious duties. All but three of a whole regiment refused meat rations on Good Friday. There are still many good Catholics in France, all the assertions of M. Combes and the anti-Catholic press to the contrary notwithstanding.

With characteristically cordial recognition of good work, the *Catholic Standard and Times* pays this merited tribute to its secular contemporaries in the City of Brotherly Love:

Now that the Centennial Jubilee is over, it is proper to say a word in acknowledgment of the handsome manner in which the secular press of this city behaved toward the event. All the papers gave large space—a great amount of space indeed—to the speeches and descriptive sketches; and a great feature of their enterprise was the use of the camera in helping the readers to comprehend to some extent the grandeur of the various functions, and the richness of the

floral and other decorations in the various churches. The descriptive part of the work was remarkably free from blunders on the part of the reporters,—a fact which would seem to show that more attention is being paid to Catholic details than formerly was the case. The secular press realizes now what a vast influence the Church exerts over a large proportion of the population here, and how essential it is, therefore, that the news which interests that section of society receive adequate space. Formerly it was safe to slight and skimp such news, but the case is entirely different now. The daily press, therefore, deserves to be congratulated on its new-found perspicacity of vision.

The action of the Philadelphia dailies, as also that of the New York press under similar circumstances, was, after all, perhaps, merely "good business"; but even so, it is something to have it acknowledged that adequate treatment of distinctively Catholic news is "good business."

Among the politicians of Virginia there is one at least who has, apparently, been educated beyond his intellect, and who recently gave evidence of that condition by a rather vulgar and notably unjust characterization of Italian immigrants, past, present, and prospective, to this country. Taking this gentleman to task, the *Messenger* quotes the New York *Sun's* saner estimate of the immigrants in question, and adds on its own account:

No race has ever produced such a number of illustrious men as the Italian. It has given us the greatest poets, the greatest philosophers, the greatest theologians, the greatest orators, the greatest statesmen, the greatest navigators, the greatest warriors that the world has ever known; and even in practical science they stand without rivals to-day. They are, generally speaking, shrewd, clever, industrious, honest business men; they are devoted fathers and husbands; they are polite, considerate, kind, benevolent and obliging; and, by heredity and instinct, religious. It is altogether unjust to judge the race by the Anarchists among them, or the poor people who are driven to our shores, nearly all the victims of poverty; many of the men without the restraints of family life, which would keep them from excesses, and who are often compelled to live in shacks along railroads and canals,—in shelters not fit for cattle; or

crowding with their families into grimy and dilapidated tenements, where every penny that can be earned is ground out of them by exorbitant rents. They are often country people, dazed by the whirl and excitement of great cities; and, not knowing the language of the country into which they have been thrown, are compelled to huddle together, not only for protection, but for the sake of being able to get a living.

We have frequently paid tribute to the sterling virtues of the great majority of the Italian dwellers in this country; and the rightly interpreted statistics, educational or criminal, of our larger cities will show that the tributes have not been undeserved. Wholesale denunciation of Italians, whether in their own land or in ours, is merely an open avowal of ignorance or prejudice, or both, on the part of the denouncer.

No foreign Power, we venture to say, is more creditably represented in this country than China. His Excellency Wu Ting-Fang, his Imperial Chinese Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States—to give Mr. Wu his full title,—is a man of high character and great ability. Since his return, some months ago, to Washington, where he received a deservedly cordial welcome, he has delivered, in New York, Chicago and Boston, several very interesting lectures, the last of which was on the awakening of China. It is always a gratification to find Mr. Wu fully reported, and we have had occasion, more than once, to quote and to compliment him. In the speech referred to he is reported to have said, in proof of the progress which China is making, that it is beginning to adopt Western manners and customs. Although Mr. Wu speaks our language with remarkable correctness, he is not always correctly reported. He would be the last, we feel sure, to wish that his country should be different from what it is in many respects, whatever changes may be considered desirable in its legislation. We sincerely hope that China will

always remain thoroughly Chinese, and that for her own good she will refuse to take on very much of what is ludicrously called higher civilization.

The Chinese are one of the most peace-loving peoples in the world; and this, to our mind, is the surest guarantee of their future prosperity. And they have other virtues, too, not a few. The prejudice against them will be lessened when they become better known. Strange as the statement may seem to many persons, the Chinese are especially esteemed by our missionaries among them; and there are no better Christians in the world than those of China. In becoming Catholics they become better Chinese,—not Europeanized, we are glad to say. If some of China's representatives in the United States are undesirable, the same might be said of other classes of immigrants.

The presence of Mr. Wu Ting-Fang in the United States is calculated to lessen race-prejudice amongst us, and to hasten the day when the country which he so ably represents will take her place among the most prosperous nations of the world. It is already, as we have said, one of the most peace-loving.

With reference to the belief of Anglicans in the validity of the orders of their clergy, Mr. F. T. Cooke quotes the following instance in a letter to the *London Tablet*:

Over forty years ago I heard a sermon by the late Very Rev. Canon Oakeley, at St. John's, Islington, on the Tractarian Movement, and the attempt, as he styled it, to "Catholicize" the Church of England, in which he took an active part with Newman, Manning, Pusey, and others. Before his conversion, Canon Oakeley was a Fellow of Balliol College, chaplain to the Queen, select preacher at Whitehall, prebendary of Lichfield Cathedral, and incumbent of All Saints', Margaret Street (at that time called Margaret Street Chapel, I believe); and a high tribute was paid to his memory in the *Times*, when he died, by Mr. Gladstone; so I think there can be no question as to his veracity.

He told us that when he was ordained, the Bishop (of Lichfield, I think) assembled the

ordained clergy in his library after the ceremony and said to them: "Gentlemen, I wish you to understand that what I have done to-day does not make you sacrificing priests in any sense of the words whatever." Of course I quote from memory; but, young as I was, the anecdote made a deep impression on my youthful mind, and is one of two things Canon Oakeley said which I have never forgotten; the other was: "We thought we could Catholicize the Church of England, but we came to the conclusion that the best thing we could do was to become Catholics ourselves,"—which the progenitors of the belief in the validity of Anglican orders nearly all did.

Habitual readers of THE AVE MARIA will remember an interesting sketch of "The Workers' Bishop," Mgr. Ketteler, which appeared in our columns some two years ago; and will thank us for giving this additional bit of information concerning that great German prelate. We find it in the *Dublin Review*:

He was confident that a Vicar of Christ would shortly arise who would bid the Church "go to the people." Not only did he anticipate Pope Leo's teaching, but he predicted Pope Leo's coming. In a letter to a friend in 1872 he wrote: "I have an invincible conviction that the time will come when God will send to the world a Pope who will know how to awaken in the Church all her divine forces. Nothing is more deeply anchored in my soul than the belief that great and wonderful things will be realized by this Pope."

And if Ketteler testified to Leo, Leo was not unmindful of Ketteler. "The Workmen's Pope" set the seal of Peter upon the social teaching of the "Workmen's Bishop," and gave it as a charter to the world. And once, when the work of the Bishop of Mainz was spoken of in his presence, he said: "Ketteler was my great precursor."

The artistic temperament is much oftener spoken of than defined. The phrase does not, indeed, readily lend itself to definition,—at least to a definition that is more intelligible than the phrase itself. To say that it means that peculiarity of physical organization by which the manner of artists' acting, feeling, and thinking is permanently affected, may be physiologically or psychologically correct, but it does not appreciably increase one's

knowledge of what the artistic temperament is. More lucid is the description given in the *Irish Monthly* by Father Bearne, S. J. A boy asks his sister if her painting "matters." Her reply is:

It matters more than anything else in the world—almost. Oh, it's difficult to say why! Because it is something that is my very own, partly, I suppose,—something that no one can take away from me; and partly because I can't help wanting to paint; and partly because—oh, it's such a glorious thing to feel that you've made something out of nothing,—something that no one else would have made quite in the same way! Even if you have done it very badly, still it is yours and nobody else's. And—and—I'm afraid I can't explain it any better than that, Dickie.

And Dickie is not likely to receive a much better explanation—of the kind that really explains—either from artists themselves or their analytical critics.

Dewey Day—we think it was May 1, but are not quite sure or much concerned—suggested to an editorial writer on the New York *Sun* the following philosophic reflections on the vanity of all things mundane:

Without fear of successful contradiction, we affirm that ten years ago to-morrow morning the foremost man then existing beneath our flag, the one citizen for whom the future held treasure beyond the dreams of ambition, the supremely conspicuous possessor of fame and influence manifestly secure against all possibilities of reverse or diminution, the greatest and most popular American, was named George Dewey.

Think of it,—this is Dewey Day! He was the people's idol. He was the advance agent of empire. He was the splendid sunrise of the new America of the twentieth century and the two oceans. He was the hero of patriotic imagination. His was the hand that had but to reach forth and take.

Ten short years ago!

We should regret that the writer had not indulged in some reflections on the Spanish-American War, of which Dewey Day is a fitting, because fast fading, souvenir, were it not that our honored President himself was another "hero" of that inglorious strife.

FOR YOUNG FOLKS

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

A May Resolve.

(A Rondeau.)

BY FATHER CHEERHEART.

MY Mother from her home on high
Looks down, this month, with loving eye
On those who gather day by day
To honor her as Queen of May,
The while her shrine they beautify.


Her humblest client, still shall I
With each fond child of Mary try
My debt of love and trust to pay
My Mother.

My fervent prayers shall multiply,
The paths to sin I'll daily fly;
And should the tempting world essay
To lead my wilful heart astray,
Oh, thou wilt listen to my cry,
My Mother!

The Adventures of a Village Dog.

BY NEALE MANN.

II.

 **I**F the statement hasn't been made already, it may be as well to make it now, that, while Bully from the outset recognized his position as the servant and friend of the Frauley family in general, he made it very clear that he considered his real master to be, not the head of the household, Mr. Frauley, but its baby, Master Artie. The original claim of that young gentleman on the dog's gratitude was very materially strengthened one summer day, when Bully was about four, and his master about eight, years old.

The dog had, as usual, accompanied Artie to the school-house, one rather sultry afternoon; and then scampered off to Wilson's Grove, about half a mile distant, possibly to enjoy a siesta in the cool shade of the birches and maples. Artie would fain have accompanied him, had it been at all practicable. In fact, he had confided to Bully, confidentially, that "school's a 'noosance' any time, but in hot weather it's a fraud,"—a sentiment of which Bully approved by a cheerful bark and an energetic wagging of his tail. "Well, you be here at half-past three, sure; and then we'll have some fun," said the little boy, as he regretfully turned into the school-yard.

On that particular afternoon, however, Bully wasn't, according to his invariable custom, awaiting Artie at the close of the school session. In fact, before half-past three, Bully had several exciting adventures, and was in a fair way to lose his life. Just how it occurred is not clear; but the dog had the misfortune of stirring up a hornets' nest in Wilson's Grove, with the result that he was sharply stung in the inside of both ears and on the nostrils. No boy who has ever felt a hornet's sharpened lance needs to be told that Bully emitted a succession of pitiful yelps—and left the Grove in a hurry. His sprinting after Pete McCoy, the burglar, was leisurely strolling compared with the pace at which he came tearing into the village. Up one street and down another he ran, yelping at brief intervals, and pausing only once in a while to run his nose into the grass that bordered the board sidewalks, in the endeavor to lessen the pain of his stung and swollen nostrils.

Unluckily for Bully, young Harry Marshall, aged five, who happened to be playing on Water Street, thought the

dog was just enjoying a frolic; and, as he and Bully were good friends, he trotted out to meet him with a cordial, "Hello, Bully! Tum here, good doggie!" Bully, however, was in no mood for fun. He continued on his way; and Harry being in his way, that little man promptly found himself turning a somersault. Picking himself up, and discovering that he had a bump on the back of his head which had come in contact with a good-sized stone, Harry forthwith set up a piercing wail that rivalled the agonizing yelps of Bully himself.

To make a long story short, a hue and cry was speedily raised in the village, and an excited crowd of boys and men were soon chasing the suffering Bully, with the declared intention of putting an end to him. "Frauley's dog has gone mad and has bitten half a dozen young ones on Water Street," was the word passed around; and "Chase him into the pound" was the advice generally given. This pound was an enclosure about five rods square, surrounded by a stout deal fence eight feet high, with a strong gate through which stray cows and calves, colts and sheep, were introduced, to be kept imprisoned until their owners paid a fine for allowing them to run at large.

Jesse Milligan, pound-keeper, was speedily notified, and hurried over to unlock the gate, swinging it wide open just as Bully, pursued by the shouting crowd, came in view. Arming himself with a broken fence-stake, Milligan then betook himself to the middle of the road, and as the dog approached him, headed the animal off. Bully swerved to one side, and, seeing the open gate, dashed within the empty enclosure. The pound-keeper crossed over, closed the gate, and locked it; so when the crowd reached the pound, Bully was incarcerated.

"Now, then," said Milligan, "one of you kids run down to Joe Munroe's, and tell him to come along up here with his gun. We ain't goin' to have no more hydrophoby in this here town, not if I

knows myself. Six childrun frothin' at the mouth already is quite plenty for Connorville. This here Bully was a blamed good dog in his time, but his time's up right now, sure."

It will be seen that Connorville was much like the rest of the world—liable to exaggerate not a little, and to act hastily without any special justification for its action. Bully's pain from the hornets' stinging had developed into madness; little Harry Marshall had become multiplied by six; and each of the half dozen supposed victims of the dog's "madness" was believed to be already showing sure symptoms of hydrophobia. Now, as a matter of fact—to quote a big city editor,—“physicians disagree as to the existence of the disease rabies, while men acquainted with dogs are almost unanimous in declaring that no such thing as the ‘mad dog’ of popular imagination ever existed. Mr. Freer, of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, asserts that in fourteen years the agents of the society have been bitten not less than 15,000 times, and that not once have the symptoms of rabies followed. Wounds caused by animals are not more dangerous than wounds resulting from falls or blows. They should be cleaned promptly and thoroughly, cauterized or rendered aseptic in some other way, and kept clean while healing. If these precautions were always taken, and people would stop talking about rabies, the ‘mad dog season’ would soon cease to occupy an important space in the calendar.”

Be this as it may, our friend Bully was in a fair way of receiving a death-dealing bullet from the unerring rifle of Mr. Joseph Munroe, the champion hunter and best shot of Connorville. Dick Dodds, who had communicated Milligan's request to Joe, was on his way back to the pound to announce the latter's speedy arrival, when he met the school children just released from their tasks. Big with the knowledge of important news, Dick stopped long enough to say:

"Hello, Artie! Your Bully's mad, and Joe Munroe is coming up to shoot him."

Artie had been looking around for his dog when thus accosted. His face went white as he listened; but Dick had hardly concluded before the boy was running toward the pound at a speed to which his short legs were quite unaccustomed.

In the meantime, Milligan having resolutely refused to open the gate to allow the crowd to have a look at Bully, two or three of the older boys had gone to the rear of the enclosure, and raised a long plank against its back wall. Climbing up this plank, one at a time, they reached the top of the wall, and satisfied their curiosity as to what the "mad critter is up to now." On Artie's arrival, his claim to a peep was at once recognized, and forthwith Bully's master was crawling on hands and knees up the plank. On reaching the top of the wall, however, Artie was not content with merely looking at his pet, as the others had been. Turning around, he grasped the ridge of the coping, let himself hang for a moment, and then dropped inside.

Fearful of the consequences to themselves if it was discovered that they had had a hand in this dangerous adventure, the boys pulled down the plank and stole around to the crowd in front.

Luckily, Artie dropped on some soft greensward, without even turning an ankle; and the next moment he was lying down beside the panting dog, ejaculating:

"You poor Bully, the bestest dog that ever was! Was they goin' to shoot you? Well, I guess *not!*"

Five minutes later, when the pound-gate was flung open, giving entrance to Messrs. Milligan and Monroe, the latter with his rifle cocked, and a score of idlers behind them, there was a tableau. Boy and dog were stretched at full length facing the crowd, Artie's arms around Bully's neck, his cheek resting against the shaggy head.

"Well, I swow!" cried Milligan. "How in thunder did that kid get in here?"

"Say, there, youngster!" called out

Monroe, "come out o' that. I'm a goin' to shoot that mad cur; and I ain't got no time to waste, neither."

"Look here, you men!" replied Artie, indignantly. "This is *my* dog, and he's not a bit mad,—not half as mad as he has a right to be, the way he's been treated. You just shoot if you dare. Anyhow, I'm not goin' to leave Bully till my papa or my brother, Dr. Tom, comes."

There was some further parleying; but Artie clung to Bully; and Monroe, of course, knew better than to fire at the dog with the boy so close. The matter ended when Dr. Tom appeared on the scene. He went over to the devoted pair, examined Bully carefully, discovered the marks of the stings, and, turning to the crowd, explained:

"The dog's all right. The only trouble seems to be that he has lately come in contact with what Josh Billings used to call 'the business end of a hornet.' Moreover, he hasn't bit even one child, let alone half a dozen. Little Harry Marshall got in his way and was upset. That's all there is to that story. You'd better go home and tell your folks 'twas a false alarm. Bully's all right."

"And, by jinks, so's his little master, too!" added Milligan. "Now, folks, this show's over. Clear out till I lock up."

It wasn't long before Bully did as much for Artie as the latter had done for him,—but that's too long a story to go into now.

The Invention of Envelopes.

A centenary that is likely to pass unperceived is that of the invention of envelopes. The originator of this postal device was an English paper-maker, a Mr. Brewes, of Brighton. Before 1808, letters were folded, sealed with wax and sent off, with the habitual result that they reached their destination soiled, crumpled, and often torn open. Only after 1850, however, did the use of envelopes become general in this country.

The New Scholar at St. Anne's.

BY MARION J. BRUNOWE.

VII.—THE BECKONING HAMPER.

"Quick,—we must have a meeting of the 'Remains' at once!" almost panted Rose, coming up behind Helen as the girls broke ranks in the far hall beyond the refectory. Isabel Kersey stood a little back in the shadow, and surveyed both with an expression which Helen felt had in it something of secret amusement.

"Why, what has happened?" Helen questioned, naturally surprised at seeing Rosebud so unwontedly stirred.

"Oh, come! Gather the 'Remains' together, and I shall tell you. Down in Honeysuckle Bower will be best: it is out of earshot; and, mercy, but we must be mum!"

For an appreciable second or two, Helen Marr hesitated. Honeysuckle Bower had been the scene wherein was planned their last mad venture,—the venture which only too rapidly led to the breaking up of the Madcap Set. She was tempted to suggest another place of rendezvous, but Rose was exigent: evidently no time was to be lost. And the excitement of adventure was already stirring in her own blood.

"Are we all here?" asked Rosebud, taking the lead for once; though she knew that within the coming half hour she would willingly abdicate in favor of that born leader, Grace Winton.

"Blanche! Oh, Blanche isn't here!" discovered Helen. "Where can she be?"

"She went to the infirmary just before dinner with one of her sick headaches," answered Madeleine Hunt.

"That means twenty-four hours at least on the flat of her back," said Grace.

"Then I'm afraid she's out of this," commented Rosebud. And she tried to look sympathetic, though not with much success.

"Why? So sudden?" questioned Grace, with some curiosity.

"You will see," responded Rosebud, mysteriously. "In the meantime, come—unless you want the class bell to ring."

Helen was conscious of a vague dread stealing over her. It was there beneath her intense excitement, and it constituted a "queer" feeling which she could not shake off. She wished Blanche Burton had *not* had one of her obstinate sick headaches on just that day of all days.

Honeysuckle Bower, a dainty summer-house at the extreme end of the lower front lawn, was certainly an isolated spot at the moment. It was too early in the year for the sweet-smelling blossoms which gave it its name to be yet in bloom; but the vine encircling it was just bursting into young, tender green; and through the leafy lattices filtered shafts of sunshine, which were not unwelcome on this day in early April. All about was a scene of beauty,—a medley of tender vernal hues, through which pulsed the green fire of life, which some one of our poets has called "that fire of love and youth, that dream of dreams."

Helen Marr, at this time in her life, it may be safely said, had never heard or seen the line quoted; but, in common with awakening Nature, she felt within her own young veins vague stirrings, yearnings, awakenings,—all the susceptible impulses to which so susceptible a nature is prone. In common with the melody of rejoicing and awakening running through Nature, she, too, seemed to hear in addition the "earth-sweet, ancient song of the blood that is in the veins of youth." Of the group of five young creatures assembled in the leafy bower (all more or less susceptible to the influences about them), she, perhaps, responded to that call, that melody, more entirely than anyone. And yet, in the moment of attraction to do unusual things, an impulse almost as strong restrained her in unseen ways. Eventually, she would always follow the first impulse,—

follow it in a burst of rashness, which was apt to be all the more dangerous in that it had previously weighed the pros and cons, only to throw them recklessly to the winds. Blanche Burton usually acted as the brake on such occasions; therefore it was unfortunate indeed for Helen that Blanche should have one of her sick headaches on *that* day of all days.

Rose, however, was secretly delighted over Miss Burton's most opportune indisposition. Blanche would probably have said first thing, "Lent!" thus reminding them that they were still in the midst of the penitential season. As it happened, it was Helen Marr who said it.

Rose had explained breathlessly. A hamper—and *such* a hamper—just behind those slabs of stone over there! To all five the slabs of stone were in plain view from where they sat; for the massive convent buildings rose behind them, overlooking lawns and summer-houses, terraces and mountains, and the beautiful river beyond. It was obvious to everyone that the hamper reposed in an exceedingly perilous hiding-place, and might be discovered at any moment by any one of the half a dozen workmen who were engaged in making the repairs on that section of the building. Rosebud was actually and visibly nervous with apprehension. Her hastily conceived plan was a midnight raid after everyone was safely asleep.

Madeleine shivered in joy—and apprehension. Grace Winton's eyes sparkled. She would not touch a crumb of the contents of that hamper; nothing on earth would induce her to. The spirit of risk and daring involved in a midnight seizure of the wonderful prize was, however, something that appealed to her strongly.

But Helen said, with a little gasp of consternation too: "Oh, but it is Lent!"

Isabel looked toward her curiously; she had been strangely quiet till now. "*What is lent?*"

The emphasis was strongly upon the first word.

Helen looked at her blankly. "*What is Lent?*" she repeated.

"Yes," said the questioner. "Are you deaf?" she added bluntly.

Helen still looked at her, this time in complete silence. Grace and Madeleine and Rose also took their fill of stares, if we may be permitted the phrase. It all lasted only half a minute, but Miss Kersey waxed wrathful.

"What are you all gaping at?" she demanded, with a stamp of her foot. "And why don't *you*" (turning directly to Helen, and assuming an air of insolence which caused that young lady's blood to fly to her cheeks in a rush),—"why don't you answer me?"

"Kindly remember that you are not addressing your maid, Miss Kersey," said Helen Marr, drawing herself up with extreme dignity. A dozen hampers might be emptied into the Hudson before her eyes ere she would stand *that* tone.

A slow, dull red began to overspread Isabel Kersey's countenance. Rosebud trembled; for to her mind, at the moment, the fate of the hamper hung in the balance. Isabel, however, contrary to expectations, did not exhibit any emotion of anger. She turned again to Helen and said:

"Excuse me! I did not mean any rudeness. I merely wanted to know."

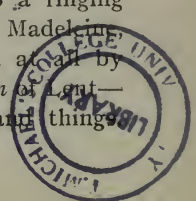
Helen, as was her nature, was instantly mollified.

"I shall be only too glad to tell you," she said; "but, you see, I—I don't know exactly what you mean. It was such an—" (she hesitated an instant) "an odd question."

Isabel looked at her in an amazement that was absolutely genuine.

"You said something was lent—borrowed," she said simply. "I asked you what?"

"Oh!" Helen went off into a ringing peal of laughter, joined in by Madeleine, and faintly by Rose, and not a bit by Grace. "Oh, I meant the *season of Lent*—the time we give up butter and things



How funny that you should understand me in such another sense!"

"Never heard of the thing before," announced Isabel. "Why do you give up butter?"

She looked, as she undoubtedly was, extremely curious.

Helen caught her by both shoulders and exclaimed:

"Do you really mean to say you don't know what Lent is—and you a Catholic, too? You *are* a Catholic, aren't you?" And she looked at her, it must be confessed, a trifle incredulously.

"Yes," said Isabel, quite unruffled, "I'm a Catholic all right,—whatever that may really mean. Mother and I go to Mass every Sunday—that is, whenever we happen to live near the Jesuits' church. But I never heard of Lent, or," she added reflectively, "anything about giving up butter. They didn't preach on that; but of course," she admitted, as if in defence of the absent. "I never heard more than two or three sermons in my life."

Her four auditors started, as it were, in unison.

"Good gra—" began Helen, and then stopped. If the new scholar was a heathen—and in her mind Helen could not help frankly setting her down as such,—it would, of course, be the height of rudeness to tell her so.

Grace Winton's dark eyes examined Isabel curiously. Grace had at first a suspicion that this might be a "pose"; clearly, however, it was not. Miss Kersey's surprise was genuine. Madeleine looked a little scared. This was most unusual.

"How nice," commented Rose, "to have had to hear but two or three sermons in one's life! However," and she glanced again apprehensively in the direction of the concealed hamper, "we'll have lots of time to talk about things like this to-night,—provided there is going to be a 'to-night.' Now listen, all of you, please!"

At first she secured but a divided attention. Helen Marr's mind was leaping from

crag to crag of conjecture about the new scholar. Grace Winton would, had she been questioned, have owned to an intense curiosity; while even Madeleine, much as she pined to share the contents of that wonderful hamper, and chafed at the delay involved in doing so, was filled with astonishment at Miss Kersey's total ignorance of things and customs so conventionally Catholic.

That young lady herself, needless to say, was the least perturbed of any member of the group. To her *they* were without doubt, stranger specimens than was she to them. Still she would like to know more about this peculiar thing Lent; later she would inquire. Just now she was beginning to feel quite as anxious as any of the four for the perpetration of the midnight raid.

Rosebud's plan, as outlined, seemed feasible enough; and, under the circumstances, quite daring. They were silently to arise at a quarter to twelve, doff dressing-gowns and slippers, steal down one by one to Sister Alice's class room—that being perhaps the most central place of rendezvous,—and from there, when all five had assembled, they would descend *together* the two more flights which would bring them to the groundfloor, comprising those eerie regions where all was blackness and darkness and awful night.

Here Rose paused.

"And then?" questioned Grace.

"Oh—oh, you've got to manage the rest of it!" said Rose, helplessly. In anticipation she was already beginning to be scared of the "blackness" which would have to be traversed before the door could be reached, just without which, but hidden by the masonry, reposed the beckoning hamper.

Grace smiled a trifle inscrutably. "I rather thought this was exclusively your picnic," she remarked.

While Rose felt that she would like it to be—and would probably make it so, as far as the lion's share of the feast was concerned,—she was only too glad to

elinguish to Grace the daring involved in leadership.

"I don't mind your going first," she explained magnanimously; adding, as though it were an after-thought: "You're not afraid of old Peter, and I am."

"Hm!" remarked Grace. "It will be all up with us if we run into Peter. And therefore I think, in the first place, that it is very risky for us all to go down together. We ought to go one by one. If we spied him in the distance then, we could more easily dodge till he and his intern had got by."

But Rosebud and Madeleine gave a little shriek in unison, while Helen shivered slightly, and Isabel looked on curiously.

"Down those dark stairs and through those long, dark halls, *one by one*, and *alone!*" Rosebud almost wailed. "Grace Winton, you must be stark mad! I couldn't do it for a thousand dollars! Would you, Maddie?"

Madeleine almost tearfully protested that she would not for even a million.

"What on earth is the matter with the place?" asked Miss Kersey, abruptly. "What are you all afraid of? And who is this person Peter? Didn't know there was any *he* around here."

"Old Peter" was the night watchman, he was speedily informed. The convent buildings were so extensive that it was considered the part of precaution to have the lower floors patrolled throughout the night by Peter, ancient of years, lame of limb, and dim of sight, but abnormal hearing. It was a cherished belief carefully fostered by those in authority) that in the silence of the night, old Peter, down in the engine-room—should his duties call him there,—could hear a pin dropped in the attic.

"And what are we afraid of?" repeated Grace. "Why, of the dark, of course. And so would you be if you understood that the *dark* is like in a monstrous building like this. Ugh!"—and she shivered significantly.

"I've never been afraid of anything

in my life," said Isabel; "and I never expect to be. I'd go anywhere alone."

"Oh, goodness,—goodness me! Would you go through a graveyard at night all alone?" questioned Helen, vividly.

"Why not?" retorted Miss Kersey, with appalling promptness. "You don't mean to say that you believe in *ghosts?*"—and she looked the picture of disgusted incredulity.

The other four exchanged glances,—at least three of them did. Grace Winton looked away and over the river. Madeleine snuggled close to Rosebud, and Rosebud edged up toward Helen.

"I *do*," averred the last-mentioned young lady, truthfully and plumply. "I fully believe in them, and I'm terribly afraid of them. So *there*, Isabel Kersey!"—and she flung out her hands in a gesture natural to her.

"Oh, dear!" laughed the new scholar, with deepest scorn and absolute candor. "What an extraordinary place I seem to have struck! Why, it's like a lunatic asylum here in a lot of ways."

Grace turned round sharply, but Rose forestalled her.

"Isabel dear," she implored, "*please* don't make any more queer remarks about the place or us till after to-night is over. If we get talking of ghosts and lunatics, and awful things like that, we'll be so nervous before bedtime that we'll never have courage to get up and have a midnight party at all. As it is" (and she glanced apprehensively at her dainty little chatelaine watch), "the bell will ring in less than ten minutes, and we've really settled on nothing yet, except" (and she looked at Grace) "that we simply *must* go *all together* from the class room to the refectory hall."

Grace nodded a bit carelessly. This expedition, somehow, was assuming aspects with some of which she was not thoroughly in sympathy. For instance, it had in the beginning flashed across her mind that if Isabel Kersey were to be involved in so serious an infraction of the rules as

the contemplated expedition would certainly be, her standing in the estimation of the Directress of Studies would be irreparably lowered. A little more mature reflection, called forth indeed by the new scholar's astonishing ignorance of the simplest customs and regulations observed in any sort of a school—or indeed in any civilized society, Grace was almost tempted disdainfully to think,—had showed her that not Isabel, but rather those who were her companions in trouble, would be looked upon as the real culprits. Grace idly wondered that she had not thought of this before. She was, however, bound to the venture now; she would see it through—in fact, *lead* it through—to the end. After that? Well, after that, the deluge. They could hardly hope to escape uncaught: But—she did not care; she was past that.

For the next five minutes tongues went very fast, and sometimes three or four together, while various details were arranged. As a last and most important precaution, Isabel was solemnly warned (by Rosebud, who appeared to have constituted herself her Egeria) that she must behave, for the remainder of that day and evening, like an ordinary, normal human being, and attend class and all other exercises like the others.

"If you don't, you'll provoke remark, and some one may be especially set to watch you, perhaps even after you go to bed," said Rose. "And if that happens, good-bye to our midnight party!"

Isabel, as noted before, liked the idea of a midnight party; in fact, she planned to "run away" upon its conclusion,—a rather startling *dénouement*, undreamed of by her associates. But the aspect of the adventure which specially caught her errant fancy was the fact that such an infringement of all rules and traditions as a midnight party (with the emphasis very much on the "midnight") had never before—that is, in the memory of the "Remains," and all had been at the convent several years—taken place within

those hallowed precincts. More than one indeed had been contemplated, but some plotter had invariably "talked too much" beforehand; the authorities got wind of the affair, and it was off before it had begun.

In the dim past, such festivities, awful in their after effects, were "believed" to have taken place. Madeleine Hunt's aunt and likewise Grace Winton's, had recollections, rather hazy as to details, about an escapade or two of their own on somewhat similar lines. But things of this sort were discussed, if discussed at all, in hushed tones. They were not "supposed" to be spoken of, much less thought of. Hence to Isabel, of lawless turn of mind by nature and by habit, the added alluresomeness of the proposed midnight adventure.

(To be continued.)

Palindromes.

This word comes from two Greek roots meaning "to run" and "back"; and the palindrome is, accordingly, a word, a verse, or a sentence that runs back, or reads the same either from left to right or from right to left. "N. A. Noonan" and "Yreka Bakery" are examples of palindromic names; and the classic supposed address of the first man to the first woman, "Madam, I'm Adam," is a palindromic sentence. Other examples of phrases or sentences possessing this peculiarity of reading the same backward and forward are: "Name no one man." "Rail as a liar," and "Red rum murder."

While it is quite possible that some solemn-visaged, matter-of-fact readers of this paragraph may declare that making palindromes is merely another method of murdering time, less serious young folks may still derive innocent recreation from the effort to make a few; and there is little danger that the matter will become such a fad as to constitute in any home circle a "live evil."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"A Pilgrim of Eternity," a penny pamphlet of the Catholic Truth Society, London, gives sections VI. and VII. of the story of a Unitarian minister. The sections discuss "A Disciple of Martineau" and "A Philosophy of Revelation," and are, both of them, of genuine interest.

—One of the most remarkable freak newspapers ever printed was the *Luminara*, published in Madrid. It was printed with ink containing phosphorus, so that the paper could be read in the dark. Another curiosity was called the *Regul*, printed with nonpoisonous ink on thin sheets of dough, which could be eaten, thus furnishing nourishment for body as well as mind. *Le Bien Etre* promised those who subscribed for forty years a pension and free burial.

—The Catholic Educational Association has done well to issue, in pamphlet form, the address on "Ideals in Education," delivered at its fourth annual meeting by Dr. J. C. Monaghan. The address contains much good matter forcibly put. Here is a taste of its quality:

In conclusion, let me say that you may have your church, you may have your flag and your school, but you must have back of them all the home. Every teacher in the land should learn this lesson,—to teach the boys and girls of our country that the most sacred thing in life, the very unity of our whole civilization, is the home.

—"Children of Light and Other Stories," by I. E. Francis (Mrs. Frances Blundell), is in her usual interesting vein. The best story in the collection is the one from which the book takes its title. Bride Kinsella is true to life, as is also Father Kearney. Only through sorrow do the "children of light" learn life's lessons, and sorrow is usually a hard teacher. The impulses of Father Kearney and of his curate are a story in themselves, and a very touching story, too. "Little Jack and the Christmas pudding" and "The Home-Coming of Godfrey Davis" strike other notes of interest, but all the stories are a blending of light and shadow. Published by the London C. T. S.

—The early history of the art of printing has received a great impetus as a result of the celebration, in 1900, of the four hundredth anniversary of the birth of Johann Gutenberg. Says the *Inland Printer*: "The founding of the Gutenberg Museum in Mainz dates from this year, as well as the Gutenberg-Gesellschaft, with its seat in Mainz, but membership all over the world. This society has, ever since its foundation, been the centre of typographical research in Germany, and its publications have

done much to increase the knowledge and understanding of the work of the earliest printers. Its first volume contained a discussion, by G. Zedler, of the calendar for the year 1448, which he had discovered in the Landesbibliothek in Wiesbaden. Other monographs followed: on the Donatus fragments printed in the type of the thirty-six line Bible, on the two-colored initials of Schöffer's Psalterium, on the 1460 Catholicon. For various causes no volume has been issued since 1905; but a double volume, for the years 1906 and 1907, is now nearing completion. It will contain several monographs, chiefly dealing with the work of Peter Schöffer, with many full-page illustrations and facsimiles, and will throw interesting side lights on mediæval history besides being an important contribution to the history of early typography."

—The oldest newspaper in the world is called *Kin-Pan*, and is published in China, at Peking. It is more than a thousand years old. The precise date of its first appearance can not be ascertained, but it is known with certainty that in 1361 it became a weekly. For four centuries previous it had been published monthly. In 1800 it appeared daily. At present it is tri-daily. Its three editions are on yellow, white and gray paper, to avoid confusion. The first daily in Strasburg, begun in 1609, had a rather lengthy title: *Relation aller furnehmen und gedenkwürdigen Historien so sich in Hoch und Nieder-Deutschland auch in Frankreich, Italien, Engelland und Schottland, Hungarn, Moldau, Turkey, u. s. w., in diesen 1609, ten Jahre verlaufen und zutragen moechten. Alles auf das renlichst wie ich solche bekommen und zu wegen bringen mag in Druck verfertigt*; which, translated, runs thus: "Account of the main and most noteworthy events which happened or will happen in this year 1609 in High and Low Germany, also in France, Italy, England, Scotland, Hungary, Moldavia, Turkey, etc. . . . All is printed exactly as I have received it." Perhaps the smallest newspaper in the world is the *Little Standard*, published at Torquay, England. It is hardly three inches long and not quite two and three-quarter inches wide.

—The Oxford University Press has in preparation an edition of the poems of the Blessed Edmund Campion, S. J., edited by Mr. Percival Vivian. Father Campion was an Oxford man, a student of St. John's College. When Queen Elizabeth visited the University in 1566, Campion, then a boy of sixteen, was selected to greet her with a Latin speech, and the Queen

complimented him on his eloquence. This was the time when the future martyr had fallen away from the Faith of his fathers by taking the Oath of Supremacy and conforming to the new State religion, in which later he took deacon's orders. In returning to the Faith, he abandoned the most certain prospects of a brilliant career as a member of the State Establishment, and his temporary fall was atoned for by his saintly life as a missionary priest and his martyrdom at Tyburn on December 1, 1581. He was put to death by warrant of the Queen he had welcomed to Oxford.

—For the same Press Mr. L. F. Powell has edited, from a MS. in the library of Brasenose College, Oxford, a work of Catholic devotion that was very popular in the late Middle Ages—"The Mirrour of the Blessed Lyf of Jesus Christ." Notwithstanding the wholesale destruction of libraries at the Reformation, there are no fewer than twenty-three manuscripts of the "Mirrour" in existence. It was one of the earliest books printed in England. There were editions in 1488, 1495, 1517 and 1523. The author was Nicholas Love, Prior of a Carthusian monastery in Yorkshire, who wrote it about the year 1410. The "Mirrour" is a free translation of selected passages from the *Meditationes Vitæ Christi*, attributed to St. Bonaventure.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

"Children of Light and Other Stories." M. E. Francis. 40 cts.

"History of St. Patrick's Cathedral." Most Rev. John Farley, D.D. \$1.50.

"Common-Sense Talks." Lady Kerr. 40 cts., net.

"The Primadonna." Marion Crawford. \$1.50.

"A Pulpit Commentary on Catholic Teaching." Vol. I. The Creed. \$2.

"Christine and Other Poems." George Henry Miles. \$1.10.

"My Lady Beatrice." Frances Cooke. \$1.25.

"My Very Own." S. M. Lyne. 80 cts.

"We Preach Christ Crucified." Herbert Lucas, S. J. \$1.

"The Ministry of Daily Communion." F. M. De Zulueta, S. J. 60 cts., net.

"Short Sermons for Low Masses." Rev. Fr. Heffner. \$1.

"Style-Book of Business English." H. W. Hammond. 60 cts.

"A Catechism of Modernism." Rev. J. B. Lemius, O. M. I. 25 cts.

"Sheer Pluck and Other Stories." 85 cts.;

"Tommie and His Mates." Rev. David Bearne, S. J. \$1.

"The Holy Gospel According to St. Mark." Rev. Cecil Burns, M. A. \$1.

"Meditations and Devotions." Cardinal Newman. In three parts. Each, 40 cts., net.

"Round the World." Vol. IV. 85 cts.

"A Pilgrim from Ireland." 45 cts.

"Heliotrope." Rev. John Rothensteiner. 60 cts., net.

"The Inquisition." E. Vacandard. \$1.60.

"Qualities of a Good Superior." Edited by the Rev. Ferreol Girardey, C. SS. R. \$1.25.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB, xiii, 3.

Rev. H. Keil, of the archdiocese of St. Paul; Rev. John Gillig, diocese of Columbus; Rev. Hugh Magevney, archdiocese of Cincinnati; Rev. Felix Rumpf, O. S. B.; and Rev. M. M. Ward, C. S. Sp.

Sister M. Catherine, of the Order of the Presentation; Sister M. Sebastian and Sister M. Adolph, O. S. D.

Mr. Robert Meyer, Mrs. Gaynor de Cavanaugh, Mr. Henry Brooker, Mrs. James McLaughlin, Mr. John Fierst, Mrs. Dennis Kinkade, Mrs. Helen Wilson, Mr. Thomas E. Brady, Mr. John Mack, Mr. Martin Whalen, Mr. Nicholas Kill, Miss Emma Wescott, Mrs. Jacob Kehr, Mr. Patrick Kerrigan, Mrs. Josephine Arsenault, Mr. Peter Conlon, Mr. J. W. Rogers, Mr. Denis Keough, Miss Margaret White, Mr. James Daly, Mr. Philip Butler, Mrs. Catherine Wilbert, Mr. Edmund Doyle, Mrs. Mary Burke, Mrs. Anna Kastead, Mrs. Margaret Fitzpatrick, Dr. Louis De B. Kuhn, and Mrs. N. Cordary.

Requiescant in pace!

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the Gotemba lepers:

Dr. W. P. Wilson, \$5; D. P. Lee, \$1; Friend, Meriden, Conn., \$1.40.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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Maytime in Italy.

BY ARTHUR BARRY.

I WOULD I were in Italy, the Blessed Virgin's land,

When the Maytime's floral tributes deck her shrines on every hand;

There the witchery of sky and mount lulls weary souls to rest,

And the hearts of men join Nature in a hymn to Mary blest;

There doth Beauty, as a duty, to her Queen full homage pay,

And it's O to be in Italy in Our Lady's Month of May!

I would I were in Italy, the Blessed Virgin's land,
When the Spirit of the Maytime loves her joyance to expand,

When the myrtle-scented breezes kiss each niched Madonna fair,

As they croon a soothing second to the con-
tadina's prayer:

There's a thrilling joy distilling from each per-
fumed bloomy spray,

And it's O to be in Italy in Our Lady's Month of May!

would I were in Italy, the Blessed Virgin's land,—

h, the glory of its Maytime hath a magic none withstand!

In the stately fanes that tower where the Tiber's currents flow,

As at mountain-shrines full humble, but with altars all aglow,

ince and peasant sing incessant praise of Mary day by day,

nd it's O to be in Italy in Our Lady's Month of May!

The Antidote for Modern Restlessness.

TEMPORA *mutantur nos et mutamur in illis*, were the words of a wise man who nearly two thousand years ago found, in the changing habits and mode of thought then coming into vogue, food for philosophic reflection. Not all was for the better, he allowed; and, I repeat, he was a wise man. The distinguishing feature of the present day is its restless activity, mental and physical. Most men are in a hurry to crowd into a given time more things than are possible of accomplishment; for time is merely a succession of events that, consciously or unconsciously to ourselves, impress themselves on our understanding. There will come a time where there is no time, if the paradox be allowed; and then "What a relief that will be!" many will say.

The man who is not in a hurry is becoming a *rara avis*. The multiplication of newspapers pouring out every moment of the day and night, all over the civilized world, a stream of facts, fiction, hasty comment, instantaneous deduction from uncertain premises, is proof sufficient of mental activity; though I would by no means confuse it with the exercise of the intellect, which is on a higher plane altogether, and is never in a hurry. That men crave this food for their mentality must be admitted, else the supply would diminish in obedience to a lack of demand. But there is not time for it all; that is, the successions are clipped, and nothing

substantial emerges but confusion,—again a paradox.

But from out the millions who go through life in the fever of excitement for that "something new" noted by St. Paul in his discourse to the Athenians, must be excepted the hundreds, both men and women, who in all countries choose the life of prayer and study and mortification in the cloister. The modern spirit knows nothing of the intellectual and spiritual freedom, and lightness of heart of those who have the courage and vocation to let the world go by. And yet the impulse to withdraw from the world of sense is a characteristic of humanity that has always been present in certain individuals of every generation, of every race of which we have any reliable information, and must be taken into account as a fact. The East, the home of mysticism from time immemorial, has always held in high esteem those strong souls who have endeavored to withdraw themselves from the attractions of sense. The East does not question the wisdom of the motive. The old religions of Brahma, of Buddha, of Zoroaster, all take account of this impelling instinct in certain individuals, and hold in great honor those who have the courage to follow that instinct. Much of the spiritual knowledge that comes to the Western intelligence only after long study, is grasped intuitively by the subtle brain of the East. Of course I am not here referring to the truths of Revelation, but to those qualities of the mind that are opposed to the material, to the processes of intellectual advance into the super-sensible, and to the practical steps whereby that gradual advance is made possible, and indeed imperative.

The principles of asceticism and self-restraint, whereby the body is subdued to the mind, require no explanation at all to a cultivated Brahmin or Buddhist: he knows all about them instinctively, and would be silent, with the silence of knowledge, if they were called in question

or held up to ridicule. He understands perfectly the obligation of celibacy on the Catholic priesthood, and knows intuitively the claims of the Catholic religion to be supernatural and God-given; and the priest is always sure of the respect and esteem of the better-class natives of India, for they see in him the marks of one set apart in a supernatural service. The old Vedic philosophy to be found in the "Upanishads" is a most striking monument of the spiritual discernment of the East, and is full of grandeur of conception, though the final absorption into the nothingness of being—surely a strange paradox—after innumerable births and re-births, is a pantheistic dream opposed to right reason. What wisdom is there not in the following, taken from the "Upanishads": "The right and the sweet come unto a mortal; the wise sifts the two and sets them apart. For right unto sweet the wise one preferreth; the fool taketh sweet to hold and retain. O Nachiketas, thou hast given up (these) sweet desires of pleasant form, after due thought! Thou hast refused this wealth-made wreath, in whose delights (so) many sink. These two are wide apart (and) two ways pointing, un wisdom and what men as wisdom understand. I think for wisdom Nachiketas longeth, nor have desires in hosts torn him away. In the midst of un wisdom abiding, self-wise, themselves sages believing, around and about they meander; they circle deluded about, blind led by the blind. The future is never revealed to the fool, unmindful, wealth-glamour-befooled. This world is (the one and) beyond there is none."*

Every Buddhist in Burmah is bound by his religion, and the public opinion of his fellows, to retire at some period of his life into a monastery for a certain space of time, generally two years, when he is occupied in spiritual exercises and prayer. "What a waste of time!" says the modern

* The Upanishads. ("Kathopanishad," Sec. I., Pt. iii.) Translated by G. R. S. Mead and J. C. Chattopādhyāya.

spirit. "What good does it do to him or to any one else?" Well, it helps to make him know himself (was it not Juvenal who wrote, *E calo descendit γυνῆι σεαυτὸν?*),* and consequently to become a more effective and happy man. The modern spirit of the West laughs; yet for all the laughter these things are true.

It is the fashion of the world to despise, or at least to pity as morbid enthusiasts, those vigorous and strong-hearted souls who, deliberately, with a full knowledge of the sacrifice entailed, elect to leave the world of sense for the higher plane of the spirit, where things appear as they are in reality, stripped of the deluding envelopment formed by the accidents of sense. The world deems that monks and nuns pass their lives in a tragic gloom, sinking under a grievous load of uselessly long prayers, uselessly severe penance, sad of countenance, bereft of that *joie de vivre* which is the birthright of man. With that picture in mind, the world asks: 'What is the use of it all? How is humanity (that precious word humanity!) the better for it? What good do they do? They are rightly called fools, if no worse, who dare thus to misuse the opportunities afforded by life.' And the world is in a hurry, and has no time to stop and think the matter out. So fools they remain to the majority.

It seems sometimes a strange thing that we of this generation, who easily and almost involuntarily enjoy the fruits of the great minds of the past, so seldom stop to consider how they were evolved. Every great discovery is the result of profound abstraction from the world of sense; every fraction of knowledge we possess about the *cosmos* whereof we are a part came after patient investigation, in which time counted not. The wondrous uses to which man bends to his own service the various forces of the atmosphere, of heat, of water, were elaborated in silence, apart from the

crowded walks of men. The great thoughts of master-minds on the supersensible world, which open out horizons of potential being illimitable to our feeble vision, were groped after, step by step, in silence and abstraction, slowly, without anxiety. Civilization rightly boasts of the marvels of modern achievement whereby life is made so pleasant and easy, physically; but in our enjoyment of the fruits we sometimes forget the conditions that made them possible,—namely, abstraction from the world of sense, and contemplation.

Among the many baleful influences to which the Reformation gave birth, surely not the least to be deplored is the disappearance from all non-Catholic Christendom of the recognition of the means afforded and the end to be obtained by the religious vocation. It is nothing less than a distinct loss of a science that was once the possession of all Christendom, but now is limited to those who practise the Catholic religion, and not always recognized as a desirable state even by them. In the days before the Reformation in England, and, generally speaking, more or less in all Catholic countries since that date, the vocation to the monastic state was easily understood, without elaborate explanation, to be a holy and honorable and enviable calling. Families esteemed it an honor to have a son or daughter in religion; parents recognized the call to the religious life in a boy or girl in their earliest years, and helped and fostered the tender growth till it matured into one of the flowers on God's altar. They knew the means to the end; the religious life they did not mistake for the end: it was but the means. But since the revolt against properly constituted authority heralded by the Reformation, the religious vocation has been always in danger of the ridicule of the world; although, in truth, it is a most real and scientific path to perfection, with more data capable of demonstrable proof than almost any other science known to men. This the Church has always recognized,

* From heaven descends the precept: Know thyself.

and the religious state has a'ways been held by her in high honor; for *she knows*, and it has long been held an axiom, that where religious vocations are plentiful, there the Church is flourishing in the fervor of the faithful.

But though the distinguishing mark of the age is hurry and superficiality and a craving for sensation, side by side, as a natural result, men are casting about for a remedy, recognizing that the pace is too fast for our nature to keep up with. They see in the alarming growth of the many forms of disease which are implicitly contained in the generic term "nerves," an evil to be energetically combated. The newspapers are full of advertisements of various systems of treatment, of potent and dangerous drugs to allay the passion for change. But there can never in the nature of things be a lasting remedy. The remedy must come from within; the will must be content to do with less change, to do fewer things in the day, to do them more slowly, to reflect quietly, and to learn that, after all, the extra things they have refrained from doing did not matter much.

And with the increased pace of life, it is a source of thankfulness to all Catholics to note a concurrent revival of the monastic spirit. Not that the monastic spirit has ever been dead within the Church; but, from various causes, there have always been periods of action and reaction. Sometimes the need has been less and vocations were fewer; sometimes, as during the past fifty years, the need has been greater, in order to stem the tide of materialism which is bidding fair to blot out the old landmarks of right order, and vocations have been multiplied. There are still—thank God!—many quiet backwaters where the turmoil of the noisy waves outside is not heard; and their number is increasing. There those privileged to make their profession of renunciation lead quiet and peaceful lives; not idle by any means, but actively

employed in a warfare as old as man himself, and in pursuing by patient research the profound studies which rightly lead to science or certitude.

To them is intrusted the privilege of daily singing the stately liturgy of the Church, a most ennobling and exalted duty, bringing down the blessing of God on the world as a whole, though the world does not know it. They are set apart, in a special manner, to offer up the praise due from man to God; and who that has ever been privileged to listen to the solemn singing or recitation of the night Offices of the Church by a choir of monks or nuns, while the world outside is sleeping and all nature is still, has not felt a thrill of exaltation at the grandeur of the holy Offices of the Church and of the magnificent duty of rendering them? Though the signs of the times are disquieting in many ways, so long as these homes of prayer and praise and labor for others are filled, and increase in number with increasing population, the balance of progress will be maintained; but it will be an ill day when the spirit of the world shall so prevail that no room be found for these peaceful and laborious workers in the planes of spirituality and disciplined intellect.

ARGO.

It is the unsurpassed glory and strength of religion that, giving the solution of all social problems and the understanding of historic changes, it also holds in all places and for all time the key of our hearts. It has a balm for our sorrows and presents objects for our tenderness. It knows how to curb our passions without crushing them; it does better than dry tears that are dear to us: it makes them flow from an ever-purified spring for an eternal object. It replaces the dim twilight of our dreams by the beaming and charming stillness of a never-extinguished light. It kindles in our hearts a flame that radiates on the infinite.—*Montalembert.*

Exiled from Erin.

XXI.—HOME AGAIN.

PACKING up his effects a few days later, Willie McMahon, with a joyful heart, sailed for Ireland. He had many messages to take to his dear ones.

"You'll give this box of clothes to my mother," said Ellie the day before he started. "Tell her I've made these for her with my own fingers."

"And you'll give her my love, and this cheque to buy herself a comfortable trap. She is not to walk to Mass or to town or anywhere else," said her son-in-law.

"Give Joe this keyless watch from me, also this steel chain," continued Ellie. "I promised it to him when I was leaving."

"I think you told me that you promised him a carriage of some sort," remarked her husband. "Here's a cheque for a good, strong Irish-made bicycle."

"Hurrah!" cried Willie, clapping his hands together. "Joe won't call the Queen his aunt when he has it. He will scorch twenty miles an hour."

"Poor Joe!" said Ellie. "Now, Willie," she went on, "this Rosary is for mother. It was blessed by the Pope himself; and ask her to say the Rosary for us occasionally, that everything may turn out well, and that we may be spared to see one another again."

"And take her this picture of the Sacred Heart from me," said the husband. "And show her what is at the back of the Sacred Heart."

The picture stood in a horseshoe oval. He revolved it, and behind it was a photo of Mrs. McMahon herself, which, after their marriage, Ellie and her husband had got enlarged.

"And look behind that again!" He gave the photo another turn; and behind it, as on the day of their marriage, in bridal array, stood the wedded pair.

Willie held up his hands, as if to say: "I'll take no more!"

"You are not finished with us yet!"

cried Ellie. "It would be heartless if we were to forget dear Father Kearney. He used to attend the sick, and attend them well. Take him this little casket, Willie. Look,—it is made to be carried just as handy as a bag. It opens like a bag; one side lies flat on the table; the other stands up, and has little compartments in it for everything that is wanting. He can put it beside him on the car."

There was great commotion in the little house that morning. Between regret at parting with her brother, the joy of knowing he would soon see the loved ones at home again, and the anticipation of meeting them herself at as early a day as possible, Ellie went from room to room of the cottage, folding and selecting, mending and packing, with flushed cheek and sparkling eye. To add to the confusion and unrest, a man came in a trap to look at the place, which he pronounced just what he wanted, and seemed quite satisfied with the price.

"Urge him to take it at once, Terence," Ellie said to her husband, having drawn him aside. "Then Willie might wait a few days, and we could all be off together. And yet, when it comes to leave it, my heart is a little low."

"Maybe you'd rather stay, then?" asked Terence, playfully.

"Stay! Indeed I would not! But you know how it is,—our first home together, and everyone so good, and the place so pretty!"

"Yes, I feel that way myself, Ellie dear," answered her husband. "But we're going, aren't we?"

"Yes, we're going, Terence. And what do you think about urging the man?"

"There's no necessity. He'll take it, Ellie. We're letting him have it very cheap. But you and I can not go yet, in any case. I have other affairs to settle, and I want to straighten up everything; and there are people to write to and see,—people who may follow us later. Do you understand?"

"Yes, you are right, Terence."

"As it is, I shall not let this man have the place unless he gives us leave to stay three months in it."

"Very well," said Ellie; and the bargain was satisfactorily concluded that day.

Early next morning, after taking leave of his sister, Willie drove with his brother-in-law to the train. As they went the latter remarked:

"I am anxious to do what one man can do for Ireland. I do not say that the way I propose is the best, but it is surely better than no attempt at all. Even if I had the wealth of Cræsus, and were to undertake it on a more extensive plan, but without sobriety and thrift, I should be sure to fail. The Irish, of all the nations I know, are the largest-hearted; but it is that very large-heartedness that makes them forget the good saying: 'Take care of the pennies, and the dollars will take care of themselves.' I have always found that they can not be brought to take care of the small things. Pshaw! A penny! Beggarly!—mean!—miserly! Every one of them, you'd think, was born with a silver spoon in his mouth. Now, I can understand that feeling of theirs. But that very feeling, which is good in itself, is at the root of all their failings. They'll detest a fellow that will indulge in a solitary bottle; but they will equally detest the person that will not step into the dramshop and have a treat, 'because we have met,' as a certain friend of mine used to say. The same way with their funerals. I'm told the expenses of a simple Irish funeral may sometimes tot up to one hundred and fifty or two hundred dollars, and most of the expense goes in drink."

"That is the case," said Willie. "Across the bounds-ditch an old woman died. The family were what you'd call barely comfortable; and her son, who was married in the place, told me it stood him one hundred and fifty dollars, though the remains were taken to the chapel the evening before, and there was no wake, and everything was done as tidy as possible."

"Well, Willie, we have made a sermon long enough of that. 'This kind of devil can be driven out but by prayer and fasting.' It is only by example, and by the progress of the world, and by seeing that such evils are the worst kind of folly, that they can be eradicated. But those customs are as sure to die out as the ghosts and the fairies, and the plough-irons in the fire, and the carrying the butter, and the overlooking, and the bewitched, and all the other superstitions that Ellie has been telling me of.

"Here we are at the station! Put these few greenbacks in your pocket; if there is anything you'd like to carry home, get it and take it with you. And mind, as soon as ever the bargain is closed, send us a cable; three or four words will do: 'O'Brien, A —, California. Purchased.' Set at once to put our four rooms in order; do up the walks a little; put in an Alderney cow; find me a collie dog,—I love that breed; call her 'Merry-lass'; and I know that Ellie would like to see hens and poultry about the place. *Bannacht lath!* * You see I have been learning from my little Irish wife. Give Ellie's love and mine to our mother. Tell her and Joe and dear Father Kearney that I'm longing to see them. Truth is," and he wrung Willie's hand hard, as the latter stepped on board the cars,— "God's truth is, Willie," and a tear came into his eye, "I'm dying to see the Old Land; and with the help of God we'll have joy and happiness in it yet."

Before he had finished, the train had gone on its way, and he stood alone on the platform watching it.

"I'd rather be in that train," he said, stepping into his trap, "than driving in this, only that she is waiting for me, good as gold, my Irish girl!"

Not a word was to be breathed of the purchase of Grady's place till the thing was done and complete. No one was to know the real purchaser except Father Kearney and Joe and his mother.

* "Blessings be with you!"

Joe met Willie at the country station, where the train stopped for a second or two on its run from Queenstown. Willie was a different boy returning to that station from what he was when he left it. His suit of clothes was different, his smile was different, but his heart and courage were the most different of all. Say what they will, America (God bless her!) has done Ireland good. Neither again is it financially or politically that she has done most good. Ireland was prostrate, without a soul, without heart or courage; America came by, and, were it not irreverent to use the Bible words, it might almost be said: 'She breathed on its face, and it lived.' That young boy stepping on the Irish platform was a type of his country. America in the last half century has done more for Ireland, for her rank and file, for the helot race that was there, than the Netherlands and France and Spain and Austria had done in the three previous centuries.

The two brothers sat on the jennet's cart. The luggage was before and behind them. The day was beautiful. Away at some distance stood a hill, crowned with white houses and the rural chapel; and toward that hill the jennet's head was faced. They were in no hurry. For a wonder, Joe did not crack his whip and wake the sleeping echoes. They looked into each other's face and asked and answered questions. It was the June time of the year,—the pleasant, bonnie June.

"How is mother? Did the red heifer make a good milker? What is the milk a gallon this year? Did any of the calves die? You had no funerals, I hope? How is poor 'Tippler?'" (the donkey.)

Such were some of the questions that Willie put to Joe. And Joe, in turn, asked: "Did you feel afraid in the water? I think it must be awful when the ship heaves over and hither, and you see nothing but sky and water."

"The sea is nothing to the railroads," said Willie. "They are so criss-crossed with one another, so intermingled, that

you can hardly tell what they are. They run alongside you, they cross you, they run under you, they run over you. As many as a hundred sets of rails come running into the station. A hundred tracks! Listen now. I came to one important junction, and how many passenger trains do you think pass through it in the twenty-four hours, not to speak of goods trains?"

Joe looked but did not venture to reply.

"Just two wanting of two hundred,—one hundred and ninety-eight passenger trains in one day! What wonder there would be accidents? Don't you think the fellows in the signal boxes there would have something more to do than Jim Bolan in his box beyond? Cool head, eh? They require a cool head, I tell you! But there have been so many accidents, and so many of them traceable to drink, that some of the railways have forbidden their employees not only to drink but to go into a public house while on duty; the forfeit is immediate dismissal. You see, Joe, if you think of all that travel in America—they are eternally travelling,—and think how valuable to parents or family or children all these lives are, it really is not a hard or a harsh but an exceedingly just and humane thing to require engine-drivers, brakemen, signalmen, and all officials, to abstain from liquor—whilst on duty, at any rate."

"But what kind are the people themselves now?" said Joe,—“I mean, when you meet them and speak to them.”

"Business! business! business! You'd think the word was printed on the forehead of everyone of them. Go through a city for a whole day, and you would not hear a laugh or see a smile. You've seen leaves blown against you by the wind in November,—all going the same way; not one casting a thought on the other, each thinking only of itself. Yes, it's business! business! business!"

"It must be a wonderful country."

"But you can stop the most busy of all these, and make any inquiries you want.

He will listen, and give you all the information he can. And if he does not know, he will tell you where you can get it; or will find you a policeman; and five to one the policeman will be an Irishman."

"You liked them a little, then, Willie?"

"Liked them? Of course I liked them,—that is, the most of them. Thanks be to God, I had very little to do with any but the decent ones! And when they are decent, where will you find better or more kind-hearted people? Nowhere. And so neighborly they are, especially in California, where we have been living. And, O Joe, the lovely scenery that is all around, and the flowers ever blooming. But still there's no place like home,—no place at all."

"You may well say it, Willie," replied his brother. "Yet I've always had the greatest longing to go to America and see it for myself. And I'll go some day."

"I believe you, Joe. You are the boy for it. Yet I doubt if you wouldn't come back in the end, if things were good in Ireland, as they will be, please God,—at least, in this part of it."

"Maybe so. Yet I'm sure I'd like America, in spite of all."

"You would,—you would!" said Willie. "You are the boy for it. But thank God I'm in Ireland again!"

They were now very near home; and from the door of a cottage a boy stepped out, and, heartily shaking Willie by the hand, gave him a warm welcome. A woman with a child in her arms glanced down the road when she heard the rock of the jennet's cart; then she came out, offered her hand, after which she held out the baby's hand and bade him say: "Welcome, Willie!" An old man, bent almost in two with "the rheumatics," was endeavoring with infinite toil to raise himself up from the wayside, where he was striving to earn the poor pittance of a quarter a day by breaking stones on "the direct labor" system for the County Council. Seeing his trouble, Willie jumped off the cart.

"Don't now, Patsy!" he said. "As yet I'm younger than you."

Before Willie could reach him, Patsy spat on his hands twice, to express his joy; he stuttered, and what with the gladness and the surprise, he could only manage to say: "Th-i-s t-to America—as-s hay,"—which meant he would willingly go to America to shake hands with him; for Willie would not grudge a poor man's ass "a sop of hay."

To avoid anything in the shape of an ovation, even though it should be very small at its best, Willie took a short-cut through the fields to his mother's little home, while Joe drove round the road.

It is a sweet joy, on the return after our first absence from home, to renew acquaintance with the old familiar places. The stones, and the form of the fields, and the lay of the land, and the very color of the grass, are all different from anything we have seen abroad; and in no place were they so dear. At any rate, in no other place had each individual thing its own particular history for us as these have. The rocks elsewhere were not of the same shape; they were more numerous or they were fewer; they were larger or smaller. The very ground understood our tread, and seemed to answer with a sympathetic throb. And so it was that day with Willie McMahon, from the first an unwilling exile, and now an exile no longer.

(To be continued.)

Thanksgiving.

BY CAHAL O'BYRNE.

THANK God for the trees and the flowers and the blue, blue sky!

Thank God for some happy hours and a hope that can never die!

Thank God though the way be long, for joy when the journey ends!

Thank God for the gift of song! And, oh, thank God for my friends!

The "Gloria Patri."

BY THE VERY REV. R. O'KENNEDY.

II.—"ET NUNC" (AS IT IS NOW).

GOD is infinite, creation is finite; between these no relation could have existed, were it not that God is the Creator, and creation the thing created. There could have existed no relation, for the simple reason that if God had not created, creation had been non-existent—had never been. God alone could have created, for the simple reason that no material existed out of which to fashion creation; and in such a juncture it required an omnipotent power to bring creation into being and give it substance.

Now, what was the motive on the part of God in causing creation? First of all, it could not be any need on His part. He is infinite; if infinite, He must be infinite in every attribute. Any need or want on the part of an existent being proves that being to be finite and not infinite. When we shall enter eternity, if God gives us the happiness of entering the eternity of the blessed, then we shall become (in a qualified sense) infinite, and for all eternity thereafter shall stand in need of nothing. God, then, did not stand in need of anything. He did not stand in need of happiness, blessedness, enjoyment; it was not from any need or want that "the sea is His, and He made it"; and that "His hands founded the dry land."*

"The divine goodness," observe the Schoolmen, "is a reason to God for willing anything outside of Himself." The divine goodness was, then, the impelling but not the final motive on the part of God in creating the universe. That we are here to-day is all owing to the infinite *bonitas*, or goodness, of God, which willed the creation of us among the possible things of creation. If God had not so willed, then our immortal soul, our body, our senses, dispositions, desires, had never come into

being. It would be with us even less than the *quasi non essem* ("as if I had not been") of the inspired writer;* it would be, "most certainly I had never been." Even in the natural life, oh, how much better is it to be than not to be! But in the supernatural life, with God's heavenly grace on the soul, the spiritual sonship of the Infinite Being who omnipotently created us out of nothing, the coheirs of His infinite and eternal Son, the possession of the beatific vision in our hope,—oh, how blessed to have come into being! How hapless never to have been!

The divine goodness, therefore, it was that brought this world into being, that brought us into being; and has meant us for the most blessed life imaginable, not second to God's own infinitely happy life, but bound up with, intermixed, and immersed in it. As the Father is, so shall the children be. God Himself has made us His children, and has condescended to be our Father; and His home shall be our home and His happiness our happiness for the unending years of eternity.

We, as part of creation, exist with those possessions appertaining to our earthly life here, and with those other vast and unimaginable possessions to be ours for the everlasting years. We come, then, to make a calculation; and, for the moment, we will eliminate sin and its consequences in order not to complicate our calculation.

The generations of men, we will suppose, have been sinless. There is no doubt that the generations of men have in all ages been multitudinous. It might be hazarded that, though in one country or another the population may be less at one time and greater at another, on the whole the number of men on the earth's surface at any two epochs is in or about equal. But that is not necessary for the point, except in so far as it allows us to see that the number at any time must have been very great. All these, we suppose, were sinless. Original sin, with its darkening and weakening processes, had never

* Ps. xciv, 5.

* Job, x, 19.

rested on their souls. They were bright and clear as the stars of heaven. They recognized to the full their indebtedness to God. They had been taken out of absolute nothing, and had been made like the great God Himself; had life like Him, had knowledge like Him, had free will like Him; were very gods upon the earth, with His image and likeness upon them.

The teeming populations of the antediluvian world, we suppose, recognized their indebtedness; and if the generations of that Eastern world were not as multitudinous, they were, without exaggeration, ten times as long-lived as ours. After them, Babylon and Nineveh, Assyria and Egypt, the Ethiopians, the Indians, the Barbarians of the North and the Gentiles of the Islands of the Sea,—all, we will suppose, recognized their indebtedness to God. They received from Him life, intellect, liberty, nobility, dominion. Every hour of the day, every moment of the night, because sin had not wrought its baneful effects on body or soul, they recognized it. Go through those lands, go through those cities, those islands, those forests; count up the sum of the individual souls that inhabited the earth since "God breathed into Adam the breath of life"; make a total of the acts of gratitude of all these (as we suppose them) sinless souls.

Take a survey of our own generation and our own time. Note down the different nations, those that we know well, those that we know indifferently, and those that we hardly know at all. All these nations, sinless to-day, with primeval intelligence on their souls as well as primeval innocence, none ignorant, none debased, none enslaved; all, as the old Greeks named man,* with their faces raised to heaven,—bright, intelligent, clear, calm, more than superhuman (as we now know the human), and less only than the angels of heaven. Oh, what a world of blessedness, happiness, order, nobility, and gratitude!

* *Anthropos* (Looking up).

Add to these the generations that will succeed us, as we have succeeded our forefathers; multitudinous generations in the Eastern Hemisphere and in the West, in cities brooding dovelike by the shores of the great oceans, in inland plains and barren highlands, in torrid zones and frozen wastes. How many centuries yet this earth may last is known only to God. To us men, thousands of years seem natural. But, be it long or short, let us add the gratitude of all the multitudes of the individual souls to the sum we have already gathered,—all bowing down and blessing their Creator for bringing them into existence, and dowering them with such a dowery, even that "man is in the image and likeness of God."

Then, as part of the gift urging them to be grateful, consider in the most cursory manner the world in which they have been placed; or regard even for a moment any one thing in it. "Numerous are the things," says Father Tongiorgi, "which in this delightful world pursue their course, each one to its proper end. The ancients, from the bare consideration of the vegetable and animal world, were loud in asserting the existence of a Creator. And now that we understand the laws of the mineral world also, we proclaim, that it, too, speaks of a divine Creator,—everything, plainly, *in weight, number, and measure.*

"One and the same end is obtained by the most opposite contrivances and means, and under forms infinitely various, from diverse things. Behold the harmony and subservience of each of their parts, one to another and then to the whole. Consider the organs of plants and animals. One and the same thing is found adapted to compass several ends in an extraordinary way. Take the air, for instance. It is necessary for the respiration of animals, for the conveyance and reception of sounds, for the flight of birds, for the nourishment of plants, for evaporation, for fire and light, for winds and gales, for dews and rains. And, on the other

hand, how peculiarly adapted to make use of this same air are the organs of respiration, hearing, speaking!

"Nor is it alone in the thing themselves that this most perfect order is to be found. Look at their movements; look at the strength on which their motion has to depend; and the laws by which it is controlled. Ask mechanics and astronomers. In all these things so apparent are the evidences, not alone of intelligence but of the highest wisdom, that any one who but considers would be more easily led to believe that the things he feels and sees have no existence than that such order and so much beauty could have been the outcome of blind chance or the clashing of brute forces."

Tongiorgi instances three things: a house, a watch, and a book; and if these can not come into existence without a designer, "then how can the beautiful world? If we see a flower, a tree, a house or a man, painted in a picture, or wrought in marble or wax, immediately we think of the painter or the sculptor, and praise his art; and shall we not acknowledge that these flowers, trees or animals themselves, which we see flourishing and constantly renewed before our eyes, are the work of a most skilled Artist?"

Finally, these are the corollaries he deduces: "(1) The Being who brought this world into existence must be not only intelligent but exceedingly wise also. (2) He must be powerful in the highest degree. (3) He must have an exceedingly orderly mind. (4) He must be good beyond measure. (5) He must be single and sole master. (6) He must be separate from the whole world. (7) He must be independent of all created things. (8) He must have command over matter and spirit. (9) And life and death must depend upon His will. This Being, therefore, is to be revered by man, for He is supremely excellent; He is to be worshipped, for He is most powerful; He is to be feared, because He can punish; but He is above all to be loved, because He is good, and

has bestowed upon us boundless gifts of the greatest price and worth."

This, then, is the abode of man. All these luxuries, all these delights, are undoubtedly for man's enjoyment, "for man's use and benefit." That is the secondary end with God; it is not, and it could not be, His primary end. God could not work for a purpose or end so infinitely beneath Him, as our own reason will show us. "We were born for higher things," said one of the old classic poets. Even with man himself, there must be an adequately worthy end to satisfy the nobler aspirations of his nature. We eat because we are hungry; but to satisfy our appetite is only the secondary end: to support life is the primary one.

Now, the universe itself unites with our own reason in telling us that man's satisfaction is not the primary end of this beautiful world. For if that were so, where was the use of the numberless things of which man knows nothing at all?

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

So far as man is concerned, they were useless, because he had no knowledge of their existence. But they are not useless. To create a useless thing would argue a lack of wisdom on the part of the Creator. Those hidden works of nature are not without their use, as we shall see.

This world in which we live accomplishes, by the end of the year, a journey that we can make up in figures, but that no traveller, even if he had outlived the age of Methusalem, could ever have performed. In one year it travels 576,000,000 of miles. There are 365 days in the year, so it must travel over 1,500,000 miles every day. Put beside it the figures of a railway train travelling without stop for a whole twenty-four hours at the uniform rate of sixty miles an hour. Just contrast them. The earth would travel 1,500,000 miles; the railway train, 1440 miles.

Like a child whirling round and round

in play, the earth is revolving continually on its axis. It never pauses; no one puts oil on the wheels or in the complex machinery; no one heaves in coal; there is no need to stop and take in water; it never wants repairs. In its annual journey of 576,000,000 miles it does not get a single jolt from side to side; even in the 6000 years that man's history tells us it has been speeding along—that is in the inconceivable distance of 3,452,000,000,000 miles,—it has not been known to get one such jolt. Why all this tremendous rate of motion, and this extraordinary grace and uniformity? For man's use and benefit solely?

And during all this vast progress and this dazzling velocity, the earth has to tread its way through an area of space more occupied, and therefore more intricate, than if all the mortals of the world were crowded into one ballroom. And each of the sister-worlds is moving at the same breakneck speed, as we would say, and as it would really be to us. When thoroughfares in large cities are crowded with traffic, special constables are told off to direct the progress of vehicles; one is kept back, one is allowed to push on, and so a way is found for all. Bring all the trains of a country verging toward the same point, send them all at express speed through the same depot or railway terminus, and who would not shudder at the thought? But here are bodies, compared to which it would be a compliment to call a railway train a grain of sand, having no iron or steel rails to rest upon or be guided by,—no, not even so much as a silken thread to control them; and even as you might fling directly into space a train of an overhead line of railway, and all the trains running on raised railways, and bid them follow their free course forever; so is it with this vast throng of circling worlds. The primary end of all this can not be man's sole use and benefit.

(To be continued.)

Blessed Grignon de Montfort on Devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

IN the years preceding the terrible upheaval of the French Revolution, a holy priest, the founder of two religious Congregations—the Fathers of Mary, and the Daughters of Wisdom,—preached through the whole of Brittany and La Vendée. And the motive power of that apostolate, which is said to have had a large share in making the faith of the Bretons proverbial, was love for the Mother of God. That preacher of the eloquent and burning words, afterward beatified and known to the world as Blessed Grignon de Montfort, was calumniated, ridiculed, and persecuted to the death, by the Jansenists and other secret or avowed enemies of religion.

In addition to his preaching, he found time, in the scant leisure between his missions, to compose a remarkable work, entitled "Treatise on the True Devotion to the Mother of God." Possessing, like many of the saints, the gift of prophecy, he predicted that the manuscript of this composition should be lost for many years in the "silence of a coffer." And so it happened. When the religious of his Order were menaced by the fierce storms of the Terror, in the memorable year 1793, they hid their papers and other valuables, and amongst them this "Treatise," of which even his disciples did not appear to have understood the importance. It remained in that obscurity till the year 1842, when it was accidentally brought to light. In our own day it has been widely circulated and extensively quoted, and has become familiar to English readers through the admirable translation of Father Faber. It is a volume that contains in small compass many remarkable utterances, and breathes from every line the unction of the saints. A few thoughts, extracted thence almost at random, may be of interest to those who are not yet acquainted with the

work of this true apostle of Mary. The leading idea and chief purpose of the work is to inculcate the practice of the entire consecration of self to Christ's Mother.

Blessed Grignon de Montfort declares that "through Mary Jesus came into the world, through her He shall come again, and through her His reign over the world shall be established." He dwells particularly upon her humility, which caused her to be known to God alone, and to shun notice even during the time of Our Lord's Incarnation and life upon earth. She performed no miracles, and but few spoken words of hers are recorded. And yet her graces and her virtues constitute an unfathomable abyss; and though in the course of centuries she has become the patroness and protectress of so many countries, religious institutes, and confraternities, her image in every house, her name on every tongue, still her exterior glory is as nothing compared with her interior glory.

"God, having begun the work of Redemption through Mary, shall continue that course of action to the end. God the Father gave His Son through Mary; the Son became Man through Mary; the Holy Ghost deigned to ask her consent. Christ performed His first miracle at her request. By His submission to Mary He gave more glory to His Father than by all the prodigies He wrought.

"Jesus in heaven is still the obedient Son of Mary; though this, of course, lessens nothing of the distance by which Mary as a creature is separated from Him. Jesus, having communicated all His merits to Mary, made her the treasuress and the channel of all His graces. The Holy Ghost gave to her the free disposal of all His gifts. What Mary was by grace is now perfected by glory. Moses arresting the anger of God against the Israelites is a feeble figure of Mary with relation to mankind.

"Mary commands the angels and the saints in heaven. God has made her the

sovereign of heaven and earth, the general of His armies, the dispenser of His graces, the reparatrix of mankind, the mediatrix for man, the destroyer of the enemies of God. Those who have not Mary for their Mother shall not have God for their Father; for the elect prefigured by Jacob are the children of God and Mary. An almost infallible sign of a heretic or a propagator of evil doctrine is his contempt and indifference for the Blessed Virgin, seeking by word or example to diminish love and devotion to her.

"God wills that He should be brought to life, and made to grow in the hearts of the faithful, by His Mother. The universal power of Mary is the consequence of her mission to bring forth the souls of the elect to glory. Now, as the kingdom of Christ consists principally of the heart and interior spirit of man, the kingdom of the Blessed Virgin is chiefly over the souls of men, where, like her Son, she is more glorified than in all visible creatures; and, with the saints, we may call her Queen of Hearts."

Blessed de Montfort quotes the most holy, the most learned of the doctors, including those of the earliest ages, to prove that devotion to the Blessed Virgin is an infallible sign of predestination; and he proves the same by texts and figures from the Old and the New Testament, as well as by the united testimonies of the saints. "This devotion is indispensable to those who are called to a perfect life. Jesus is the Fruit; Mary, the tree by which that Fruit is borne. The time is come when Mary should be still more known and honored. Her true servants shall experience her greatness, her mercy, and her power."

The saint censures those who have an exaggerated fear of honoring Mary overmuch, or proclaiming her praises. He prays God to save him from such sentiments, and to give him a part in the feelings of gratitude, esteem, respect and love which Christ Himself has for His Mother. "There is no fear," he says, "of displeasing Our

Lord by devotion to Mary; and, in fact, the adversaries of that devotion have neither piety nor tender devotion to Jesus."

He prophesies that in the latter days God shall raise up great saints who shall be specially devout to Mary, "and who shall surpass most other saints as the cedars of Libanus surpass the smallest shrubs. Specially devout to Mary, and guided by her light, led by her spirit, sustained by her arm, and guarded by her protection, they shall destroy the city of Satan, — heretics with their heresies, schismatics with their schisms, idolaters with their idolatries, and sinners with their impieties. On the other hand, they shall build up the true Temple of Solomon and the mystical city of God,—namely, the Blessed Virgin. Within that city men shall take refuge from the terrors of those times. In that last terrible struggle Mary shall appear as an army ranged in battle. For then Satan, knowing that he has but little time, shall redouble his efforts and his combats. He shall excite new persecutions, and spread fearful snares for the faithful servants and true children of Mary. It is principally of those last cruel persecutions of the devil that must be understood that first celebrated prediction and malediction of God against the devil, uttered in the terrestrial Paradise. An enmity willed of God was placed between them. The humility of Mary gave her great power against the demon. What Lucifer lost, Mary gained."

Blessed Grignon describes the saints of those latter times as burning fire; as Levites fully purified by many tribulations; as thunder and lightning in the hands of God; the incense of prayer in their spirit, the myrrh of mortification in their bodies; powerful in word, detached from everything. They shall have in their mouth the double-bladed sword of the Word of God; they shall bear upon their shoulders the blood-stained standard of the Cross; in their right hand the crucifix, in their left the Beads; the sacred Names

of Jesus and Mary in their hearts, and the modesty and mortification of Christ in their whole conduct. In such terms does he bring before his readers "the great men to come"; but, as he declares, "God alone knows the time of their coming."

De Montfort exhorts all to practise true devotion to Mary, which has the following characteristics: "It seeks God alone in Mary. It is holy, striving to imitate the virtues of Mary. It is tender, having recourse to Mary in all needs. It is interior, appertaining to the heart and the spirit, and proceeds from the esteem wherein Mary is held, with the sincere resolution to avoid sin. It differs from false devotion to Mary, which is inconstant, alternating between fervor and negligence; hypocritical, concealing its vices under apparent devotion; and interested, seeking Mary only in temporal wants."

He recommends exterior practices, too numerous to mention here, such as entering Orders in honor of that Heavenly Queen, becoming enrolled in her confraternities, publishing her praises, giving alms in her honor; fasting or other bodily or mental mortifications; wearing the Scapular and her medal; bearing about one the Rosary, as well as reciting that form of prayer; singing or causing to be sung canticles in her praise; crowning her statue or decorating her altar; joining in processions; reciting such prayers as the "Hail, Holy Queen"; having a special devotion to the "Hail Mary," for which heretics show an aversion; and finally practising that supreme act of fealty in the perfect consecration to the Blessed Virgin, or what he styles "the slavery of Mary."

He explains this upon the most solid theological grounds. It must rest, like all true devotion to the Queen of Heaven, upon such fundamental truths as that Christ is our last end, and the beginning and end of all things, without whom nothing can be done, and with whom all things are possible. Dwelling upon the

creaturehood of Mary, he declares that "true devotion to Mary is only a means to unite us to Jesus, since Mary is so closely united to Jesus that they can not be separated. . . . We have passed from the slavery of Christ to that of the devil. We must be slaves of Christ or slaves of Satan. To be the slave of Jesus is to be the slave of Mary. To be the slave of Mary is to become most perfectly the slave of Jesus. Our corruption is so great, through original and actual sin, that we must die to ourselves if we would bring forth fruits for Jesus. To renounce ourselves is the first step in the following of Christ, and the devotion to Mary will produce this result. We have need of a mediator. Jesus is the sole Mediator of Redemption, but Mary is the mediatrix of intercession. We can not preserve our spiritual treasures without danger because of our frailty, of the malice of the devil, and our own want of humility. When we confide our merits to Mary, she keeps them for us, and increases them."

And the saint proceeds to explain how this may be accomplished. The slavery of Mary which he advocates consists in a perfect renewal of the baptismal vows, and a total and disinterested donation to her of our soul and body, and all our spiritual and temporal goods, that through her we may belong entirely to Jesus. We give our body with all its senses and members, our soul with all its powers; our exterior goods of fortune, present or to come; our interior and spiritual goods, which are our merits, our virtues, and our good works, past, present, and future; in a word, all that we have in the order of grace or nature, all that we shall have in the order of nature, of grace or of glory, without reserving even a farthing's worth; and that for all eternity, and without hoping for any other reward for our offering or our services than the honor of belonging to Jesus Christ through her and in her.

As is apparent, "no other devotion, not even the vows of religion, give so much to

Jesus as this." Nor does this complete dependence in any way conflict with the duties of our state. An objection is made to this consecration, that it renders one powerless to help by prayers or good works the souls of parents, friends, benefactors. To this the saint makes answer that it is an insult to Jesus and Mary to suppose that the friends of those devoted entirely to them should suffer loss. We should, on the contrary, pray with more confidence of being heard, since the application of our prayers and good works depends upon Mary.

A second objection is made that we might thus run the risk of suffering longer in purgatory. Such a supposition, Blessed de Montfort assures us, is injurious to the boundless liberality of God and His Mother. "Shall this soul," he asks, "be punished in the other world for having been more generous, more disinterested than others?" He then enlarges, in several forcible chapters, upon this consecration, of which Mary is the means, Jesus the end,—Jesus, who shall reign, despite the fury of the demons. The Act of Consecration, which, he counsels, should be made with full deliberation and after Holy Communion, is given in full, containing the renewal of the baptismal vows, and the entire offering of self to Jesus through Mary, who is petitioned to present the suppliant to "her dear Son, in the quality of a perpetual slave; that, being redeemed through her, he may be received through her."

THE reason why so few people are agreeable in conversation is that each is thinking more on what he is intending to say than on what others are saying, and that we never listen when we are very desirous to speak.—*La Rochefoucauld*.

If you would lift me, you must be on higher ground. If you would liberate me, you must be free. If you would correct my false view of facts, hold up to me the same facts in the true order of thought.

—*R. W. Emerson*.

The Composition of the "Hail Mary."

Notes and Remarks.

IT is well known that the Hebrew poets composed their songs in parallel sentences or phrases, such as the following from Psalm xxvi, 1-3:

The Lord is my light and my salvation;
whom shall I fear?

The Lord is the protector of my life;
of whom shall I be afraid?

If armies . . . should stand together against me,
my heart shall not fear;

If a battle should rise up against me,
in this will I be confident.

It is, therefore, of interest to point out that the "Hail Mary" is of somewhat similar structure:

Hail, Mary!

full of grace;

the Lord is with thee;

Blessed art thou among women,
and blessed is the Fruit of thy
womb, Jesus.

Holy Mary,

Mother of God,

pray for us, sinners, now and . . .

The sanctity of Our Lady and her maternity are thus emphasized by a triple reflection. It is the more remarkable as being of threefold origin—the Angel Gabriel, St. Elizabeth, and the Church. Two illustrative passages may be added.

After the fall "the Lord God said to the serpent:

I will put enmities between thee and
the Woman,

And (between) thy seed and her
Seed."

When Our Lord was teaching, "a certain woman from the crowd, lifting up her voice, said to Him:

Blessed is the womb that bore Thee
and the paps that gave Thee suck!

But He said:

Yea, rather, blessed are they who hear
the word of God and keep it."

Thus Our Lady was "blessed" in the first place by her sanctity, and in the second by her maternity; and the latter glory thus increased the former.

Dr. Bertram C. A. Windle, F. R. S., President of Queen's College, Cork, is a scientist of note. An unrivalled authority on comparative anatomy, he is also distinguished as an archæologist, among his published works being one on "The Prehistoric Age." Dr. Windle has a paper in the current *Month*, dealing with some debts which Science owes to Catholics. What those debts are is an old story to most of our readers; but the introduction to the paper in question is worth while reproducing for its refreshing candor and straightforwardness:

That there have been great discoverers in the realm of science who have professed no religious faith, who have, on the contrary, been inimical to all forms of religious belief, is a fact that can hardly have failed to come under the notice of any person who reads the magazines or even the daily papers. That there have also been great luminaries of science, like the late Sir George Stokes, or like that most distinguished man [Lord Kelvin] whose body was laid to rest in Westminster Abbey but a short time ago, who, though not members of the Catholic Church, were yet professed believers in Christianity, is also a matter of common knowledge.

That at least as great a number as both of these classes put together have been, or are, faithful adherents of the great Mother Church, it is the object of this paper to show. It ought not to be necessary to have to show anything of the kind, nor would it be if the reading world was better educated and at least reasonably informed. But this is the day of the imperfectly educated, and the half-informed writers are never tired of telling their quarter-informed readers that between the Church and Science there exists so deadly an enmity that the latter can not flourish where the former exercises her baneful influence.

The statement is of course nonsensical, as it has time and time again been shown to be; but the half-informed writers and quarter-informed readers will doubtless persist in repeating it.

Mr. W. T. Stead, writing in the *London Chronicle*, has this to communicate:

The present Bishop of London had hardly been twenty-four hours a bishop before I called

upon him and asked him whether or not I could count upon him to bishop me; for, as I explained to him, since Cardinal Manning died I had been an un-bishoped man. When Cardinal Manning lived, he did his bishoping gently but with great vigilance. He was a Roman Catholic, I was a Nonconformist, but he looked after me as if he had been my spiritual father. Never was he interested in any public movement or private person, in which he thought the *Pall Mall Gazette* could be of any service, that he failed to communicate with me; and if at any time—and there were a good many times—there was anything in my leaders which he did not like, he was prompt to censure, and to prevent, if he could, a repetition of the offence. "I thought you had more sense," he would write sometimes. "Come and be scolded,"—a summons which I always cheerfully obeyed.

The reminiscence is interesting for several reasons, and not least for the incidental light thrown upon the Cardinal's utilization of the press as a great power for good. Mr. Stead, by the way, has not outlived the need of being occasionally scolded, but he is apparently less deferential to present-day critics than he used to be to the venerated Cardinal.

One ought to be full of pity for Protestants, they have so much to learn and to unlearn, and so many prejudices to get rid of. How dull they are, most of them, about things which Catholic children understand perfectly!—for instance, the use of sacred images. Protestant churches in this enlightened country are barren and barn-like, for the most part; only in recent years have stained-glass windows found place in them; the pulpit is the most conspicuous object. And yet a Protestant mission-school teacher in heathen Japan, "the lady of the decoration," has this touchingly significant story to tell:

Last night I had another mother's meeting for the mothers of the Free Kindergarten. This time I gave a magic-lantern show, and I was the showman. The poor ignorant women sat there bewildered. They had never seen a piano, and many of them had never been close to a foreigner before. I showed them about a hundred slides, explained through an inter-

preter until I was hoarse, gesticulated and orated to no purpose. They remained silent and stolid. By and by there was a stir, heads were raised and necks craned. A sudden interest swept over the room. I followed their gaze, and saw on the sheet the picture of Christ toiling up the mountain under the burden of the cross. The story was new and strange to them, but the fact was as old as life itself. At last they had found something that touched their own lives and brought the quick tears of sympathy to their eyes.

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If we were making a collection of human documents, we should be sure to include "The Lady of the Decoration." (The Century Co.) Our forefathers would have classed it among "books of moral entertainment." Most readers, perhaps, get only diversion from this volume, yet there are passages of tenderest pathos all through it. It is a book for moods, and one must be in the right mood to appreciate the best pages. The horror of war, and the sadness of heathenism, and the power of sympathy, and the beauty of hope, and the sweetness of charity, are all illustrated in a letter written from Hiroshima during the war with Russia. Many of the warships were coaled by women, who, generally with a baby on their back, carried heavy baskets on each end of poles swung across the shoulder. They worked with terrible energy, straining every nerve, and often bearing loads that would have taxed the strength of an able-bodied man. "The lady of the decoration" relates that one day, as Miss Lessing and I were resting by the roadside, one of these women stopped for breath just in front of us. She was pushing a heavy cart, and her poor old body was trembling from the strain. Her legs were bare, and her feet were cut by the stones. There was absolute stolidity in her weather-beaten face, and the hands that lighted her pipe were gnarled and black. Miss Lessing has a perfect genius for getting at people; I think it is her good, kind face, through which her soul shines. She asked the old woman if she was very tired. The woman looked up, as if seeing us for the first time, and nodded her head. Then a queer look came into her face, and she asked Miss Lessing if we were the kind of people who had a new

God. Miss Lessing told her we were Christians. With a wistfulness that I have never seen except in the eyes of a dog, she said: "If I paid your God with offering and prayers, do you think He would make my work easier? I am so tired!" Miss Lessing made her sit down by her on the grass, and talked to her in Japanese about the new God, who did not take any pay for His help, and who could put something in her heart that would give her strength to bear any burden. I could not understand much of what they said, but I had a little prayer-meeting all by myself.

Narratives like this should multiply contributions to our foreign missions; and they *would* if we were not so selfish and worldly and cold and indifferent, so narrow-minded and small-hearted, so lacking in zeal for the propagation of the faith which we profess to love. In many parts of the world our missionaries are doing just what Miss Lessing is represented as doing, and longing to do more; but, alas! there are comparatively few to help them. Touching appeals in behalf of three needy missions (one in Japan, two in China) are before us as we write, and our Contribution Box hasn't a single cent in it.

Not the least interesting statements to be found in the "Report of the Director of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions" for 1907 are these:

It is a pleasure to be able to state that during the year 1907 there was in Congress no manifestation whatever of antagonism to Catholic Indian schools and missions. In fact, sympathy for the mission interests and a friendly disposition toward them were plainly shown on more than one occasion.

Most cordial relations exist between the Bureau and the Executive Department of the Government.

While the absence of the antagonism is creditable to the present Congress in contradistinction to some of its predecessors, we venture the assertion that the sympathy of the members, as well as the cordiality of the relations existing between the Bureau and the President, is primarily due to the fact that in the person of Father Ketchum the Bureau has

a notably efficient and tactful Director.

Apropos of the foregoing, Cardinal Gibbons has received from the Holy Father an autograph letter warmly recommending to the hierarchy, clergy, and faithful of this country the Society for the Preservation of the Catholic Faith among the Indians. In concluding his letter, the Sovereign Pontiff says:

"Of one thing we feel assured—namely, that the Indians will not be deprived of the blessings of salvation, nor yet of the advantages of Christian education, if the other faithful children of the Church in America, regarding them as their brethren (all Christians being members of the one family of Christ), and manifesting their devotion to them, make it a point, one and all, to enroll their names and contribute their fees as members of this Society."

A woman among women, to whom we doff our hat and bow low in token of highest respect, is Mrs. Dora Kennedy Mathews, of Detroit. She is a graduate of the University of Michigan, which ought to be very proud of her. At the rooms of the Alumni Association of that institution is a register for the "old grads" who go back there on visits. Space is indicated for the home address, the year of graduation, and the present occupation of the signer. We learn from the *Modern World* that Mrs. Mathews registered with an inscription which had never before been recorded on the books. It was:

Dora Kennedy Mathews.
Home address, Detroit, Mich.
Year of graduation, 1887.
Occupation, Mother.

Apropos of M. Clemenceau's presence in Westminster Abbey at the service for Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, the *London Catholic Times* comments:

We hope that in pondering on Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's life he has learned and taken back with him to France one important lesson—that of religious earnestness. What

the deceased statesman's religious sentiments were on his deathbed we are told by the Rev. Archibald Fleming, D. D. His trust in God was his "only refuge." He declared that 'he was perfectly resigned to whatever God willed for him, and had faith in His tender mercy.' Just before passing away he had this expression of hope committed to writing, saying that 'he was quite glad to leave everything in the merciful hands of God.' His deep and abiding sense of responsibility to God did not take away from Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's manliness. Rather did it lead him to aim at justice for all. No one could imagine him leading a Kulturkampf.

Judging from the ordinary practice of gentlemen of M. Clemenceau's race and religious defection, he, too, may turn to God—on his deathbed.

The following series of practical counsels to women of wealth and social eminence was delivered recently, to a large gathering of French ladies, by Mgr. Delamaire, Coadjutor-Bishop of Cambrai; but its appropriateness is not affected by geographical considerations. Like some of the Papal Bulls, it may well be addressed *urbi et orbe*:

"I have some important advice to give you. I want to tell you that, to realize the good objects you have in view, you must begin by changing radically your views and your conduct and your mode of life. Women of wealth must know that everything in their life should be capable of serving as a model; that their table, their toilets, their conversation, should be able to stand the light of day without giving offence to anybody. In the sight of God there are no classes, no ranks other than those that subordinate the child to his parents and the faithful to their priest. . . . But the differences established among men by fortune are accidental and fictitious,—and don't forget this. The humble servant who has in her heart more faith and more virtue of sacrifice is worth more than her mistress, the great matron, courted and flattered though she be.

"Your social action must be exercised

in a thousand ways. The charity which brings alms to the poor is a good thing, but it is not the one essential. I recommend you to support with your custom small dealers, the bulwark of society, the little shops of your own town, which have a claim on your preference. Lend your assistance to mutual aid societies, to working-women's banks, to schools of housewifery, to all those works of your own neighborhood which are in greater need of your personal co-operation than of your money. It is for you to pronounce the decisive word on questions of fashion. When the great tailors launch immoral and scandalously costly costumes, it is for you to let them know by your opposition: 'This kind of thing will not do.' You constitute a great power: it would be impossible for such fashions to succeed if you were really opposed to them. . . . Finally, you have a duty of every day and every hour: to contribute toward the education of the entire people; to teach your own daughters the price of life,—train them in energy and constancy, instead of initiating them into an existence which is called brilliant, but which is prodigal, useless, and vowed to corruption."

The Catholic activities of wealthy women constitute a branch of the lay apostolate that needs emphasizing and fostering in all lands, our own among the number.

Remembering the old and bitter anti-Catholic feeling, it marks a great transformation that to-day it would be safe to say that the Protestant churches would look upon the extinction or withdrawal of the Catholic churches as a great calamity. This does not imply that religious or even theological conviction has broken down, but that tolerance has broadened and that eyes have been open to see the facts. We are certain that Protestant denominations would be simply aghast and appalled if they were asked to take over the work of the Catholic Church in New York. They could not begin to do it.

It would not be easy to make the average Protestant person understand why Catholics are amused at such expressions

as the foregoing, quoted from the New York *Evening Post*. A few years hence, however, our separated brethren will understand just where the laugh comes in,—their eyes will be opened to see the absurdity of the *Post* writer's concluding words.

In seconding the suggestion of Bernard Lord M. Quillin for a Catholic Defence Association, a correspondent of the London *Tablet*, signing himself "Peter the Second," expresses the hope that this suggestion will not fall on dry ground or rocks, or upon the wayside, as so many others have done; and he continues:

If every Catholic wrote at once to any paper refuting, or even protesting against, the errors or attacks against our holy faith, a tremendous "April shower" (or one any time in due season) would enlighten and surprise the editor as much as recent "showers" evidently surprised (and let us hope *enlightened*) Mr. Harold Begbie. There was once in Christendom a spirit burning in the hearts of gentlemen called chivalry, and these gentlemen were called knights. As the pen now is mightier than the sword, and if chivalry is not dead, let the true knights of the pen arise in defence of the Spouse of Christ; let us have an association, a badge, or anything necessary in that way, only let us not lose the spirit of knighthood in "leaving to others" the *devoir* which is laid on us all. Arise, then, ye knights of the pen! A holy war on error is proclaimed! "Christ and His truth!" your battle-cry.

The *Literary Digest* is apparently pleased to take Mr. Robert Edward Dell as seriously as that gentleman is uniformly disposed to take himself,—a great deal more seriously than either the English converts to Catholicism or English-born Catholics are in the habit of taking him. The *Digest* is perhaps not averse to fostering the idea of the "Independence of English Roman Catholicism," but it will have to cite a more authoritative spokesman than Mr. Dell before well-informed readers will pay much attention to its quotations. In "The Catholic Who's Who," Mr. Dell, a convert to Catholicism

in 1897, and at present a picture-dealer in Paris, is tersely characterized as "candid friend." Our eclectic New York contemporary remembers of course George Canning's quatrain:

Give me the avowed, the erect, the manly foe:
Bold I can meet—perhaps may turn his blow!
But of all plagues, good Heaven, thy wrath can
send,
Save, save, oh, save me from the *candid friend*!

The following extract from the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* will be read with lively interest by the parents and other relatives of ecclesiastical students:

By a decree of the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences, dated January 11, 1886, Leo XIII. granted, on the usual conditions, a Plenary Indulgence to the young priest who celebrates his first Mass, and also to his blood relations to the third degree inclusive who assist at the Mass. The faithful generally, who assist, gain an indulgence of seven years and seven quarantines. . . . The first Mass here mentioned is not the Ordination Mass, but the first Mass which the young priest subsequently celebrates.

As additional items in the cumulative evidence of the fact that the world—even the American world—is coming round to the Church's idea of youthful training, we cite the following brief extracts from a review in the *Chicago Dial*:

To the average American, the State-controlled public school is a sacred thing, even though he worships it somewhat as a fetish; to Dr. Chancellor, the State school is "a disease" with "disagreeable complications." "Better," he says, "the dependence of the school upon the Church than upon the State."

Nothing is more noticeable, in recent educational discussion, than the great access of interest in the problem of moral training. The world is reawakening to the old truth that the rational end of education is character; and that the great problem is how to lay hands upon the development not only of bodily and mental powers, but also upon the directive will.

Religious training in youth, or irreligious conduct in maturity: until figs grow on thistles, there will scarcely be an escape from the alternative.

Notable New Books.

The Law of Christian Marriage, According to the Teaching and Discipline of the Catholic Church. By the Rev. Arthur Devine, Passionist. R. & T. Washbourne. Ltd.

It is scarcely necessary to comment on the timeliness of a volume with the foregoing title, especially when one knows that it takes account of, and explains at considerable length and most admirably, the Holy Father's recent important Decree, *Ne Temere*. Ever since Leo XIII.'s Encyclical, *Arcanum Divine*, on Christian marriage, was published, in 1880, many points of doctrine concerning the seventh of the Sacraments have been continuously discussed in books and pamphlets, in reviews and magazines, and even in the columns of the daily press. The divine institution of matrimony, its unity and indissolubility, and its sacramental character, have within the past quarter of a century taken on additional importance; and the two decrees mentioned above have practically necessitated a new study of the whole subject even by pastors of parishes.

Father Devine's substantial volume (376 pages) forms an excellent text-book for the general reader, not less than for the ordained cleric or the youthful seminarian. It is both comprehensive and sufficiently concise, deals with all aspects of the questions discussed, and presents a clear, intelligible, and, let us add, gratifying view of Christian marriage as regarded by the one true Church.

Christian Science before the Bar of Reason.

By the Rev. L. A. Lambert, LL.D. Edited by the Rev. A. S. Quinlan. The Christian Press Association Publishing Co.

Oldtime readers of the New York *Freeman's Journal* will remember that, some seven years ago, the distinguished editor of that paper treated Mr. W. D. M'Crackan, New York's leading exponent of Christian Science, to much such a course of dialectic castigation as, some years previously, had been administered by the same master-mind to Colonel Robert E. Ingersoll. Many such readers have doubtless regretted that Father Lambert's splendidly effective dissection of the rather Protean system of belief, or no-belief, known as Christian Science has hitherto been unavailable in book form. Thanks to the initiative of one of the veteran editor's spiritual sons, the want has now been supplied. In a well-printed volume of two hundred and odd pages, we have the original articles collected and arranged, forming consecutive and co-ordinate chapters, and—a

point worth noting—each chapter preceded by a brief summary of its contents.

The man of orderly mind, who likes system and accuracy and logical consistency, and who is correspondingly exasperated by slovenliness of conception, looseness of expression, ambiguity of phrasing, and a tantalizing indefiniteness in the use of terms, will peruse this book with unfeigned delight, and with no small amount of profit as well. As Father Benson told the Catholic Conference at Brighton in 1906, "it is extremely easy to make fun of Christian Science," but its acceptance by an increasing number of fairly educated men and women makes it something more than merely ludicrous; and, accordingly, its scientific examination and refutation by an authoritative logician is distinctly worth while.

"There is a subtle sophism," Father Lambert points out, "in the Christian Scientists' frequent and unctuous references to Christ. It is this: they appeal to the profound and adoring veneration in which He is held by Christians because of their belief in His divinity, His Messiahship, and His being the Second Person of the Eternal Trinity; and they try to utilize this veneration, and the influence it carries with it, in behalf of Christian Science, while at the same time they deny everything on which this Christian veneration and worship is based. Christians to whom they thus appeal should take careful note of this fact. If Christ be only what Christian Science declares Him to be—a mere man,—then His authority with Christians is absolutely null and void. And if He is what Christians believe Him to be—true God and true man,—then Christian Science is false because it denies His divinity."

We cordially recommend the volume as an important and timely addition to Christian apologetics.

The Training of a Priest. An Essay on Clerical Education, with a Reply to the Critics. By the Rev. John Talbot Smith, LL.D. Longmans, Green & Co.

More welcome than a dozen new books is this revised and enlarged edition of "Our Seminaries." It would be well worth while if only for the most excellent introductory article on "Our American Seminaries," by the Rt. Rev. Bernard McQuaid, Bishop of Rochester, "pioneer and leader in Catholic education and founder of a model seminary," to whom the work is appropriately dedicated. It is divided into six parts: The Standard; Health, Strength and Manners; Certain Arts of Expression; The Spiritual Life; The Missionary Spirit; and The Intellectual Life. To say that every page is interesting and excellently written would

be faint praise and inadequate appreciation. The author has the highest ideals of the Christian priesthood; he is zealous, enlightened and experienced; he has studied his subject, and proves, in every chapter, his qualification to treat of it; he has a thorough comprehension of requirements, a full realization of the necessity of improvement, a rare understanding both of present-day obstacles and opportunities. He writes with so much restraint, his criticisms are so well considered, and his suggestions so meekly made, that we wonder in reading his "Reply to the Critics." We venture to say there will be none of the present work that will deserve notice. Those who may have fault to find with it will not fail to perceive the author's admirable purpose, or to praise his performance of a delicate and difficult task.

It would be interesting to compare "Our Seminaries" with "The Training of a Priest." Larger experience has probably tempered Dr. Smith's zeal. His ideals are the same—as high and as noble as ever; but while cherishing them he has been forced to face realities, and so has become a little more cautious and patient and tolerant. There has been a betterment since he first wrote, and we give him much of the credit for it. Possibly if he had not expressed himself just as he did in the first instance, he could not write so serenely as he now does in his preface.

"The Training of a Priest" is sure to have a steady sale and close study for many years. Its publication is a service to the Church in this country, the importance of which it would be hard to exaggerate.

Lord of the World. By Robert Hugh Benson.
Dodd, Mead & Co.

If any readers of Father Benson's previous volumes have entertained, as is quite improbable, doubts as to the fertility of his imagination, the present book will assuredly disabuse them. The Catholic son of the late Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury, having won his spurs as a historical novelist in his trilogy, "By What Authority," "The King's Achievement," and "The Queen's Tragedy"; and having manifested not a little of Edgar Allan Poe's distinctive ability in "The Light Invisible" and "A Mirror of Shalott," has now entered a field in which he inevitably suggests comparison with Jules Verne, Edward Bellamy, and Herbert George Wells. And, be it said at the outset, the comparison is not at all to Father Benson's disadvantage.

"Lord of the World" is, beyond doubt, what its author states in his preface that he is perfectly aware it is, "a terribly sensational book"; but we are entirely mistaken in our

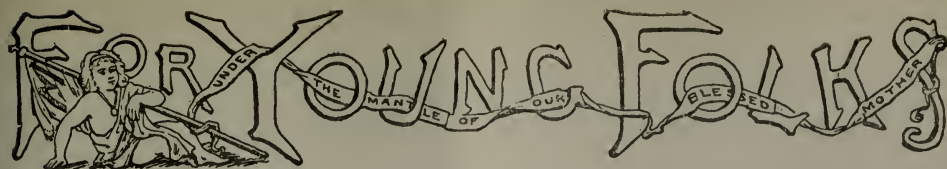
judgment if the fairly cultured reader does not benefit rather than suffer from the sensational garb in which Father Benson has dressed what he considers the logical outcome of present-day tendencies in religion, science, and sociology. The time of the story is placed a century or so ahead. Flying-machines, underground dwellings, artificial daylight, and euthanasia houses are no longer novelties; Socialism is no longer a theory but a condition; and Religion—but the reader will do well to procure the book for himself and peruse the rather remarkable narrative at his leisure. Pending his procuring the volume, he may put himself in an appropriate condition for its adequate appreciation by reviewing what Holy Writ has to say of the end of the world and the signs indicative of its approach.

History of the Society of Jesus in North America, Colonial and Federal. By Thomas Hughes. Documents, Vol. I., Part I. 1605-1838. The Burrows Brothers.

This work is a documentary accompaniment to the "Narrative History of the Jesuits in North America," the first volume of which was reviewed in these columns a few months ago. It consists of documents, entire or in part, upon which the text of the history is based. There are letters of the Jesuit Generals bearing on Maryland history, letters from the missionaries, and letters and documents of various kinds relating to the dispute between Lord Baltimore and the Jesuits. But the greater part of the book is made up of a "Documentary Excursus, Narrative and Critical, on Jesuit Property and its Uses"; the purpose being to show, in the first place, the original titles of the Jesuits to the possession of the various estates they held in Maryland and Pennsylvania; and, in the second place, to defend the justice of their claim to the retention of these estates after the restoration of the Society, against the counter-claims of Archbishop Maréchal, of Baltimore.

Inasmuch as the questions which were at issue belong to the domain of Canon Law, and, furthermore, have lost, with the lapse of time, whatever practical importance they might have had originally, the present presentment of the respective sides of the controversy can have little if any interest for the average reader, although it will undoubtedly have interest and value for the canonist and the historian. The documents, moreover, are given in the original Latin, French, and Italian. And it is well that it is so. There is much in this "Documentary Excursus," whatever its historical value, that does not, to say the least, make very edifying reading nowadays.

FOR YOUNG FOLK



Tim's Lesson.

BY GEORGE M. CAIN.

THE boys that did it ought to be locked up." That is what all the grown people had to say about the matter. Probably they were right. It is a serious matter to set fire to a piece of property, even though that property be a tumble-down shanty, deserted, unsightly, waiting to be pulled down to make room for something better. The firemen had been angry when they were called out on Monday. They were more angry on Tuesday, when they had to put out a blaze in the same rookery. On Thursday they agreed with the police that something must be done to stop the boys from this form of diversion.

Two boys had been seen coming from the rickety structure not five minutes before the smoke began to issue from the hole where the door had originally been. Out of the crowd that came to witness the blaze, these two had been fully identified. All their protestations that they had been playing harmlessly, and in ignorance of the fire till the smoke reached them, availed nothing to secure their release. Howling vociferously, they were led off to the station house, at the head of a large crowd of unassorted men, women, and children. Their mothers and little sisters wept and berated the officers on whom the duty of arresting the suspects had devolved. The sergeant scowled at the boys and their relatives, and ordered the pair held prisoners till they could be taken before the magistrate.

Outside the police station, well to the rear of the curious throng, little Tim McCafferty made judicious inquiries, and acquired information as to the probable

fate of the captives. The members of his own particular "gang" were sure that the boys would be "sent up" for long terms; the members of the rival gang, to which these two belonged, were boastfully certain that they would be released. Tim was willing to be convinced by the enemy's argument in this case, and went home trying to feel satisfied.

Tim's father was a fireman. There was no fact of which Tim was quite so proud. Every boy in the school knew all about the medals that Jerry McCafferty wore. Every boy knew where to find Tim when there was a fire within thirty blocks of his home. They were all used to his boasts of the time when he would join the "hookies." He had led them through play drills when they were six-year-olds. He led them in the school fire-drill now.

I am afraid that Tim's reputation for piety did not amount to much outside his own immediate family. His good-natured, generally incompetent mother often spoke of the devoutness of his praying. Other people sometimes mentioned other language not so prayerful, and commanded their boys to avoid association with him. Of course this only added to his popularity among the embryonic citizens of the neighborhood. It always happens so.

The rest of the afternoon of the fire, however, Tim spent in the society of himself. He foregathered with other lads of his kind only at intervals. He remained in the little groups just long enough to ascertain that they were still talking over the probable fate of the two prisoners. To the expressions that he caught from others, he lent the power of his own imagination, and by night he was in possession of as lurid a set of fancied tortures as could be provided. The boasts

of the other gang had given way to gloomy forebodings. At supper time he heard some of them discussing the likelihood of the reformatory. When he came in again to go to bed, it was after leaving a group that were heatedly arguing as to whether the boys would be hung or sent to life-imprisonment.

It was Jerry McCafferty's "night off." He sat, in his blue flannel shirt, beside the dining table, with the evening paper spread before him. He looked up at his eleven-year-old son as the boy entered. It occurred to the parent that there was opportunity for a warning lesson.

"Tim," he said, "I hope this will be a lesson to you to keep out of the company of tough boys. You see what is going to happen to these two lads who started the fire this afternoon in the shanty. They will get sent to the Protectors. And that's the place for them. It will put them under sobering influences for a while."

Tim had never heard of the Protectors. He wondered if it were the same as purgatory. He gasped at the thought of so terrible a fate. His father saw that the lecture was taking effect, and went on:

"It all comes from bad associations. Nothing else made them any worse than you. And you'll come to the same sort of an end if you go to running with a lot of young toughs."

With these solemn words the father satisfied his parental conscience, and resumed his reading. Fully impressed, his little son went to his room and undressed.

Mrs. McCafferty came in to hear him say his prayers. He performed this duty unctuously and with celerity. She then kissed him good-night and left him to climb into his little cot.

In Tim's tiny room, on the chest of drawers that served for a washstand, there stood a small colored image of the Blessed Virgin. Now, strange as it may seem, Tim's real devotion did not centre around his formal prayers at all. He said those as a matter of course, because he was told to. There were many times when

he would not have said them at all if it had not been for his mother. But the little painted statue came in for what I consider the real devotion of Tim's small heart. Every night, before he closed his eyes, he looked at that cheap piece of plaster-of-Paris art, and whispered to it that he was really sorry for all the bad things he had done. Somehow, this devotion always seemed to bring him a degree of comfort, even when his inconsistent mind was planning some fresh mischief for the morrow.

And now, if you are not convinced that this was a true devotion of the boy's heart, let me add that to-night he failed to gain consolation from his little statue. The bright rays from the street lamp on the corner always lighted up the face of the image. He looked at it as usual, and was about to begin his simple formula of penitence. But then he looked away.

In some manner, between him and the tinted face there seemed to arise the picture of the two boys waiting their sentences at the station house. And yet he saw the face very plainly,—so plainly that he was sure it looked upon him with disapproval. That was why he turned away. And that was also why he almost immediately turned his own face toward it again. He loved that little statue of Our Lady. He did not like to think of anything between him and the returned love of her whom the statue represented. At least, I think he was that near understanding the true meaning of all right devotion to images and pictures.

He spent a very uncomfortable hour. Back and forth, from the statue to the wall, from the wall to the statue, he turned. Each time he approached the statue, he hoped that the expression of disapprobation would have left the fair face. Each time he turned back to the wall, he felt a little worse than the last; for the statue always seemed to disapprove. And his fertile imagination ever introduced new features into the picture of sorrow connected with the thought of the two little

prisoners. From the solemn eyes of the figure he could turn; but the pictured horrors of the fate of those other boys stood out just as clear, whether he looked toward the wall or the chest, whether he shut his eyes or kept them wide open.

The great house, with its twenty or more families, grew quiet. The noisy piano in the apartment below ceased to jingle; the man who walked the floor above stopped; the muffled sound of his parents' conversation in the next room came to an end. But there was no rest for the worried lad in bed, with his imagination and the disapproving statue.

The big clock on the church tower three squares away chimed the hour of eleven. Tim could not remember ever hearing that at night before. It was a terribly solemn sound. Another hour would bring another day. But it would be seven hours before he could get out of bed again and try to forget his troubles in play. Would he be able to forget? Could he play again? Why could he not sleep? Often he had wished to be able to fight off the power of that "sandman" in whom he no longer believed. Now, had he dared to pray, he would have begged for the drowsiness. If he only dared turn the face of that statue to the wall!

He looked again at the image. It may have been an insect on the window pane that threw a shadow across the graven face, but Tim thought that he saw tears falling from the sorrowful eyes. Suddenly he understood a great truth. It was not perfectly clear to his mind, but he felt that there was more of sorrow than of anger in the divine and the saintly disapproval of sin. It would have hurt and hardened him to go on with the feeling that the Mother of God looked upon him with anger; probably that would not have won him. But it broke his heart to think that the Queen of Heaven viewed him with real sorrow.

A moment later his father entered, awakened by the sobs in the little fellow's room.

"What's the matter, Timmy?" he asked

tenderly. It was a trait of the family to be moved by tears more quickly than by any other evidence of sentiment.

For a few minutes the boy could not control his voice to answer. The father repeated his question with a touch of impatience. The more peremptory tone was what was needed to make the lad more resolute.

"Father," he asked suddenly, choking back two or three sobs, "is it worse in the Progatory than it is having the Blessed Virgin sorry about you?"

"Why, what do you mean, child? What are you talking about? Come, you're dreaming! Turn over and go to sleep, or I'll have to give you some medicine."

"I'm not dreaming! I can't go to sleep!" moaned Tim. "The Blessed Virgin don't like me no more, and she is crying about it."

Jerry McCafferty would have worn no medals had it been necessary to gain these ornaments by rescuing breaking hearts or saving minds from their trials. He stood silently regarding his son in the dim light. He tried to think of some words of consolation, and failed. But he thought he had hit upon a peculiarly brilliant idea when he advised his son to bless himself and turn over.

Tim followed this advice.

"It's no use," he asserted solemnly after a few seconds. "She don't like me no better now."

McCafferty senior became certain that there was some physical ailment about the lad.

"Tell papa where it hurts." He spoke with the tenderness of all affectionate parents toward a sick child.

Suddenly the small boy sat up straight in his bed.

"Pop, you got to take me to the Progatory. I set fire to the shanty to get the hookies out." There was absolute fierceness in his tone.

Now it became the turn of the parent to grow fierce. McCafferty did his duty in that line, as soon as he fully realized

that the truth was being told him. Tim will be a long time forgetting the spanking he received. All the same, he felt better for every blow that fell upon him. Even when his father left him with the ominous words, "We'll attend to the Protectory business in the morning, first thing," Tim sat up again, painfully but bravely, and declared: "I don't care. The Blessed Virgin likes me again." And soon he was fast asleep.

But he did not feel so sure of himself when he awoke in the morning, with the broad light of another day to dispel his sentiments. He dressed very slowly. Breakfast did not appeal to his taste. The idea of hurrying out for a game of ball before school time only came to remind him that his days of playing were over. The big policeman, the frowning sergeant, the solemn judge, prison bars, perhaps a dark dungeon like the one in the yellow book he had borrowed from a boy downstairs,—these were the things that perhaps awaited him. He tried hard not to wish he had kept his secret.

The bell of the McCafferty apartment rang. Tim hesitated, debating whether to crawl under the bed or face the officers of the law bravely. While he hesitated, his own door was opened. He saw the blue trousers of uniform, and was afraid to lift his eyes to the face of their wearer.

"Tim, look here!" It was the sharp voice of his father.

Tim looked, and was astonished to see that his parent was alone.

"I have just been down to the court about you." There followed an impressive pause, which was intended to give time for the sinking in of the solemn words. At length Jerry McCafferty resumed: "I had to promise that you would behave yourself in the future better than you have done in the past, or they would have come to take you up. Do you understand?"

"Yes, father," said Tim, still wondering what was to be the end.

"Now, as long as you keep straight, and don't run with bad boys, or get into

trouble, they will not lock you up. I got those other two boys out."

Tim felt too deeply for words. His father administered a parting word which may have been intended to convey some sort of covered praise.

"The real reason why they let you off was because you told on yourself. They were coming for you if you hadn't done that."

The two ex-prisoners were so much the heroes of the hour that they probably felt repaid for their pains. It was a long while before Tim realized that neither the boys at school nor even the policemen on the near beats were aware of his guilt. He still wonders what his father did to secure his safety; he still wonders about the weeping statue. He is still far from being a saint, but there is one fault that he is not apt to commit; and he tries, pretty hard for a small boy, not to make the little statue sorrowful about him again.

The New Scholar at St. Anne's.

BY MARION J. BRUNOWE.

VIII.—INTO THE INNER DARKNESS.

"Wait—sh! Let me count noses! Are we all here?"

It was Grace Winton who spoke; and, as the hour was the witching one (doubly, trebly witching in a convent) of 11.45, or close on to midnight, it need not be said that her tones were low and sepulchral.

"One, two, three, four—and myself, *five!* Yes, it's all right so far," said Helen, in equally ghostlike tones. "Maddie" (and she spoke a bit impatiently), "do keep quiet! You'll give the whole thing away in another minute,"—for Madeleine's teeth were chattering audibly.

"I'm—I'm so—frightened!" she cried, clasping Helen's arm with both hands, and peering into the darkness, which was certainly very awesome.

"Then for mercy's sake go back to bed!" broke in Grace, sharply. "Now

we're started on this thing, we're not going to draw back; but we don't want any 'fraid cats. Do you want to go back to bed, Maddie? One—two—three—answer quick!" and Grace assumed an attitude as if she were going to "shoo" the unfortunate Maddie back again to her room, up those dark stairs, willy nilly.

"Oh, no!—oh, no!" stammered the frightened one. "I—I—want to go through with it as much as anybody."

"Well, then, just think of the hamper,—of what's inside," counselled Grace, significantly. "That'll give you Dutch courage, if no other."

Rosa Budd also confessed inwardly to the necessity of keeping her mind very strongly fixed upon the desideratum which formed the incentive for this whole expedition. The vague but very pronounced stirrings and tremblings to which Madeleine so babyishly confessed, and which had her, too, in their control, she, however, managed to keep concealed within her own bosom. Outwardly, she presented a brave enough front.

All five girls stood breathlessly poised for further flight just upon the threshold of Sister Alice's class room. Behind them, within the room, it was very black indeed; for the shutters, according to immemorial custom, were closed tight, and the shades drawn. Without, in the long, wide corridor, just opposite the stairway, burned one dim light,—a tiny red speck (the globe was ruby according to fire regulations), which served only to render more uncertain and spectral the shadows hovering about the far corners.

"Bug Alley" was the poetic cognomen which had long ago been bestowed upon this particular corridor; it having attained such distinction through the fact that a portion of its walls on either side, for a hundred feet or so, were lined with charts whereon pictured insects of various sorts disported themselves.

Some one whispers at our ear that more classic scenes adorn the "Alley" at present; that it is, in fact, known

as "The Shakespeare Gallery." On this memorable night, however, it was still Bug Alley, intermittently traversed by many feet during the hours of the day, as the various senior classes passed back and forth from class room to study hall, chapel or recreation; but rarely, if ever, trod by mortal foot at this eerie hour of the night. During the soft shades of early evening, it was frequently the rendezvous for a "Love" and the nun of her adoration. Helen Marr remembered many an ecstatic promenade up and down the long corridor with the object of her own girlish love—the gentle Sister Alice. The memory indeed came near to be her undoing; for with its recall, the quick tears sprang to her eyes, and she was tempted to "repent," as she characterized it in her own mind, and give up the whole thing; for, after all, it was still Lent, and—and—

But at the instant, with a whirring distinctly audible to all in the silence about them, the great tower clock began to boom the midnight hour. All started, and, as if by mutual assent, instinctively drew closer together. Helen and Rose and Madeleine simultaneously began to make the Sign of the Cross—habit was strong with them,—but stopped.

Grace laughed a little carelessly; no one knew that her own impulse had been almost overpoweringly the same. But, somehow, it did not sound pleasant, that laugh, even to Grace Winton herself. Its echoes, soft though they were, seemed to die away with peculiar solemnity adown the silent hall. By the dim light Grace caught the terrified expressions on the faces of Madeleine and Rosebud. In another moment both would shriek, she knew it. "Forward march,—and *instantly!*" must be the order of the night.

"Come!" she said imperiously. "So far, so good; but we're not far enough. Only two more flights, girls, and we're there."

As she spoke she linked her arm in the absolutely limp one of Madeleine Hunt, and, with Helen, Isabel and Rosebud close behind, all five made a sudden, soft rush

from the class room to the head of the stairway. There again they paused an instant, and in the low ruby light they made an odd picture. All wore long, light-colored dressing-gowns and bedroom slippers. Rose had arranged her pompadour quite as modishly as she usually did for a daylight appearance; and her golden hair was further adorned with an immense extremely "stylish," though abominably hideous, outstanding bow of black ribbon. Its color was effective, however, against the gold of her hair; and Fashion just then happening to decree that the bigger the bow the more pronounced the "style," Rose was happy in being allowed to wear one which looked as if, on a pinch, it might serve her as a pair of sombre sails and waft her away to parts unknown.

Helen's pretty brown tresses were tumbling in natural ringlets all about her shoulders, framing a sweet young face, in whose rounded cheeks the color came and went as quickly as did the varied emotions within her bosom. She made a picture fair and beautiful.

Madeleine's light-colored hair hung down her back in one long, flat plait, unadorned; it was, in addition, stringy, and some of the strings were in her eyes. Maddie was not pretty: she was too thin and wiry. The ruby light, however, was kind in that it softened some of these defects, and gave her an elf-like appearance,—a scared-looking elf, we must confess.

Isabel Kersey had evidently gone to bed leaving her hair just as she had last arranged it some time during the day; so far as that was concerned, therefore, she looked ready to go to class or chapel or table. It was raven black in color, as we have said; and its heavy masses, from which escaped numerous curls and tendrils, formed a striking contrast to the clear but exquisite pallor of her complexion. Her big dark eyes, still further darkened by circles beneath them, moved restlessly about in every direction, as if in search of something—perhaps the girl

herself hardly knew what,—and returned constantly, as if drawn by an invincible attraction, to the face of Grace Winton. She had not yet ceased to wonder *why* this particular member of the "Remains" did 'not like her.' Of course, as she could not help recalling, she herself had expressed openly and frankly her own dislike of Miss Winton only the evening before; but Grace had provoked this almost from the instant of their introduction. She wondered why. Sometime during the night she would ask her.

Grace herself looked the most alert and wide-awake of the group, as indeed she was. Of the five, she had been the one who volunteered to keep awake till the hour appointed and call the others, all of whom, with perhaps the exception of Helen, had promptly fallen fast asleep within fifteen minutes after retiring, and none of whom probably would have awakened until the rising bell at 6.30, the next morning. Grace had volunteered to keep herself awake by gazing at the moon—it happened to be a moonlight night,—and repeatedly pinching herself. This novel receipt for the promotion of insomnia had evidently proved successful; for her wakefulness was very evident, not only in the flash and sparkle of her dark eyes, but in every quick, though silent, movement of her slender, upright figure, every curve and line of which spoke of a resolution "to see the thing through" to the end,—of an utter abandon to the purpose before her.

True, as she had bent over Helen's bed a few minutes earlier, her resolution had come within an ace of failing her. She was really deadily sleepy herself by that time. The moon had just gone down; and for the last ten minutes or so there had been, by her window, no light but "the cold light of stars," and of a sudden that had grown very cold indeed. So when Helen, flushed and tumbled in appearance, had started up suddenly out of her third short nap—her sleep had been broken since retiring,—and declared that she saw

an angel in the corner, and he had said, "Oh, don't do it, because it's Lent!" for a moment Grace Winton's knees had quaked beneath her, and it had taken all her resolution to laugh away Helen's fears, and assure her that she had been only dreaming. Helen rubbed her eyes and accepted the assurance; and then, in a minute or so, being attired for the "party," assisted Grace in getting her room-mate, Rosebud, into shape, immense hair-bow and all. The three had then got Madeleine out of bed, and into her belongings, somehow; that may have accounted for poor "Maddie's" bedraggled appearance. But she was one of those people who, in popular parlance, "sleep like a log," and require undue exertions to awaken them.

Isabel had been easily roused, evidently being a light sleeper. She had not, however, allowed Helen, who had been deputed to do the actual calling of her, to see more than her countenance over the counterpane. She had drawn her curtains quickly, and whispered back that she would "be there in a minute." None knew, therefore, that Isabel was in day—nay, street—attire beneath her long dressing-gown.

It had been perilous enough work to rise noiselessly, and glide unheard from their dainty little rooms, along the corridor, down the stairs—the stairs that creaked so ominously, as all stairs have an unpleasant habit of doing at night,—through the wide, dark music hall, with its four and twenty silent pianos, its shrouded array of harps, mandolins, and guitars; down another short flight, and by this time in a flying wedge, like a football team, past corners and curves, through Bug Alley to the doubtfully secure haven and place of rendezvous, Sister Alice's class room, all wrapped in gloom as it was.

And the worst of the journey was yet to be accomplished—the descent into those lower regions which they never before had traversed at night alone,—which were untrodden, indeed, by any foot save that of old Peter. And *they* must dodge old

Peter. One flight down would bring them to the parlor floor. All knew that the dim, red regulation light burned at the head of the stairs in that corridor. Below that, however, it was the popular belief that no lights burned at all.

Rose had, combined with her dainty chatelaine watch, a tiny electric light,—usually out of order, it must be confessed. But upon this light, found to be *in order* the evening before, all were now prepared to depend. But—

"I've forgotten my watch," announced Rosebud, sepulchraly. "I left it under my pillow."

It was too much. Madeleine began to cry softly, and then more audibly, as Grace unceremoniously shook her. Helen interposed, and Isabel Kersey stepped forward. She flashed a pocket electric light, of fully five-inch disc, straight in their faces.

"Stop sniffing, baby!" she said lightly, and in tones so far above a whisper that Helen involuntarily made as if she would clap her hand over her mouth. "This is as good as a dark lantern. And if we see that person Peter coming, snap! it's off" (she suited the action to the word), "and we're invisible. *Do* come on now, if we're *ever* going to get to that hamper!" And, alone, she started down the stairs, upon whose summit the group had been debating.

"Sh!—sh! Isabel!—Isabel!" called Grace, hurriedly darting after her. "Wait a moment,—do! Some one is stirring—on this floor too! Sh!" And Grace caught her and held her tight while she strained her ears to listen; for at the moment that Isabel had so rashly raised her voice, Grace Winton was *sure* she heard some sort of a movement farther on down the corridor—coming, it would seem, from the direction of the office of the Directress.

All listened breathlessly, Grace and Isabel even tiptoeing together along the corridor for several feet, or as far as the door of the pupils' atelier. Happening to glance therein, Michael Angelo's great

white "Moses," so big and ghostlike, off in the corner, gave even Grace Winton a sudden panic, and she retreated. Isabel Kersey, however, glided still farther on, till she was indeed perilously near the door of the Directress' room,—directly opposite it, in fact. Those watching, with their hearts in their mouths, could see that she paused there, listening intently, then disappeared for a full minute—a projecting partition of wall hid her from view,—only to reappear and swiftly join her companions, her eyes dancing, her whole demeanor full of a subdued eagerness.

"She's up, all right!" she whispered (she remembered to whisper this time). "And—oh, my! but won't she have a good time for the rest of the night!" And she went off into a queer sort of a choked little laugh.

Grace seized her insistently by the wrist. "Whom do you mean by 'she'?" she demanded. "We do not speak so of—of—Sister Marietta."

"Well, *I* do," announced Isabel Kersey, pertly. "Just drop my wrist, please!" (which Grace did as if it were a hot coal). "*She's* up," and she emphasized the pronoun more strongly; "and has a bright light burning. It's streaming out under her door; but—" and she went off into another queer little laugh.

Helen, glancing into her dark eyes, was struck with their peculiarly impish expression.

"Isabel," she said, coming close to her, and holding both her hands,—"*Isabel Kersey*, what have you done,—for you've done something?"

But Isabel's only answer was another laugh—really impish this time,—and a defiant "Wouldn't you like to know?"

The other four looked at one another an instant in consternation. Then—

"I'm going back to bed," announced Grace, abruptly; and she started back along the corridor. But Rosebud caught her imploringly by the gown.

"Don't!—don't!" she wailed in a

whisper. "Think of what we've gone through, and now to turn back!"

Grace hesitated. It was not that she feared the now almost sure probability of discovery, but the idea of that abominable new scholar calling *her* (the beloved Sister Marietta) "*she*"! It was beyond words! Grace, it will be perceived, was by this time decidedly mixed in thoughts and metaphors.

Helen immediately stepped into the breach. "Let's go on with it," she said decidedly. "There are ten chances to one of our being found out, but let us take that one." There spoke the reckless Helen. "It may be that Sister Marietta will be so tired and sleepy by the time she gets through whatever she's doing, that she'll go straight to her room, and take it for granted that we're all safe in the Land of Nod. Sister Agatha made a final tour of inspection about ten o'clock, anyhow. She thought I was asleep, but I saw her between my eyelashes. I guess we can risk it, girls."

Again that impish laugh from Isabel.

"I guess we can!" floated back with a sort of sinister significance to the other four; for alone, and with a step as light and agile as that of a fawn, Isabel had, for the second time, raced down the stairs.

"Come!" exclaimed Grace and Helen simultaneously; and, with one frightened glance over their shoulders, all four made another soft rush, pellmell, to the head of the next and last flight.

(To be continued.)

No Hods in Japan.

In Japan no man carries a hod. The native builders have a way of transporting mortar which looks more like play than work. One man makes the mortar into balls which weigh about six pounds each, tosses them to a man who stands on a ladder midway between the roof and earth, and he in turn throws them to the man above him.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"The Doctrine of Modernism and Its Refutation," by J. Godrycz, D. D., Ph. D., Utr. Jur. D., of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia, is a slender volume of 123 pages, bearing the *imprimatur* of Archbishop Ryan. In Father Godrycz's opinion, the mainspring of Modernism is Positivism, and, more accurately, Positivism as influenced by the Rationalism of Kant. His refutation of its doctrine is based on scientific and rational principles, and is both lucid and adequate. Philadelphia: John Joseph McVey.

—Our English contemporaries record with regret the death of Mr. Henry Potter, author of "Joy in All Things," and other books. He was well known to London Catholics, first as one of the Little Brothers of the Oratory, as honorary secretary of St. Joseph's Society, and later as a prolific writer for Catholic papers. He founded and edited numerous Catholic journals, the best-known being the *Catholic Household*, *Pleasure* and the *Children's Corner*. He expended large sums of money in his better days and a tremendous amount of energy in the Catholic cause. R. I. P.

—Some present-day critics who are inclined to exaggerate Dickens' "vulgarity," and minimize his morality, may be interested in this reference to that still popular author, made in the current *Dublin Review* by Percy Fitzgerald:

Dickens is, perhaps, the only one among novelists who puts a passionate religious fervor into his stories. Such things are not now in fashion. But he spoke from his very heart, often speaking of our Saviour with a wonderful tenderness. Most extraordinary of all was his actually kneeling down, as it were, beside the bed of his dying heroine, and sending up passionate prayers for her reception into the eternal mansions! This seems unique in novel-writing.

It is certainly not what one finds in the ephemeral "best-sellers" of to-day. And more's the pity!

—The public library book hospital is an important adjunct of the public library. Book-repairing and book-binding can be profitably done on the premises, especially if the librarian, or one or two of his assistants, is deft-fingered and possessed of some mechanical ingenuity. After an experience of three years in conducting a bindery and repair shop in connection with the institution under his charge, the librarian of the Easton (Pa.) Public Library is convinced that it is profitable for even small libraries to do their own rebinding and repairing. He believes that the work is well within the capacity of the average library assistant to master in a comparatively short time; and that his odd

moments, if employed in this not unpleasant task, will keep the books in presentable condition. His report of the average cost of this rebinding and repairing is an astonishing one. In the past year 1620 volumes were handled in his book hospital, 1068 of them being rebound; and the total expense incurred, including cost of materials, was only \$60.18. It must be a pretty poor book that isn't worth the expenditure of four cents for a new binding.

—The following appreciative notice of the late Stanislas Wyspianski is from the Chicago *Dial*:

A brilliant Polish genius has passed prematurely from earth in the recent death of Stanislas Wyspianski, who at the age of thirty-eight had distinguished himself as poet, painter, dramatist, and sculptor. It is said that at twenty-five he produced a masterpiece with his brush, another with his pen at twenty-six, and that in his last decade he gave more literature to the world than his compatriot Sienkiewicz in a lifetime. The son of a sculptor, Wyspianski naturally took up the chisel as his first chosen tool; but, oppressed with the thought of his country's unhappy fate, he seems to have needed more than one avenue by which to express himself and to attain a momentary forgetfulness of his melancholy. . . . His drama, "The Wedding," caused him to be reckoned by his admirers as the greatest writer Poland had produced in a century. Losing the control of the fingers of his right hand some months before his death, he made the doctor bind a pencil to the hand, and so wrote on (though he could no longer paint) to the end. A heroic soul surely, and worthy of the country that gave him birth.

—Says a writer in the London *Academy*:

I live opposite to a school where music is carefully and constantly taught; the children have acquired the difficult art of dropping a semitone per minute. But the accent employed is even more interesting than the tone-system. Here is a favorite school-song:

Flahrs, luvly flahrs, in a garden yeh my see,—
The rowses there with their reuby lip,
Penks the 'unny by loves teh sip,
Teulips, teulips, gy as a butterfly's wing,
Merrygolds rich as the crahn of a king,
Rich as the crahn of a king.
But none seh fair teh me,
None seh fair teh me,
As these wild wood flahrs,
Sweet wild flahrs.

One needs to have had some acquaintance with "English as she is spoke" in various quarters of London, in order to appreciate the fidelity of this phonetic rendering—or to understand that the outlandish-looking "flahrs," "rowses," "gy," and "crahn" are merely flowers, roses, gay, and crown.

—If it be true that the religious instinct is dying out in France, we should like to have some knowing person explain to us how it happens that books on religion—good, solid books in great variety—still teem from the

press over there, and have an incomparably larger sale than the same class of literature has among English-speaking Catholics. Take "The Saints" series, for instance, begun only a few years ago under the direction of M. Henri Joly, member of the Institute. Fifty-eight volumes have been published so far, three more are about to appear, and ten others are announced as in preparation. As for the popularity of these books, it is sufficient to state that the Life of the Blessed Curé of Ars, by his nephew, has already reached a sale of seventeen thousand copies. Two thousand copies, we notice, from the publisher's circular, is the lowest number of copies sold of any volume in the series. The admirable Life of St. Jerome, by Père Largent of the Oratory, one of the most beautiful books we have ever read, and the Life of St. Vincent de Paul, by Prince Emmanuel de Broglie, another charming biography, are in the sixth and eleventh thousand respectively. Some of these works have been crowned by the French Academy, and those mentioned have been translated into English. We venture to say that six thousand copies of the translation of all three would be considered a good sale by the London publishers.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

- "The Doctrine of Modernism and Its Refutation." J. Godrycz, D. D. 80 cts.
- "Christian Science before the Bar of Reason." Rev. L. A. Lambert, LL. D.¹ Edited by Rev. A. S. Quinlan. \$1.
- "Lord of the World." Robert Hugh Benson. \$1.50.
- "A Synthetical Manual of Liturgy." Rev. Adrian Vigourel, S. S. \$1, net.
- "History of the Society of Jesus in North America, Colonial and Federal." Documents, Vol. I., Part I. 1605-1838. Thomas Hughes, S. J. \$4.50, net.
- "The Law of Christian Marriage." Rev. Arthur Devine, Passionist. \$1.50, net.

- "The Training of a Priest." Rev. John Talbot Smith, LL. D. \$1.62.
- "Children of Light and Other Stories." M. E. Francis. 40 cts.
- "History of St. Patrick's Cathedral." Most Rev. John Farley, D. D. \$1.50.
- "Common-Sense Talks." Lady Kerr. 40 cts., net.
- "The Primadonna." Marion Crawford. \$1.50.
- "A Pulpit Commentary on Catholic Teaching." Vol. I. The Creed. \$2.
- "Christine and Other Poems." George Henry Miles. \$1.10.
- "My Lady Beatrice." Frances Cooke. \$1.25.
- "My Very Own." S. M. Lyne. 80 cts.
- "We Preach Christ Crucified." Herbert Lucas, S. J. \$1.
- "The Ministry of Daily Communion." F. M. De Zulueta, S. J. 60 cts., net.
- "Short Sermons for Low Masses." Rev. Fr. Heffner. \$1.
- "Style - Book of Business English." H. W. Hammond. 60 cts.
- "A Catechism of Modernism." Rev. J. B. Lemius, O. M. I. 25 cts.
- "Sheer Pluck and Other Stories." 85 cts.;
- "Tommie and His Mates." Rev. David Bearne, S. J. \$1.
- "The Holy Gospel According to St. Mark." Rev. Cecil Burns, M. A. \$1.
- "Meditations and Devotions." Cardinal Newman. In three parts. Each, 40 cts., net.
- "Round the World." Vol. IV. 85 cts.
- "A Pilgrim from Ireland." 45 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Horstmann and Rev. John Tracy, of the diocese of Cleveland; Rev. John Schaefer, archdiocese of Chicago; and Rev. Stephen Ridgton, C. SS. R.

Sister M. Andrew (Martin), O. S. D.

Mr. George Bowler, Mr. Michael Maguire, Mr. John Bashford, Mrs. Winifred Trainor, Mr. John Moehlar, Miss Nora O'Shea, Mrs. Hilerita Syford, Mr. Edward O'Brien, Mrs. Peter Bless, Mr. William Lavery, Mrs. John Dufour, Mr. James J. Ahern, Mrs. Johanna Ryan, Mr. Edward Schwarz, Mr. William Lamb, Mr. James Kinkade, Mr. Paul Montgomery, Mr. Patrick Maher, Mr. John McGlode, Mr. Henry Bluescher, Mr. John Hauck, Mr. Timothy Foley, Mr. W. H. Kemsley, Mr. Cornelius O'Laughlin, Mr. Joseph Belz, Mr. James Gallagher, and Mr. James Adams.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY 30, 1908.

NO. 22.

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Ut Axe Sunt Serena.

TRANSLATED BY D. T. M.

THE stars by night are shining
With clearest ray serene,
The lilies in our gardens
Are gay with summer sheen.

So, Virgin, Flower of brightness,
Thou bloomest ever new!
So thou, O sweetest Mother,
Art pure as morning dew!

Thoughts on the Ascension.

He ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God, the Father Almighty.—*Apostles' Creed.*

He ascended into heaven, sits at the right hand of God.—*Nicene Creed.*

He ascended into heaven, and sits at the right hand of God, the Father Almighty.—*Athanasian Creed.*

OUR Divine Lord Himself, after His resurrection, tells St. Mary Magdalen that He will ascend. "Do not touch Me, for I have not as yet ascended to My Father; but go to My brethren, and say: I ascend to My Father and your Father, My God and your God." * The Evangelists describe for us the "act" of Ascension.

St. Mark: "And the Lord Jesus, after He had spoken to them [the disciples], was taken up into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God." St. Luke: "And He led them out as far as Bethany; and, lifting up His hands, He blessed them. And it came to pass, whilst He blessed them, He departed from them, and was

carried up to heaven. And they, adoring, went back into Jerusalem with great joy."

But in the Acts of the Apostles we find still greater detail. "And when He had said these things, while they looked on, He was raised up, and a cloud received Him out of their sight. And while they were beholding Him going up to heaven, behold two men stood by them in white garments, who also said: Ye men of Galilee, why stand you looking up to heaven? This Jesus, who is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come as you have seen Him going into heaven."

The place of the Ascension, then, was Bethany. "But why Bethany?" it may be asked. Bethany was distant from Jerusalem a Sabbath journey, so we learn from the Acts; that is to say, somewhat less than two of our miles. Furthermore, we know that Bethany was the town of Lazarus, Mary Magdalen and Martha; and some have thought that this was the reason He led them to (or rather "towards") Bethany. In everything Our Lord said or did there was truly a lesson; but it is not possible to tell the direct lesson He intended in all the things He said and did. And Suarez seems to say the most suitable thing when he declares that "the will of the Doer is a sufficient reason; and that, taking time and persons into consideration, it was the most opportune and convenient." *

About the day on which the Ascension took place we are not left in doubt; for

* See in the Divine Office what the Fathers say of mystical reasons.

* St. John, xx, 17.

in the Acts we read: "Appearing to them for forty days." For what purpose did He "appear" to them for forty days? We know how priests are sent to college, and how they spend years in college, to prepare them for the apostolate. We hear of a provincial council, a national council, a general council, called to reform abuses, or make new regulations, or to elucidate doctrines. We know it takes months, sometimes years. And the work at most is but a work of detail. But the Apostles had to found a Church. They had no precedents to guide them; they had no canonists, saints, theologians to enlighten; all was new; and all was to be the model and guide of all religious instruction to the end of the world. Our Lord took forty days to do it. Oh, the miracle! Fishermen made the teachers of all the classes of all countries and of all times! And in forty days! That was one reason.

At what hour did the Ascension take place? Suarez observes: "Regarding the hour of the day in which Christ ascended into heaven, I find scarcely anything in the earliest writers. And from the Scripture we gather but this: 'And having eaten with the disciples, He commanded them that they should not depart from Jerusalem.' 'And when He had said these things, He was raised up.' 'But He appeared last of all to the eleven disciples as they were reclining [at table], and spoke to them; and when He had spoken, He was taken up into heaven.'"

The Ascension, therefore, took place after He had taken food with the disciples. Now, it is not likely that they reclined to take food for any length of time before midday. And we have to consider the time of the journey to Bethany, and the gathering together of all the disciples, which must have taken some share of time; it may, therefore, be held that it was after midday that Our Lord ascended into heaven.

Suarez says that in early ages of Christianity, "there was a custom in many places to devote the time from

twelve to one o'clock to solemn and public prayer in honor of Our Lord's Ascension. However that may be, this wonderful fact, which Venerable Bede relates, is not to be overlooked. In the church built on the supposed site of the Ascension, for several years, on the feast of the Ascension, Mass being finished, a mysterious flame used to descend from on high, and all who were in the church fell prostrate to the earth."

"And it came to pass, whilst He blessed them, He departed from them, and was carried up to heaven. And they, adoring, went back into Jerusalem with great joy." He blessed our Blessed Lady, His eleven Apostles, and the disciples who were gathered there to the number of about one hundred and twenty. We arrive at the number in this way. Our Lord told them to remain in the city "until ye be indued with power from on high." He said that to all, and it is to be supposed that all obeyed Him. While they were waiting to be indued from on high, we find from St. Peter's first sermon, on the selection of St. Matthias in place of Judas, that their number was about one hundred and twenty.

"He blessed them." "That blessing," remarks Suarez, "was none other than a prayer, made in so many words, asking for them so many graces, even in their hearing. He did it (1) as a token of love and benevolence; (2) that this blessing might really be conferred upon them, for His prayer could not be without efficacy; (3) that He might show Himself as the High Priest of the Church. For blessing with the lifting up of hands was a manner of prayer used by patriarchs and high priests, perchance to show that not earthly but heavenly things were being asked for."

As to the manner of blessing. "It may be piously believed," continues the same holy author, "that Our Lord did not lift up His hands in any unmeaning way, but in the form of a cross, one hand over the other, as Jacob blessed Joseph's sons; or raised up in the form of a cross,

as Moses on Horeb; or as forming with His hand a cross in the air, as is now the custom in the Church,—a custom which St. Basil testifies has come down from Apostolic times.”

The saints and holy writers make here a most beautiful use of the Psalms, quoting them, and adapting them to the mystery of the day with that wonderful science and spiritual adroitness which would be matter of almost incredible marvel, if we did not know that they had been secretly and mystically taught by the Holy Spirit. “Sing ye to God; sing a psalm to His name. Make a way for Him who ascendeth upon the West. The Lord is His name. . . . The chariot of God is attended by ten thousands; thousands of them that rejoice. The Lord is among them in Sina, in the holy place. Thou hast ascended on high; Thou hast led captivity captive. . . . Sing to God, ye kingdoms of the earth; sing ye to the Lord. Sing ye to God, who mounteth above the heaven of heavens, to the East.”

They quote from Psalm lxiv: “Thou hast visited the earth and hast plentifully watered it; Thou hast many ways enriched it. . . . Fill up plentifully the streams thereof; multiply its fruits. . . . The beautiful places of the wilderness shall grow fat, and the hills shall be girded about with joy. . . . Thou hast given Him, O Lord, His heart’s desire; and hast not withholden from Him the will of His lips. Thou hast prevented Him with blessings of sweetness. Thou hast set on His head a crown of precious stones. He asked life of Thee, and Thou hast given Him length of days for ever and ever. His glory is great in Thy salvation; glory and great beauty shalt Thou lay upon Him. For Thou shalt give Him to be a blessing for ever and ever.”

St. Cyril of Jerusalem quotes from Psalm viii: “O Lord, our Lord, how admirable is Thy name in the whole earth! For thy magnificence is elevated above the heavens. Out of the mouth

of infants and of sucklings Thou hast perfected praise.”

St. Thomas Aquinas quotes from Micheas: “For He shall go up that shall open the way before them.” And St. Jerome adapts the whole passage of the prophet to the Ascension of Our Lord: “I will assemble and gather together all of thee, O Jacob! I will bring together the remnant of Israel. I will put them together as a flock in the fold; as the sheep in the midst of the sheepcots, they shall make a tumult by reason of the multitude of men. For He shall go up that shall open the way before them: they shall divide, and pass through the gate, and shall come in by it; and their king shall pass before them, and the Lord at the head of them.”

St. Gregory of Nyssa most aptly cries: “Lift up your gates, O ye princes; and be ye lifted up, O eternal gates; and the King of Glory shall enter in. Who is this King of Glory? The Lord, who is strong and mighty; the Lord, mighty in battle. Lift up your gates, O ye princes; and be ye lifted, O eternal gates; and the King of Glory shall enter in. Who is this King of Glory? The Lord of hosts, He is the King of Glory.” *

St. Cyril, quoting Isaias (lxiii), “Who is He that cometh from Edom, with dyed robes from Bosra?” goes on to say: “The Only-Begotten of God returns to heaven, together with the flesh He has united to Him; and this was a new sight in the heavens. For the multitude of the holy angels grew amazed when they beheld the King of Glory and the Lord of Hosts in human flesh; and they said one to another: ‘Who is this that cometh from Edom, this beautiful One in His stole, going forward in the multitude of His strength?’”

If Christ were to prepare a place for us, according to His own words—“I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am you also may be,”—then it was fitting that He should ascend, glorious in body

* Ps. xxiii, 7-10.

and soul, into heaven. "For as yet He was not there in His human nature," says Suarez; "because, according to His human nature, He was not omnipresent, but was circumscribed in the place where His body was." This we know, but we will listen to one or two of the holy writers.

Rufinus, on the Creed: "He ascended into heaven; not into a place where God the Word was not before; but where the *Word made flesh* was not before."

St. Leo: "In an ineffable way He became more present by His divinity who was more distant by His humanity."

Virgilius: "By the form of servant, which He took away from us with Him into heaven, He is absent from us; by the form of God, which He did not withdraw from us, He is present to us."

Finally, how did Our Lord ascend? We know for certain that the first portion of Our Lord's Ascension—that is, until "the cloud received Him out of their sight,"—was by successive motion; for we read: "And He was raised up while they were looking on." This cloud was a true cloud, that Christ called to receive Him from the eyes of His Apostles, just as He called a star at His birth. According to St. Cyril of Alexandria, "this cloud was that predicted by Daniel the Prophet; when he saw, as it were, the Son of Man coming [ascending] *in the clouds* of heaven to the Ancient of Days, and there was given to Him a crown and a kingdom." St. Chrysostom, quoting Psalm ciii—"Who makest the clouds Thy chariot,"—says: "This cloud was a symbol of heaven, declaring that in this sign of divine power He was ascending. 'Who makest the clouds Thy chariot.'" And St. Cajetan observes: "The Scripture does not simply say that the cloud took up Christ, but that it took Him from the eyes of those that beheld Him."

"Wherefore," says Suarez, "it is more likely that while Christ wished to be seen, no cloud was interposed between Him and the earth, because it would prevent Him from being seen. But when He began

to be somewhat farther from earth, a cloud hid Him from the eyes of those that were looking on. But the cloud did not go up with Him, nor did it render any further office than to withdraw His sacred body from the eyes of the disciples, and by its brightness and splendor to indicate the majesty of Him who was ascending."

We are to conclude, then, that this cloud was not a dark one, though that is what on first thought would strike most persons. Dark is a sign of mourning, and white is a sign of joy; and the Scripture goes out of its way, so to speak, to remark that the two angels on that day wore "white garments"; for white, and nothing but white—white garments and white cloud,—could befit a day of such exceeding glory and joy.

The Decline of Oswaldism.

BY BEN HURST.

I.

THEY stood, clasping each other's hands scanning the changes of a few years, astonished that these should be so few. Alice was the first to break silence.

"Marriage has behaved well by you, Gertie," she said. "I feared to find you worn by children and cares; but, beyond the matronly expression that becomes you so well, there is really no change, you dear girl!"

"Nor do I find much alteration in you," returned Gertrude. "The same dainty figure, gentle ways, and of course the same devotion to others. Tell me, how fares your brother?"

"He has more work than he can do," said Alice, her face lighting up with pride and satisfaction. "He has made a name for himself, my dear, and is undoubtedly the first engineer in the province. The world will hear of him some day."

"I never doubted his capabilities, nor did Robert," answered Gertrude, drawing

her friend on to the sofa beside her. "Oswald Quinton is certainly a *very* clever man. But you, dear Alice? Have you any occupation, any hobby of your own, beyond ministering to Oswald as usual?"

"Ah, there you are again!" said her friend, reproachfully. "I help with his plans. He has taught me to draw; and, naturally, I continue to smooth all things around him, so that the common hitches of daily life may not interfere with his work. What more can I desire? My days are full. It is a privilege to share the mind and heart of a man like my brother, and for nothing in life would I forego it."

Gertrude sat meditatively, holding her friend's hand and stroking it softly.

"One has a duty to oneself, dear," she said at last. "I have always wished to see you in a home of your own."

"But my home is with Oswald," remonstrated Alice. "I would not deserve to be alive if I thought of leaving him. And, frankly, Gertrude, there is no temptation. After a man of Oswald's calibre, it is not easy to step down to the ordinary mortal."

"Granted," said Gertrude; "but it is the natural law, nevertheless, that men and women should go forth and found new homes. However, let us not speak of this, if it vexes you."

"No, Gertie; let us, on the contrary, speak quite freely. You were always a little unfair to Oswald; and it hurts me, for I love you both so much. Now, quite candidly, what do you reproach him with?"

"Are we to quarrel," asked Gertie, smiling, "in the first hour of our meeting, and under my roof?"

"Nonsense! We have quarrelled hundreds of times, and that is why we hold fast together. What is friendship without frankness? Speak!"

"Well," said Gertrude, gravely, "I do reproach him with having influenced you to forego the religious practices of the congregation to which you belong."

"O my dear Gertie," exclaimed Alice, "are you indeed the same narrow, stubborn Roman you were at school? Can

it be that you have not changed an atom, and that it is I, the mentally inferior, who have developed intellectually? Yes, I have done with Methodists and 'chapel' and all outward forms of the worship that can best be given from within. But it is my turn to ask what *you* have been doing with yourself? Where are the works we all expected from your clever pen?"

"Do not these suffice?" asked Gertrude gaily, as she drew forward two shy mites that had been peeping through the doorway.

"Tots and Benny!" said Alice. "Come to me, dearies! I want to play with you and love you as mother does. Now, get used to me quick; for I am going to stay with you, you know."

"How long?" asked Benny, frankly; while Tots climbed onto the visitor's knee in confiding friendliness.

"Oh, for days and days! I know all about you, Master Ben, and want to look at that terrier straight away. Will you fetch it?"

Both children raced off, and Alice turned laughing to her friend.

"Well, Gertie, these Roman volumes of yours are, I confess, most fascinating. I have never lost my fondness for children, and these are a pure delight. You will train them yourself?"

"Yes, but not according to my own vagaries. Thank Heaven, the way is clearly marked out for me! O Alice, what a responsibility is the direction of a human soul!"

Alice sat silent and reflected.

"I suppose," went on Gertie, "if you married and had a family, you would not bring them up as you were yourself?"

"Never!" replied Alice, emphatically. "I have done with creeds, dearest, since a wider vista of life has been opened to me. Oswald can not brook the idea of the human mind stunted by dogma."

"Oswald is very dogmatic himself," murmured Gertie. "But do not let us discuss it. Here are the children! What-

ever your new convictions, you are always a dear, sweet girl, my best friend." And she embraced her affectionately.

"How good you are to me!" exclaimed Alice, some hours later, as she walked in the garden between her host and hostess, the children running to her now and then with a flower or a caress. "This visit is a charming break in my life. Only to hear Gertie's voice," she said, turning to Robert, "is true pleasure. You can not think what friends we were at school. I have never made another friend."

"You live too isolated," said Gertrude. "It is a pity—"

"It was Oswald who insisted on my accepting your invitation," put in Alice quickly. "It is purely my own fault if we see so few people. But where are congenial souls to be found?"

"Quite true," assented Robert. "I think it is slavery to keep up a large circle of acquaintances. *We* almost restrict ourselves to Jim."

"You remember Jim?" asked Gertie, laughing. "My youngest brother, the silent one? He is living in this city now."

"I remember him very well," said Alice, while the faintest possible flush tinged her cheek. "He was, as you say, very silent, but sympathetic all the same. Oswald liked him."

"He is a good listener," said Robert; "and few people can be eloquent as Oswald. Yes, I know he can touch on ancient history and modern science apropos of a roast fowl. A wonderful man, with an inexhaustible fund of learning. Who wants to talk in his presence? It is easier to listen."

"Yes, he is a reservoir of information," assented Alice, her eyes lighting up at this praise of her brother. "It explains why I never seek elsewhere for intellectual food, or feel the need of other company."

"And why you have given up your music," said Gertrude, reproachfully. "But you shall sing to us after dinner, with Jim to play the accompaniment. Remember you are here to enliven and

be enlivened. Life is not made up of dry studies only (nor of Oswald's didactics," she muttered under her breath).

II.

"You must not think of leaving us yet," insisted Gertrude a week later. "I, too, am without society of my own sex. The children absorb most of my time, and I see Robert only at meals. Even then he is full of his business, and I often long for congenial companionship like yours. Do let us be together as long as we can."

"Of course I should like to stay," murmured Alice. "I have enjoyed being here so much! This visit marks an epoch in my life. But I should not leave Oswald for so long."

The two friends chatted from their adjoining rooms with the doors ajar, loath to be separated an instant.

"Alice has fallen in with our ways so quickly it shows that home life is her true element," said Robert and Gertrude to each other; "instead of hearkening all day to pedantic harangues and 'knocking her head against the stars.'"

At dinner she was the merriest, laughing at Robert's witticisms, enjoying the children's queer comments, and marking Uncle Jim's subservience to their caprices. Her zest was that of a girl home from school. Evidently it was new to her to be appealed to for an opinion, and she felt at times quite taken aback at the importance given to her appreciations.

"And this is the being who fancies she stands alone!" Gertrude would reflect with a groan. "This milder edition of Oswald's bombast!"

Jim did not criticise. He was frankly admiring, and sought his sister's house with more assiduity than ever.

Gertrude found Alice rather meticulous.

"Can it be the forerunner of old-maidenism?" she asked herself, as Alice stood before the mirror carefully adjusting her veil, and then stooped to rearrange the knot of her shoes. She did not scruple

to tie and untie the ribbon several times till she had arranged it to her satisfaction. With regard to food and drink, she followed certain rules, and would be quite distressed if she inadvertently transgressed them.

"What are you thinking of, dear?" she asked her hostess, as she placed her brushes at an exact angle on the toilet table and began to choose a pair of gloves.

"Of how 'narrowed to dogma and stunted to form' you are," replied Gertie, with a malicious smile, "in every movement of your daily life."

"I can not bear disorder," said Alice; "and it comes strange from you, an example of neatness, to scorn my little ways. I do not understand how people can live whose acts are not all regulated."

"All except divine worship," Gertie could not refrain from saying. "Yet it is an act, a necessary part of life, as well as another."

Alice, strong in Oswald's logic, was not nonplussed.

"There we can never agree," she said composedly. "Religion, true religion, is something too sublime to be submitted to the trammels of stereotyped figures and mechanical observances. Religion should be with us all day long, and nobody and nothing should come between the creature and the Creator."

"I'm often very thankful to have a 'go-between,'" declared her hostess, bluntly. "And I think most people, who do of course speak to God directly, feel at times a wish to slink round and appeal to intermediaries who were themselves imperfect. As for me, I hanker most after the saints who were the biggest sinners."

"You underrate the goodness of God," said Alice.

"Not at all!" replied Gertrude. "I am far more liable to underrate my own shortcomings. You, who are amiable by nature, Alice, do not know how vicious I can be,—at times, how hateful!"

"I don't indeed," smiled Alice; "nor does Robert, I fancy. But you seem to me

to look on God as a hard taskmaster. That is because the priests who come between you and Him lead you astray."

"Don't drive me out of all patience!" exclaimed Gertrude. "Do you think I would spend this very afternoon at the hospital and spoil your tennis match with Jim, but that Father Kearney keeps me up to the mark? How often would I shirk but for his eagle eye! I confess I want looking after. These hospital rounds bore me; and if you belonged to a confraternity, as we poor women here are obliged to, with all your angelic sweetness, Alice, you would find it irksome at times. Come, let us get it over!"

She ran downstairs to give a last peep at the nursery before they drove off.

"Impetuosity and Gentleness," murmured Jim—even the prosaic Jim,—as he watched the pair of friends from his office window. "They should always be together."

"I think, on the contrary, that I should very much like to belong to a confraternity," Alice was saying; "but Oswald does not approve of organized charities. One should give unostentatiously, he thinks; and—"

She stopped short, reflecting that no opportunity for charity was ever brought to their notice; and then, all at once, it dawned on her that their kindnesses and bounties to their immediate dependents could scarcely come under the heading of charity, since it was not absolutely disinterested.

"It is all so hopeless," she resumed rapidly,—“the disgraceful condition of the masses, the impossibility of practical and durable relief, the indifference of the world to suffering! The whole structure of society is rotten; and,” she went on with increasing fervor, “those who should lead the way, who profess to teach Christ, live in abundance, while their brethren starve.”

"There you are wrong," objected her friend. "I think that Christian pastors of every denomination do a vast amount of good. I will not put forward our own

priests, whose work among the poorer of their congregation is well known; but I doubt if there is a single Christian clergyman who ignores his duty in this respect."

"Well," said Alice, "whenever we pass that huge Benedictine monastery outside our town, Oswald never fails to remark on the splendid pile in the vast park given over to a dozen priests, while the dark alley slums are overcrowded. The men who live there profess Christ. Would St. Paul own them as his brethren if he returned to earth to-day?"

"No: he would doubtless descend straight at 51 Severn Street, and ask for Mr. Oswald Quinton!" retorted Gertrude, flippantly. "You have a splendid, roomy house, by the bye, and he would be very comfortable. Heavens! how profane I am! But look here, Alice! All this talk is rank Socialism. The house and grounds you object to were bequeathed for their present purpose, and for no other, by a man who had every right to dispose of his own property. I, for one, am grateful to him; for I think a good sermon as necessary as bread. Say, dear Alice, if it were a studio for painters or a school for general oratory, would Oswald cavil? No! Only as soon as any institution is religious, it is banned."

Alice had been many times puzzled and startled since her arrival. She missed the reassuring sound of Oswald's authoritative voice, and felt herself an unworthy expositor of his superior views. It hurt her to observe that Gertie, the crude and obstinate Gertie, found her narrow and unfair. Her eyes grew pensive as she leaned back silent, while they bowed between verdant fields on the smooth white road. Gertrude, remorseful, chatted of past days, recalling school escapades and funny episodes, till she made her friend laugh once more.

In the wards Alice scored a distinct success, and felt a strange new happiness fill her soul. Her nature was kindly and her disposition was helpfulness itself. Weary eyes rested with pleasure on her

gentle, sympathetic face. A born nurse she was, surpassing the accustomed Gertrude in deft movement as she changed the posture of some tired little sufferer. It was so good to help! She almost envied the Sisters whose lives were passed thus blessedly and usefully within these walls dedicated to Pain. She had once attempted to nurse a servant-maid in typhus fever, but desisted out of consideration for her brother. It was not fair that she should risk her health, so necessary to his well-being. And he objected to any shadow on her face that could be avoided. They lived for themselves, closing their eyes to all the ugly and disagreeable things of life. Yet she felt happy to-day as she moved between the rows of beds—most of which contained horrors,—and realized that she could spread sunshine. Was her life so well-ordered, after all, bounded by one *self-chosen* duty? Was it right to live in the region of thought only?

Jim had never found her so sweet as in the grave mood of that evening. They were sitting alone on a bench outside the door when she suddenly asked him a question.

"Are you also under Father Kearney's control?"

Jim fidgeted in awkward surprise.

"We are good friends, but he is not my director."

"Then you *have* what you call a director?"

"Scarcely that," smiled Jim. "If I were in trouble, I should write to my college master, who is in Orders. A good friend who often gave me good advice. Are you surprised?"

"N-no! After all, most people are influenced, consciously or unconsciously; and I myself consult Oswald."

"Every man isn't born with an Oswald ready to hand," said Jim. "And that is why we have the Church to be a guide. Not that you require one, I am sure. You could not do better than follow in everything your own instinct."

Which was a great deal from Jim.

III.

"What am I to do now?" murmured Gertie in perplexity, twisting a letter in her fingers.

"Why, Madam Matchmaker," consoled Robert, "it makes your plans ever so much easier. Let Jim go ahead."

"Oh, that stupid Jim! All these years he is fond of her, and when I invite her here he hasn't two words to say for himself. It is not Jim that can console her for the loss of Oswald."

"Will she feel it so much? She must have foreseen the possibility of his getting married some day."

"But not to that silly, frivolous Mrs. Warrington. And the letter is so mean! He might have told her, prepared her himself. Now it is clear why he wished her to come to us. It will be a shock."

"She seems a level-minded woman. Appeal to her sense of religion."

"She *has* none. At least her real creed all her life has been pure, undiluted 'Oswaldism.'"

Robert threw back his head and laughed.

"A good noun," he said. "Oswaldism? Oswaldism? Of course! But take care she doesn't hear you. It's a creed that's doomed to extinction, anyhow; for she was its sole votary."

"Yes," went on Gertrude, vehemently. "The 'perfect brother' was a fraud. After monopolizing the best of her youth, absorbing her very soul, he sacrifices her to the wily flatterer that planned to step into her shoes. I hope he'll hear some plain truths from the widow. Such blind adoration as Alice's he won't meet with again."

"Who knows?" said her husband. "He has a commanding spirit, and his wide knowledge inspires respect."

"Oh, those rhapsodies of the man who talks, talks, talks, but never acts, can not impress *me*!" exclaimed Gertrude. "The worship of Art, the cult of Literature,—to what practical result? All he wants is a listener,—an admiring listener.

I'd back Jim's common-sense any day against the philosophy of Oswald."

"But Jim wouldn't take the rôle of intellectual leader, in any case," observed Robert. "It is not a case of Jim *versus* Oswald, but of the Church *versus* Oswaldism, I take it."

"Of course. Fancy her assumption that she is a *free*-thinker! Poor little Alice! Isn't it extraordinary that people give over their most vital interests to the care of Oswalds, Jims, or whoever may chance to be the strongest-minded personality near them? If *you* were to dispose of the trend of Ben's soul, for example!"

"Don't aspire to the task," said Robert, sententiously. "Nor do I interfere with the gradual extinction of the same under maternal cakes and caresses."

"Thank you! Yet I hear every day that I am an 'implacable disciplinarian.' Who teaches Tots to hide sticky bonbons in a corner of her pinafore—"

"Look! look!" cried Robert, in wise diversion, pointing through the window. "Isn't that fair promise for your project?"

Alice and Jim were pacing up and down in animated conversation, and made a pretty picture among the plants and flowers, with little Tots and Ben in the background.

"And to think that I must hurt her, drive all the peaceful content from that angel face!" murmured Gertrude. "To remove the spell that surrounds a being she adores! How can I inform her that he is just a man like any other, and has fallen a victim to frills and flounces and arch glances!"

"You have been preparing your ground, though," said Robert, dryly. "I must tell you that your sly hits at Oswald all this time have not gone unnoticed. Were they always very Christian?"

"Well, no," acknowledged Gertie. "But when I saw a girl sacrificing herself, and that girl Alice, I *did* want to interfere. You see, I was right. He puts this hard task on me now, the coward!"

IV.

"Read it again! Read it over to me slowly," prayed Alice, her tears flowing freely as she sat with her friend's arms round her.

"Dearest, if you take on so, how can I justify his confidence in me? He trusted me to reconcile you to the news. He knew it would be hard because it came as a surprise."

"Surprise! Surprise indeed!" sobbed Alice. "He had so often discountenanced marriage for men of great aims! He said that he required all his faculties unhampered by private cares in order to do his best. And Mrs. Warrington! She of all others, so superficial, so vain! Capable of no deep appreciation! He knew it; for I told him myself, after his great lecture on dynamics in the town hall, her only remark was, 'What a handsome man your brother is!'"

Gertie smiled softly to herself.

"The greatest of men, dearie," she said, "are not above personal vanity. And your brother is handsome. But his wife can not help becoming intellectual. He will form her mind as he did yours, and as he does most of those brought into contact with his own. You must not fret at this very natural step of his. His marriage will not hinder him from continuing to love you. See what he says. You must, of course, go on living with them. He could not bear to part with you, who have been so long the half of his soul."

"I will not live with them," said Alice with decision. "It would be rank folly. Gertie, I am a bad hand at pretending, and I do not care for that woman. How can she understand him? Oh, the blank in my life, the strangeness of it all!"

"He will teach her, dear, elevate her mind, train her artistic sense," replied Gertie, soothingly. "And depend on it she will learn how to please him. These sort of women are very clever. Think now of yourself, dearest! What are your plans?"

They talked far into the night, and

Alice left next morning to put Oswald's house in order for its new mistress. She would return, Gertrude told Robert, after they had seen her off, to undergo a course of sick-nursing at the Mercy Hospital.

"Which means ultimately of course," he answered, "conversion and Jim!"

"A rude and vulgar remark!" observed his wife, severely. "How can one think of anything just now but to distract her from her trouble?"

Then, after a pause, this extraordinary woman added:

"They could have that little house on the Bromley Road, you know? 'Tis not far from the Benedictine chapel, nor from Jim's office."

Lullaby.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

HUSH, O soft and low, baby, for your mother!

All the daisies sleep a-row, and the rose,
your brother;

Little birdies in the nest creep so close to warm
them,—

Creep below the downy breast where no hurt
shall harm them.

Lullaby! Shut the eye! Stars peep from heaven,
Wonder at a little boy wide-awake at seven;

For to grow a man of men, mother's pride and
darling,

You must go asleep at dusk with the thrush and
starling.

Rose and gold, one-year-old, mother's foot goes
rocking;

While the dustman, kind and old, at the door
comes knocking;

Just one sleepy pinch of dust on his eyelids
shaken,

And the little boy's asleep till the birds awaken.

Sleep and grow, rose and snow, till the happy
morning

Wakes the golden throats below, and the cock
gives warning;

Dream of pleasant fields and woods, daisied
hill and meadow

Hush, O gold and snow, under Love's shadow!

The "Gloria Patri."

BY THE VERY REV. R. O'KENNEDY.

II.—"ET NUNC" (AS IT IS NOW).

(CONTINUED.)

ONE of the latest discoveries, and one which promises to be of incalculable use to mankind, is wireless telegraphy,—part discovery, part invention. Take a disabled ship out at sea, unfurnished, drifting at the mercy of the waters and the winds; how pitiable its position, how deplorable its fate! Furnish it with the apparatus of the new invention; and if you or I were a passenger on board, we should bless the name of the inventor.

There is a telegraphy, a wireless telegraphy, that puts man's boasted efforts to shame. It is the telegraphy of light. If light had not been, only consider what the world would be like; only think what blessings would be called down on its discoverer or inventor. Light is wireless telegraphy; and, unlike man's, it is certain in its working. America and Europe are a few thousand miles apart; the earth and the sun are ninety-six million miles apart, and for many a long year they have been united by the telegraphy of light. The message takes eight and a half minutes to come. Light travels at the rate of between eleven and twelve millions of miles a minute; that is, about two hundred thousand miles, or eight times round the globe, in a single second of time.

But not alone between the earth and sun has this wireless telegraphy been established, but between the earth and every luminous body in the firmament; between it and the moon, between it and the planets, between it and the fixed stars. Now, if our astronomers' stories are true (and no fairy tales could equal them), the telegraphy of light, which would encompass this earth of ours eight several times in the space of a single tick of the pendulum, would take three long uninter-

rupted years to reach the nearest fixed star. The realization of this interminable distance instinctively forces from our hearts as well as from our reason: "Glory be to God!"

Yes, glory be to God! *There* does Nature—simple, unsophisticated Nature—speak the truth. Of what use is the nearest fixed star, a journey of three years for light to travel? Of what use the farthest fixed star? Of what use the millions of stars flung over the firmament, whose numbers man can not count,—of what use under heaven are they to man? One use and one only: to raise his heart to glorify God; to tempt him to cry with the Psalmist: *Benedicite, omnia opera Domini, Domino; laudate et superexaltate eum in sæcula.* (All ye works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord; praise and exalt Him forever.)

"By the love of benevolence," says St. Francis of Sales, "God formed David according to His own divine Heart, and then loved him with the love of complacency. God produces in us all the good we have, and then delights in the contemplation of His work. By benevolence He created the universe for man, and man for the universe. He bestowed on each object in particular the degree of perfection appropriate to it; and then, seeing that everything He had created was good, He approved of His production, and 'rested,'—that is, He took pleasure in the contemplation of His great work."

In the sinless world that we have been supposing, the most ignorant person (if any such person could exist) would have recognized all this. The very child come to the use of reason (if there were such a thing in childhood as the maturity of reason) would have known it as intelligibly as our profoundest philosopher, and even more so. Every soul of the countless multitudes in a sinless world would have seen that creation was one of God's great *external* works, and would have cried out in fulness of heart and soul: "Not to us, O Lord,—not to us, but to Thy name give glory!"

Yet even the creation now before our eyes, grand as it is, may not reflect all the glory the Creator had intended. There is no question that the earth is not now the "good" thing that God at the beginning had pronounced it. "And God saw all the things that He had made; and they were very good." In Holy Scripture the change is declared. From the beginning the earth had been a paradise of pleasure, wherein God had placed man, whom He had formed. "And the Lord God brought forth of the ground all manner of trees, fair to behold, and pleasant to eat of. . . . And a river went out of the place of pleasure to water paradise. . . . And the Lord God took man, and put him into the paradise of pleasure." * Such would have been the earth in a sinless world.

What sin did, we have also declared to us: "And to Adam He said: Because thou hast . . . eaten of the tree whereof I commanded thee that thou shouldst not eat, cursed is the earth in thy work; with labor and toil shalt thou eat thereof all the days of thy life. Thorns and thistles shall it bring forth to thee; and thou shalt eat the herbs of the earth. In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread till thou return to the earth, out of which thou wast taken; for dust thou art, and into dust shalt thou return." †

There is no question that the earth has deteriorated,—that it is no longer the paradise of pleasure it once was. Whether the rest of creation has suffered in a like manner may be a matter of debate; rather likely it has. But even if it had not, man (as he is now) would not be in a position to appraise it as he would have done. Just as now a child or an uneducated man is not able to see the beauties of painting or architecture as a cultured man does; so, but in a far greater degree, the soul in a sinless world could understand the beauty and glory of God's great works far better than the soul whose mental powers have been

darkened and weakened by original sin.

The Royal Prophet assures us that even in this world of ours "the heavens show forth the glory of God, and the firmament declareth the work of His hands." "O Lord, our Lord, how admirable is Thy name in the whole earth! For Thy magnificence is elevated above the heavens." "Let all the earth fear the Lord, and let all the inhabitants of the world be in awe of Him. For He spoke, and they were made; He commanded and they were created." "O Lord, Thy mercy is in heaven, and Thy truth reacheth to the clouds. The children of men shall put their trust under the covert of Thy wings."

If in this world, which has been materially deteriorated and spiritually darkened, the Prophet, inspired of God, calls "every soul to praise the Lord," what would it have been in a sinless world? But sin came, and then, alas! the power of each single soul to give glory was weakened, and the reason for giving glory was dimmed; and, unless something strange had happened, less glory therefore had been given. But we are not to forget the saying of St. Augustine, *O felix culpa!*—"Oh, happy fault of Adam!"—which cry the Church and the theology of the Church have made their own. "But not as the offence, so also is the gift," says St. Paul.*

"This Divine Redeemer," as St. Francis of Sales beautifully puts it, "died for the whole world, because all men were dead in sin. His mercy has been more efficacious in saving the human race than the unhappy fall of Adam in destroying it. The sin of our first parent, far from limiting the goodness of God, has, on the contrary, only excited and increased it. A sort of combat took place, in which the sweet and sovereign goodness of God, being opposed to sin, gained the victory by causing grace to superabound where iniquity had abounded.

"We can not, therefore, wonder that

* Gen., ii, 9-15.

† Ibid., iii, 17-19.

* Rom., v, 15.

the Church, in celebrating the festival of Easter, exclaims in a holy transport of admiration: 'O sin of Adam, thou wert truly necessary, since thou wert destined to be washed away by the blood of Jesus Christ! O happy crime, which has procured us so great a Saviour!' We may say on this subject, in the words of one of the ancients: 'What would have been our lot if we had not been lost?' This means that we have derived a great advantage from our loss, and that we have received more graces by our redemption than we should have had in our state of innocence, if the first man had remained faithful to God."

Yes, a strange thing did happen. God became Man. The Word was made flesh. "O amazing intercourse [of God with man]!" the Breviary cries out. "The Creator of the human race takes a living body, and deigns to be born of a Virgin. Then did rain fall [miraculously] on the fleece; then was the burning bush preserved unconsumed; then did the Root of Jesse bud forth; then did a Star arise in Jacob, when the Virgin brought forth the Saviour."

"The peculiar property of the soul's desire to glorify God," says St. Francis of Sales, "is that of being insatiable. A soul animated by this desire would wish to offer to God praises and honor as infinite as the perfections she admires in Him. But God, who possesses all perfections in Himself—or, more correctly, who is the essence of perfection,—is far above the praises and homage we can offer. As respect and homage, however, far from supposing indigence in those we intend to honor, are a kind of protestation by which we acknowledge that they are elevated above others, so we are in the habit of exercising this kind of benevolence toward God, who deigns to accept it. When a soul, therefore, has carried to a certain extent her complacency in the infinite perfections of God, and sees herself incapable of adding to them even in desire, she has recourse to

the only remaining means of contributing to the increase of His glory: she ardently desires that He may be honored more and more, that His holy Name may be praised and glorified throughout the universe."

The saint puts this still more plainly in another place, thus: "As we can not form any real and absolute desire with regard to God, we form imaginary and conditional wishes. Thou art my God; Thou art so rich in Thyself that Thou needest not my possessions. But if it were possible that there was anything Thou didst not already possess, I should wish it to Thee, O my God! I should long to procure it for Thee, at the expense of my life. If, being what Thou art, and what Thou canst not cease to be, it were possible that some new perfection could be added to those Thou hast already, with what ardor should I desire it were Thine! I should wish that my heart were transformed into desires, and that my life were consumed in sighs.

"Yet, O Lord, I am far from desiring that we could have room to wish Thee any increase of perfection. My greatest happiness is to think that we can not add to Thy sovereign goodness even in desire. But if Thou couldst acquire any new advantage,—if the desire of seeing Thee more perfect or more happy, chimerical as it is, could be realized, I should wish that my soul were totally transformed into this desire, and that it became a part of my very substance. I should then desire that my ardor in wishing Thee any perfection which Thou didst not already possess were as lively as the pleasure I now feel in not being able to desire Thee anything Thou hast not."

In this vale of tears who would not be enraptured at such sentiments in a human soul? What glory might not such a soul offer to God? Take a Mary Magdalen weeping (as she is described) at the foot of a large crucifix, and daily visited by companies of angels from heaven, mingling their prayers and worship with hers.

What glory did not the tenderness of her soul offer to God? And what soul is more typical than St. Mary Magdalen of the human race, striving in its broken fashion, but admirable at its best, to glorify its Creator? Oh, who will put a limit to the number of souls that even now, all unknown to the world, may be giving glory to God? David says: "While the rest of the world was asleep, I rose in the night, O Lord, to meditate on Thy law!"

Let us gather together all the beautiful humble souls that at any one age of the world offered "prayer and worship as incense in the sight of the Lord." Let us multiply their number by all the ages of the world. Let us add to their worship all the pains that have been endured, all the sorrows that have been borne. Let us add the imperfect striving that, in one way or another, ennobles the vast bulk of the human family, and declares their origin to be of God and their end to be with God. Oh, take it at its best, mankind is noble! Let us never despise the adventurous soaring of the poor human soul. See the evening birds swaying up and down, striving to fly home in a stormy sky. Take the lark at dawn; it is rising to meet the light. Neither should we grow deaf when the soul, in despairing depths, abhors itself and prays to be "delivered from this body of death." What is the condemnation it passes on its own imperfection but an acknowledgment that it seeks after perfection, that One is perfect, and that to be with that One is inconceivable happiness?

Let us take the world as it stands,—the aged and the strong, and the babes "out of whose mouth Thou hast perfected praise." Take all the vibrations of sound entering their ear, the hairs on their head, the number of times their eyelids open and shut, the beating of their pulse, the inhaling of their lungs, the opening and shutting of their heart,—for all these are blessed, although unconscious, acts of worship on the part of man. Let us consider beasts and birds and fishes; the

rolling of the seas, the wandering of the winds, the stillness of the mountain-top, the clothing of the earth, the minerals deep down beneath. Let us take the revolutions of the planets, the distant worlds that in all probability surround the fixed stars; the calm beauty of the moon, the majesty of the sun. Verily, one human soul can give, in its consciousness, more glory to God than all of these.

Take all the human souls that ever lived, or will live, in the years before Noah, in the years that followed, in all the countries, in all the zones, in all the ages, till the last man shall appear; put them all together, and figures would again fail us. Put all the breathing consciousness of their praises into one vast aggregate. Now, place beside it the honor given to God by God's Mother; and, though the Church will not require it to be believed, yet Catholic love and devotion have considered it congruous, and Catholic theology and the great Fathers of the Eastern and Western Churches have steadily pointed to the belief that Mary surpasses them all.

"In the exercise of love of benevolence," says St. Francis of Sales, "when we invite the works of God to praise Him, we ascend gradually from inanimate to rational creatures, from the angels and saints to the ever-blessed Virgin, *who praises and blesses God more perfectly than all creatures together.*" And again: "The Blessed Virgin is elevated above the choirs of angels and men, and *contributes alone to the glory of God more than all other creatures together.*"

"Others indeed, and they were many," observes St. Sophronius, addressing Holy Mary, "have been eminent in sanctity before thy time; but to none of them all as to Thee, O Mary, has the fulness of grace been imparted! None has been raised to such magnificence; none has been placed, as Thou hast been, higher than every heavenly power. And justly; for none has approached so closely to God as thou hast; nor has any one been enriched with God's gifts in such abundance as thou. Thou art superior to

all that is glorious among men; thou art beyond all the gifts that have ever flowed from the Divine Bounty upon any one."

St. Epiphanius exclaims: "What shall I say or what shall I declare about the most excellent and blessed Mary? For, with the exception of God alone, she stands far superior to all. In her nature she is more beautiful than the very Cherubim or Seraphim, or the multitude of the heavenly army, whose glory neither earthly nor heavenly tongue can fittingly declare; nay, not even the angels. O Blessed Virgin, Holy Mary, pure Dove and celestial Spouse, heaven, throne, and temple of the Divinity; thou who hast for thy Christ the Sun that enlightens the heavens and the earth. O Most Holy Virgin, who hast dazzled with thy glory the armies of heaven! A wonderful miracle is wrought beyond the skies: a Woman clothed with the sun and carrying Light in her bosom. A wonderful miracle in the heavens: the arms of a Virgin bearing the Eternal Son of God. A wonderful sight in the heavens: the Lord of the angels is become the Child of the Virgin. The angels were pursuing Eve with their accusations; now they pursue Mary with their glories, because she has raised the fallen Eve, and has sent back into heaven Adam who had been driven out of Paradise. Immense is her grace; and hence Gabriel at the very beginning, salutes her, 'Hail, full of grace!'"

Having put all those together, we still have something to add,—a something which surpasses them all. There is a characteristic about God which seems strange to us; it is His adorable communicativeness. Let us follow it step by step. (1) If in imagination we go to the first point (as it were) of eternity, we shall find there the Father unable to exist alone. By a necessity, by an absolute necessity, by a necessity that He can not set aside or overmaster, He is forced to communicate His own divine essence to His sole-begotten Son. (2) At that point of communication, at the instant of the

Son's coming into existence (as it were), Father and Son, again by an absolute necessity, are forced to communicate their divine essence unitedly to a Third Person, who henceafter proceeds from Father and Son—namely, the Holy Ghost. (3) The Three Divine Persons elected from all eternity that the Second Divine Person should assume a created nature, when the thing called "time" had come into existence. But it is not by any necessity now, it is merely because of the eternal decree, that the divinity of the Second Person communicates itself to our humanity; takes humanity thereby out of the second rank in creation—that is, inferior to the angels,—and places it, both in His own case and in that of His Blessed Mother, in a rank far higher than the angels. So highly has He raised man's nature that one act of the assumed nature is more meritorious before God than all the acts of all the nine choirs of angels.

"As the goodness of God possesses an unbounded inclination to 'communicate itself,'" remarks St. Francis of Sales, "it resolved to do so by means of union. In virtue of this union, as there is in God an eternal, essential communication, by which the Father, engendering the Son, communicates to Him His infinite and inseparable divinity, which the Father and Son together communicate to the Holy Ghost; so there also exists out of God a perfect communication of the divinity to creatures, both of which, while preserving their individual properties, are still so closely united as to form but one and the same person. God selected man from the multitude of creatures whom His sovereign omnipotence could have formed for this admirable union, and human nature has been united to the person of the Son of God. It has been elevated to the incomparable dignity of personal union with the Second Person of the Adorable Trinity; and in virtue of this union it was destined to participate eternally in the treasures of the infinite power and glory of God."

Now, to the aggregate of praises offered by creatures to God, let us add the praises of the Man-God, Jesus Christ, whose coming is thus described in the Canticles, "Behold He cometh leaping upon the mountains, skipping over the hills!" All creatures crawl upon the earth, but He comes "leaping upon the mountains." "Behold He standeth behind the wall" of our humanity, which He hath assumed; but the Lance and Nails have left openings in that wall, and He looks "through the windows and through the lattices."

"How enchanting," cries St. Francis of Sales, "must be the Canticle intoned by the Eternal Son of God in honor of the Father!... The homage and benediction of the Church militant and the Church triumphant, though addressed to the Creator, always proceed from the creature,—that is, from angels and men; but those of Jesus Christ are divine, not only because they terminate in God like those of the other saints, but also because they proceed from a God, the Son being God consubstantial with the Father. It is God who produces by His grace the homages which the saints present Him; but Jesus Christ, who is God, produces Himself the praises He offers His Eternal Father; and on this account they are of an infinite value."

Let us begin, then, with the infinite humiliation of the Son coming down to assume our nature. Let us add the humiliation of His nine months' prison—"He did not abhor the Virgin's womb"; the humiliation of the stable, the manger, the straw, and the company of the two dumb beasts; the humiliation of being reputed a carpenter's son, when He was the eternal and infinite Son of the eternal and infinite Father; the humiliation of having to defend Himself, His truth, His innocence, His celestial sonship, when the Pharisees plainly told Him that, instead of belonging to heaven and to the Father of Truth, He was in the possession of the prince of demons and belonged to the "father of lies." Finally,

let us add Calvary and the Passion; and let us say that every day, every hour of the day, and every minute of every hour, the Sacrifice of Calvary is renewed; and that quite possibly there is not an instant of time, in the twenty-four hours of every day, at which the adorable act of the Saviour's death is not reacted by consecration at the altar all over the world; and will be till the end of time.

Hell and its reluctant worship may be brought into our computation. But putting it aside, and reckoning only the rational worlds of heaven, purgatory, and earth, with the irrational orbs of creation, we have an aggregate of glory to offer that may well rejoice "a man of desires," a soul inflamed with the love of God.

Reflect what is even one soul. "If," says St. Francis of Sales, "you place a hot iron near a burning lamp, and compare them, you will pronounce the lamp to be brighter than the iron; but you will also conclude that the iron contains more fire and heat than the lamp. Compare an infant in glory with St. John in prison or St. Paul in chains: you will find the understanding of the child more enlightened, and its will more inflamed with the ardor and actual exercise of love; but you will also see that St. Paul and St. John had more of what is termed the fire of charity, and the ardor of dilection."

Oh, what glory, then, do we not wish to the Three Divine Persons when from our heart we cry, "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, *as it is now*,"—i. e., from the beginning to the end of time!

(To be continued.)

WHERE'ER they be, all hearts of gentle strain
Still can not choose but courtesy pursue;
For they from nature and from habit gain

What they henceforth can never more undo.
Alike the heart that is of churlish vein,

Whate'er it be, its evil kind will show.
Nature inclines to ill, through all her range;
And use is second nature, hard to change.

—Ariosto.

Exiled from Erin.

XXII.—THE MEETING WITH MOTHER.

ACROSS the "big field" Willie went. It began to whisper to him of the many times they had a hurling match or kicked football there. Under that big haw-bush he had run one day from the rain. And the poor old school-house on the height! Between ourselves, joy and sorrow parcel out pretty freely between them our childhood days at school; but in after years, when our eyes turn to it, it is neither joy nor sorrow we feel, but affection for the cherished memories of the hallowed spot. As he looked, he remembered the day long ago (although he was little more than an infant at the time) when the old teacher, devoted to literature and mathematics, brought out the whole school, and put them standing in file along that fence running by the road. There were boys growing near to men, and toddling infants, each one holding a scrap of blue paper with a pin-hole pierced in it. And the kindly old man told them to put the paper to their eye, look to the heavens, and watch an eclipse of the sun. It did happen, friend; and many a scholar of that good old man thought of him in after days, and the simple expedient of the blue paper, and wished the land had many more like him.

There was the rugged bit of hill where Grady was nearly killed the day of the hunt, when we first became acquainted with Mrs. McMahon and Ellie and Willie and Joe, and all of them. Grady had power that day,—power to throw poor people out of their homes, fling them out on the roadside. Where was his power now? There was once upon a time just such another, wealthy and powerful, and scorning the poor; and a time came when he asked for a drop of water to cool his burning tongue, and could not get it. Who feared Grady now?

A few steps more, and Willie was at the stile that led into his mother's little

farm. His frame shook. Oh, let him sit down on the great flat stone on the top of the fence! Give him the joy of looking for a moment on the horizon round his childhood's home. The landmarks are there. They did not stir while he was away; they did not change. There was on one side the long swell of rising ground, with glimpses here and there of 'his own majestic stream' (the Shannon) through the breaks in the woods that crowned it. Near was a strange, abrupt hill, that in the country's olden tongue was called the Ass' Back (*Dhrimin-an-Assil*), from its resemblance to it. A grey old keep crowned yet another hill; while a towering peak, in which it was currently believed the fairies dwelt, lifted its tapering crown to heaven.

Ah, but his own old fields! If others had interest and attraction, how much more those that gave bread and milk to his boyish limbs, and around which in sportive glee, careless as the summer butterfly, he had run? He gave one look at the little flocks and herds—the diminutive flocks and herds—that blessed the few fields his mother held; and then he fixed his eyes on his mother's door.

He wanted to steal in all unseen, and to hear all unheard, and to fill his heart. The grand sun that shines as gorgeously for the poor man's windows as for the rich, poured a shaft of beautiful light in over the little half-door. The dog lay within on the floor, in the midst of the glorious sunshine. A pan of water stood near the threshold, and a wee duckling sailing in it gave it motion. The slightly moving water sent the reflected sunlight dancing all round the house: now on one wall, now on another; now up to the roof, now on the bright hoops of the vessels on the can-stool; again on the cap of Mrs. McMahon, who was knitting there, and again on the floor, to the great wonderment of the dog, who kept twisting and craning his neck in every possible fashion, watching it.

But, though so busily engaged, the dog's

sharp hearing, nevertheless, caught the noise of a footfall in the garden outside. He sprang to his feet, whisked his "lordly tail," thereby whisking Mrs. McMahon's ball of thread out of her lap; and, leaping onto the half-door, gave a whine of joy so keen and piercing that Mrs. McMahon mistook it for a cry of pain, as if some one had stabbed him. She was hastening out to see what was the matter. At the same time Willie approached; and over the humble half-door—for they had not had time to open it,—in God's blessed and bountiful sunshine, mother and son embraced. They spoke not a word; but the mother took him in, leading him by the hand, as if he were still young and only learning to walk. They sat side by side in the little kitchen, and looked out through the open door, and on to the summer fields,—hand in hand, but not a word they said. After a little time broken phrases would slip from one or the other:

"O mother, God is good!"

The mother answered only with a nod of assent, smoothed down a fold of her dress, and slowly tapped the earthen floor with the toe of her slipper, as if she were beating time to music, or yielding resignation (like her people) to some heavy trial.

"O mother, God has been good to us!" repeated her son.

The only answer was a burst of tears and a lonesome wail.

"O mother, God is so good to us!" he continued, well interpreting his mother's emotion, and attributing it to her highly-wrought feelings of gratitude to God. "O mother, how happy! Ellie is coming to us, with a husband you will love."

A loud clatter interrupted their *tête-à-tête*. Joe's whip now waked the merry echoes. The jennet galloped into the yard, heedless of stones or hindrances; and the poor dog, thinking that Joe did not know the glad news, told, in a hundred barks and leaps of joy, that Willie had come home.

"Will you send out some one to hold this hunter's bridle of mine?" shouted Joe.

By this time he had popped his head in at the door.

"Ho, little mom, did you kiss your darling boy?"

"Do you hear Joe?" said the mother.

"All right, mom! But that's what you wouldn't do to me. And see if I'm not jealous! Here, Willie, bear a hand."

They took in between them the huge box that Ellie had sent her mother, containing the clothes and other things.

"Crock of gold, mom,—crock of gold!" whispered Joe close into his mother's ear, at the same time pretending, with a loud and reverberating sound, to kiss her heartily.

"Be off, you rogue!"

"Oh, yes, mom! If I had fine clothes, there's no fear you'd say a word. When I have my Caroline hat and my swallow-tail coat, then you'll be making up to me, and proud of me, and calling me 'Joseph.' But see! I have a watch and chain already!" And, displaying the watch and chain, he stood erect and shook his head.

"Where, in the name of goodness," said the mother in affright, "did that limb of mischief get those things?"

Willie explained that Ellie had sent them; while Joe cut a *moneen** round the floor, now whistling, and now singing:

"Hie for it! hie for it! Hie for it still!

Hie for the little house under the hill!"

"Here, mother!" said Willie. "Look at all the fine things they've sent you from America." And, taking the key out of his pocket, he opened the box.

"O mom! O mom!" Joe would cry, as article after article was taken out and exhibited. "Mom will be a swell on Sunday. I'm sorry I didn't order my hat in time. Fancy mom in her velvet bonnet, leaning on my arm, going in to Mass, the whole congregation admiring her; and myself in my Caroline hat and swallow-tail coat!"

When they came to the oval-framed picture, the mother took it in her hands and kissed the foot of it, with the same

* Danced a jig.

feeling in her heart that the poor woman in the Gospel had when she kissed the hem of His garment. It was a surprise to her when Willie touched the regulating pin and she herself came into view.

"O mom! mom!" cried Joe. "Hurrah!"

"Easy now, Joe! There's more to hurrah for yet. I have two cheques,—one for you, mother; and one for Joe. Now, which shall I show first?"

"Oh, mom's to be sure! Age is venerable. Though I know that comparisons, as Mrs. Gibbons would say, are *odorous*. 'Pon my life, comparisons are *odorous*!"

A smile crossed the mother's face as she remembered how well "the mistress" mincing voice was mimicked; but, growing serious, she said:

"That boy will never have sense."

"I was made for a Member of Parliament, mom: Joseph McMahon, Esq., M. P., House of Commons, Electors and Non-electors of this noble parish of Kilmacow."

"A cheque for a pony and trap for Mrs. McMahon from her son-in-law; and a cheque for Joseph McMahon for an Irish-made bicycle."

"Show it!" said Joe. "I misdoubt me that it is true."

"Here you are!" said Willie. "You buy the bicycle, and fill in that blank there for the figures. The good old 'Munster and Leinster' will honor the cheque, never fear."

"Listen, mom! I was as hungry as a hawk coming through the fields, but now I don't care if I didn't get a taste for a week. I could live on the wind."

"Does he still fill his two pockets with doughnuts, as he used to long ago, mother, when we were going to school?"

"Oh, yes, he has a sweet tooth yet! But, children, you must both be very hungry by this time," said the mother.

Joe gave a whiff or two.

"Ho, mom! Hot cakes! Guess your Yankee nose smells them," he said to Willie. "Where has she hid them? Come Willie,—come into the room!" And Joe led the way.

Willie followed, but out of sheer astonishment stood in the doorway.

"O Joe, who did it?" he cried.

The little room had been newly floored. A tall window, almost the height of the wall, had been put in at the front; and in the back, looking out on the apple trees and away to the beautiful west, was a large bay-window, where formerly there had been nothing but a blank wall.

"That fairly takes the sight out of your eyes, Will?"

"I confess it does. It must have cost a lot. You had no right to go to such expense."

"It cost just my lamb at the fair at Stonehall. I'll tell you what put it into my head. The children asked me to make cribs for them. For the foundation, you know, I put four alders. I began, playfully, to mortise them. And what do you think but I succeeded! I tried more, and succeeded. 'Why not make a window?' said I to myself. I had only a piece of mom's thread for a measure, and the end of an old knife for hatchet and saw and chisel. I did it. I was in a fever till the fair of Stonehall came. I sold my lamb. 'Now, Joe, old boy,' said I, 'no Caroline hat and no swallow-tail coat for another while.' I bought timber at an auction in town; and I took care to buy also a hatchet and saw and chisel and ginlet and nails and a rule. A rule is the first and last thing. I made one window outside behind the rick of hay; and I didn't want mom to know. But she came on me and I told her all; and I asked her leave, and she gave it."

"You don't say you did all that?"

"Every bit of it, except the timber and the bricks."

"And you made this round table in the centre?"

"Oh, don't raise the cover off it!" cried Joe. "As Father Kearney says about charity, it covers a multitude of sins."

In the midst of Willie's wonderment, the mother brought in a savory eel, broiled across the tongs on the embers (for it

was Friday), and a very nice set of ware on a handsome tray.

"I suppose he is showing you all he made," said the mother. "And this tray, too, is his." And she laid it on the table.

"Eh! eh! mom!" said Joe, taking her as if she were an infant and laying her in the rocking-chair. "I made this for my baby." And he began to rock her, imitating the slow, measured tone of the lullaby:

Shoho, baby! Lie still, and be aisy!

It was cut short by Willie laying his hands on his shoulders and lifting him up, saying good-humoredly:

"Don't, Joe dear,—don't tease poor mother to-day! Oh, but isn't the room splendid, mother?" he continued, in order to turn her thoughts from any sadness that might be coming on them. "I never thought that such a change could be made. Why, Joe, it's fit for a prince. Mother, where did you get that lovely ware? Now, there are nice things in America; and when I was there, if any one asked me had we things like those in Ireland, I should have said 'No.' But I declare to you I did not see, to my taste, a room like this since I left."

"We'll call it 'parlor' when I get on my Caroline hat and swallow-tail coat, be it known to you all," said Joe.

"Indeed, Joe, you might well call it 'parlor.' Oh, that lovely bay-window looking out on the orchard! And the young apples are already on the trees. And the beautiful boxes of mignonette and pansies! Was it you made the boxes too?"

Joe nodded, adding immediately:

"The very sweetest flower, though, is the dear old mom sitting there in the evening. And I draw the rocking-chair this way for her, and she says: 'The light is grand,—the light is grand!'"

"Oh, yes!" Mrs. McMahon broke in, "the light is grand,—the light is grand! The light of heaven to us all, and to all those who have gone before us in the Sign of

Faith and who rest in the sleep of peace."

The three, devoutly making the Sign of the Cross—the Sign of Faith,—whispered: "Amen!"

When their frugal but happy meal was over, they sat in the bay-window, looking out on the orchard; and while the sweet country air came in through the open sill, and the bees from the hives in the sunshine hummed their way toward the flowers in front of them, searching them through and through; and while the flowers in the boxes, and those in the squares outside, distilled their inimitable incense, the three sat quietly together, and talked of the thousand and one little things, in all the details to which letter-writing will not stoop. Mother and son told Willie of their little ups and downs, and of all the good luck and ill luck of the neighbors. And Willie told them of many a secret story of fortune or misfortune across the waters, which had happened, alas! to boys and girls that had left home with high hopes; and even to some from their own neighborhood whom they themselves knew.

"But, mind!" Willie would add: "in every nine cases out of ten drink was at the bottom of the misfortune. Wherever any one shunned the saloon and minded his religion, he was sure to get on."

"I say, mom, ask me what time it is." And Joe, pulling out his watch, declared it was cot time.

"Are you going to drive in the cows, Joe? For if you are, I will walk up with you through the fields, and take these things to Father Kearney. You know, mother, I would not like to be at home a single day without going to see him and thank him."

"That's right, my son!" said Mrs. McMahon. But so anxious was she to have him near her that the words slipped from her: "You won't be long?"

Willie looked in his mother's face, and answered with one of his old smiles; and the mother's heart was glad.

Something to Remember.

THE sainted theologian, Blessed Albertus Magnus, no less remarkable for his devotion to the Mother of God than for his vast erudition, has bequeathed to us among his valuable works one sentence which all devout Children of Mary, all especially who love to recite the Rosary, ought always to bear in mind: "As we salute Mary, so she salutes us."

From the lips of how many million Catholics in all quarters of the world does the Angelical Salutation daily—nay, hourly—ascend! And Blessed Albert tells us Our Lady not only accepts but returns our salutation. In fact, ordinary courtesy demands as much of us mortals. He would be considered in all justice most unmannerly who failed to return the respectful, well-meant greeting of an inferior or the cordial greeting of a friend. Throughout the whole civilized world it is customary for the highest monarch to acknowledge the salutation of his humblest subject. Can it be otherwise with the august Queen of Heaven, she who on earth was the most lowly and is now the most exalted of her sex? No: the dictum of a great theologian is not required to convince us that Mary returns our pious greeting,—returns it by manifold graces and favors, both spiritual and temporal.

The *Ave Maria*, we are told, is a sound well pleasing to the Blessed Mother of God. She hears it gladly and answers it graciously, and will do so to all eternity; because, when repeated by devout lips, it is an echo of that first *Ave*, rich in superlative grace, uttered by the celestial messenger whom the Most High God sent to announce to her the astounding privilege, the glorious destiny in store for her. For this reason we may conclude that she regards with favor everyone who repeats it, and fails not to return his salutation.

But this is not all. We must remark that Blessed Albert says: "As we salute Mary, so she salutes us." Could she be

pleased with a cold, half-hearted, careless salutation? And from a salutation coming from a sin-stained, impenitent heart she would surely turn her face away. What greeting, then, will be acceptable, agreeable to her,—one which she will graciously reciprocate? One which is uttered with recollection and devotion, which proceeds from a pure, a pious, or at least a contrite, heart. So it is with ourselves: a kind, cordial greeting, betokening sincere friendship and affection, is grateful to us, and we return it heartily.

These are truths—we may almost say truisms—which the Christian must remember, especially when reciting the Rosary; for, unless care be taken, the reiteration of the same words is apt to become mechanical. The wandering of the thoughts is the chief danger against which we must ever be on our guard. It is not always easy to keep the flame of devotion alive, nor to rekindle it when it expires. The Rosary, as we all know, combines oral and mental prayer. How often it occurs that, although at first the mystery to be contemplated is present to the meditative mind, before the decade is ended other thoughts have entered and led the imagination far afield! The prayer of the lips alone can not be pleasing to Mary; it can not evoke a gracious answer on her part.

Masters of the spiritual life give us counsel on this point. Recollect yourself before beginning, they say. Watch over your senses. Close the door of your mind against the ingress of irrelevant thoughts. Repress the first flight of the imagination. Before each successive decade is begun, place the particular mystery before your mental vision. Above all, raise your heart in filial, loving homage to the glorious Queen of Heaven; she will not fail to return your greeting.

THOUGH a hundred deserts separate the heart of the faithful from the Kaaba of Mecca, yet there opens a window from its sanctuary into the soul.—*Arab Proverb.*

A Letter of Consolation.

THIRTY years is a long time to remember a book that has been out of sight and also, perhaps, out of print. It is fully three decades, however, since we read the *Life of Father de Ravignan*, S. J., by Father de Ponlevoy, of the same Society. It was like meeting an old friend to see a copy of this precious book the other day. Much of its contents had faded from memory in the years that have passed, but we could never forget the letter of consolation which the holy Jesuit addressed to Queen Marie-Amélie on the tragic death of the Duke of Orleans. The first exclamation of the sorrowing mother had been: "Oh, tell me at least that he is in heaven!" Father de Ravignan, as we learn from his biographer, was fond of speaking of the mysteries of grace which he believed to be wrought at the moment of death; and his impression seems to have been that a large number of sinners are converted in their last moments, and breathe out their soul reconciled to God. It was quite natural, therefore, that one of the Queen's ladies should appeal to Father de Ravignan for words of consolation. "Tell me," she wrote, "you who say everything so well,—tell me whether there is room for misgiving, or whether we ought not rather to hope all things from God's mercy? If you have any favorable hope to impart to this sorrowing heart, make me your messenger." Father de Ravignan sent an immediate reply, as follows:

It is but a few moments since I received the letter which you did me the honor to write. Your words have affected me deeply. . . .

A mother's sorrow is the noblest of all sorrows, and the most to be respected. We may, then, believe it to have most power over the Heart of God. We can not, it is true, penetrate the secrets of His mercy; we are not permitted to know what passes in the last moments of a cruel and mysterious agony, nor can we speak of it with certainty. But we are Christians, living under the law of Hope no less than of Faith and

Love; and in the very depth of grief we must never cease to raise ourselves to the thought of the boundless goodness of our Saviour. In this world, while a spark of life remains, there is no wall, no impassable barrier, between grace and the soul. We must, then, always retain hope,—always address our entreaties to the Lord with humility and perseverance. No man can tell what effect they may not have. Great Saints and great Doctors have gone very far in speaking of this mighty power of prayer for beloved souls, whatever may have been their end. A day will come when we shall know these marvels of God's mercy; we must never cease from begging for it with the fullest confidence.

I am always fond of setting God before men as the tenderest, the most compassionate of mothers. All that she who so well deserves to be called a mother has so much longed for in her son's last hour,—all this did God long for, yet more ardently. To His all-powerful love I resign all concern.

That God's mercy is above all His works, and that no heartfelt prayer is ever lost, should be consoling reflections for those who mourn for loved ones, no matter in what circumstances they may have died. The moment of death is exceedingly hard to determine. The Church permits conditional absolution and holy anointing even when there is no sign of consciousness,—if there is the slightest reason for supposing that life is not wholly extinct. Who shall say what may take place between God and the soul in the mysterious interval, long or short, when she is hovering on the brink of eternity? An instant of time suffices for a miracle of conversion. God must have foreknowledge of all the prayers that will ever be offered for any soul's salvation, as He knows of all those already addressed to Him in its behalf. Supplications for salvation are the most efficacious of all, for in this case we pray for what must surely be according to the divine will. Again, the supreme moment of dissolution is the "acceptable time" for heeding the holiest of intercessors, universally and incessantly invoked to "pray for us sinners . . . at the hour of our death."

The poet was also a seer when he wrote:
More things are wrought by prayer than this world
dreams of.

Notes and Remarks.

At a Methodist Conference in Baltimore, the other day, a Canadian pastor declared that "England is a democracy with a King; America, a popular monarchy with a President." No matter what may be one's view as to the correctness of the second statement—and a good many will probably hold that it contains just now more truth than poetry,—the justice of the first statement will be very generally recognized. In what democracy among the nations, for instance, could popular freedom and control be more strongly insisted upon than in the following extract from the London *Catholic Times*, anent a recent defeat of a Government candidate?

There is absolutely no possibility, while England continues to be a free country, of compelling Catholics and Churchmen to tolerate an educational settlement which does not give them justice. Election after election will but prove that the deepest of all human sentiments is the sentiment of religion, and that the bitterest of all human resentments is the resentment against persecution for conscience' sake. Here we have a Government pledged to achieve reforms demanded by large multitudes of the people; reforms in which the people are keenly interested; reforms which would win popular support any day at the polls,—licensing reform, old age pensions, Home Rule for Ireland, graduated income tax, shorter hours for the toilers underground, taxation of land values, increased facilities of acquiring small holdings, and a score of others. Yet all these are quietly ignored by large sections of the electorate, who eagerly fasten on the fact that the Government which offers so many good things insists also on that most evil of all things, the right of the State to interfere in the religious education of a man's children, and to punish him by financial penalties if he declares that he can not in conscience permit the State to decide in what religious faith his children shall be brought up in school. Rather than yield that claim—the holiest claim a parent could maintain,—multitudes of pronounced supporters of the Government turn their backs on their own political party, and vote for candidates whom, under altered circumstances, they would oppose as a mere matter of course.

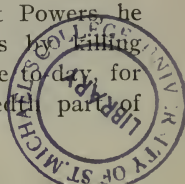
Such action, it need scarcely be said, is distinctly creditable to the English

voter; and the power of the ballot to modify legislative action is a proof of the contention noted above, that, whatever America may be, England is in reality a democracy with a King.

Praise of Catholic educational work from Protestants has now become too common to excite surprise. It is noteworthy only as proof of the decay of prejudice, and as gratifying assurance that the day is fast approaching when our separated brethren will acknowledge the justice of our claim for State aid. The latest testimony in favor of our parochial schools comes from the Rev. John Wefel, a Lutheran preacher, who, in a sermon recently delivered in Fort Wayne, was loud in praise of the educational work done by Catholics, and drew a lesson from it which he urged his coreligionists to profit by. In reference to the language difficulty, he said:

In Cleveland, as in many other cities, there are many immigrants among the Roman Catholics. They come from many lands. But, notwithstanding the diversity of tongues, there is uniformity in their churches and schools. You will find the Irish church of St. Patrick, and beside it a flourishing school. You will find the German church, the Polish church, the Bohemian church, and beside each of them a school. There is uniformity in all these schools, and they constitute a bulwark of the church. The Roman Church says, "Give us a child until it is twelve years old and it will be a Catholic for life." The effectiveness and success of the Catholic Church in its educational system has often impressed me. I realize the true Christian spirit that actuates the Papal Church, and I want to impress upon you to-day the fact that the Catholic Church finds diversity of languages no barrier in its schools.

Some of the critics who have been raising their hands in holy horror at the supposititious cruelties inflicted on the Congo natives might do worse than read a recent speech of M. Verhayen in the Belgian Chamber. The great Powers, he showed, have civilized lands by taking off the inhabitants. There are to-day for instance, but a three-hundredth part of



the Redskins who once roamed at large in the United States. Wherever they had possessions they were assailed and deprived of them. For protesting against the confiscation of half their land, the Sioux of South Dakota were massacred indiscriminately. The same fate overtook the aborigines of Australia. They have been harried and ruined, and at this moment not one of them can be found in some of the colonies. Only in recent years have the Maoris of New Zealand been allowed to increase and multiply; formerly they were mercilessly shot down. Such has been the history of the advance of the white man. Comparatively speaking, the Congolese have been fortunate in being governed by men who recognized the claims of humanity; and when they are taken over by the Belgian Government they will be subject to a régime which has always distinguished itself by its love of liberty.

The *tu quoque*, or "you're another," style of argument is of course inconclusive as a justification of wrong-doing; but it is none the less effective as an answer to the Pharisaical denunciations of "holier than thou" critics, worked up to indignation by motives conceivably not altogether disinterested.

There are no better Catholics in the wide world than the Highlanders of Bonny Scotland; and their descendants in America, we are glad to know, are worthy of them. The Rev. Father Campbell, S. J., who, during the autumn of 1907, conducted a series of missions to the Gaelic inhabitants of Nova Scotia, was enthusiastic in his praise of their lively faith and fervent piety. The *Pilgrim of Our Lady of Martyrs* relates an interesting story which he heard from some of the pioneers among these Scotch Canadians:

A company of a dozen men took a boat from Pictou and crossed the Gulf of Antigonish into Cape Breton. They were busy at work clearing the ground, to make a home for themselves and

their wives and children, left behind at Pictou, when all of a sudden they noticed a flotilla of Indian boats making straight for them. The Indians landed and came up to the Highlanders with menacing looks, while their chief demanded, in broken English, by whose authority they were cutting down those trees. The reply was that they were doing so on the authority of the King. The chief replied that he was the only king in those parts, and as they had not sought his leave they should all suffer death for this offence. He then gave orders that his men, who were over a hundred strong, should approach and carry out his sentence. The Highlanders were meanwhile making acts of contrition in preparation for death. One of their number openly began his act of contrition with a big Sign of the Cross, when all of a sudden the tomahawk fell from the grasp of the chief, who exclaimed to his men: "Stop, we brothers, we children of the Great Father!" He took each of the Highlanders by the hand and gave them the necessary permission. Then his followers drew near, and the Highlanders had to shake hands with each of them.

The Indians themselves (Micmacs), several reservations of whom exist in Nova Scotia and around Cape Breton, are likewise faithful Catholics. All attempts to proselytize them have been without avail.

Death, in one case sudden, in the other the culmination of a year's illness, has recently bereft the Church in America of two distinguished prelates. As a Roman student, seminary professor, Chancellor of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia, editor of the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*, and finally Bishop of Cleveland, the late Dr. Horstmann achieved uniformly brilliant success, while preserving throughout his career an exceptional spirit of tender piety. After taking leave of a pleasant gathering one night while on a visit to Notre Dame, he was seen reciting the Rosary,—a devotion which nothing could ever induce him to neglect; indeed, the beads were in his hands a short time before he was stricken on the 12th inst. He was in his sixty-eighth year.

Five years younger than the Bishop of Cleveland, Archbishop Bourgade, of Santa Fé, succumbed to heart failure on

the 17th inst. He was born in France, was ordained there, and came to America in the early years of his priesthood. Among the Indians and Mexicans of the wilds of Arizona and Mexico he labored with unremitting zeal until his appointment to the See of Tucson in 1885. Fourteen years later he succeeded Archbishop Chappelle in the metropolitan See of Santa Fé. An adequate, if brief, epitaph for the deceased prelate was that of the Chicago *Tribune* announcing his death:

Worn out by a long, unselfish life of toil and hardship spent on burning Southwestern deserts, the Most Rev. Peter Bourgade, who was known as the humblest and best loved man in the hierarchy of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States, passed away at Mercy Hospital yesterday.

May they rest in peace!

Former Postmaster-General Thomas L. James is a non-Catholic who takes saner ground in discussing our parochial school system than do the great body of his non-Catholic fellow-citizens. He has, too, the courage of his convictions; one of these convictions, expressed in an article published in the New York *Herald*, being that there should be some "modification of the Constitution of the State which would permit the incorporation of denominational schools and the support of them by appropriations from the school-tax." Until some such action is taken, it can scarcely be accounted strange that other peoples—our Canadian cousins, for instance—are inclined to smile when told that this is pre-eminently the country of "the square deal."

The recent death of Albert Auguste de Lapparent, Perpetual Secretary of the French Academy of Sciences, has bereft France of her most illustrious Catholic champion of science, and the world at large of the most famous geologist of the age. M. Lapparent was a lecturer in the Catholic Institute of Paris from the inception of its courses, more than thirty years ago.

Elected a member of the Academy of Sciences in 1898, he became its Perpetual Secretary in 1907, succeeding Marcellin Berthelot in that office. Apropos of the contrast between Berthelot, eminent chemist and rank materialist, and Lapparent, famous geologist and practical Catholic, *Rome* declares that their cases serve to emphasize the truth that one may be simultaneously a scientific genius and either devoutly religious or an utter materialist. The late Professor was in his sixty-ninth year. *R. I. P.*

The Rev. George Phillips has been showing in the *Ushaw Magazine* what the Rev. Dr. McDonald has abundantly proved in the *Casket*: that Canon Chevalier's denial of the genuineness of the Holy House of Loreto is neither the last nor the most authoritative word on that interesting subject. Apropos of the fact that the Canon's book appeared without any *imprimatur*, though a tacit permission for its publication had been obtained from Father Lepidi, O. P., Master of the Sacred Palaces, Cardinal Merry del Val wrote to Father Alfonso di Gesu:

As far as concerns Chevalier's recent publication, his Holiness was not at all pleased at the action of the Father Master of the Sacred Palaces. And inasmuch as he makes to no one any mystery of his displeasure at it, his Holiness desires that I should thus plainly declare it to you.

Father Phillips comments:

It is hard not to think that this very book was in the Holy Father's mind when, in the Encyclical *Pascendi Gregis*, he made it a duty of the Councils of Vigilance "not to neglect books treating of the pious traditions of different places."

We have no intention of even briefly summarizing the argument against Canon Chevalier's contention; but we reproduce from Dr. Northcote's "Celebrated Sanctuaries of the Madonna" a passage worth quoting to not a few Catholics who seem inclined to think that the prerogative of infallibility is vested, not in the Sovereign

Pontiff, but in the most venturesome of the "higher critics":

Although it is quite true that a belief in the identity of the Holy House of Loreto with that in which the Incarnation was accomplished, and its miraculous translation from Galilee to Italy, is no article of the faith, and a man may deny it, if he will, without thereby becoming a heretic, nevertheless it would be well for any one who is tempted to do so to realize what he is doing. He is assuming that he is more intelligent than the great body of the faithful, who for centuries have venerated this sanctuary, and have regarded its history as true. He is assuming that he is more sagacious than the Saints, wiser than the Supreme Pontiffs, who have rendered such magnificent testimonies to the truth of its history; and more prudent than the Sacred Congregation of Rites, which has approved the Office of the Translation.

Perhaps, also, it would be well for him to weigh the full significance of the following remarks, written by a very bitter enemy when examining this very subject: "There are individuals in the Roman Church who look upon certain parts of their system as matters in which they are free to please themselves; but, whether in consequence or not, they are certainly none of the holiest. . . . We have discovered that belief and disbelief in the story of the Holy House amongst Roman Catholics go hand in hand respectively with ardent piety and indifference." (*Christian Remembrancer*, No. lxxxiv, n. s.) In other words, a man can not throw off the spirit of dutifulness and submission to authority, from a profound conviction of his own superior knowledge, without suffering spiritual loss.

In connection with some comments of ours not long ago on a priest's privileges and duties in political matters, the following paragraph from the *Catholic Weekly* may be of interest. It is our English contemporary's comment on the *Westminster Gazette's* recent reference to "the priest in politics":

We should like to know from the editor of the *Westminster* why a priest should not have as much right as, say, a newspaper editor to avow and exercise his influence at an election. As a citizen, has he not all the ordinary rights, as he has all the ordinary obligations, of a citizen? Does the *Westminster* deprecate the energy displayed by the clerical Dr. Clifford, or the dogmatic Canon Hensley Henson? We tell the *Westminster*, and all others whom it

may concern, that in this twentieth century we Catholics are not going to stand such bigoted bunkum. Our priests are citizens, and they will exercise the rights of citizens. If they exceed those rights—a thing they are not to be presumed likely to do,—the law provides a remedy. Until that remedy is invoked, we must look upon such language as that used by the *Westminster* as mere vulgar abuse. It certainly will deter no priest from discharging his duty in face of the attempt which is being made to starve Catholic schools out of existence.

The *Weekly's* point is well taken. Any priestly influence that can be reasonably classified as "undue," ordinary law may be relied on to discount. Priestly influence that stops short of the undue is a matter with which newspapers and political bosses have no legitimate concern.

Commenting on the literature of slander to which prejudice against the Church is making constant additions in England, the *Month* cites a vicar's letter published in the *Protestant Alliance Magazine*. One paragraph runs:

May I remind you that the Madrid and Roman editions of the "Expurgatory Index" (1667) contain several folio pages dedicated to the condemnation of Augustine's theological opinions? Several passages inconsistent with the teaching of the modern Church of Rome are ordered to be expunged from his writings.

"If any one," says the *Month*, "will look at the edition referred to, this is what he will find. The paragraph in question is headed 'The works of St. Augustine corrupted by heretics.' It is then explained that since many of the saint's works have been issued by various sectaries, with scholia, notes, and indexes which ignorantly or maliciously misrepresent his teaching, making him appear to say what he never said; and as some, at least, of these interpolations appear to have been perpetuated by subsequent editors, it is therefore considered well to enumerate the passages which require correction." It is patent that either the vicar himself, or the original maker of the false statement quoted by the vicar, deliberately circulated a lie, knowing it to be a lie.



An Offering.

BY CASCIA.

O MOTHER, when I rise from sleep
To meet the duties of the day,
Accept my earliest waking thought
As praise to thee, O Queen of May!

O Mother, when I sink to sleep,
Awearied of the long day's strife,
Accept my latest waking thought
As praise to thee, O Queen of Life!

The New Scholar at St. Anne's.

BY MARION J. BRUNOWE.

IX.—THE FINAL DASH.

MOSES, but it is black down there!" It was Isabel Kersey who spoke, and she drew back a pace as she emitted the exclamation. Needless to say, all five shared in the backward movement.

"However, come along," went on the reckless new scholar. "I've got my light." And she flashed it on full, thus illumining the dark stairway before them. "It's a daisy, isn't it?" she said, exhibiting the light good-humoredly to Helen, who was now in the van and close at her elbow. "I tipped Gaston with a 'two spot' to get me the brightest dynamo of its size in all New York. You see, I knew I was coming to the wilds; though," she added candidly, "I didn't really expect this sort of an inside-the-premises expedition. And now where do we go?" She paused in indecision on the last step, Helen beside her, the other three close behind.

It was really very dark and ominously

still. A few feet along to their left, the corridor abruptly ended in the great, empty gymnasium, scene of continuous mirth and hilarity in the daytime, now vast and silent and black. Onto this same corridor also opened the lavatories and the nursery. In the latter apartment—a cosy little room fitted up with rugs, pictures, toys for the children, diminutive rocking-chairs and tables—the five had planned to hold their feast, once the hamper had been secured and conveyed thither. It was, however, the risk involved in securing this wonderful prize which gave everybody, Miss Kersey excepted, the shivers; for to the right, the long corridor, unbroken, stretched onward into endless night. And of this corridor, at least two hundred feet, with a right-angled turn to the left, must be traversed ere would be reached the doors outside of which reposed the hamper.

"We go that way," observed Helen, pointing. "But wait a moment, Isabel. Is it a very heavy hamper? Couldn't three of us carry it—you and Grace and I? That would be so much quicker. Couldn't we, girls?"

"Oh, easily!" broke in Rosebud in a cheerful whisper, inwardly congratulating herself that she had not happened to mention the weight, specified in Mrs. Kersey's note, of "at least twenty pounds." "Maddie and I will watch here; we—" and then she stopped, panic-stricken, remembering just in time that if the three others went, they would take the only available light with them. "Oh, no! I forgot. It's really very heavy," she added hastily. "We'd better all go."

"Then come," said Grace decisively, assuming command again.

All started in unison—only, however, to come to another abrupt halt.

"Oh, mercy, it's old Peter!" said Helen, in a terrified whisper; and all darted into the nearest doorway, which happened to be that of the larger lavatory, as, far in the distance, a swinging light came slowly into view. They crowded close together in utter darkness—Isabel had, of course, instantly turned off her pocket light on perceiving the glimmer in the distance,—and waited for—naturally they knew not what.

On, on, came the shambling gait, approaching nearer and yet nearer with every step. There were three possibilities, any one of which might be turned into a surety, in connection with the further progress of Peter. He might not pass the middle section of the long corridor, the section the doors of which gave directly onto the flagged entrance where reposed the hamper. He might there satisfy himself with a glance around the immediate vicinity, and then, by either of the two flights of stairs there available to him, ascend directly to the grand entrance hall and parlor floor. Again, he might come straight on, exploring, in passing, the lavatories, nursery, and so forth; in which case, of course, discovery was inevitable. The third possibility—and one for which, it may be surmised, all devoutly prayed—was that Peter and his light would shamble past, with but a casual glance into the apartments on either side of the corridor, and continue safely on to the next floor.

And this—with one agonizing moment of uncertainty, when the old man and his lantern paused just without the doorway—is exactly what Peter did do. The breath which the five drew as if in unison, when that awful moment was over, was almost a gasp.

"Poor soul, he's saying his prayers!" whispered Helen, with white cheeks and a feeling of conscience-strickenness. Peter had a reputation for piety, and he had certainly mumbled something.

"He said: 'Divil take thim rats!' I heard him distinctly," whispered back

Grace, with a giggle. "And he added the further saintly remark: 'Divil a wan of thim I ever saw in the ould counthry,—divil a wan!'"

It was impossible not to laugh at the girl's mimicry; and, the tension being relaxed for the moment, all did giggle gleefully. A slight scratching directly behind them, followed by the appearance of a diminutive mouse, that skidded across the floor in a state of mortal terror, sent all five, with a suppressed shriek, in a flying wedge onto the nearest table. Even Isabel Kersey, who but a few hours before had boasted her utter indifference to danger of all kinds, succumbed ignominiously before this awful enemy of womankind. And truth further obliges me to chronicle that they sat thus, perched several inches above *terra firma*, for at least a full minute. Then, as if by a sudden impulse, Grace Winton came to her feet.

"Girls, this is really absurd!" she said. "Time is flying, and now or never is the hour to make a dash for that hamper. Peter will probably not be back this way for a couple of hours,—perhaps not at all again to-night. Do come on!"

Gingerly, and with many a fearful glance in the direction whence his mouseship had disappeared, the other four climbed down. Rose even summoned courage enough to tiptoe over to one of the full-length mirrors.

"Come here a moment, Isabel," she whispered mysteriously. And Isabel came, only to find that Rose wanted the pocket light for a minute to 'see if her hair was right.'

"You're very pretty," remarked Isabel generously, surveying Rosebud's flushed cheeks and big blue eyes and artistically tossed golden hair. "But what's the use of admiring yourself to-night? Such a silly girl! There is nobody to see you but us."

Rose dimpled with pleasure. "By the time I'm old enough for a real party, I'll be still prettier," she replied. "And

you, Isabel," she was gracious enough to add,—“you're going to be very effective, very striking.”

“Will you *please* come on?” broke in Grace from the doorway.

Rosebud started guiltily, and then both hastily joined the other three. A step or two brought the party again into the corridor, empty now of Peter, and again quite silent. A few more steps, and they were in the desired section. Dimly now, but distinctly, could be discerned the double doors, just outside of which lay the hamper. Noiselessly they crept along, Isabel's eerie light throwing a bright stream ahead of them.

“Suppose the key isn't in the door?” whispered Helen, fearfully; but even as she spoke, Grace was skilfully and quietly manipulating the lock. The key was certainly there; but, in addition, there were heavy bolts to be drawn; and to draw them noiselessly was no easy task. But it was accomplished in an incredibly short time, and one of the doors cautiously thrown wide. And yes!—there was the hamper just without, hidden from front view by a pile of masonry. All five united as one in quickly dragging it into the hall; and then the door was noiselessly closed, securely locked and bolted.

Not a word had been breathed during the “doing of the deed”; but, now that it was done, Helen, winded by her share in the heavy tugging of the hamper, gasped:

“Oh, what a glorious night! Grace, didn't that whiff of air make you feel like doing—unutterable things?”

Grace did not answer directly; being, if we must confess it, used to Helen's rhapsodies. But Isabel glanced toward her quickly and curiously. Her eyes brightened oddly, and she edged a little nearer to Helen Marr. Perhaps this young enthusiast would like to “run away,” too, after the party. The night without had looked so unexpectedly dark and strange that Isabel felt suddenly that “company” might not be amiss. Besides,

she liked Helen,—had liked her from the beginning. However, this was no time for conjecture. The hamper must now be instantly conveyed to the nursery, if that “party” was *ever* to begin; and Grace was already issuing her whispered commands.

“Isabel, after making that turn there” (indicating to the new girl the direction she meant), “walk straight forward with your light,” she said in quick, staccato tones. “It will direct you, and we four will carry the hamper. Right ahead, girls, now, without a pause, till we get to the nursery!” she went on, turning to the other three.

And an odd procession they formed; as they pulled and tugged and tumbled—for the hamper was exceedingly heavy—after Isabel and her light.

“Oh, if Sister Marietta could only see us now!” exclaimed Helen, with a giggle.

The whisper floated forward to Isabel. She glanced quickly over her shoulder, and again she laughed with that note of impish glee.

“Yes, *if!*” she flung back in a queer, odd whisper, which somehow seemed to awaken a score of echoes, each more sinister than its predecessor.

(To be continued.)

Saved by a Grasshopper.

In certain parts of Italy people make a regular business of constructing and selling little wire cages wherein to keep grasshoppers, which, like our crickets, are regarded as insects of good omen, and valued accordingly. This is accounted for as follows. A long time ago two men were dining together in a garden, and one offered the other a glass of wine. As the receiver was about to drink it a grasshopper fell into the glass, and he set it down with the wine untasted. Afterward the wine was found to have been poisoned, and the grasshopper has ever since been treated with great respect.

London Bridge.

The school-children of the British Isles have a game known as London Bridge, and during its progress they sing:

London Bridge is falling fast,—
Plank and pier are shaken!
London Bridge is falling fast,—
The last shall be taken!

And sometimes the lines run thus:

London Bridge is broken down,—
Dance over, my Lady Lee!
London Bridge is broken down,
With a gay ladye!

Who first spanned the river Thames with the most important of all its bridges it is impossible to say. It is commonly supposed, however, that the first bridge across the river was built about the year 994. It was of timber, and was furnished with a gate very strongly fortified; but in 1091 a great storm came up the river. The Tower of London and several churches were seriously damaged, and the water of the Thames rose so high that bridge and gate were entirely swept away. The bridge was speedily rebuilt, but somewhat more than forty years later it was again destroyed,—this time by the great fire of 1135. It was again rebuilt, but so badly that thirty years afterward it had to be constructed anew. It was decided that the new erection should be of stone; and the architect employed belonged to the society known as the Pontific, or Bridge-Builders. He was the priest of a small London church named Colechurch, notable because in it was baptized the infant son—destined to die a martyr's death—of Gilbert Becket, one of the portreeves of London. Money for the building of the bridge poured in freely from prosperous citizens; but long years elapsed ere its completion.

The bridge was 926 feet long and 40 feet wide. Over the tenth and longest pier was erected a chapel to England's greatest and youngest saint, Thomas Becket. The bridge and its church were

endowed with broad lands; and their maintenance was placed in the hands of certain monks, who were afterward known as the Brethren of Saint Thomas on the Bridge. This structure was superseded in 1832 by the present bridge which is 928 feet long, 54 wide, and is 56 feet above the river. It is estimated that across it every day there go more than 100,000 foot passengers and 20,000 vehicles.

The Number of Animals.

An animal is defined as a sentient living being,—that is, a living being that has the power of feeling. The number of different kinds of animals now living is about 350,000; while of those kinds that once existed but are now extinct, the number has been placed at 50,000. In order to think of them all, and to discuss the facts about them intelligently, scientists have grouped animals into various categories. Commonly, the lowest category is *species*, though even of the same species there may be different varieties or *races*. Then several similar species are grouped into a *genus*; related genera make up a *family*; several families constitute an *order*; several orders form a *class*; and, finally, several classes make a *phylum*.

To take a very common illustration: the reader's house cat is an *individual* animal, of the species *domestica*; the genus, *felis*; the family, *felida*; the order, *carnivora*; the class, *mammalia*; and the phylum, *vertebrata*. While it may be of the Manx, Angora, tabby, or tortoiseshell race, it is of the same species as a lion or a leopard; of the same genus as a lynx; of the same family as a dog or a bear; and of the same order as a whale or a bat. Of course even naturalists would not use all these big words to designate the house cat in question. They would call it a *felis domestica*, though the cat itself would probably answer a good deal quicker to the simpler name of "pussy."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The greater part of the *Catholic Educational Bulletin* (May issue) is taken up with a reproduction of a masterly paper by Bishop Walsh, of Portland, printed a few years ago in the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*—"Religious Education in the Public Schools of Massachusetts." The article is an authoritative historical sketch as lucid as it is interesting and illuminative.

—The following item from the *Dial* may be of interest to the writer whose MS. has been accepted but who vainly looks for its appearance in print:

A New York firm, in a recent accounting of stock, discovered more than five hundred pieces of literary ware, paid for and awaiting publication,—some of them had been waiting half a century, and many were from famous pens. But by no means all of them were found to have possessed life enough to keep them sweet; and so the mouldy stock had to go into the dust-bin, however illustrious the name it bore.

—Sir Charles Santley, the veteran English singer, has written a book on "The Art of Singing and Vocal Declamation," which the Macmillan Company is to publish early next month. It is doubtful whether any living singer has had a larger or more varied experience in concert, oratorio, and opera, than the great English baritone; and as he is further known to be a wonderfully successful teacher, his book should be of great interest to students of singing.

—While "A Knock at the Door" is intended primarily for persons desiring information concerning the Congregation of the Xaverian Brothers, it will be found of interest and of genuine utility to all young people who feel any attraction for the religious life, irrespective of particular communities,—to all indeed who, from spiritual reasons, feel dissatisfied with life in the world. The booklet (of 84 pages) is an excellent one for a pastor to have at hand for certain of his boys and young men. It may readily be the medium through which will be described the germ of a true religious vocation; and the Church in our day and country emphatically needs the development of all such vocations as God is pleased to grant.

—It was a foregone conclusion that the stories from "A Missionary's Notebook," which have been appearing for a number of months in the *Missionary*, would eventually be published in book form. Stories and sketches so popular as speedily to find their way into school readers, into the refectories of convents, and occasionally

into the pulpit as substitutes for older narratives, were safe to be presented to the Catholic public in a permanent and stable form. Accordingly "A Missionary's Notebook," by the Rev. Richard W. Alexander, is brought out by the *Catholic Standard and Times* Publishing Co. It is a neatly printed and illustrated volume of some hundred and eighty pages, with a preface from Father Doyle, C. S. P., and contains twenty-six short stories of varying degrees of brevity and interest,—"all," says the author's introductory note, "vouched for as true." Readers who are unacquainted with these narratives will thank us for calling their attention to the fact that in buying the book they will be making as satisfactory a purchase as it has been their good fortune to compass in a long time.

—An intimation of the scope of Winston Churchill's latest novel, "Mr. Crewe's Career" (The Macmillan Company), is given in its dedication: "To the men who in every State of the Union are engaged in the struggle for purer politics this book is dedicated." A stickler for accurate expression might reasonably object to the use of "purer" in the foregoing, and propose as a substitute "less corrupt"; for it is emphatically corruption, *not* purity, that is presented all through this political novel. The author has qualified as at least an incipient politician, and is probably more realistic than romantic in his delineation of characters and description of legislative lobbying. Briefly, the theme of the book is the actual government of a New England State, not by the popularly elected members of the State Legislature, but by a great Railway Company. Cleverly intertwined with the development of "Mr. Crewe's Career" is an interesting love story,—the lovers being the real hero and heroine of the narrative. The novel is of generous proportion—about five hundred pages, and, apart from a little obscurity noticeable by readers not versed in all the ins and outs of political jobbery, will be found to be uniformly entertaining. "Mr. Crewe's Career" is fully as worthy of becoming a "best-seller" as have been most others of Mr. Churchill's books.

—The lessening of prejudice against the Church,—all things Catholic, in fact—on the part of Protestants is in no way more strikingly illustrated than by the changed attitude of the leading non-Catholic journals toward books dealing with Catholic subjects. We could mention certain recently-published Lives of Saints, etc., that have been more adequately,

even sympathetically, reviewed in literary magazines than in our own periodicals. Witness the following extract from a review in the *London Standard* of "St. Catherine of Siena," by Edmund Gardner, M. A.:

Much of this book is concerned with the spiritual ecstasies of Catherine, and many of her touching prayers are printed in these pages; in short, the mystical aspect of this sweet and beautiful life is most admirably portrayed, and always from documents which are unimpeachable, though many of them have only in recent years come to light. The Christian Church can boast of noble women not a few who in all ages have led the hidden life of faith, and if this had been all that could have been said about Catherine of Siena, uplifting and noble though it be, she would not hold the great place in the imagination as well as the veneration of all believing hearts. But the truth is, that, at best, is only half the story. Catherine of Siena stands in the great succession of Dante and Francis of Assisi as an incarnate conscience right in the path of the luxury and license of her age. She passed from the cell to the world, from her retreat at Siena, to Florence, Avignon, and Rome, and always as a peacemaker. Pope Gregory XI. and his successor, Urban VI., were moved by her eloquence, and to her was due, more perhaps than to any one else, the end of the "Babylonish Captivity" at Avignon. She was as great as Joan of Arc in the magic power of her personality, and she did much in her short life to determine the policy of the Papacy, and, what was more lasting, to deepen and transfigure the religious life of Catholicism in the Middle Ages. Mr. Gardner's book is at once critical and sympathetic, and it has the authority which belongs only to personal and unwearied research in actual documentary evidence. It is written throughout with a happy union of scholarly restraint and religious feeling. No better interpretation either of the character of St. Catherine of Siena or the great part which she played in Italy in the dramatic century in which her lot was cast has ever appeared in the English language.

The Latest Books. A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

- "A Missionary's Notebook." Rev. Richard Alexander. \$1.10.
- "Mr. Crewe's Career." Winston Churchill. \$1.50.
- "The Doctrine of Modernism and Its Refutation." J. Godrycz, D. D. 80 cts.
- "Christian Science before the Bar of Reason." Rev. L. A. Lambert, LL. D. Edited by Rev. A. S. Quinlan. \$1.
- "Lord of the World." Robert Hugh Benson. \$1.50.
- "A Synthetical Manual of Liturgy." Rev. Adrian Vigourel, S. S. \$1, net.

- "The Law of Christian Marriage." Rev. Arthur Devine, Passionist. \$1.50, net.
- "History of the Society of Jesus in North America, Colonial and Federal." Documents, Vol. I., Part I. 1605-1838. Thomas Hughes, S. J. \$4.50, net.
- "The Training of a Priest." Rev. John Talbot Smith, LL. D. \$1.62.
- "Children of Light and Other Stories." M. E. Francis. 40 cts.
- "History of St. Patrick's Cathedral." Most Rev. John Farley, D. D. \$1.50.
- "Common-Sense Talks." Lady Kerr. 40 cts., net.
- "The Primadonna." Marion Crawford. \$1.50.
- "A Pulpit Commentary on Catholic Teaching." Vol. I. The Creed. \$2.
- "Christine and Other Poems." George Henry Miles. \$1.10.
- "My Lady Beatrice." Frances Cooke. \$1.25.
- "My Very Own." S. M. Lyne. 80 cts.
- "We Preach Christ Crucified." Herbert Lucas, S. J. \$1.
- "The Ministry of Daily Communion." F. M. De Zulueta, S. J. 60 cts., net.
- "Short Sermons for Low Masses." Rev. Fr. Heffner. \$1.
- "Style - Book of Business English." H. W. Hammond. 60 cts.
- "A Catechism of Modernism." Rev. J. B. Lemius, O. M. I. 25 cts.
- "Sheer Pluck and Other Stories." 85 cts.;
- "Tommie and His Mates." Rev. David Bearne, S. J. \$1.
- "The Holy Gospel According to St. Mark." Rev. Cecil Burns, M. A. \$1.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Most Rev. Peter Bourgade, archbishop of Santa Fé; and Rev. J. W. Malaney, of the diocese of Detroit.

Sister Eulalie du St. Esprit, of the Sisters of Notre Dame; Sister M. Alexandrine, Sisters of St. Dominic; and Sister M. Aegidia, O. S. B.

Mr. W. J. Hill, Mrs. C. Van Overbeck, Mr. John E. Maloney, Mrs. D. Butler, Mr. Thomas J. Sullivan, Miss Mary Williams, Mr. Peter Conlon, Mrs. M. Birmingham, Mr. Patrick Dolan, Mr. James A. Inglehart, Mrs. Anne Maloy, Mr. Austin Livingston, Mr. Patrick Enright, Mrs. Francis Carusi, Mrs. Catherine O'Neill, Mr. James Allen, Mr. Thomas Mahony, Mr. Richard Fisher, Mrs. Margaret Clarke, and Mr. Henry S. Bethell.

Requiescant in pace!



VIRGIN OF VIRGINS
(Nic. Poussin.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 49.

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The Blessed Candle.

THE light of knowledge waxes dim,

Its once bright flame burns low,

When soft across the bed of death

Is shed the taper's glow,

That to the faring soul illumines

The path which it must go.

The light of love that once shone bright

Across life's happy day,

Grows pale as o'er the bed of death

There falls the blessed ray

That, piercing through the gathering dark,

Illumes the lonely way.

O blessed candle, type of faith,

Shine for me bright and clear,

When shadows o'er the path of life

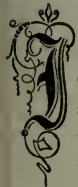
Proclaim that death is near!

Illumes the way that leads to God:

Then shall my soul not fear.

Thoughts for Whitsuntide.

BY THE REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S. J.



FEAR that there are very few of us to whom it ought not to be an occasion of surprise and regret when we are reminded how seldom we think, how far we are from thinking habitually, of God the Holy Ghost. We are all too prone to be forgetful of God; but the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity is even more rarely in our thoughts than the Second Person or the First. This week at least must remind us, in spite of ourselves.

"The Word was made flesh and dwelt amongst us." The Second Person of the Blessed Trinity has assumed our human nature and made Himself visible; and during His mortal life He was, and still through His Eucharistic life He is, our Emmanuel—"God with us." Thus He has made it impossible for the children of His Church to forget Him; we must needs think of Him whenever we look upon the crucifix or kneel before the altar. "Do this in remembrance of Me." *

Again, Our Lord's constant reference to His Father and our Father—nay, the very name of Father—makes us think naturally of the First Person of the Blessed Trinity when our thoughts turn to the Deity, to the Supreme Being in whom we live and move and are; although the Catechism tells us that, in thus saying "Our Father," we address, not the First Person of the Blessed Trinity apart from the Son and the Holy Ghost, but Almighty God who is the common Father of all. There is a certain prominence, a priority of order, assigned to God the Father which is expressed by the theological phrase, *Pater supponit pro Trinitate*. All the outward operations indeed of the Godhead are from all the Three Divine Persons in common; but creation is assigned by appropriation to God the Father, redemption to God the Son, and sanctification to God the Holy Ghost. Now, creation and redemption come in a certain way under our senses, while sanctification is a work altogether spiritual and invisible. The Third Divine Person has never appeared

* St. Luke, xxii, 19.

in visible form before our eyes, like the Incarnate Word; nor is His name on our lips like the name of Father; though it is only through Him that we can cry, *Abba, Pater*;* and St. Paul tells us that we can not say "Lord Jesus" except in the Holy Ghost.

Thus it has come to pass that practically it is with many Christians almost as it was with the first disciples whom St. Paul found at Ephesus,† and who said in answer to his question: "We have not so much as heard if there be a Holy Ghost." And indeed it was not to the early Christian neophytes, but to Christians of our own day or of a recent day, that a certain French Bishop referred when, having written a book about the Holy Ghost, he placed as a motto on the title-page that inscription which St. Paul noticed on a pagan altar at Athens: *Ignoto Deo*,—"To the Unknown God."

This is no doubt an exaggerated way of rebuking our habitual forgetfulness of the Holy Spirit,—an exaggeration which surprises us no less when we recollect that this Bishop of Nevers was the Abbé Gaume, author of "*Le Ver Rongeur*," which inaugurated in France, some fifty or sixty years ago, a too violent controversy concerning the so-called paganism in education,—an attack on the study of the Greek and Roman classics in schools. An exaggeration it certainly was; for no one who uses the ordinary devotions of the Church can be so utterly neglectful with regard to the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity. For instance, we can not bless ourselves with the Sign of the Cross without expressing our faith in Him as equal to the Father and to the Son; and every decade of the Rosary, every psalm of the Divine Office, ends by giving glory to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost.

The *Gloria Patri*, etc., to which I have just alluded as winding up each of the psalms when repeated in the Offices of the Church, is familiar to most of the

faithful. But there is one act of special devotion to the Holy Ghost which is performed only by those who have the obligation of saying the Divine Office—namely, the hymn of the Holy Ghost, *Veni Creator Spiritus*, which during these days of Whitsuntide is substituted for the ordinary hymn of Tierce. Nay, many who have said the Divine Office for years may have failed to notice that this change is not quite so arbitrary as it seems at first; for it is only the substitution of one hymn of the Holy Ghost for another.

One of the reminders of the Trinity that meet us everywhere is the assigning of the various divisions of the Office to various hours of the day, after intervals of three hours each. In this arrangement Tierce was supposed to be said (as the name tells us, *Ad Tertiam*) at the third hour of the day, three hours after six o'clock in the morning, and therefore at our nine o'clock. About this hour the descent of the Holy Ghost took place, as St. Peter's question in the Acts of the Apostles (ii, 15) implies, and as the Church commemorates in her hymn,

Cum lucis hora tertia
Repente mundus insonat.

Accordingly, the little hymn prefixed to Tierce all through the year is an invocation of the Holy Ghost:

Nunc sancte nobis Spiritus,
Unum Patri cum Filio,
Dignare promptus ingeri
Nostro refusus pectori.

Cardinal Newman's version brings out the force of that *Nunc*—"It is the hour"—better than this more literal translation of our own:

Now, Holy Spirit, who art one
With God the Father, God the Son,
Within us quickly deign to rest,
Poured out upon each eager breast.

May mouth and tongue, mind, sense, and
strength

In faithful service join at length!
May love inflame our hearts, and throw
O'er all around its ardent glow!

Father most merciful, ah, do!
And Thou, the Father's equal, too,

* Rom., viii, 15.

† Acts, xix, 2.

Who reignest with the Holy Ghost
Forever 'mid the heavenly host!

It would be very well for those who say the Divine Office to advert to the special significance of these simple lines, so as to make the hymn of Tierce what it really is, a pointed act of devotion to the Holy Ghost; just as if we said at this part of the Office all the year round the *Veni Creator Spiritus*, which, as we have already remarked, is substituted for it at Whitsuntide; or the still more beautiful *Veni Sancte Spiritus*, which has warmed many a heart each year these last seven hundred years; for it is supposed to have been written by the great Pope Innocent III., who died that number of years ago. It is the best and most effective of prayers to the Holy Ghost, with its litany of loving titles:

Veni, Pater pauperum;
Veni, Dator munerum;
Veni, Lumen cordium!
Consolator optime!
Dulcis hospes animæ,
Dulce refrigerium.

And with its yearning appeals:

Lava quod est sordidum,
Riga quod est aridum,
Sana quod est saucium.
Flecte quod est rigidum,
Fove quod est frigidum,
Rege quod est devium.

One is able to appreciate this better as rhymed verse when one understands the *rime riche* that satisfies Continental ears. It is good to repeat so holy a prayer even in the following inadequate form, which is another original translation:

O Holy Spirit, come!
Send from Thy heavenly home
One of Thy darts.
Come, Father of the poor,
Giver, whose gifts endure,—
Come, Light of hearts!

Thou of consolars best,
The bosom's sweetest Guest,
Sweetest relief;
Repose 'mid toil and care,
Coolness in heat and glare,
Solace in grief.

O Light of lights most blest!
Fill ev'ry faithful breast

That yearns for Thee.
Without Thee nothing can
Be good or pure in man,
Nought harmless be.

Wash Thou the stained and scarred
Water the dry and hard,
The wounded cure;
Bend down the stubborn will,
Thaw the heart's icy chill,
The strayed allure.

Give to Thy true and tried,
Who in Thy strength confide,
Thy graces seven;
Of merit virtue's store,
Salvation when life's o'er,
And endless heaven.

It has often been noticed how many seeming traces of the Trinity exist in nature, and among the rest how many subjects naturally admit of a threefold division. In these triplets it is often very easy for pious ingenuity to appropriate each to the Three Divine Persons in order; as, for instance, with regard to the three powers of the soul—memory, understanding, and will. In our human way, we think of God the Father as having lived through the past—and indeed the very division of time into past, present, and future might have been used as an illustration of this fancy,—and we feel a sort of comfort in what we may dare to call the unloneliness of God. It is a sort of comfort to our poor human hearts not to be obliged to believe in the all-sufficing happiness of the one, eternal, infinite, incomprehensible God; but to worship, in that unbeginning solitude before creation, the Three Divine Persons in the unity of the Divinity. *O Beata Trinitas!* I will not try to repeat any of the things that theology allows to be said about the relations of the Divine Persons; but there seems to be a certain obvious fitness in associating the *memory* with God the Father, the *understanding* with God the Son, and the *will* with God the Holy Ghost.

Still more, the three theological virtues, faith, hope, and charity. "I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Creator of heaven and earth; and in Jesus Christ,

His only Son, our Lord," whom St. Paul calls "our hope" in the first line of his first Epistle to St. Timothy. The same saint beseeches his brethren in Rome "by the charity of the Holy Ghost," who is the mutual love of the Father and the Son.

Again, the three evangelical counsels of poverty, chastity, and obedience, are easily linked in this order with the Three Persons of the Blessed Trinity. We vow evangelical poverty, because earth seems vile and sordid to us, as to St. Ignatius, when we look up to heaven where the Father is ready to welcome His exiled children to their true home, and to make amends in immortal life for the privations of this mortal life,—heaven, whither Jesus has gone to His Father and to our Father, to prepare a place for us. We vow chastity for the sake of the Second Divine Person, who became man like to us in everything except sin,—the virgin Son of a virgin Mother, who in His sacred humanity is Virgin of virgins in a higher sense of course than the Immaculate Mother herself. Lastly, we vow obedience to men who speak to us in the name of the Holy Ghost; and St. Peter says that "God has given the Holy Ghost to all that obey Him";* while St. Stephen's rebuke to the stiff-necked Jews who refused to obey was this: "You always resist the Holy Ghost."†

The Holy Ghost is God the Sanctifier, finishing the work of God the Creator and God the Saviour. Whatever can be said of any of God's instruments in the sanctification of our souls must be transcendently true of God Himself. And what Father Faber makes the little child say to its Guardian Angel is in pre-eminent degree and in transcendent measure verified in Him to whom we appropriate the name that is also applied to the angels, when we call Him the Holy Spirit. We are all the little children of God; and to the Holy Ghost, whom "we see not, though so near," we must all say with this little child whose heart the holy Oratorian interprets:

The sweetness of Thy soft, low voice
I am too deaf to hear.

But I have felt Thee in my thoughts
Fighting with sin for me;
And when my heart loves God, I know
The sweetness is from Thee.

There are two brief warnings given by St. Paul with regard to the Holy Ghost which it is very well to fix deeply in our minds. Writing to the Ephesians (iv, 30) he says, "Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God"; and to the Thessalonians, (I., v, 19) "Extinguish not the Spirit."

The Holy Spirit may be said to be extinguished, quenched, expelled by mortal sin; but *that* we may, with humility and contrition and faith and hope and love, consider as past and gone for us,—a mere sad memory to keep us in holy fear and in the habitual spirit of compunction. But venial sin, imperfection, cowardice, meanness, want of true courage and generosity, are practical subjects for us; and these may be said to "grieve the Holy Spirit of God."

The Holy Ghost is the Spirit of joy. Among His fruits are joy, peace, patience; and in the hymn of the Church, the last gift we implore from Him is joy—*Da perenne gaudium*,—which is the first that the priest asks for in the *Directio Intentionis* before Mass: *Gaudium cum pace*. His infinite joy can not of course be dimmed by our sin, any more than the brilliance of the sun in the cloudless noon can be dimmed by the smoke of a little pile of weeds burning in a field. But the insults which our infidelities offer to our divine Guest—*Propter inhabitantem spiritum Ejus in vobis* *—are the same as if He were really at our mercy thus. Suppose that, in the times when crowns were often won by violence, a wicked prince determined to kill his royal father and laid his plans and prepared his dagger for the deed, and then at a favorable moment aimed it straight at his father's heart; and suppose that the old king

* Acts, v, 32.

† Acts, vii, 51.

* Rom., viii, 30.

wore secret armor, from which the dagger glanced off harmlessly. The king's life would be safe, but this would not save his son from all the guilt of murder and parricide. So, though we can not "grieve the Spirit of God" by our sins and faults and infidelities, the guilt is the same for us as if we could; and this motive ought to be equally strong in making us anxious to catch the faintest whisper of divine grace, and to obey promptly all the inspirations of the Holy Ghost.

Credo in Spiritum sanctum, Dominum et vivificantem,—"I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Lord and Giver of life." Love is life; and the Holy Spirit, who is the mutual love of the Father and the Son, is the life of all the souls whom the Father made and the Son redeemed. It is not by chance that, in one of that exquisite series of antiphons in the Matins of Trinity Sunday, one of the triple invocations runs thus: *Libera nos, salva nos, vivifica nos, O Beata Trinitas!* We might not at once think of creation as liberating us from the bondage of nothingness; but the two other verbs fit admirably in their order the Second and the Third Persons of the Blessed Trinity. *Libera nos, salva nos, vivifica nos, O Beata Trinitas!*

In the third place comes that imperative entreaty, *vivifica*, addressed to Him who is called in the Nicene Creed *Dominus vivificans*. *O Domine vivificans, vivifica me!* O life-giving Lord, give me life. O Holy Spirit, vivify me, quicken me, bring me to life, give me life, make me live! *Vivifica me*. This suppliant imperative occurs ten times in Psalm cxviii; and we may well address this entreaty to the Holy Ghost, joining with it, as we have done, the Nicene epithet: *O Domine vivificans, vivifica me!* O Lord and Giver of life, give me the true life of the spirit—the life of grace,—and never let that life be extinguished in my soul till the seal of a happy death ensures the immortal life of heaven, where, with the Father and the Son, Thou livest and reignest forever.

Don Palacio's Son.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

DON PALACIO RUIZ had all the Mexican hospitality with all the Mexican reserve,—which, when once it thaws, melts completely. One must have lived some time among them to conquer the innate secretiveness of these people, hidden as it often is under a mask of childlike confidence and spontaneity.

Our ranches adjoined; that is how I first came to know Don Palacio at all. And various interchanges of kindness had brought about a fuller understanding than usually exists between the "tenderfoot" and the old Californian. The tie of language also counted for much; having spent seven years in Cuba, I was reasonably familiar with the Spanish tongue.

Don Palacio had formerly been the owner and proprietor of many thousands of acres, known as El Rancho Sagrado, from the fact that his grandfather, an old Spanish grandee, had promised the product of ten acres yearly for the benefit of the Church. But that was in the time of the missions; and the descendants of the valiant captain and fervent Catholic had not continued to carry out his wishes, especially since the coming of the Americans.

Don Palacio lived in a substantial adobe house, in the midst of a wild, luxuriant, beautiful garden, almost entirely neglected. With him dwelt also a relative, Maria Alma, a fair, dovelike creature, who had passed her earliest youth. An overseer and several old servants completed the household.

The old man was almost a cripple. A fall from his horse several years before had paralyzed the cords of his legs, and also rendered him partially blind. He spent nearly all his time in a large chair on the broad piazza overlooking the garden.

"It is a pity, Don Palacio," I said to him one day, "that you have no son to

inherit this fine ranch; and your niece does not look like one who is inclined to marry."

The old man leaned heavily on his stick, and, fixing his gaze on the distant foothills that bounded El Rancho Sagrado for three-fourths of its extent, remained lost in reflection for so long a time that I feared my remark might have been considered impertinent, or at least superfluous. But finally, after a long, deeply-drawn sigh, he came back to the present; and, giving me a sharp, yet kindly, look from his bright black eyes, still sparkling beneath their heavy brows, he replied:

"Maria Alma is not my niece, Señor, nor yet the niece of my good wife. She is the daughter of my brother-in-law by a first marriage. She is a good child, like my very own, and I shall not forget her devotedness when I go. Yet she has been the cause of pain to me—in a way."

"I should never have thought it," I rejoined, wondering in what manner the gentle creature could have been the cause of sorrow to her adopted father.

"And," Don Palacio continued slowly, his eyes again fixed on the mountains, "I have—or had—a son. God alone knows whether he be living or dead. But I think he must be dead; otherwise she" (nodding toward the room where the Señorita Alma was busy at the sewing-machine) "would have heard from him in all these years; and that she has not I am convinced."

"He has abandoned you?" I inquired, feeling from what my host had said that I was at liberty to do so.

"I sent him away," was the reply, given in a peculiar tone, half of defiance, half of regret.

He turned toward me, and leaned back in his chair.

"Señor," he said, "it all began long ago, before Luis, my son, was born. You see, the boundaries of this ranch and that of Los Amigos joined; and it was arranged by my father and the owner of the other, who were great friends, that I, the son of

Don Luis, and Concepcion, the daughter of Don Felipe, should marry. I was very willing; but Concepcion—well, she wanted to be a nun. She was made for it, Señor; but it would not be heard of by the elders, and she was too affectionate a daughter to disobey her parents. So we were married; and after three years, when the boy came, she died. But first I had to promise—nay, to swear—that I would make a priest of the child. I loved Concepcion, and was willing to promise anything then. Afterward I feared it had been a mistake, as he was the only one, and my family thought it a crazy thing. But a promise was sacred, and I kept it in as far as I could. I sent the boy early to college, where he did not do very well at his studies, not caring for books, but more for fencing and riding, and all outdoor sports. The Padres said sometimes they feared he had no vocation; but the thing had grown to be so much a part of me, and the thought of his mother and her last pleading words so ever present, that I kept firm to my resolve. And all these years, since my marriage almost, Maria Alma, an orphan, was growing up in the house.

"One day, when he was about eighteen, Luis came to me and said:

"'Father, I can not be a priest. I have no desire at all for that life. Let me not go back any more to college, but allow me to stay here with you, and help with the stock and the ranch.'

"'Put it out of your mind like an evil thought,' said I. 'Remember your mother,—her wish and my promise! Do not forget that all your education has been to that one end. Recall also that it is at a sacrifice to myself I do this thing, for I have no one but you.'

"'And Alma,' said he. 'Father, she is like a daughter already. Let me make her one. I love her. I wish to marry her.'

"'You might have struck me dead where I stood, Señor,' Don Palacio went on. 'Where had been my eyes I do not know, but I had never had the slightest

suspicion of what was going on between them. I am a slow man to anger, Señor, but terrible when I am roused. And the disgrace! Perhaps you can not realize what such a thing is to us of Spanish blood. It means ill-luck of every kind. It is something for which to cover the head with sackcloth and ashes, like David of old, and weep and lament by the wayside."

"And what did you answer him?" I asked.

"What?" I cried. "You have been a hypocrite and a deceiver! And that woman your own cousin!"

"Then he answered me thus: 'You know, father, I have told you I did not wish to be a priest. And Alma is not my cousin: she has none of our blood in her veins.'

"Be off with your sophistry!" I said. "Shame, shame, thus to have forgotten your sainted mother!"

"If she is in heaven, she knows that it would be better for me to die on the spot than to be an unworthy priest," said Luis.

"I can not remember all, Señor, but word followed word till at last I cried out: 'Go! leave this house and this ranch, and never return until you can fulfil the desire of your dead mother!'"

"And then, Don Palacio?"

"He went, Señor, and I have never seen or heard of him since that day. He took me at my word."

"And you did not mean it?"

"At the time I did. But long since, long since, Señor, I would have given what is left to me of life to have him home again."

"On his own terms?"

"On any terms. My heart yearns for my boy,—to know whether he is living or dead. Dead he must be; yes, I am sure he is dead. But should he come in tatters like the prodigal son, he would be welcome, welcome! I would fold these arms about his rags, and clasp him to my heart; and the fatted calf would be

killed, and all my friends and neighbors bidden to the feast, to rejoice with me that he who had been lost was found, that the wanderer had returned to his home again."

"He must be dead," I said, my heart full of sympathy for the poor old man. "Otherwise you would have found him or heard of him ere this."

"I have never tried to find him, Señor," was the low reply, the quivering old voice full of suppressed tears. "This is the first time I tell to any one what has been in my heart. But I can bear it no longer,—I can bear it no longer! O God, if he still lives, give him back to me before I die!"

I rose to my feet. "We must try to find him, Don Palacio," I said.

"You will gladly help?"

"I will help."

"Thanks, thanks, Señor!" said the old man, biting his grizzled mustache. "Alma has been a good child,—very good," he added, after a pause. "I feel that she will never marry another, and I love her for that,—I love her for it,—though we never mention his name."

The whirl of the sewing-machine had ceased, and as I prepared to go I fancied I heard a sob behind the Venetian blinds that hid the open window near which we had been sitting. As I passed Alma in the garden a little later, there were unshed tears in the gentle eyes raised to mine in friendly greeting. And yet there was something that was not sadness in the quick, elastic step with which she crossed the road to where the overseer was superintending the cutting down of some eucalyptus trees. He was a tall, dark, heavily-bearded young man, who wore thick blue glasses, and spoke with a peculiar accent as though something were wrong with his palate. Several times in the course of the next few days, I met the two earnestly conversing, and my heart misgave me. What if, just as her long fidelity might possibly be nearing its reward, Maria Alma should

have given her heart to another? What an irony of fate that would be! And yet under other circumstances the match would have been altogether desirable!

A week passed. I had already taken steps to institute some inquiries; having written, at Don Palacio's request, to the college where Luis had been at school. The old man and myself were smoking together. Beyond, coming slowly up through the orchard, I could see the overseer and Maria Alma walking side by side. It looked portentous.

"Don Palacio," I said, "how long have you had Brisario in your employ?"

"About seven years," he replied. "Let me see! Luis has been gone nine years. Yes, seven years. Why do you ask? Brisario is very good. I do not know what I should have done without him. He came soon after my accident."

"I should not have wondered, both being attractive, had those two, your niece and Brisario, fallen in love and married," I remarked tentatively.

"At one time I should have liked it, but when I mentioned marriage to the girl she began to cry. No: she has a faithful heart, poor child,—a faithful heart!"

I could say no more, but feared that there was disappointment in store for the old man. The dovelike Maria Alma seemed at last to be transferring her long-treasured allegiance.

The couple came nearer, through the kitchen garden, and into the *patio* where we were sitting. As they advanced I could see that they were hand in hand. It had come, then! They were about to ask Don Palacio's blessing. I thought it strange that they should have chosen a time when a stranger was present to make so important an announcement, and longed to be away. But there was no help for it now.

When they reached the old man, he stared, seeing the joined hands.

"What is this?" he cried, without waiting for them to speak.

"Don Palacio," said Brisario in his thick voice, "for seven years, like Jacob for Rachel, I have served you, waiting for my bride. I now beg that you give me your niece, the Señorita Alma, in marriage."

The eyes of the girl were cast down, her cheeks were quite pale.

Don Palacio turned to me helplessly.

"You hear it?" he said. "You hear it? Just when—! Were ever such cross-purposes? There was once a time, Augustino Brisario, when I should have liked to do so; but now. Alas! alas! And you, Alma! How does it come that after so long you suddenly turn traitress,—that you are faithless to your early love? Ah, me!—ah, me! I had thought better of woman's constancy! God help me! I have made a muddle of all our lives."

A great sob choked him; and then the girl sprang to his side, and the heavy beard was pulled from the young man's face, the blue goggles from his eyes, and he stood erect and handsome,—a counterpart of what Don Palacio must have been in his young manhood; while he cried out in a changed and perfectly natural voice:

"Father, father! It is I—Luis! Forgive me that I have made you suffer! But until the other day I did not know that you could ever wish to see my face again. Forgive me, father; and bless us, your loving son and faithful daughter!"

"Loving indeed, and faithful indeed!" cried the old man, clasping the pair in his arms. "O Concepcion my beloved, from heaven thou must see that this day is good!"

I rose silently, leaving the three together in their new-found joy.

HUMILITY is the genuine proof of Christian virtues; without it we preserve all our defects, and they are only crusted over by pride, which conceals them from others, and often from ourselves.

—*La Rochefoucauld.*

Self-Cheating.

(A *Rondel*.)

BY LIONEL BYRRA.

WHEN kindness we withhold
 From friends we daily meet,
 It is ourselves we cheat
 Of wealth more worth than gold;
 For life must e'er be cold,
 And tares grow 'mid our wheat,
 When kindness we withhold
 From friends we daily meet.

Oh, let our hearts unfold
 Affection's stores full sweet;
 Life, at the best, is fleet;
 Too soon do we grow old
 When kindness we withhold
 From friends we daily meet.

The "Gloria Patri."

BY THE VERY REV. R. O'KENNEDY.

III.—ET SEMPER ET IN SÆCULA SÆCULORUM.

THERE is a God. Now, if God exists at all, He must be eternal; because He is the First Cause or Producer of all, and can therefore be caused or produced by no other thing. "All things were made by Him, and without Him was made nothing that was made." But if He is eternal, He must be infinite, not alone in existence, but in every attribute, and beyond all in happiness, because happiness is the first desirable thing of every rational being.

We are made of a body and soul. God made us. Our body is not like to Him, for He has no body; our soul is. And, if there were no other reason, it could at once be inferred that our soul is more important than our body; because it would be unreasonable to suppose that God, passing over the superior part, would choose the inferior to be made like unto Himself. The soul is the gem He has placed in the body, which is nothing more than the mortal covering.

Again, it would be unreasonable to suppose that when the covering is destroyed, the gem also is destroyed; so it is unreasonable to suppose that the soul dies when the body dies. But this is one of the very things in which God has made our soul like unto Himself. It is not formed of parts, a composite substance, as the body is; if it were, its natural tendency would be to decay and corrupt. It is *simple* like God, and God alone can take it out of existence. No created thing, no demon, can annihilate the human soul. The soul can not destroy itself, even if it wished; if it could destroy itself, it would do so when cast into hell. God alone can annihilate the human soul. It is therefore eternal for the future eternity; "because," says Tongiorgi, "there is no reason worthy of Infinite Wisdom to destroy the soul."

God, therefore, saw and willed that the human soul should be eternal,—a *parte post*, as the metaphysicians say; or, as we would say, *immortal*. And, willing it and creating it for immortality, can it be thought for a moment that God would send it forth blind and blank and unprepared for that immortality? He did not do so with our bodies when He put them in their natural place here below; He did not cast them like night owls or burrowing moles, to grope blindly in the glorious sunlight. He gave them vision, hearing, and the other senses necessary to bodily existence.

Oh, the beautiful equipment of the soul even here below! Intelligence, liberty, gratitude, memory, ever tending toward what is noble and good, and resting in and content with perfect happiness alone. "Since God rules all things with wisdom," says Tongiorgi, "He allows, as the nature of each thing demands, composite things, because corruptible, to be dissolved; but the incorruptible spirit He hath endowed with unending existence. God created the human soul *simple*, incorruptible, not needing a body to exist and to live, and such that it can not be, by any created power, deprived of existence. That same

soul is capable of enjoying the "noblest end and the highest felicity forever."

"It is impossible," observes St. Thomas, "that there should be in nature a universal desire which was never to be fulfilled. Now, every intelligent being desires to continue in existence. Those that know merely the present existence, desire only the present existence; but not the endless existence, for they do not apprehend the unending. Those, on the contrary, that know of, and apprehend, the perpetual existence, desire it with a natural desire. And this belongs to all reasoning creatures alike. Therefore, all intellectual substances [angels and men] long for this perpetual existence with a natural desire. But it is impossible that this universal desire should be [universally] unfulfilled."

God, who is infinitely good, could ^{not} not, consistently with His goodness, put this desire in all reasonable creatures and never give an opportunity for its being satisfied. "If the soul is not immortal," says Tongiorgi, "then this longing after happiness was given merely as a mockery and a torment." This great, universal desire is another of the things in which man's soul is like to God. As St. Francis of Sales remarks: "We have all a secret instinct which leads us to sigh after happiness, the attainment of which is the object of our every exertion. We seek it on every side, not knowing where it is to be found, nor in what it consists, until faith has discovered it to our view by displaying the perfections of God."

God is the only happiness that is unchangeable and unending. Even if revelation never were, and if saints had never told us, we could yet prove, by merely looking into our own hearts, that we were made for God, and that our desire of happiness can be satisfied by nothing less than the eternal Source of happiness; that source is God. Therefore we seek to rest finally in God. Exactly what God Himself does.

"As we all have a natural inclination to possess the Sovereign Good," continues

St. Francis, "the secret anxiety resulting from this inclination occasions a void in our hearts which nothing can replenish, and leads us incessantly to exclaim that something essential is wanting to complete our happiness. But when faith has discovered to us the perfections of the divine object in which our inclinations are centred, what a transport of delight follows this discovery! The soul exclaims in an effusion of love and joy: 'How beautiful art Thou, O beloved object of my desires! How late have I discovered Thy infinite loveliness!'"

Perfect happiness supposes three things: (1) the absence of all evil; (2) the possession of all the good that can naturally belong to a being; (3) a security that that happiness can never cease. "Now, I say," writes Tongiorgi, "if the soul is not immortal, this desire of happiness shall never be satisfied. For, in the span of this mortal life, it certainly is never satisfied to the full. Never did a human being on this earth enjoy the blessedness of those three conditions. It remains, therefore, that it be satisfied in that other stage of our existence, toward which we are hastening. But whatsoever be the bliss prepared for us there, unless the soul be immortal, the happiness is deprived of the third essential, and the life there can not be truly blessed. Hence if the soul be not immortal, the desire of happiness will not be satisfied in the future life, and therefore not satisfied at all."

"O most happy mansion of the city above!" exclaims the devout Thomas à Kempis. "O most bright day of eternity, which knows no night, but is always enlightened by the Sovereign Truth,—a day always joyful, always secure, and never changing its state for the contrary! O that this day would shine upon us, and all those temporal things would come to an end! It shines indeed upon the saints, resplendent with everlasting brightness; but to us pilgrims, it is seen only as afar off and through a glass." *

* "Imitation," B. III., ch. xlviii.

God, therefore, created the soul for never-ending happiness; and when He created it for happiness, He most certainly equipped it for the enjoyment of it. We can have no doubt on this point; for we see everywhere in the world with what art and nicety He has fitted out and equipped every creature on the globe—bird and beast and fish, tree and plant and flower—for its proper end in nature. Anything else would argue want of invention in the designer, or want of power in the executor. In the highest creature, man, it would argue on the part of God a still more notable want of unity of parts. But God has equipped His own single likeness on this earth—the human soul—with two magnificent gifts. Just as the bird can fly toward heaven with its wings, so toward the boundless happiness of heaven and God the soul of man can fly by the two powers of intelligence and will.

The Creator of heaven has placed in heaven nine choirs of angels. Their gifts are so numerous that it is likely we have not an idea of many of them, much less could we give them a name. But we know the two tremendous characteristic gifts of the sacred choirs standing in the immediate blaze of the "great White Throne." They are amazing intelligence (the Cherubim), and burning love (the Seraphim); the very two bestowed on the soul of man—intelligence and good will,—as if to let us know that knowledge is the road to love. "The soul," says St. Francis of Sales, "does not seek to satiate herself by the contemplation of the infinite greatness and beauty which she has discovered in the supreme truth and essential goodness of God: all her efforts are directed to love and adore Him."

God, then, has given two essential gifts to the human soul: that of *cogitandi*, or thinking; and *volendi*, or wishing. They are its equipments here. The soul can have no intelligent enjoyment without knowledge. This we see every day. The noblest minds find the greatest

delight in endeavoring to extract from Nature the secret knowledge that she so jealously conceals; and they rejoice over the least scintilla of information, although it be only concerning some temporal good. This same equipment of thinking and willing the soul carries with it into eternity; for "no created power can take from the human soul the faculty of thinking and willing." (Tongiorgi.)

Without knowledge, there can be for the soul no happiness, no joy, no glory, no gratitude. Take away knowledge from the Blessed, and you rob heaven of the motive power (in the Blessed) of happiness. Granted that a knowledge is pure; augment it, and you increase happiness; and with every augmentation, you secure an increase.

Now, here we have knowledge, it is true; but our knowledge is clouded,—“we see dimly as in a glass. . . . There we shall see face to face.” And what shall we see? This we want to know, because our will depends on our intellect; and before we can bless God for anything, we must know that thing for which we bless God. “The natural inclination of the human heart,” observes St. Francis of Sales, “tends to God; and yet the heart [of itself] can not accurately define the object which creates in it so many desires. But when it reaches the fountain of faith, and discovers the object it had sought without being acquainted with it; when it beholds its beauty, its infinite perfections, its boundless goodness and mercy to man, and sees it ever inclined, as the sovereign good, to communicate itself to those who seek it,—ah, what delight does not the heart experience! With what transport it bounds to the sovereignly amiable goodness of God to be united thereto! It exclaims: ‘I have now found what I so anxiously sought, and nothing is wanting to my bliss.’”

The first thing the soul knows and desires in heaven is God. “Nothing can be more amiable and attractive than the truths revealed to us by faith. But when

we enter the Heavenly Jerusalem, we shall behold the real King of Glory, of whom Solomon was but a figure, seated on the throne of His wisdom, manifesting the wonders and the eternal secrets of the sovereign truth, which is Himself, with an incomparably clear evidence, and a light which will dissipate all the obscurities of faith; so that what now forms the subject of our belief will then be placed under the eyes of our understanding. What transports, what ecstasies, and what love will result from this vision!"

Now the soul must know before it admires and loves. It must *think* before it can *will*. Its *willing* (that is, its love and happiness) will be in proportion to its *thinking*. And its power of thinking will be in proportion to its merit on earth, in proportion to the way it gave itself up to God's service. "Give, and it shall be given to you. Good measure, and pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall they give into your bosom. For with the same measure that you shall measure, it shall be measured to you again."* The disciples that were going to Emmaus on Easter Day were devoted to Our Lord. He came and expounded to them the Scriptures; and we have their own description of the feelings His words produced in them: "Were not our hearts burning within us when He spoke by the way?" The Queen of the South, after seeing the riches of Solomon, exclaimed: "I have found that the half hath not been told me. Thy wisdom and thy words exceed the fame which I heard."

To every soul on earth well might the angel cry: "Sing joyfully to God, all the earth! Serve ye the Lord with gladness. Come in before His presence with exceeding great joy. Know ye that the Lord He is God. He made us, and not we ourselves. We are His people and the sheep of His pasture. Go ye into His gates with praise, into His courts with hymns; and give glory to Him. Praise ye His name; for

the Lord is sweet; His mercy endureth forever, and His truth to generation and generation."*

"Our satisfaction at the enjoyment of any happiness is always greater, if we have previously experienced a great desire to attain it," to quote St. Francis again. "And in proportion to the ardor of this desire, the possession affords more or less gratification. On this principle, endeavor if possible to comprehend the transport of the heart of man when he first beholds the Majesty of God, and enjoys that vision which has been the sole object of His most ardent desires."

Not with eyes and not with hearing is the soul rejoiced in heaven, but first with *knowing* and then with *willing*; as if a person's raiment contained a sweet-smelling substance, and when the raiment was pressed all the garment was filled with the delicious odor. To his father Isaac, the smell of Jacob was "as the smell of a beautiful field which the Lord hath blessed." "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord," are the words of the Saviour. By *intelligence* the soul positively enters in; by the *will* it partakes of, and is inebriated with, the blessed joy.

In this world, many things besides mysteries are difficult to us,—the exact sense and meaning of Scripture, for instance; all the spiritual and mystical truths the Holy Spirit wished to convey by the inspired words. All these we shall *see* in God. Of mysteries we shall have a fuller knowledge than we have here; and our joy shall be augmented by the increase of our knowledge; and our knowledge shall be in proportion to our merit. "I am He who made all the saints. I gave them grace, I have brought them to glory. I know the merits of each of them. I prevented them by the blessings of My sweetness. I foreknew My beloved ones before the creation. I chose them out of the world; they were not beforehand with Me to choose Me. I called them by My grace, and drew them

* St. Luke, vi, 38.

* Ps. xcix.

by My mercy. I led them safe through many temptations; I imparted to them extraordinary comforts; I gave them perseverance; I have crowned their patience. I know the first and the last. I embrace all with inestimable love."*

But as with the angels, so shall it be the greatest joy with the saints to cast their crowns down before Him who sits on the throne. Now, the crown of the soul is knowledge and the desire to know. What knowledge the soul already knows, and what further it desires to know, it freely casts down before God; for he that enters into heaven is become like to a little child. And as a recompense for this humility, God will fill to overflowing the prostrate soul with knowledge. And this knowledge will produce its corresponding increase of joy.

(To be continued.)

Exiled from Erin.

XXIII.—ANOTHER HOME-COMING.

DELIGHTED, Mrs. McMahon saw the two brothers walk out to the field, the dog gambolling round Willie, as if even for him a terrestrial paradise had come. Willie patted and played with him; and the dog bounded, grinaced and barked. He was so happy to see the two brothers go thus lovingly together. And the mother's eyes grew wet with joy as, from the kitchen window, she continued to watch them. They turned to the red heifer with the short horns, and looked at her with a farmer's look.

"Joe is showing him the cow we bought for the money he sent us," thought the mother. "And there is Joe starting up her calf to let him see it. Well, thank God, when Ellie comes home we shall all be happy again,—Ellie and her husband and Joe and myself. With the help of God," she added, and then sat down in a chair. In her life she had gone through many a trial, and the trials had left

their mark. On excitable and over-tried natures, joy, even as sorrow, is exhausting.

Willie called in at the rural church to thank and bless God for all His mercies. As he entered, he heard a kind of buzzing or whispering. Willie guessed aright: it was Father Kearney reading his Office, walking in the nave where the sunlight poured in through storied windows. Half shutting the Breviary, but (like Don Abbondio in "The Betrothed" of Manzoni) keeping his fingers for a mark between the leaves, he came over, and, shaking hands with Willie, heartily welcomed him home.

"Now let me finish my Office, children," said he; "and then I will tell you something that will make you glad. You see, I was out all day; and I can not afford, on account of my eyes, to lose the rich sunlight. So while you are saying a prayer I will finish my Office with the good light. I will say the rest of it to thank God, Willie, that you are home safe and sound; and to thank Him also for the good news I have had this day."

Then, turning abruptly, the buzzing began anew, and continued for some time, during which Willie knelt in prayer.

The Office being over, the priest, after a short prayer, bowing head and eyes reverently to the Tabernacle, and genuflecting to the earth, left the sacred edifice; and Willie followed. When they reached the door of the presbytery, Willie explained that the parcel he carried contained presents from Ellie and her husband. They entered, and Willie opened it; and while the priest looked at the contents, the boy remarked:

"In your kindness, Father, you gave me the means of going after Ellie. A most strange incident befell me in New York. A poor old woman who was dying, desirous to make up for (as I believe) a misspent life, put in my hand \$100 in gold, to help me to find Ellie; and when I had found her, to divide the money, share and share alike with her. But Ellie wouldn't have any. She had plenty, she said. And she desired me not to speak

* "Imitation," B. III., ch. Iviii.

about the debt to you till she returned to Ireland. I said I could make no such promise, that I was too thankful to your Reverence, and that my first word to you would be about the money you took from Our Lady's statue and gave to me for my passage."

"Now, Willie, there is no hurry about that. I have something to tell you."

"Well, Father, she begged that, at any rate, we were to do nothing about it till she'd come home."

"Very well, Willie; and, please God, that won't be long. But now listen to what I have to tell you. I got a wire this morning from the solicitor in town, asking me to come in at once. I went in. The agent of the creditors in the Grady estate was willing to take a private bid for the house and place, and the agent was desirous to see me. We met. On being satisfied that he had power as full and absolute to sell as I had to buy, I said that the only sensible way was for him to appoint a man to represent him, and I a man to represent me, and let them come to a bargain. If they did not agree, the two were to appoint a third. He went out in the town to get his man, and I went out to find some one for my side. He brought in the Master of the Foxhounds, a man I know well,—a man different from his class,—a just man,—a man to whom all his poor neighbors go for advice in their dealing with their landlords or agents.

"By good luck, I fell in with the chairman of the county council. It is an age since I saw him. *There* is an example of a man who raised himself without leaving Ireland! He had not many cows when I knew him first, and had not many acres in his farm. He was the first to change from the old hand-turned churn in making use of machinery. He then began to buy milk from neighbors, make butter, and send it right on to the English market. He crossed over to England, went even to Denmark (though knowing not a word of Danish), set up a cheese factory, and had a regular creamery. Then he made it a

kind of co-operative store, put in more up-to-date machinery by the additional funds, and was appointed manager. The neighboring creameries, seeing how well things succeeded at his own, offered him so much a year for superintending theirs. In fact, four creameries found it to their advantage to employ him. He was elected against his will to the county council, and at the first meeting was appointed chairman. That man is destined to go higher. All comes from care, attention to business, reading the proper works likely to help one; in fact, Willie, 'keep your shop, and your shop will keep you,' as the old adage says.

"I saw him, as I have said. We were right glad to meet, for many a long and interesting chat we had in past times. I took him in. The two men sat at separate tables. Both knew the place as well as the agent or I did; but we also sat there, ready to answer as well as we could any question they asked of us.

"There was silence for an hour. You'd hear heavy breathing perhaps, or a pen running along the paper, but not a word. After an hour or so they seemed to have made their computation. The question put to one was: 'What would you sell it for, if it were your own?' The question put to the other: 'What would you pay for it, if you were buying it for yourself?' They were two men who knew well that business is business. They laid on the table the folded papers containing their estimates. We opened them. You would hardly believe it, no man would believe it, I don't think I'd believe it myself if I hadn't seen it: there was only a trifle of twenty pounds between them, which in a purchase like that was but a mere bagatelle. We all cried, every man in the room: 'Split it!' They agreed. And there," said Father Kearney, handing Willie a slip of paper,—"*there is the price for you, signed by the two arbitrators, and as you see, by the agent and myself.*"

Willie looked. "Dog-chape, Father!" he exclaimed pleasantly.

"It is cheap, to be sure," said the priest, "as things were going; but it is fairly up to the mark, as prices stand, and as they seem likely to be. The attorney will draw up the agreement formally; but this is stamped, and is a legal instrument."

Willie stood up. "I must go, Father!" he said. "I promised to cable the news to them the very moment I heard it."

Terence and Ellie received the cable, and at once made arrangements to leave. That very same day, however, Mr. Trainer, who had come out to California to see about some affairs of his own, called on them; and, with true Irish hospitality, the young couple persuaded him to stay with them during his sojourn in the neighborhood. Ellie was overjoyed to have an opportunity of showing the gratitude she felt for the kindness of the family to Willie and herself.

In the course of conversation, they explained to him their intention of going to Ireland.

"Long ago," he said, "it was the one thing uppermost in my own mind. And if I were young again, as you both are, nothing would put me off it. 'Not by bread alone doth man live.' Oh, the peace of the Emerald Isle has been a dream to me! They talk of rest-cures, but its balmy air and its velvet sward are the Creator's own rest-cure. A person would be richer there on one thousand than on two thousand here; and I do really believe that a person would be happier on simple comfort there than if he were a millionaire here."

"Will you do this, Mr. Trainer?" said O'Brien. "We hope to be settled down by Christmas; will you and your dear daughters come over to Ireland and give us the pleasure of receiving you?"

"Oh, do, Mr. Trainer,—do come!" said Ellie. "And bring Miss Trainer and Miss Mary with you, and we'll be so happy!"

"Only that I have turned the meridian, and can not expect henceforward my energies to be on the increase, but rather

on the decrease, nothing would give me such joy as to think that I was, as you are now, off for 'the Isle I've seen in dreams.' But I'll tell you what it is, Ellie" (he continued to call her still by the familiar name). "You and Mr. O'Brien will do me the favor of calling to see us on your way East, and spend a little time with us for *auld lang syne*; and then if you can persuade the girls to the Irish trip, I, for one, shall be delighted. And I may take the liberty of adding this: I never met a young man whom I so loved, for his face and disposition, or whom I should so like to meet again, as your brother Willie."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Trainer!" said Ellie. "It is like the kindness of all your family to Willie and me."

"I wished he had stayed with me. It was a delight to talk with that boy. He did not know it, but I think he could have got me to do anything. I might even have come to be a Roman Catholic had he stayed. There was not a single person in the house or about the place but was sorry when he left. And after he had come to you, when he'd send us one of his simple, affectionate letters, we'd all read it, and I think it used to make us all the happier that day."

Law courts and law business in every country under the sun, and in every century that has been since legislators made laws and lawyers disputed over them, have been proverbially slow. It took Mr. Trainer a great deal longer than he thought; and the emigrants for Ireland were just ready to flit, by the time he had got done. So they travelled together as far as his home, and there halted.

It was a joy to them all. Mr. Trainer had so often spoken to his daughters about the land of their forefathers, whose story, sad as it is, is yet so romantic and noble, and whose beauties have been so often told or extolled "in songs and sermons, rants and rhymes," that it did not take much fanning to set their enthusiasm aflame. It was, therefore, agreed

on with mutual joy and gladness that next summer they were to be with the O'Briens in Ireland.

All day Mr. O'Brien was out with Mr. Trainer in his garden, taking suggestions as to his future work from what he saw there, as well as from the good man's conversation. The women folk, too, had many a walk and many a talk; and when Ellie was with the elder of the girls, there dropped now and again a word or phrase about Willie, which made her think of what Mr. Trainer himself had said, that Willie could almost make him do anything.

But their boat was timed; they should make for the port. And so they parted, as dear friends do, who hope to be friends for evermore. A letter had been sent on before, telling that the vessel was expected to make Queenstown about the 15th of August, and that they would send a wire as soon as they reached land.

It was the vigil of the beautiful feast of Ladymas. The corn fields were all agold; the milking cows lay heavy in the rich pasture; and the wynds (or stacks) of hay dotted the wonderful green of the young grass on the meadows. It was a calm day, with rich sunshine. Around the humble place of worship, the trees in the chapel yard cast a welcome shade. The good priest of the parish had been hearing confessions all morning. Among the penitents was Mrs. McMahon, her sweet face wearing its look of resignation that appealed to one so gently.

Having attended to some things on the altar and in the sacristy, the priest went out, meaning to say his Breviary in the shady walk between the church and the presbytery. Mrs. McMahon happened to leave the church at the same moment, and the two shook hands.

"I suppose you are busy preparing," he said in a pleasant vein. "To-morrow you expect them home, don't you?"

"To-morrow the vessel is expected in Queenstown, Father; but it may not arrive, you know. They are to send us a

wire the moment they land, so we'll know."

"All vessels are up to time now," he said; "they are almost as punctual as trains."

"Willie and Joe and myself, Father, would be very thankful if you'd come and meet them; and you will make us all very happy if you stay and have dinner with us. It won't be much; poor people, Father, have poor weddings."

"It will be a real joy to me to meet them, Mrs. McMahon. You know that I do not like dining out; for one thing, I haven't time; and another thing, I haven't the health. But with poor Ellie and her husband and yourself and the two boys, that is a horse of another color."

The noise of a car driving to the chapel here interrupted them.

"Some persons for confession, no doubt," said the priest.

In his opinion, they couldn't be his own people; for his own people always came on foot. Those that drove were from a distance, and were sure to be strangers. So, to avoid the strangers, the priest bade Mrs. McMahon good-bye, and passed hurriedly into the sacristy. Mrs. McMahon did not want to meet them either; so she walked through the chapel gate out on the road, and turned her face (as her way led her) in the opposite direction to the noise. She heard the car stop, she heard a light person jump off, pattering feet sounded near her, two arms circled her neck, and a voice called out "Mother!" while she was kissed on both cheeks.

A shriek of joy brought the good priest from his hiding-place, not out of curiosity, but because he thought he had heard his name called. When, instead, he heard laughter and a din of voices, he was about to shrink back again; but the little woman in the dark dress ran toward him and, laying her hands in his, actually leaped for joy. Introductions followed. And the priest, mother and son-in-law became as life-long friends in a moment. There was no embarrassment, no reserve.

Our Lady of Bandora.

BANDORA, a place consisting of some ten or twelve small villages, or rather hamlets, inhabited for the most part by Catholics, is situated on an island to the north of the large town of Bombay. These hamlets are partly on the seashore, while others lie farther back toward the interior of the island; they are all grouped around a hill, whereon stands an old church known as Our Lady of the Mountain. St. Francis Xavier was once there; and at a later period came other missionaries, by whom was erected in honor of the Blessed Virgin a sanctuary which for more than three centuries has been a place of pilgrimage. How encouraging for those who go forth to preach the Gospel in India to discover, as they have frequently done, in remote districts, ancient shrines where Our Lady is venerated,—shrines forming bright oases in the vast desert of superstition!

The hill on the summit of which the church is built is charmingly situated. From beneath groves of splendid palms a wide view is obtained of the Indian Ocean; and all around are pretty villas and well-kept gardens. At the foot of the hill are some plain but extensive buildings; they are orphan asylums, conducted by German Sisters. The following brief narrative, communicated by one of the Sisters, proves that the Blessed Virgin, in her shrine at Bandora, as in sanctuaries better known to the Christian world, is the Mother of Divine Grace, the Help of Christians.

The Nativity of the Blessed Virgin is the great feast of our village, somewhat like the *Kirchweihfest* (the feast of the dedication of the church) of our German villages. At the same time it inaugurates the yearly pilgrimages to Our Lady of the Mountain. It is not the custom in India for the pilgrims to walk in procession, with cross-bearer and banners: they all

go as they please. People of all races and tribes come thither; people of every color and caste and creed,—Europeans and Asiatics, Persians and Hindus, Christians and heathen. Strange supplications are sent up from the lips of some to the Mother of God,—entreaties for matters entirely temporal and material. Yet all who invoke her aid with the heart as well as the lips, with unfeigned trust and confidence, often receive a remarkable answer to their prayers, as I have known in the case even of Mohammedans, Parsees, or unconverted Indians, who have been recipients of really wondrous favors.

On this feast we usually take our orphan children up to the shrine of their Heavenly Mother. This year, while we were kneeling in prayer, our Mother Superior was accosted by a lady with whom she was acquainted, who asked her to come into the veranda of the chapel. There on the pavement lay a poor woman sick unto death. Under her head were some ragged articles of clothing, rolled round an old, tattered prayer-book; a well-worn rosary was beside her. For the last day or two she had begged food from the houses in the vicinity; now she could do so no longer; her last remnant of strength had forsaken her; she was completely helpless.

It was already evening, and we had a large number of children; so we could not do anything for her, and Mother Superior asked the lady to provide her with shelter for the night. The thought of the unfortunate creature haunted Mother; and next morning she sent one of our Sisters, who was conversant with the language of the people, to see what could be done for the relief of the poor woman. The Sister found her so ill and weak that she thought there was no time to be lost; therefore she asked her whether she would not like to prepare herself for death by a good confession, as she had not long to live.

"Oh, yes, yes!" the woman answered. "Only send me a priest' who can

understand what I say. I have offended God in many and grievous ways! He has sent me this sickness as a chastisement. For the last two months I have been consumed by fever. I thought continually of the Mother of God; and when this feast came near, I resolved to make a pilgrimage hither on foot, in order to implore the grace to make a good death."

She was in a state of such debility that it had taken her three days to perform the pilgrimage, which any one in health could do easily in as many hours.

"While I was resting on the way," the sick woman went on, "I had a dream. I thought I saw a priest in gold vestments approach me, and ask whither I was going, as I looked so ill and miserable. I replied that I was on my way to Bandora, to Our Lady of the Mountain. He then told me that I should go to confession there, and after that I should feel happy; for I must soon die. God is very merciful. I had the same dream here. When I reached the chapel, I was going to kneel down; but I fell prostrate and could only say: 'Here I am, O my Mother! I have come to die at thy feet.'"

In the evening, when the heat of the day had abated, we conveyed the sick woman to our orphan asylum, which was at a considerable distance, in order that she might be better cared for and comforted there. An English gentleman, who is a great benefactor to our institution, was so kind as to lend his beautiful carriage for the purpose. The attempt to move her showed us what progress the disease had made. But the patient herself seemed indifferent to her physical condition; she did not utter a murmur or complaint, but rejoiced almost like a child at the prospect of making her confession. When the priest came she seemed to be animated with fresh strength. Afterward it was apparent to all what grace had effected in her heart. She lay still, her eyes fixed on the crucifix, thanking us gratefully for the least service rendered to her.

The next morning she received the Viaticum, and in the evening she was anointed. She lived for two days more, always in the same dispositions, caring for nothing on earth, but glad when any one recited a prayer for her to repeat. Sometimes we overheard her addressing the crucifix: "O my God, how good Thou hast been to me! Thou hast forgiven my sins. I came hither to visit Thy Holy Mother, and Thou hast brought me into this comfortable house. Now I am no longer afraid to die. Take me—oh, take me to Thyself!"

On the second day she could not take any nourishment. Toward evening she wished to rest, but her last agony began. The Sisters assembled round her bed; and while they recited the prayers for the dying, she breathed her last, with the names of Jesus and Mary on her lips. The following day she was laid to rest, all our children following her to the grave. Thus our Blessed Lady proved herself to be in very deed the Mother of the poor and the afflicted.

A Boon in Prayer-Books.

ONLY the very hopeful expect anything from a new prayer-book, whether for adults or children. The tradition of bombastic translation from bombastic French has endured so long among the makers of prayer-books, that no one of this generation expects to see it wither and pass. Yet the name of Katharine Tynan on the title-page of a booklet named "The Child's Prayer-Book" gives one a gleam of hope. When it came into our hands we opened it timidly, yet hopefully, and found a marvel,—a real book of prayer for a child, in language so apt, simple, tender and sweet, that only a lover and knower of children could have written or compiled it.

In a foreword to the little ones we read: "God does not ask long prayers from little children. He gave us only one

prayer when He was on earth, and that is not very long. Little prayers, and a little thought of Him in all we do, and the day is good. And even if it rains, or one is not well, or is in grief, there will be a brightness in the day. With the thought of God never far away, a child will not be unkind or untruthful or ill-tempered, or show any glaring faults."

The very table of contents is touching. Think of introducing little prayers under the rubrics:

- For a child who is sick.
- For a child who is disabled.
- For a child who is dull.
- For a child who is an orphan.
- For a child who has been unkindly treated.
- For a child lying awake at night.
- For a child who has done something wrong.

The pathos of these prayers goes to the very heart of a grown-up. How often in their middle-age men recall the suffering of their childish hearts, which bore the hurt, gave out no cry of pain, and asked no sympathy, fearing there was none! Children are sensitive and therefore more or less secretive.

Passing to the matter of this prayer-book, no praise can be too high for the simple instructions, the charming language, and the discreetness of both. The examination of conscience will delight the people brought up on the old-fashioned table of sins: It will be difficult for parents and teachers, who love children, to read the little book without emotion; and it will surely arouse the suspicion that this simplicity, directness and taste are quite as much needed by the elders as by the children in their books of prayer.

The thanks of the religious world are due to Katharine Tynan for her beautiful book, which the publishers (Messrs. Sealy, Briers & Walker, Dublin) have sent forth in almost perfect style. It is of the right size for children, fitting neatly into a little pocket. Paper, binding and type are of good quality; and the pictures in color, tasteful and attractive, will certainly please the children.

Notes and Remarks.

Houses of Retreat where Catholic workmen make a sojourn of several days every year have long been established in Belgium and France; and so excellent are the results, especially in the former country, that Catholic England is profiting by the example. Sixty workmen from a single parish are to make a retreat together at Stonyhurst during their next August holidays. "Moreover," says an English writer quoted in the *Catholic Herald of India*, "several Catholic employers have already signified their intention of allowing their Catholic workmen to get away for three days, outside the holiday time, for the same purpose. This example may possibly be followed in time by non-Catholic employers. The moral effects of these retreats are so striking as to make an impression even on those who do not share the faith that produces them. Those employers who have any regard for the well-being of their men will be inclined to support the work in one way or another. Moreover, increased sobriety and thrift, honesty and cheerfulness, all raise the standard of efficiency among the men; so that even on mere mercenary grounds employers may be induced to favor the undertaking."

Could any more effective occasion than such retreats be found for instructing the Catholic workmen of this country as well as England on the timely topic of Socialism,—for showing them, as Mr. Mallock puts it, "that the more carefully, temperately, and plausibly the Socialistic position is stated, the more surely does everything distinctive of it altogether disappear, or else the more clearly do the absurdities of everything distinctive of it emerge"?

No wonder there were smiles when, at the meeting of the Methodist General Conference last month, Bishop Neely

"accused the Roman Catholic Church of mingling in politics." We venture to say there were loud laughs, with expressions of amazement couched in language unfit for Methodist ears, when this report reached Washington. Nothing is more notorious at the Capital than Methodist meddlesomeness. It is an old story, and an old joke as well. When the Vice-President forgot that unwritten precept of politicians, Offend not the Methodists, and drank the seductive cocktail, every one knew what would happen. He was promptly given to understand that he had incurred the ill-will of the Methodist Church; and one waggish political opponent declared that, in order to set himself right, Mr. Fairbanks would have to become a teetotaler or say something against Pope Alexander VI.

As a straw may indicate the course of a current, so a smile may serve to show the trend of thought; and, following scowls, is always indicative of mental equilibrium. That Bishop Neely's charge against the Catholic Church should have occasioned smiles among his coreligionists is proof to our mind that, whatever may be said of men like Brother Neely, the Methodists, as a body, are now not altogether lacking in the saving sense of humor.

Apropos of a discussion in several Catholic papers as to the need or no need of additional vocations to the priesthood and the religious life, the *Catholic Standard and Times* cites, as to the genuineness of the need, Cardinal Gibbons, several archbishops and bishops, and the Catholic Educational Association,—and might cite, be it added, numerous provincials of religious communities throughout the country. The *Standard's* comment is worth reproduction:

Now, here is a body of testimony on the subject that few would think of challenging; yet there are a number of publications which use the Catholic name, but without authority to do so, impugning the evidence, and asserting

that, so far from there being a scarcity, there is a redundancy in the religious vocation field. It is difficult to comprehend the object of such carping—unless it be the policy to do good indirectly to the Catholic cause by arousing enlightening controversy, and so eliciting the real facts as to the situation. Again, there are certain minds which find a delight in perpetually differing from those in authority, and quarrelling with all suggestions save their own. These we shall always have with us, as long as human nature remains what it is. At all events, there is ground for gratification that the issue has been raised, since full ventilation of the question must be productive of ultimate benefit to the Church and society.

We do not hesitate to affirm that the fuller the ventilation, the more evident will become the necessity of still following the counsel of our Divine Lord to His disciples: "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that He send forth laborers into His harvest."

Synchronizing this summer with the third centenary of the founding of Quebec, comes the second centenary of the death of Quebec's first bishop, Monseigneur Montmorency-Laval. In the course of a pastoral letter recently issued, the present Archbishop of that city, Mgr. L. N. Bégin, calls attention to the fact that from the mother See presided over by Mgr. Laval there have sprung almost one hundred flourishing dioceses,—an increase which somewhat dwarfs the expansion lately acclaimed in New York and other centenary Sees of this country. Mgr. Bégin appoints June 21, 22, and 23 as the dates for the solemn celebration of the anniversary, a notable feature of which will be the official unveiling of a statue of Mgr. Laval.

English bigots in the House of Commons—and out of it—received a scathing rebuke the other day from Mr. Birrell in the course of the debate on the Irish Universities Bill. "If you push this matter home," said he, "you will come to this: that everybody who objects to universities

constituted like this, because they will give predominance in certain parts of the country to persons of a certain way of religious thinking, thinks that these kind of persons ought not to have universities at all. I challenge anybody, the most confirmed and determined Nonconformist in this House, to pursue this matter home, to push it to its final and *ultima ratio*, and he will find that if he objects to a university simply because it is set up in a country where most of the people belong to one way of religious faith, and, as a consequence, that religious faith is freely represented on the governing body,—if he objects to that, his objection is not to my scheme, but to the religion of these people."

And here is a manly acknowledgment, as honorable to the speaker as it must have been distasteful to a number of his hearers:

We Protestants, who have succeeded to Roman Catholic institutions, and enjoyed our education in colleges founded by Williams of Wykeham and Lady Margarets, and other devout Roman Catholic persons, have banged the doors of these institutions for centuries in the face of people belonging to the same faith as their founders. We, who have benefited by their education, enjoyed their literature, brought up, many of us, in some places still under their influence, have the audacity to pretend that a university will be endangered, and not be a true seat of literature, because it may well be that Roman Catholics may have a predominant influence in it. I repudiate that from the bottom of my heart.

In the light of these quotations it is quite intelligible that Mr. Birrell is *persona grata* to a good many Catholics even among those who dissent from his general political views.

The difference between a connoisseur, "one who knows," and a dilettante, "one who thinks he knows," was well illustrated recently in the columns of the Birmingham (England) *Post*. In that non-Catholic paper it was editorially stated, as a recognized sociological fact, that suicide is much less frequent in Catholic than in

non-Catholic countries. A dilettante correspondent qualified the statement as "quite wrong," whereupon the editorial connoisseur published this thoroughly adequate reply:

I wish briefly to indicate the sources, to assert that the inference was quite correct. Those are Emile Durkheim's "Le Suicide: Etude de Sociologie"; Westergaard's "Die Lehre von Mortalität und Morbilität"; Morselli's "Suicide Charts"; the vital statistics of various countries. Both Durkheim and Morselli, working independently on the statistics, and neither having any preconception to prove or support, arrive at the conclusion that Catholicism is a greater social preventive of, and protection against, suicide and its increase than Protestantism. It was of these writers I was thinking when I wrote that the fact I was stating was the outcome of the studies of "sociologists of great repute."

It is quite safe, probably, to assert that the officious correspondent had never heard of Durkheim's or Westergaard's work. 'Tis persons of his stamp who are most apt to be positive in their strictures on the written or spoken word of men who really know the subjects they discuss.

There is so much pessimism running riot in this country as to the absence of real patriotism in professional politicians, office-holders, and public servants generally, that it is gratifying to listen to competent outside critics discoursing in an opposite strain. In the current *Fortnightly Review*, Sydney Brooks, an observer whose opinion carries weight, discusses "Presidential Possibilities," and incidentally pays this tribute to our Cabinet officers:

Mr. Roosevelt has gathered around him a body of public servants who are nowhere surpassed—I question whether they are anywhere equalled—for efficiency, self-sacrifice, and an absolute devotion to their country's interests. Many of them are poor men, without private means, who have voluntarily abandoned high professional ambitions and turned their backs on the rewards of business, to serve their country on salaries that are not merely inadequate, but indecently so. There is not one of them who is not constantly assailed by offers of positions in the world of commerce, finance,

and the law, that would satisfy every material ambition with which he began life. There is not one of them who could not, if he chose, earn outside of Washington from ten to twenty times the income on which he economizes as a State official. But these men are as indifferent to money and to the power that money brings as to the allurements of Newport and New York, or to merely personal distinctions, or to the commercialized ideals which the great bulk of their fellow-countrymen accept without question. They are content, and more than content, to sink themselves in the national service without a thought of private advancement, and often at a heavy sacrifice of worldly honors, and to toil on invigorated by the infectiousness of Mr. Roosevelt's lead and companionship, and sustained by their own native impulse to make of patriotism an efficient instrument of public betterment.

That there are numbers of politicians who are actuated merely by motives of personal aggrandizement is doubtless true; but it is not less true that both in our State legislatures and our Federal Congress there are genuinely disinterested patriots, giving to the country excellent service, their only adequate emolument being the consciousness of duty done.

The recent centenary celebration in New York and Philadelphia occasioned enthusiastic tributes to the Church from the secular and sectarian press all over the United States. Every paper that came to our notice had "something nice" to say about the religion formerly so constantly misrepresented and so vigorously opposed. Perhaps the most noteworthy of those tributes, all things considered, appeared in the *Presbyterian Banner*, of Pittsburg, Pa. Indeed we could "hardly believe our eyes" when we read the following lines in our oldtime assailant:

The Roman Catholic Church is the most ancient and is still the largest branch of Christianity in this country and in the world, and it stands for the fundamentals of Christian faith and practice. It holds to and proclaims the Fatherhood of God, the Deity of Christ, the Bible as the Word of God, the Christian Sabbath, Christian marriage, penitence and forgiveness, prayer and worship, and righteous-

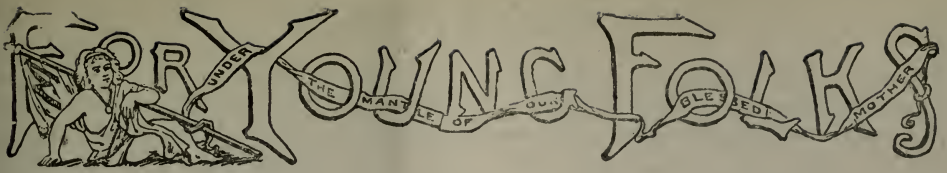
ness in character and conduct. It is especially a bulwark to-day against Socialism and Anarchism, divorce and godless education. The way it fills its churches with worshippers on the Sabbath is an encouraging fact; and it has a hold on the masses of the people in the cities, especially those of foreign birth, that no other Church has. It is an example to Protestant Christianity in unity, in gifts, in discipline and service, in zeal and in sacrifice.

Commenting on the celebration of the thirty-second anniversary of the New York Ethical Culture Society's foundation, and on the review of the ethical movement made by Dr. Felix Adler, the *Chicago Israelite* says:

Accepting his statement of the good work done as true, and speaking with full appreciation of its value, it is nevertheless fully apparent that absolutely nothing has been accomplished by it that could not just as well have been achieved by Dr. Adler as the rabbi of a Jewish congregation; nor has there ever been anything in his public utterances to show that he could not conscientiously have remained within the Jewish fold. As it is, his cult will die with him, and soon be remembered only as one of the hundreds that have sprung up from time to time to flourish for a little while and then perish.

The comment is judicious. True ethics is the flower of true dogma; disassociated from positive religious doctrines, ethical culture is both ephemeral and delusive.

There is a special reason for rejoicing over the conversion to the Church of Mr. Shane D. P. Leslie, B. A., of King's Collège, Cambridge. He is the eldest son of Squire Leslie, of Glaslough, Co. Monaghan, Ireland. Since 1660 the Holy Lough and Saint Patrick's Purgatory (Donegal) have been held in the Leslie family. Pilgrimages thither have never been entirely suspended, though prejudice in times past did all in its power to prevent them. In future they will probably be encouraged. Lough Derg, of all places in Ireland, should be in Catholic hands, and no doubt it eventually will be. Time's revenges are often strangest when longest delayed.



The Wind Children.

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

"RADIANT truants, how have you spent your time?"

The Mother Earth cried to her children four,
When, tired of their play and their labors
gay,

They crept to her bosom when day was o'er.

"I," said the one with the silvery hair,—

"I played in the sky of the East afar,
And I swept in crowds from the dawn the
clouds,

And scattered the mists from the day's bright
star."

"And I," said the one with the trumpet voice,—

"I played in the North where the wild geese
go,

And I moulded the ice in strange device,

And shaped for the winter the feathery
snow."

"And I," said the one with the balmy breath,—

"I played in the South in the sunny bowers,
And I wove for the trees their tapestries,

And opened for summer the buds and flowers."

"And I," said the one with the warm, soft
cheek,—

"I played in the West unbounded and free,
And I scattered the rain on the springing
grain,

And wafted the white-sailed ships out to
sea."

A CERTAIN tribe of Indians in South America think that eclipses are caused by quarrels between the sun and moon; hence when they occur, these simple-minded people shout their very loudest, in order to dissuade the heavenly bodies from fighting, until returning light indicates that peace is restored.

The Strenuous Life of Birds.

BY MARY KELLEY DUNNE.



BIRDS are genuine exponents of the strenuous life. They seem to be forever on the go. They move, not once a year like some migratory city humans, but twice. And not only do they move, but they have to build a new house each season. Very few birds occupy the same nest two years in succession. To be sure, even if they were not so particular about their house-keeping, the winter gales and the beating of the rain and sleet damage so badly most nests hanging in the tree tops that no amount of repairs would make them habitable again. Birds do return to the same locality, however, season after season; so if you will put bird houses in your fruit trees or grape arbors, you may have Jimmy and Jenny Wren for company year after year. Robins also return to the same locality, even to the same dooryard and to the same tree, to raise their annual crop of babies. And they become very tame, too, if they are treated kindly.

So if you wish to have bird friends and bird helpers in your garden, put out drinking cups and baths, and keep them filled with fresh water; and set up bird houses in your grape arbors and apple trees or on top of the clothes posts. Jenny and Jimmy Wren will more than repay your kindness by eating up thousands of your fiercest insect enemies. However, you would better put up tenements only for the tiniest of the little sisters of the air. If you make the doors large enough, the English sparrow, will, as

likely as not, take possession, and drive away the wrens, and even the robins.

For most birds, after the nesting and family raising work is done, there is a very short period of rest, when each one has only himself to feed and look after. Then he must see to his Fall travelling suit. Did you know that birds change their clothes twice a year? It is this change of garb which sometimes gives birds their different names in different parts of the country. You would hardly recognize some of your familiar summer visitors if you met them in a Southern town in November. The gorgeous orange and red which they wear on their "at home" days have been exchanged for neat travelling suits of sober gray or brown. Like all persons of taste, they keep their gay clothes for home wear; when they go abroad they put on quiet, inconspicuous garments. But they are always exquisitely neat and trim. You never saw a ragged, frumpy-looking bird, did you? Or if you did, you knew it was a sick bird and ought to see a bird doctor at once. After putting on their winter clothes, the birds which have long distances to travel spend some time in eating certain seeds and grains, which fatten them and put them in good condition for their sustained flights, covering thousands of miles, sometimes without rest.

Another thing which keeps birds very busy is protecting themselves from enemies. They have a great many besides men and boys with guns or stones. There are cats and some kinds of snakes. And there are foes of their own species: tramp birds and robber birds and cannibal birds. The tramp birds are big and lazy. Instead of making homes for themselves, they wait until some little mother has gone off her nest to find food or to get a few minutes' exercise; then the tramp mother sneaks in and takes possession. She lays an egg and goes away again. By and by the egg hatches, and the young tramp drives the other bird chil-

dren out to die of cold. And usually those foolish, lovely, over-kind parent birds half kill themselves trying to feed this ugly stepchild which has killed their own babies.

The ways of birds are certainly past understanding, aren't they? They could set us an example in a good many things, if we would only watch them and learn from them. Birds have had much longer experience than we have, so perhaps they ought to know more. Birds were on the earth a long time before man appeared.

The robber birds steal eggs and eat them, and the cannibal birds have a horrible habit of killing and eating birds smaller than themselves. The shrike is a most shocking example of this type of degeneracy. He seems to kill wantonly, for pure pleasure, in bloodthirstiness. He hangs his poor little victim on the large thorns of the nearest thorn bush, and then goes off to look for other unwary birds. Possibly you may have seen some of these dried skeletons high up in a thorn bush or fastened on the twigs of a taller tree, and you were very much puzzled to account for their presence. No doubt they were victims of the shrike. And, possibly, at the same time you admired a very handsome, glossy-winged bird who gazed curiously at you from a limb near by. You would never suspect this beautiful creature of such dastardly ways. Some years ago, when the English sparrows were particularly "cheeky" and overbearing, some one thought to set them in their place by bringing a few shrikes into the city parks. This, it was thought, would reduce the number of sparrows. It did. But the sight was so sickening that everybody preferred the impudent, noisy sparrows; and the shrikes were promptly driven away.

For many birds the semi-annual journey is one such as few of us humans take even once in a lifetime. There is the tiny bronze humming-bird, for example, which makes its summer home and raises

its mites of babies up on the sides of Mt. Elias in Alaska; and then, when the Arctic night begins, and the babies are grown, they all rise high in the air and sail straight to Central America. And the golden plover makes even a longer journey. Early in the spring he builds his nest on the frozen moss of Labrador. Then, when the baby plovers are three months old, the whole family, along with thousands of other families, start back toward their winter home in the South. They stop for a couple of weeks on the coast, eating an oily berry to be found in that locality in late summer. They grow very plump and fat.

You may see the plovers in great numbers some afternoon along the coast. And next morning they have absolutely vanished. Not a solitary plover is to be found. The night before, undoubtedly, was a bright moonlight one; and when the moon was at its height, thousands and thousands of these birds rose high up in the air, perhaps two or three miles above the earth, and sailed straight in the direction of South America. With a stay of a few days, or perhaps a week or two, here and there, they go clear to Patagonia.

Think of that for travelling! Most of us humans consider ourselves globe-trotters if we have once been three or four thousand miles from home. But here are birds, and rather small birds, which travel thirty or forty thousand miles every year. It is summer when they reach Patagonia; for, of course, you know they are having summer in South America while we are having winter. During the South American summer the plovers remain in Patagonia, starting back only when the fall rains and chill winds begin. They manage to live in perpetual sunshine, you see. But they build homes and raise families only in the frozen North at the edge of the Arctic Circle. Queer, isn't it? Can you reason out why they do it? That's a problem for a Mr. Sherlock Holmes, ornithologist.

The New Scholar at St. Anne's.

BY MARION J. BRUNOWE.

X.—SISTER MARIETTA MAKES A DISCOVERY.

Sister Marietta, Directress of Studies at the Convent of St. Anne, had a very large correspondence,—much that it was her duty to supervise as head of the school, and much that she had directly to conduct herself. The latter had somewhat accumulated during the past few days; and this evening, after night prayers, having obtained the necessary permission from Mother Superior, and feeling, besides, very wakeful, she had planned to sit up late, and, during the profoundly quiet night hours, accomplish her unfinished tasks.

In addition to work undone, which naturally preoccupied her to a considerable extent, Sister Marietta's mind was filled with other matters; and they were matters which made it very difficult for her to give the adequate attention to the score or so of open letters tossed upon her desk and waiting their turn for attention. Frankly, she was troubled exceedingly about the new scholar whom she had admitted only the night before.

Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton K. C. Kersey, until they began the correspondence which eventually resulted in the arrival of father, mother and daughter, had been entire strangers to her. But they had presented letters of introduction which were all that could be desired; and she was very favorably impressed with the gentlemanly bearing and sterling common-sense of Mr. Kersey. But Mrs. Hamilton K. C. Kersey! Here Sister Marietta dropped her pen onto the desk before her, and sighed. She had not told Mother Margaret and Sister Berenice one half of it. Why, Mrs. Kersey was—well, Sister Marietta now thought she was a woman much to be pitied, in that she made so degrading a use of her many opportunities. Her head seemed to have become a refuse box

for odds and ends of numerous 'ologies and 'osophies, in one or all of which she had evidently dabbled at one time or another. Nominally a Catholic, educated even for the most part abroad in a French convent, as Sister Marietta had found out during that morning's conversation, she had, it would seem, long ago shed all but the merest shreds of her Catholicity. And what modicum she did retain was so distorted by the many mills of strange doctrines through which it had passed, that Sister Marietta confessed in her own mind that it sounded to her more like what she had gathered of Buddhism than anything else.

Supplied with a purse which evidently had no bottom, the lady seemed to have passed her days for the most part in playing "bridge," winning and losing enormous sums thereat,—sums the bare mention of which made the good religious gasp. Sister Marietta herself was a member of a distinguished family. Echoes of the gay doings of the outer world sometimes floated in to her; but rarely, if ever, anything so wildly extravagant as the tales recounted by Mrs. Kersey,—tales mostly of her own exploits, colored perhaps by imagination; at least Sister Marietta *hoped* they were so colored.

She further had come to learn that Mrs. Kersey had no real abiding place, though there was an "ancestral home," her husband's birthplace, somewhere in the Far West. For the most part the family dwelt in hotels, those great modern caravansaries,—homes of elegance and luxury, though rarely homes in any other sense. They had resorted to this nomadic sort of life, Mrs. Kersey explained, owing to the difficulty nowadays of keeping servants, and thus adequately maintaining an establishment of one's own.

For a large part of the time, mother and daughter thus drifted about from city to city, from one continent to the other indeed. Sometimes Mr. Kersey joined them, but more frequently his business and professional interests kept him in or

near the metropolis. Always, however, he exercised a supervising hand over his daughter's secular education. No matter where had been the family stopping-place, Isabel had always benefited by the services of the very best masters to be obtained. And this young lady, so naturally defiant of all rules and restrictions, stood in wholesome awe of her father, whose commands she knew must be obeyed,—that is when they could not be evaded.

Though not professing any religion himself, Mr. Hamilton Kersey was not unmindful of the agreement he had signed at the time of his marriage with his Catholic bride: that all children born of the union should be brought up in their mother's faith. He would indeed have preferred to see his daughter a staunch Catholic, being evidently one of those old-fashioned men—of whom there are a few left nowadays—who prefer to see a woman identified with some religious denomination. But Mrs. Kersey, like the butterfly of fashion and life that she was, delighted to sip from one flower here, from another there; to imbibe the teachings of one divine one Sunday, of another the next Sunday; to join the Theosophists, only ignominiously to abandon them for the Christian Scientists, who, in turn, were supplanted by the Spiritualists. When Unitarianism was fashionable in her clique, she joined that denomination; if it was Episcopalianism, over she flopped to High Church or Low, as the case might be. Baptists and Methodists were of course beyond the pale, and had no attractions for her; otherwise, every 'ism and sect had had a chance with her.

And yet, with a queer kink in her mind, which Sister Marietta diagnosed as softening of the brain—on that subject at least,—she still called herself a Catholic, and attended Mass, if not regularly, at least frequently,—provided always, of course, that she were living in the vicinity of a church of the Jesuits. She admitted having, on several rare occasions graced

the metropolitan cathedral with her presence; but his Grace was officiating, and she had the highest regard for his Grace, whom she often met socially, and who was "such a charming man, you know!"

Mentally, Sister Marietta raised her hands in horror. She did not know any one who had a greater abhorrence for the renegade Catholic, especially for the "fashionable" one, than that same distinguished prelate. But Mrs. Kersey had rambled on and on and on; and gradually her listener began to grasp and realize her limitations and temptations,—the limitations and temptations, in a measure, of every woman of wealth and leisure, scant brains, and no definite object in life.

Sister Marietta, recalling the interview, as she leaned upon her elbow and looked around upon her own plain little study, and upon her severe nun's garb, breathed a sigh of thankfulness that *her* lines had not been cast in such places. She herself in the bloom of youth had relinquished a luxurious home and an exceptionally brilliant future, in obedience to the call which had summoned her to the higher life. Yet, having found therein the happiness which she instinctively felt the world could never have given her, she was disposed to be gently pitiful for, not unduly censorious of, those whose eyes were blinded to the truer realities of life, who perpetually sought in the sparkle and glitter that which never rewarded their quest,—that real metal which, perhaps had they found, they would have been too blind to see. Yes, from the bottom of her heart—and despite natural movements of impatience over oddities of speech or manner, which were really absurdities—Sister Marietta was distinctly sorry for Mrs. Kersey.

That lady, alone with her for an hour or more on the morning of the day which was now rapidly nearing its close, had become very confidential, and had, as intimated, unintentionally given the nun glimpses of a manner of life which here-

tofore had only intuitively come within her own ken. That they had come even intuitively was owing to the fact that the Directress of Studies at St. Anne's was in many ways an exceptional woman. With a lively imagination, a broad sympathy, and an unusually brilliant mind, she could arrive in a magically short time at startlingly clear conclusions. The one which she arrived at in the case of Mrs. Kersey was that the lady in question was a sister woman, much to be pitied in a certain sense, and much to be censured (though not by her) in another.

On some points, Sister Marietta, we will admit, had her doubts as to Mrs. Kersey's complete sanity; or, if not her sanity, at least her sincerity. For instance, it seemed to her clear, logical mind either insanity or insincerity for the woman to assume, as she nonchalantly did, that her young daughter would grow into a vigorous, virtuous womanhood with absolutely no religious training of any kind. Mrs. Kersey had assured the Directress that her daughter had not accompanied her on her series of religious somersaults. Intimate companions in everything else, they had parted here. She had wished Isabel "to live in an atmosphere of sweetness and light." That was one of the reasons she had so frequently brought her to the Jesuits' church; the light from the candles was so soft, and there were so many. Doubt she wished to keep "far from her pure young mind." The "sense of sin," to which some preachers allude, was "really an abomination"; it was "an outrage even to mention it in the presence of the young." Children should "grow like flowers: unrestrained, gracefully and beautifully," and so forth.

Her exhaustive talk with the mother had proved one thing conclusively to the religious—namely, that the girl's impulses and instincts, if properly directed, would yet be the means of molding her into a very fine woman. From Mrs. Kersey's talk, as well as from what she herself had seen, it was evident that Isabel was indeed

lawless in many ways, difficult to control,—though, from what she gathered anent her father's influence over her, not hopelessly so, were the right method employed; and she was also unduly free and unrestrained in her manners. This last was a fault which even her adoring mother admitted and deplored, and which she attributed (though Sister Marietta did not) to her "undue familiarity with the lower classes."

"If it were only to break her of the habit of using slang—a practice which her father abhors,—it would be, I suppose, worth while trying a term at the convent," Mrs. Kersey had grudgingly admitted.

Sister Marietta refrained from spoken comment.

"Isabel gets so vividly interested in anything, and indeed everything around her," Mrs. Kersey further deplored, "that even the servants prove no exception. Gaston, our *chauffeur*, has a sister, a puny little one, who is a hopeless cripple. Isabel, despite my protests, has gone to their inferior lodgings day after day, her arms and Gaston's heaped with dainties for the sick girl. Of course, with Isabel's knowledge of French, she no doubt is a doubly welcome visitor to the unfortunate alien. But really it is not seemly; and I'm always in mortal dread she may catch a fever or something. People of that kind are so—dirty. And as for newsboys!" (Mrs. Kersey had raised her hands in an exclamation of dismay.) "Why, she knows by name and nickname every little newsboy within a half a mile radius of the Grand Central Depot! And, would you believe it, Madame—Sister (I beg pardon!)—she invited fifty of them to luncheon at the St. Regis only last week,—at the St. Regis, understand, where we have our own apartments at present!

"It was this really outrageous escapade which finally induced me to consent to her father's frequently expressed desire that she be entered at a convent for a year or so; though I must say that Mr.

Kersey acted very reprehensibly about the newsboy incident. He actually allowed her to give the luncheon (though not at the hotel), and attended it himself, and even made a speech, if all they tell me is true. But of course one can never predict how a man will act; and really in matters like this, that child can almost wind her father 'round her finger,' though he *will* have his way in all other things. But as for me," and Mrs. Kersey had shrugged her shoulders helplessly here, "I don't pretend to assume any authority over the dear child. I never did. We've grown up together just like two sisters."

"With the trifling advantage on your side of some twenty-four or twenty-five years," commented the nun mentally.

"Yes, Sister, we've shared everything in common: our gloves and perfumery and stockings and handkerchiefs,—everything in common, just like the early Christians, you know. It's really been beautiful—our lives. Isabel hasn't the slightest regard for anything I say, except only as one sister would for another. And sometimes when I *try* to exercise a little authority (you know there are times when the difference in our ages, for instance, is emphasized, and I can judge more sanely than Isabel—about the newsboys and Gaston's sister, for example), why, the child will not listen. She has the queerest ideas about the 'masses'; thinks they're as good as we are,—that sort of thing, you know.

"But still, Sister, I assure you Isabel has really the sweetest disposition! She's a lamb, a perfect angel at heart, if you stroke her the right way; though of course it is dreadful the manner in which she is acting this morning—refusing to come down to see me." And Mrs. Kersey had here dropped a few tears into a dainty kerchief, and rambled on and on and on. And Sister Marietta had listened, and exercised infinite patience,—of which she had need.

When finally Mrs. Kersey departed, she did so in a shower of tears over the

thought of her "dear Isabel's having to learn the Catholic religion out of an ordinary catechism," in which the word "sin" would be sure to be mentioned. Sister Marietta, try as she would, could see no way out of it. She had, however, made a simple little suggestion. She asked Mrs. Kersey to take a copy of the volume home with her, and examine it at her leisure. Upon close inspection, it might not be "found so very objectionable."

The suggestion had been received with a start and a look of confusion, neither of which was lost upon the astute Sister Marietta. But Mrs. Kersey, once a little convent girl herself, meekly accepted the catechism, and hurriedly hid it away. And Sister Marietta, slowly turning from the great front door as it closed upon her retreating form, breathed a sigh, which had in it, nevertheless, somewhat of faith and hope. "They often return through the children," she found herself saying, half audibly. "God grant it may be so in this case!" By which it may be seen that Sister Marietta was in a somewhat optimistic mood at about twelve o'clock noonday.

As the hands of the clock moved on toward twelve midnight, truth compels us to chronicle that her mood was not so cheery, not so pleasantly optimistic, as it had been some twelve hours earlier. Various causes might be assigned for this, all weighty enough in themselves, yet none quite *the* cause. She had had a hard day; her work was accumulating, and many things, none of them very much out of the ordinary, combined to annoy her. Beneath them all there was what a novelist might have called "the difficult and peculiar case of Isabel Kersey" to stir and trouble her. And she was especially stirred and troubled over said Isabel's unexpectedly angelic behavior during the whole of that afternoon and evening. The young lady had been perfectly tractable, had gone through her examinations brilliantly, and had finally taken her place in the Third Class in as

normal and proper a manner as any other member of the class.

"Evidently we are stroking her the right way," the Directress had said to herself, with a smile, mindful of the mother's eulogistic words. But as the day wore on, Sister Marietta grew less confident. To-night she was decidedly fearful. And yet of what she knew not. She it was, however, who had suggested that Sister Agatha supplement her usual nightly round by a second (the latter considerably later than usual), so that she might be quite sure that all were safely and soundly asleep by the time ten was tolled from the old tower clock. Sister Agatha had, last thing before retiring, reported to her in person that all was well; and yet Sister Marietta was vaguely troubled.

It was not that she for one moment dreamed of the possibility of a midnight party. Such an idea never entered her head; though had she known of the existence of the hamper, it—well, it might have taken a great deal to surprise her later on. But of this she knew not; and yet she was troubled, troubled, troubled.

The great house was very still. Not a sound broke the silence as, like Fate, slowly but surely the hands on the little clock which stood upon the nun's desk crept on to the midnight hour. As it was boomed forth in the great tower above her, Sister Marietta started, and glanced in dismay about her. So much yet to be done, and she had accomplished so little. She drew a bundle of papers to her briskly, and bent over them. Suddenly she straightened up. An odd sound had caught her ear. She could not define it, but it seemed like a human voice, or perhaps the echo of a voice. She leaned sideways, listening intently. All, however, was still again.

The Directress of Studies remained in the same listening attitude yet a while longer, after which she resumed her work, dismissing what she had heard from her

mind as pure imagination. If one listens, one can hear all sorts of noises in the silence of the night, as every night owl, human or otherwise, well knows. So logically argued Sister Marietta, and again applied herself to her work. She had managed to indite about one page of a peculiarly difficult communication when she was suddenly startled—startled enough to come quite to her feet—by a soft, yet clicking sound almost at her elbow,—or at least it seemed that near.

She stood as she had arisen, one hand upon her desk, for a full minute or more, waiting, listening. Once she cast a quick glance over her shoulder; there was a tiny mouse trap off in the corner; and, although the sound had not come from that direction, it was suspiciously like the click emitted by the spring of a trap. The Directress of Studies shuddered. Mice were certainly *personæ non gratae*; but still if one chanced to be in the trap, and *alive*, she would let him out. With a bravery which surprised even herself—for it was the dead of night, and she was quite alone—Sister Marietta advanced three steps toward the trap, but it was empty. She gave a sigh of relief. Then suddenly she seemed to have an intuition. She turned sharply, and, with an alacrity unusual even in her, stepped to the door of her study. Earlier in the evening she had left the key on the outside, intending to lock it for the night, as she usually did, about eight o'clock. She had forgotten this when she elected to sit up late; though to lock herself in during those silent night hours would never have occurred to her. Interruption being out of the question, it was really immaterial in which side of the lock the key reposed.

This was not what Sister Marietta thought a moment later, when she turned the handle and found that her door would not open. She peered through the keyhole. Yes, the key was safely in the lock, but it was turned on the outside. She was locked in! Some one had locked her in!

(To be continued.)

A Handy Calendar.

Possibly some of our young readers may care to commit to memory this little problem in mental arithmetic. We find it going the rounds of the press:

The following lines give an easy method of stating offhand the day of the week of any date in 1908:

Just a mother's arms, my jocund Jean;
A spell o'er Nature's dream.

The number of letters in each word represents the date of the first Saturday in the particular month to which it corresponds. Thus, "Just," for January, has four letters, because the first Saturday in January is the fourth of that month; "a," representing February, has one letter, as the first Saturday in February is the first day of that month; and so on through all the twelve months.

Each word of the twelve, excepting the first "a," begins with the same letter as the month it represents. Thus, "Just" begins with "J" because January begins with "J"; "mother's" begins with "m" because March begins with "M"; and so on all through, with the exception of "a" for February.

Having obtained the dates of the first Saturdays, the date of every other Saturday in the month is got by the addition of the necessary number of sevens, from which it is but a step to any intermediate day. For example, to know the day on which Christmas falls this year, "dream," standing for December, has five letters, so the first Saturday in December is the fifth of that month; the second Saturday is the twelfth; the third, the nineteenth; the twenty-fifth, being six days more, gives Friday, six days on from Saturday.

INSTEAD of breaking a bottle of wine on the bow of a ship which is being launched, the Japanese liberate a few doves, which is a much prettier custom.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The Abbé Gaffre's recent find, in Upper Egypt, of a document supposed to recount the mission of the Disciple Thaddeus to Abgar, King of Edessa, and bearing a portrait of Christ, has roused much interest among Egyptologists all over the world. The Abbé is the author of a standard work of religious iconography entitled "Les Portraits du Christ."

—No. 22 of Father McDevitt's "Educational Briefs" contains the Rev. John Gerard's paper, "Of a Bull and a Comet"; and another by the Rev. Herbert Thurston on "A Saint Averse to Celibacy," both being reprints from the *Month*. The second and briefer of the two papers is that from which we quoted recently a discreditable specimen of the disingenuousness of Dr. H. C. Lea.

—The Rev. Ferdinand Kittell, of Loretto, Pa., will have the gratitude of parish priests for the new Baptismal and Matrimonial Registers which he has prepared. No plan more complete for church records could be imagined. It not only enables the parochus to comply with all legal requirements, but ensures perfect accuracy of details. We wonder at the excellence of Father Kittell's work, which must be the result of long study as well as long experience. The importance of diocesan records is obvious; they deserve to be kept according to the best method, and the zealous pastor of Loretto has supplied it.

—"St. Ives, Cornwall" is the title of a very interesting illustrated pamphlet, by Dom Vincent Scully, C. R. L. (Catholic Publishing Co., Liverpool.) "It has been my object," says the author, "to do for St. Ives that which might so well be done for every Catholic mission—briefly to outline its Church history, its origin, rise, progress, and downfall, and then in due time its happy restoration; and by this sketch to set in its true light, as regards at least one particular spot in England, the value of the Continuity Theory to which some of our separated brethren so fondly but so vainly cling." The object, we are pleased to say, has been very successfully accomplished.

—The death of François Coppée, who once happily described himself as "a man of refinement who enjoys simple people, an aristocrat who loves the masses," deprives France of one more of those sterling Catholic laymen of whom she has all too few. Born in 1842, M. Coppée first attracted notice as a dramatist in 1869. Three volumes of his poems had appeared before the Franco-German War, in which he served

in the militia. His experiences in the war he utilized in prose and poetry to such purpose as to gain the ear of the people. A versatile littérateur, poet, dramatist, and story writer, M. Coppée was in his later years a profoundly religious wielder of the pen; and his decease will be lamented by many more than the critical world among whom were his most ordinary associates. *R. I. P.*

—Two new additions to the Cambridge Devotional Series are notable: "Saint Francis and His Friends," rendered into English from Franciscan chronicles by Horatio Grimley, M. A. In this book selections have been made from "The Legend of the Three Companions," "The Little Flowers of St. Francis," "The Mirror of Perfection," the Lives by Thomas of Celano and St. Bonaventura, and "The Holy Converse of the Blessed Francis with Lady Poverty." "The Imitation of Christ; or, The Ecclesiastical Music." By Thomas à Kempis. An English translation edited by J. H. Srawley, D. D. This translation is based upon the English version of 1620 by F. B., which has been revised throughout with the help of Hirsche's text of the original. The work is reproduced in its entirety, no attempt being made to modify or adapt its language to suit the needs of modern readers.

—The annual report of the London Catholic Truth Society shows a most gratifying increase in membership, income and accomplishment. No fewer than 146 books and pamphlets were printed, some of which are really important contributions to Catholic literature. The variety and the interest of these publications is remarkable. There are books and pamphlets directed against Rationalistic and Socialistic literature, and a number of volumes printed in Braille for the use of the blind; solid historical essays and fiction for young and old; biographical sketches and refutations of current errors; discussions of burning questions, prayer-books, and poetry. The English C. T. S. is an admirable organization, admirably managed. The importance of such work as it is doing on an ever-increasing scale is not recognized by one in a hundred among us. Indeed we are "not in it" with our English brethren half the time.

—A number of the articles on the Blessed Virgin, contributed to the *Bombay Examiner* during the past five years by the Rev. Ernest Hull, S. J., have been collected and published in pamphlet form under the title "First Book

on Our Lady." The intimation that other books are to follow will prove gratifying to a large circle of readers who have learned to admire Father Hull's lucid exposition and "saving common-sense." The present pamphlet of one hundred and odd pages is made up of two series of papers, thus characterized in the introduction:

The first deals with the *Early Life of Our Lady*, written for the information of Catholics. Its object is not devotional but frankly, though moderately, critical. It is an indirect protest against the too ready introduction of legendary matter into popular lives of Our Lady, and an endeavor to distinguish between what we know and what we do not know outside the inspired and authentic sources. We believe that devotion will always be more healthy and sound if it rests on ascertained facts, and not on the dubious fabrications of the romancist. On this subject Mgr. Le Camus, in his recent *Life of Christ*, writes as follows: "As if to make up for the silence of the Gospels, legendary lore has given us many strange and incredible stories. Certain apocryphal gospels are replete with them; but it would be wrong to seek anything of serious import in these puerile compositions. Wherever the work of falsehood is evident, neither art nor piety should seek for inspiration. All that is not the truth, being dangerous and unsound, ought to be earnestly rejected. Let us admit that we do not know whatever the true Gospels have not told us." . . .

The second essay which makes up this volume discusses exhaustively the meaning of that much-abused passage TI EMOI KAI SOI, CUNAI—"What to me and to thee, Woman?" This series was occasioned by an attack made in an Indian Protestant magazine. And though the treatment runs out to considerable length, it is well worth while to have once worked out the matter thoroughly in all its bearings. It is a thing which, once done, will serve a useful purpose for all time—especially as the objection crops up with regularity, and has always to be met.

The Latest Books. A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

"A Missionary's Notebook." Rev. Richard Alexander. \$1.10.

"Mr. Crewe's Career." Winston Churchill. \$1.50.

"The Doctrine of Modernism and Its Refutation." J. Godrycz, D. D. 80 cts.

"Christian Science before the Bar of Reason." Rev. L. A. Lambert, LL. D. Edited by Rev. A. S. Quinlan. \$1.

"Lord of the World." Robert Hugh Benson. \$1.50.

"A Synthetical Manual of Liturgy." Rev. Adrien Vigourel, S. S. \$1, net.

"The Law of Christian Marriage." Rev. Arthur Devine, Passionist. \$1.50, net.

"History of the Society of Jesus in North America, Colonial and Federal." Documents, Vol. I, Part I. 1605-1838. Thomas Hughes, S. J. \$4.50, net.

"The Training of a Priest." Rev. John Talbot Smith, LL. D. \$1.62.

"Children of Light and Other Stories." M. E. Francis. 40 cts.

"History of St. Patrick's Cathedral." Most Rev. John Farley, D. D. \$1.50.

"Common-Sense Talks." Lady Kerr. 40 cts., net.

"The Primadonna." Marion Crawford. \$1.50.

"A Pulpit Commentary on Catholic Teaching." Vol. I. The Creed. \$2.

"Christine and Other Poems." George Henry Miles. \$1.10.

"My Lady Beatrice." Frances Cooke. \$1.25.

"My Very Own." S. M. Lyne. 80 cts.

"We Preach Christ Crucified." Herbert Lucas, S. J. \$1.

"The Ministry of Daily Communion." F. M. De Zulueta, S. J. 60 cts., net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rt. Rev. Abbot Edelbrock, O. S. B.; Rt. Rev. Monsignor Garvey, archdiocese of Philadelphia; and Rev. William Connelly, diocese of Scranton.

Sister Apolline Dubé, of the Daughters of Charity.

Mr. Harry Parr, Mrs. James Elliott, Mr. Thomas D. Fitzgerald, Miss Rose Lyman, Mr. Michael Albert, Mrs. Winifred E. Moore, Mrs. Mary A. Breen, Mr. Ralph Barr, Margaret McLean, Mr. Charles Ames, Miss Margaret Elliott, Mrs. John Carroll, Mr. Henry Beck, Miss Mary Williams, Mrs. Margaret Cotter, Mr. Frederick Schmidt, Mrs. Harry Carr, Marie Norton, Mr. Joseph Kohrs, Anita H. Brady, Mrs. Mary Cohen, Mr. George Dahlgren, Miss Mary Dougherty, Mr. George Volzer, Mr. John Smith, and Mr. Charles Dixon.

Requiescant in pace!

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For three foreign missions referred to in THE AVE MARIA for May 23:

A priest, \$20; Mrs. Patrick Fee, \$1; M. B. T., \$5; X Y Z, \$1.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LXVI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JUNE 13, 1908.

NO. 24.

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The Angelus Hour.

BY WILLIAM HENDRIX, S. J.

AVE MARIA! Linger, dying,
Fades the day in mystic gloom;
Soft o'er the downs the westwind's sighing,
Sunk the great sun to his tomb.
Sancta Mater! Faintly stealing
Over mead and leafy dell,
Hark! the gentle cadenced pealing
Of thy far-off Vesper bell!
Ave, Ave! pure and fair!
List, gentle Lady, to our prayer!

Ave Maria! Shades are falling
Round us; fled the golden glow.
Hear thy children fondly calling;
Shield us from our ancient foe.
Sancta Mater! Keep us near thee
Till that dawn of faultless day—
Rapturous morn,—when we shall hear thee
Claim us as thine own for aye!
Ave, Ave! pure and fair!
List, gentle Lady, to our prayer!

Ave Maris Stella.

BY MARIAN NESBITT.



OUR Lady's title of "Ocean Star" is, for most of us, associated with very early memories. Not less inseparably bound up with the dear delights of the past than with our hopes in the present or our prayers for the future, it brings the Virgin Mother before us under one of her tenderest aspects, and perpetually reminds us that, however dark the night, she, the "sweet

Star of the Sea," is ever shining above the waves of this troublesome world, our guide and at the same time our protectress till, by God's grace, we reach the glorious haven of eternity. Have we not all, "amidst life's petty strife," some sacred memory specially connected with Our Lady hidden deep within our hearts; some treasured remembrance of a certain day or hour when perchance an outward thing—it might have been a tall white lily flower with blossoms made of light, or the radiant gleam in a sunset sky—brought home to our minds, in a way never hitherto experienced, the nearness of heaven, and the fair image of her who, standing beneath the cross, became our Mother and our Queen?

Glancing back along the road my feet have passed, I see in the far distance an old gabled house upon a hill—the well-beloved home of my childhood. Its rose-embowered, latticed windows look out across a lovely landlocked bay, shut in by red sandstone cliffs, whose slopes are clothed with fair green meadows. Two peacocks sun themselves proudly on the south terrace; thrushes warble scarcely less musically than nightingales in great bushes of flowering shrubs, that blossom even in winter in this warm and sheltered garden, where swallows circle over the smooth lawns ere they seek their nests in the eaves; where the west wind, whispering amongst the pine trees, sounds "faint and far off, like the murmur of shells"; and where, from a nook at the edge of the steep—that steep washed ever by the restless sea,—I used to stand long

ago and watch the evening star rise golden above the shimmering expanse of water,—bright star of hope, true type of her whom Chaucer calls

Mede unto mariners that have sailed farre.*

And is it not thus with all of us? Step by step, Mary goes with us as we journey on, saying the Rosary of our years; but none the less is the thought of her entwined with our first conscious recollections of things beautiful and sublime.

From a very early period in the Church's history, Our Lady has been alluded to under the title *Stella Maris*, or Star of the Sea; and again as the Ocean Star, and the Brilliant Ocean Star. Indeed it is most interesting in this connection to note that Marracci gives more than one hundred instances of this name being given by the Fathers to the Virgin Mother of God. She was also frequently invoked by sailors as their Guide, their Port of Refuge, their Haven in Shipwreck. As a matter of fact, *Portus Naufragantium* is quoted sixty-eight times by the author just referred to, in his work entitled "*Polyanthæa Mariana*"; whilst St. John Damascene and many other early Christian writers speak of Our Lady as the Anchor, an appropriate appellation truly for her who so ardently desires to safeguard our frail vessels as they voyage over the stormy waters of time, tossed by billows of doubt and difficulty, buffeted by the strong winds of temptation, left very often to drift on unheeded, while we ourselves remain sunk in the slumber of indifference, or plunged in the cold inertia of despair.

Numbers of ancient narratives might be quoted to prove that, during the Ages of Faith, devout "shipmen" were in the constant habit of calling upon Our Lady Star of the Sea in their hour of greatest need. "Not unfrequently," we are told by one who had made a careful study of the subject, "would they make a vow

of pilgrimage, in thanksgiving, to one of her great sanctuaries; and many monasteries owe their foundation to a vow made at sea."

A very favorite shrine resorted to by Catholic sailors seems to have been that known as Our Lady of Ardenburg, Great Yarmouth; though the name is differently given in various documents, where it undergoes such variations as Arneborg, Arnesburgh, Ernesburgh, and so forth. The correct form, however, is Ardenburg, seeing that this English sanctuary must in all probability have been named after Ardenberg—or, as it is written in the Low Countries, Aadenberg,—once a noted town of Flanders, famous for its magnificent church—one of the finest in the world,—which was dedicated to the Holy Mother of God, and to which numerous pilgrimages were made by all sorts and conditions of men. Froissart* informs us that, after the great victory gained by Edward III. at sea, off Sluys, "the next day, the which was midsummer-day, the King and all his landed; and the King on foot went a pylgrimage to Our Ladye of Aardenbourg, and heard Masse and dined, and then took his horse and rode to Ghent, where the Queene received him with great joye."

It is soon after this that we find frequent mention of Our Lady of Ardenburg in connection with the parish church of St. Nicholas (one of the patrons of seamen) in Great Yarmouth; and Barnes, in his "Life of Edward III." (p. 180), tells us that of the two hundred and sixty ships which composed the English fleet, sixty at least were from Yarmouth, and manned by stalwart East Anglians. It appears reasonable, therefore, to assume that many of these brave sailors—not a few of whom must have been natives of Yarmouth,—having accompanied their sovereign to Ardenberg after his great naval victory, raised an altar to Christ's Mother in the church of St. Nicholas, on

* See "A Balade of Oure Ladie," edit. cit. 1602.

* Vol. I., c. 50, p. 73.

their return to Yarmouth, and called it, in thanksgiving, "Our Lady of Ardenburgh." Such at least is the theory advanced by competent authorities.

It is interesting to find that on April 14, 1349, Simon de Halle bequeathed "twelve pence to the altar of Saint Marye de Arnesburgh," Yarmouth; and about the year 1370, the prior of St. Olave "built a chapel at the east end of the church of St. Nicholas, and dedicated it to Our Ladye of Arnesburgh." It would be impossible to enumerate all the different legacies and gifts made to this sanctuary; but the fact that there was a Guild of St. Marye of Arnesburgh is sufficient proof of the popular feeling. And more than a century later the devotion was not less fervent; for in the year A. D. 1484, amongst other offerings to Our Lady of Ardenburgh at Great Yarmouth, mention is made of some herrings which were sold for sixteen shillings and fourpence. Possibly some pious fisherman, having had a good catch of the noted herrings, gave the amount realized to this favorite chapel. But, however that may be, both the nature of the donation and the sum were carefully recorded in the accounts of Yarmouth Priory.

If we study the Pell Records, we find that, according to the Issue Roll of Richard II. for the year 1397, John Mayhew, Master of the King's ship called *La Trinité de la Tour*, offered to Our Lady of Aques a silver ship in fulfilment of a vow he had made during a storm; and nothing, perhaps, brings the striking contrast between then and now more forcibly to our notice than the difference in the names given to vessels before the so-called Reformation, and those in use to-day. When Our Lady was loved and invoked as the "Sea Star bright," for so she is termed in an old English version of the *Ave Maris Stella* (fourteenth century), numbers of ships were called by her name, not only in the Royal Navy, but in the Merchant Service; whilst fishermen constantly called their boats after her. Indeed,

during the Ages of Faith, most of the ships of the Royal Navy, instead of having as now the name of some bird or beast, or heathen deity, were called after the Most Holy Trinity, or some saint, when not bearing one of Our Lady's titles. Thus, out of the twenty ships in the Royal Navy during the reign of Henry VII., four were named *Marye*. Again, on going back to a much earlier period, we see that one Robert de Ryllington, of Scarborough, by his will dated September 26, 1391, "desires those two ships called *Saintmaryeboite* [St. Mary's boat] and the *Katherine* to be sold, and the proceeds to be expended for the health of our souls." * Again, we find such significant titles as the *Marye Whalsyngham*, Captain Yelverton; and, in 1513, "among the hired ships for the Navy were the *Maria di Lorela*, of eight hundred tons; and the *Marye of Walsingham*, of one hundred and twenty tons, and ninety-seven men."

Any one interested in the subject, when at Calais, Havre, or other ports frequented by English coaling vessels, steamers, coasting brigs, and schooners, must have remarked the extremely commonplace names they bear. We have, for instance, the *Eliza Jane*, the *Yarmouth Belle*, the *Ocean Spray*, the *John Thomas*; while these French towns, which all have large fishing fleets, give their boats such charming titles as *Notre Dame*, *L'Etoile de la Mer*, *Notre Dame de Grace*, *L'Immaculée Conception*, *L'Etoile du Matin*, and so forth.

The deep devotion of the Boulogne fishermen to Our Lady is also abundantly proved by the fact that very few of their vessels are to be seen without "Our Lady of Boulogne" on their mast-vanes; and also by their pious custom of going by hundreds on pilgrimage to the famous sanctuary of Our Lady of Boulogne before starting for mackerel fishing on the coast of Ireland or in the North Sea. Indeed, it is said that they never set sail until

* Test. Ebor., Vol. I., p. 157.

they have made this pilgrimage. Nor are they generally content on such occasions with a Low Mass: they must have a *Messe à trois mâts*, as they express it; this High Mass being sung, it is scarcely necessary to add, for their safety and success. The shrine of Our Lady of Boulogne is also much frequented by fishermen's wives, who go there to pray for their husbands, as well as by the generality of the faithful. History says that, in December, 1688, James II. of England, and his Queen, Maria d'Este, paid a visit to this spot, so noted for miracles, "and vowed their son to Our Lady of Boulogne."

At the time of the terrible Revolution, in 1791, when Boulogne cathedral was closed, an inventory of all the church treasures was made; and amongst the ex-votos is mentioned a herring in solid silver, offered by the master-fishermen of Boulogne to their beloved Patroness. The celebrated image is also described in the following words: "A representation of the Virgin, in wood, very ancient, holding the Infant Jesus in her arms, and being the object of the veneration of the people." According to the legend, this miraculous statue was found, with two relics and a copy of the Bible, in a boat, guided by no human hands, which floated to the shore at Boulogne as far back as the year A. D. 633. The image is said to have been carved in oak; it was about three feet high, and depicted Our Lady standing, with her Divine Child "in her left arm."

The sanctuary of Our Lady of Boulogne became rapidly famous. We have noted elsewhere how many English sovereigns went thither on pilgrimage. On one occasion King Edward III., who visited it several times, went on foot all the way from Calais, accompanied by the Dukes of Clarence and York. And the names of so many distinguished Englishmen, as well as the costly offerings they made, lead us to the conclusion that this foreign shrine was as much frequented by our Catholic forefathers as the "holy

land of Walsingham" and other favored spots in their own country.

It has been said by persons who have worked amongst them that, even at the present day, those who go down to the sea in ships, and do their business in great waters, are singularly susceptible to the influences of religion; that, despite the indifferentism and unbelief so unhappily prevalent amongst all classes, sailors are, as a general rule, remarkable for a childlike faith. Superstitious they may be, but not sceptical; and if this is true in our time, how much more emphatically may it be stated in respect of the Catholic seamen of the Middle Ages! They were specially devout to certain seaside shrines, like that of Our Lady of Grace at Southampton. This chapel, which, Leland tells us, stood on the left hand "of a great creek out of the main haven, a little from the shore," was much frequented by pilgrims of every rank and condition in life, from royalty downward, as well as by the numerous sailors always to be found in a big seaport.

Another shrine dearly loved of seamen was that of Our Lady of Bradstow, at Broadstairs. Here there was an image of the Blessed Mother of God, which was so highly revered that ships sailing past used to salute her "by striking their topsails." This we learn from exceedingly old traditions; and it is only another proof—if proof were needed—of the universal homage offered to the "Star of Stars," as Chaucer calls her,—the "shipmen's light and guide." Again, Our Lady of Scarborough was much resorted to by seamen; whilst all along the east coast her statues were deeply venerated by the hardy fishermen, whose lives were lived out on the wild grey North Sea. At this distance of time, it is almost impossible to say with any degree of certitude whether the celebrated shrine known as Our Lady in the Rock, at Dover, was the same as that called Our Ladye of Pitie. It seems, however, far from improbable when we remember that,

according to the tradition, a foreign nobleman who had been wrecked during a severe storm, and cast ashore at Dover, in gratitude for his preservation, built a small chapel which was dedicated to the Immaculate Virgin, and called Our Ladye of Pitie. It stood on the shore, a little to the east of Arcliffe fort.

But not a stone was left upon a stone at the dissolution of the monasteries; for, though this sanctuary was small, it was doubtless rich in costly ornaments, and would therefore have been speedily despoiled by the ruthless hands of the commissioners,—commissioners, be it remembered, of that same King who, on landing at Dover after his return from Calais in November, 1532, himself made an offering to the Queen of Heaven, whom later on he was so grievously to insult. On November 14, in his Privy Purse Expenses, we read: "Item.—Paid to the King's own hands for his offering to Our Ladye in the Rocke at Dover, four shillings and eight pence." * Two days earlier, Henry had paid five shillings as an offering to that noted seaside shrine known as Our Lady in the Wall, at Calais.

No one who—like the writer—has spent much time in the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk, can fail to be struck by the numerous memorials of the ancient Faith still existing in the ruins of what were once glorious monastic and parish churches. These ruins are often found in out-of-the-way villages near the sea; heavenly watch-towers, "fallen God's houses, the Golgotha of true souls departed." As a great non-Catholic writer has said, they remind us that their old walls "were not peopled with phantasms, but with men of flesh and blood, made altogether as we are." From the high steeples that served as beacons to many a wandering bark, "bells tolled to prayers, and men of divers humours, various thoughts,

chanted Vespers, Matins; and round the little islet of their life rolled forever (as round ours still rolls, though we are blind and deaf) the illimitable ocean, tinting all things with its eternal hues and reflexes, making strange, prophetic music."

It is interesting to notice that a very large number of these monastic churches were dedicated to "Our Lady St. Marie"; and in those instances where this was not the case, there would invariably be some favorite image, or images; thus, at Beeston-near-the-Sea, Norfolk, "many legacies were given to Our Lady of Grace and Our Lady of Pitie." *

At Carlton Colville, Suffolk, in the church of St. Peter (one of the special patrons of seamen), was a chapel of our Blessed Ladye, "and a provision for finding a light to burn before her image." At Kessingland, Suffolk, in the church of St. Edmund, the altar of Our Lady stood in the chancel; and over it her image, with a light burning perpetually before it. At Southwold, in the same county, the image of Our Lady of Pitie was in a very costly tabernacle, painted and gilt. Southwold church, which is dedicated to St. Edmund, King and Martyr, is one of the most beautiful in East Anglia. Its rood-screen is very famous; the carving is exquisite, and the painting must have been the work of a very skilful artist. This church had a celebrated lantern, so that, like many others on the coast, it served the double purpose of God's house and light house.

Walberswick, now only a tiny fishing village, possesses a magnificent church, to which, in the year 1500, John Almyngnam bequeathed twenty pounds. Half of this amount, according to the terms of his will, was to be spent for an organ; whilst "with the residue of the said sum," he continues, "I will a canopy over the high awter [altar] welle done with Oure Ladye and four angels, and the Holy

* "Privy Purse Expenses of Henry VIII.,"

Ghost going up and down with a chime."

Standing at the west end of this building, bereft now of all save mere architectural beauty, and looking toward the desolate east, where must have risen the high altar of which John Almyngnam speaks, rich in ornamentation, perfect as loving hands and devout Catholic hearts could make it, we think how often, in days gone by, the *Ave Maris Stella* echoed amongst these pillars, and mingled with the "rolling organ harmony" of the breaking waves outside! How often Walberswick fishermen knelt here before Our Ladye of Pitie! What fervent prayers ascended, what grateful vows were made!

It is worthy of note that the Scottish seaport town of Leith has for its seal a representation of the ever-virgin Mother, which bears a very striking resemblance to that of Boulogne-sur-Mer. On the Leith seal, Our Lady is depicted seated under a tabernacle, in a boat, holding her Divine Child on her right arm; whilst the Boulogne seal, as we have already said, shows the Infant Saviour in His Mother's left arm. But "this variation," observes a learned authority, "may be simply due to the engraver of the seal." It has also been suggested that, devotion to Our Lady of Boulogne being so exceedingly widespread in medieval times, one of the numerous confraternities or chapels established in her honor might possibly have been founded in Leith; that such foundations were usual is sufficiently proved by the fact that, early in the fourteenth century, a church dedicated to Our Lady of Boulogne was erected, by the people of Paris, at Menus, a village near Saint-Cloud, which became "a favorite pilgrimage for those who were unable to make the longer one to Boulogne-sur-Mer." It is interesting to note that, owing to its fame, Menus soon lost its original name, and was known instead as Boulogne-sur-Seine; and the forest in its vicinity, as the Bois de Boulogne.

If there are plenty of old stories which fully demonstrate the love of sailors—or

"shipmen," as they were more often called—for the Star of the Sea, it must be admitted that we find instances where avarice and rapine are not wanting; though, in the latter case, the sin of robbing and dishonoring Our Lady's shrines would appear to have met with a speedy retribution. For instance, an old chronicler, writing about the year 1355, describes how King Edward III. came to Hadingtoun (Haddington, on the east coast of Scotland), "to the great damage of all people thereabouts."

One part of his navy went so far in its evil work as to plunder the kirk of Our Lady, "called the Quhit [White Kirk, and returned with the spoil thereof to their ships. But their sacrilege was not long unpunished; for suddenly rose a north wind, and drove all their ships so violently on the sea banks and sands that few of them escaped, save only so many as swam to land. King Edward, in defiance of God, because his navy was troubled in this manner, persecuted all abbeys and religious places where he came, with greate crueltie. Truth is, one Englishman stole all the ornaments that were on the image of Our Ladye in the White Kirk, and incontinent the crucifix fell down on his head and dashed out his brains."

To turn, however, to brighter pictures. We read that in 1506 the English pilgrims who had set off for the Holy Land, with Sir Richard Gylforde, were overtaken by a severe storm off the island of Mylo. So terrible was it that even the mariners themselves "had tribulation and fear that night." Then the pilgrims rose, and, gathering together the crew, "devoutly and fearfully sang the *Salve Regina* and other anthems" (antiphons of Our Lady, most probably) "with appropriate versicles and collects; and we all," continues the chronicler, "gave money and vowed a pylgrymage in general to our Blessed Lady de Miraculis, of Venice; besides other special vows that many pylgrymes made of their private devotions. And

likewise the mariners made a pilgrimage at their own costs and charge."* (It has been necessary for the sake of clearness slightly to modernize the spelling.)

Another very interesting anecdote is that which describes how a certain captain in the Royal Navy, Master Arthur by name, being in "marvellous danger" of losing his ship, turned to Our Lady of Walsingham, and made a vow that if she would deliver him out of his peril, he, on his part, would eat "neither flesh nor fish" till he had been on pilgrimage to her famous shrine. Sir Edward Howard, at that time Lord High Admiral of England, wrote to his sovereign a letter on the subject, dated April 17, 1513, in which he recommends Master Arthur highly to the King (Henry VIII.), and hopes that monarch "will give him comfortable words for his bravery."

It would be tedious to give further examples. Enough has been said to show how dearly loved was Our Lady by English sailors, whose favorite hymn appears beyond doubt to have been the *Ave Maris Stella*.

* See "The Pilgrimage of Sir Richard Guylforde Knyght," p. 64. Camden Soc.

THE Cross gave peace to the world, and it must bring peace to our hearts. All our miseries come from our not loving it. The fear of crosses increases them. A cross carried simply, and without those returns of self-love which exaggerate troubles, is no longer a cross. Peaceable suffering is no longer suffering. We complain of suffering! We should have much more reason to complain of not suffering, since nothing makes us more like Our Lord than carrying His Cross. Oh, what a beautiful union of the soul with our Lord Jesus Christ by the love and the virtue of His Cross! I do not understand how a Christian can dislike the Cross and fly from it. Does he not at the same time fly from Him who has deigned to be fastened to it and to die for us?—*Blessed Curé of Ars*.

Exiled from Erin.

XXIV.—NEW SCENES.

GOOD Father Kearney chatted pleasantly as the little group moved up under the arching hedges that shaded the walk to the presbytery. Presently the priest remarked:

"Mr. O'Brien and I will have a walk up on the hill, Ellie, while your mother and you go into the kitchen and give a hand to poor old Margaret. She'll be in such a flurry that she won't know whether she is on her head or her heels."

Now, poor old Margaret, though bent and all but blind, was very faithful, and scrupulously clean and neat. Instead of two fading eyes, one would think she had two microscopic or telescopic ones. Her sense both of feeling and of smell was marvellous, as was also her memory for the smallest detail.

When she heard feet coming in the hall, she showed barely the flapping borders of her cap, and cried:

"He's down at the chapel,—he's down at the chapel, children!"

"You don't know me, Margaret?" said the little woman, seizing her hands and kissing her.

"Easy now, dear,—easy now!"—carefully feeling the hands and dress as far as the elbows. "It couldn't be little Ellie?" she ventured at last.

"It is just!" said the other, laughing.

"Oh, praise and glory be to God! And you are what you always were, darling,—affectionate and light-hearted!"

Father Kearney and Mr. O'Brien went up the gently-rising hill that cut off the northern blast from the priest's house. They talked about the passage across and other things, till they reached the highest point of the hill. The priest made his friend look round in a full circle. The whole sweep of country lay there before them, magnificently unrolled.

"Now, sir, you have before you as

pleasing and as historic a scene as there is in Ireland. Other points of vantage may give you finer views in one particular direction; but the beauty of this is that you have it on all sides, and on all sides beautifully."

"On all sides beautifully indeed, as you say, Father."

"There, sir, on that hill with the trees covering its side,—there for centuries and centuries was the chieftain of your historic clan installed.

Beside Lough Gur, on Ainee's Mound,
Was Brian of the Strong Hand crowned.

Farther away, in the same line, in the hollow mantled with blue gauze at the foot of the mountains, is the famous Glen of Aherlow, the royal seat of the Geraldines. Now, sir, follow the sun in its course, and look at Nature's works. The twin peaks you see are the outposts of Killarney's range of mountains. The very first day we have leisure you must come with me there.

Angels fold their wings, and rest
In that Eden of the West,
Beauty's home, Killarney!
Ever fair Killarney!"

"Truly, 'a bit of landscape flung from heaven,'" said the enraptured listener.

"Please turn fully round, and set your face where your back was. You see something like a huge ravine in the hills. That is where the Shannon breaks through. The mountains on the right-hand side are in 'gallant and bold Tipperary'; those on the left, in Clare. And by the river, where that gap is in the mountains, stands Killaloe,—a pretty spot! And less than one mile up the river, stands or stood—oh, sweet as balsam to the ear of an O'Brien!—the old Palace of Kincora. You know what Moore says:

Remember the glories of Brian the Brave,
Though the days of the hero are o'er;
Though lost to Mononia, and cold in his grave,
He returns to Kincora no more.
That star of the field, which so often has pour'd
Its beam on the battle, is set;
But enough of its glory remains on each sword
To light us to victory yet.

"You have read, I am sure, Irish history, Mr. O'Brien. Well, just there, almost at that ruined Palace of Kincora, Sarsfield crossed the Shannon in his famous night-ride to capture King William's cannon. Look at that singular round hill, there to the east! Near that he blew up the guns when, at dawn of a summer morning, he burst in on the convoy—'Sarsfield is the watchword, and Sarsfield is the man,'—and left only the noise of the explosion to tell the tale. That was at the first Siege of Limerick (1690); and in the Cratloe woods, there on that long slope of hills, he and his cavalry had encamped during the siege.

"If you look again toward the sun, you see a round eminence on the horizon. That is the hill from which St. Patrick blessed the distant Corcabascin in Clare. That solitary mountain standing across the river in Clare, is in the direction of Corcabascin; and some day you must read a deeply pathetic poem on that Corcabascin coast by a living author—Honorablè Emily Lawless. It is on 'The Wild Geese,'—the Irish soldiers that went to France in the Jacobite wars. She makes the souls of the dead warriors come in a group in their ghostly barque, and pass over Corcabascin on their way to eternal rest.

"And that makes me think, I had almost forgotten her personal and intimate friend, Mr. Aubrey de Vere. See where the woods crown the gentle upland. That is Curragh Chase, the home of a generation of poets: Sir Aubrey de Vere, and his sons, Sir Stephen and Mr. Aubrey de Vere. And nearer to us, in the lower land, is 'sweet Adare.' But here is some one calling us."

The priest knew well who it was.

"I want to say, Father, before Ellie comes up," remarked Mr. O'Brien, "that if every Irish girl who went to America were like her, America would be all but Catholic to-day. Conversions come in a few cases from reading, but in the multitude from example. The example

has been given by the modesty of the Irish maiden. Other nationalities are as Catholic and as modest in their maidens; but other nationalities keep to themselves, and do not go out broadly into the world, and enter every home promiscuously, as the Irish girls do."

The conversation of Father Kearney and Mr. O'Brien was cut short by Ellie's tripping to them, and telling them they were under superior orders to present themselves at the presbytery. But as she lifted her head and looked around, from the point on which they stood, on the old familiar places, she flung out her arms and cried, "Oh!" while tears began to roll down her cheeks.

"Father has been feeding my vanity this whole evening," said her husband,—"showing me where the O'Briens were crowned and the O'Briens reigned, raised castles and built churches."

"And didn't show you," she said, "where O'Brien plundered and O'Brien burned and O'Brien levelled to the ground! Ah, the good Father is charitable, and said, therefore, not a word of such rogues as Murrough the Burner! But come, and I'll show you a castle that an O'Brien did not build and that an O'Brien will not burn."

She took him to the western slope of the hill. If ever velvet was outstretched on an open hillside, it was on that as they looked. It was now her husband's turn to exclaim, "Oh!" The richness and softness almost took away his breath. The afternoon sun, shining through the fairy-haunted Irish atmosphere, glowed on a simple but beautiful vale; and the trunk of a large tree, grown heavy with age, stood smiling with such a joy as old Neptune is said to wear when, raising his serene head above the waves, he glides in his smooth-rolling chariot on the surface of the placid sea.

"Look at that beautiful old tree in the happy sunlight, and the sweet cottage nestling at its foot!" he said. "Isn't it delightful!"

"That was not built by an O'Brien," she answered, smiling. "That will not be burned by an O'Brien. It was there—bend down to me and listen; I want to whisper it into your ear,—it was there that Ellie O'Brien was born."

"My little violet," he said, "in her lovely vale!"

She took his hand and the three walked down the hill to the presbytery, where Margaret had the table, as she herself said, "laid out like Christmas Day."

Margaret would not have felt complimented had she known how little Mr. O'Brien's thoughts ran on the table and its good things, and how much they ran on the vale he had seen, and on the house and place which were bought, but which he had not seen. At any rate, even if Margaret did not think of it, his time was to be longer with the house than with the table; and, with all deference to Margaret's handiwork, more, too, was to be expected from it.

After the meal, knowing how anxious Terence was to see it, Ellie suggested to Father Kearney that they should all take a walk across the fields to the new home. So they rose up and went. No one of the neighbors had as yet known of their arrival; and thus it happened that they came unexpected even on Willie and Joe, who were busy putting everything into order. Willie had the hoe and brush, and was giving the last touch to the walks. Joe had hammer and nails, and was busy at the seats of wych-elm, whose unplanned, undressed branches looked lovely,—far prettier than if they had been smoothed and painted.

Real home-gladness was there. They sat on the seats and talked. They went into the house and surveyed everything. There was a fire in the kitchen,—a dear old turf fire with a block of wood thrown in. Turf and wood, fire for a king! And there was a fire in the bedroom,—*"a slow little firen,"* said Joe to Ellie. And the windows were open, and sunshine and air came in; and the whole house just

looked a sweet, comfortable, happy home in the dear green country.

Mr. O'Brien and Willie went out to see the garden; while Father Kearney and Mrs. McMahon talked at the open window, out of their glad, happy hearts. Presently Joe beckoned to Ellie, and they went to an outhouse, where he drew a cover off a low trap, exclaiming:

"Look at that! Did you see the like of that across the Pond?"

"Joe, I've seen pretty ones in America, but nothing quite to my taste like that. Where did you buy it, and what did you pay for it?"

"You wouldn't believe now that the *omadaun* could make it."

"O Joe, you don't expect me to believe that!"

"Very well. Isn't that Willie and your good man I hear? And I tell you, Ellie, I like him well. O'Brien is a fine fellow. Call them in."

They came in at once; and Ellie asked Terence to look at the trap. He handled it admiringly.

"Real hickory," he said, springing the shafts. He held up the car to try its balance. It stood perfectly even. "There is a balance, I declare; and tired wheels. That is a credit, I must say, to whoever made it."

"Tell us, Willie, who made it,—won't you?" pleaded Ellie.

"Joe," answered Willie; and husband and wife looked dumfounded.

"Ah, *nio!*" said Joe. "The truth is, I was afraid to venture the wheels; in any case, I could not tire it, so I had to order the wheels. But I'll never stop, please God, till I do that,—that and a motor car! Every motor car I see 'makes my teeth water.' It isn't that I'd care to have one, or that I'd give a *traneen* to drive in one; but it bothers me when I can not know the machinery and the moving power within. Wait a bit, and—blessings on you!—I'll give give you all a drive in my motor when I get it,—*when I get it!*" he laughed.

"Don't laugh at it, Joe," said Mr. O'Brien, struck with the zest and eagerness of the boy. "Why should you not have it?"

"Look!" said Willie, opening a door and showing a number of bicycles, each erect on its own stand. "They come from all the country side to the Dispensary,* and Joe is the Relieving Officer."

Willie meant that Joe mended all the punctures and other slight damages; and did it, of course, gratuitously.

As they sat in the house the first night of their home-coming, looking at the mellow light of the evening and the lengthening shadows on the grass, Ellie's ear caught the sweetest music she had heard since she left Ireland. It was Mary Byrne, the new maid, milking the gentle Alderney, there at the foot of the luxuriant lawn.

"Oh, home,—sweet home!"—home under happy auspices, when revisited in the bright noontide of the year, and when friends the beloved of our bosom are near, Who make every dear scene of enchantment more dear.

Oh, what is so happy? Oh, how beautiful the holy Ladymas (Lammas) morning broke! Oh, how sweet beyond measure the tones of the Mass bell floating over the wide fields, calling, like the Baptist, "I am the voice of one crying: Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight His paths!" Ellie had forgotten, and had not forgotten. If she had never heard the morning notes before, they would have been sweet; but, oh, how much sweeter when they come laden with the memories of childhood and happy days of long ago!

The first bell rang, as it used to ring of old, an hour before Mass. They were to go to first Mass. They were to go through the fields, and the sun had quaffed off the dew, to make the velvet carpet dry for

* At the Dispensary the poor get medical advice and medicine gratis; and the person that deals them out official assistance is called the R. O. (Relieving Officer.)

their feet. In an Irish landscape, by the time it is near Mass, you see people coming not only from the four winds of heaven, but from every imaginable point of the compass: south-southeast, as well as south and east; north-northwest as well as north and west. They are of every age and size and dress. A single person dots the green field here, two or three early comers walk leisurely on the road there. A little later every mode of conveyance comes along; the pedestrians step aside and the cars and traps pass out. It is a sight,—a happy sight. Stand on one of the green hills and see it. And then let Religion whisper into your ear: "They go to adore God, and to adore but Him alone."

Everything makes Sunday morning happy and holy in Ireland: the bell-tones, the prayer-book in hand, the busy feet making toward the cross raised on the sacred edifice; and when all are gathered within it, the priest purifies them with the sprinkling of blessed water, and then offers up for them, and with them—you know it! Oh, the *Adorable!*

All are in holiday attire, and they meet one another, and there is a relaxation of care. He knew little of human joy, and thought little of it, the famous emperor who stamped out the Sabbath from the people's happiness in the land over which he ruled.

(To be continued.)

The Emigrant.

(After the Armenian of Koutchak.)

BY RODERICK GILL.

THERE'S in the world no sight so sad
As one who, losing all he had,
Sets out for lands unknown, to spend
His life afar from home and friend.
There when soft eyes their love betray,
He'll hide his face and turn away;
And when the green tree falls to gold,
Ah! tell me, can he be consoled?

The Foundress of the Sacred Heart.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

WITHIN the memory of many persons still living, on the 25th of May, 1865, died a world-famous religious, who even in her lifetime was acknowledged to be of supereminent sanctity—Sophie Madeleine Barat, foundress of the Society of the Sacred Heart. She was born in Joigny, in Burgundy, in 1779, of humble parentage. Her father, Jacques Barat, was a vinedresser, but of such sturdy and excellent stock as has given to France and the Church many of their most illustrious children. She owed much to her mother and to her maternal grandfather, who are specially mentioned as having sown in the childish soul the seeds of virtue and piety.

She was, however, most largely indebted to her brother Louis, who, at the age of eleven, stood godfather for her, and in later years, when he had attained to the dignity of the ecclesiastical state, took upon himself the entire direction of the child. He put her through a severe and extended course of studies, that included Greek and Latin, making her proficient in the classics, in botany, astronomy, and the elements of the other sciences. He caused her to study both Spanish and Italian; and she is to be found, many years later, delighting her Italian daughters by addressing them in their native tongue. It was only long afterward that Louis Barat himself realized the providential reasons for the extensive curriculum which he had planned for his sister, and which was then unusual to her sex, age and condition.

But severe as was this mental discipline, it fell far short of that rigorous spiritual training to which the young priest subjected his pupil, unconsciously preparing her for a great destiny. He accustomed her to the most ascetic self-denial and mortification, interior as well as exterior;

waging an incessant warfare against vanity and indulgence of every sort, and inculcating an absolute purity of conscience. The little girl was petted and admired by all the others who surrounded her, as though she had been "the daughter of a prince"; and it was from this atmosphere, which he deemed dangerous, that her brother determined to withdraw her, exacting the terrible sacrifice of parting from the parents whom she idolized with all the ardor of a peculiarly affectionate nature. Louis himself had passed through a fiery trial, having been arrested—for those were the days of the Terror,—and passed from one Revolutionary prison to another; and, therefore, he felt the less sympathy for the weakness or the sensibility of others.

Sophie complied with his demand; and the parents consented, with the stipulation that the young girl should return each year for the vintage. This condition was rigidly fulfilled; and the month she annually spent at Joigny gave her neighbors and early friends an opportunity to admire the mental and still more the spiritual gifts of that daughter of the people. She was the model for her companions, the light of her home, and displayed that attraction for children which lasted all her life.

The time was approaching when even those yearly visits were to cease, and she was to part from that family, to which she continued to be the beneficent providence. Her letters and loving thought never failed them. She visited her father upon his deathbed; and though her vows, by that time pronounced, forbade her to be with her mother at the last, she was, nevertheless, by correspondence, her consolation and inspiration. She educated her sister's children, giving the boys a college education, and the girls the advantages of instruction at the convents of the Order. One of her nephews became a priest, and two of her nieces became religious. A third, a charming little pupil at the Sacred Heart, was led to offer up

her life for her aunt during the latter's nearly fatal illness. The sacrifice was accepted, and the child went in her innocence to heaven.

Sophie then accompanied her brother to Paris, where the two were lodged by a pious widow, Madame Duval, in the Rue de la Touraine. There the Abbé Barat said Mass secretly, still at the peril of his life; and many devout persons of the vicinity were present. To several young women, as to his sister, the holy priest gave a scientific and literary course of instruction; for he held that the need of the hour in France was that all should cultivate every gift for the service of the Master and the rehabilitation of religion.

Sophie had long before this resolved to consecrate herself to God,—a heroic resolve at a time when the Revolutionary prisons were still full of priests and religious, and the insatiable tumbrils were yet hurrying victims to the scaffold. But she wavered between two opposite attractions, which, as it were, rent her soul: the contemplation and seclusion of the Carmelite, and the apostolic vocation which should bring her into the arena and the struggle for souls.

Through her brother, she was brought to the notice of Father Varin, who was the chief instrument in the foundation of the future Congregation. Having served with distinction as a soldier, this ardent and zealous priest had associated himself with the Fathers of the Faith, who had taken up the work of the Jesuits, lately suppressed, seeking to revive in the towns and villages of France the spirit of religion. Convinced of the necessity of a similar society for women, he had begun a foundation, with headquarters at Rome, by means of the Archduchess Marie Anne, and her two maids of honor, Leopoldine and Marie Louise Naudet. Scarcely had the Abbé Barat spoken of his sister, her acquirements, her character, and her desire for the religious life, when Father Varin, as if by divine inspiration, felt assured that she was called upon to

co-operate in the work, and at his first meeting with her he exclaimed: "What a foundation-stone she will be!"

After he became her director, he sympathized with Sophie's desire to become a Carmelite; but gave it as his opinion that the unusual education which she had received seemed designed for a providential end, and, in existing conditions, should not be buried in the cloister. The plan he sketched out coincided with that other attraction which made itself so strongly felt in the young girl's warm and generous heart. She had but one fear—her own incapacity. But her humility, which was already deep and solid, led her to complete self-surrender and confidence in God. "For my part," she said, "I knew nothing, I foresaw nothing. I simply accepted everything that was proposed to me."

An intimate friend of Sophie, Octavie Bailly, afterward a Carmelite, joined that little band at the Rue de la Touraine; to which were added Mademoiselle Loquet, who had gained some celebrity by her pious writings and activity in good works; and Madame Duval's servant, Marguerite, the latter in the capacity of a lay-Sister. Father Varin gave them a simple rule of life—prayer, meditation, and other spiritual exercises,—which they followed with holy emulation. There, under that humble roof, in the lonely quarter of the Marais, were laid "the real foundations of the Sacred Heart."

"When your first mothers were only four in number," said Father Varin long after, "I visited them every morning after Mass, and we conferred together about our Society. One of the first questions asked was: 'What ought to be our spirit?' The answer was soon given, in one voice: 'Let it be generosity.'"

During those early days, a missionary from Madagascar suggested to Sophie that she and her associates should consecrate themselves to the conversion of idolaters. Sophie felt an inward conviction that the Society should extend one

day to every corner of the universe. Despite this supernatural enlightenment, she, however, sought advice before giving the missionary an answer. She was told: "You are to remain in France. Your work is here. You will scarcely ever leave it." Since, as she expressed it, 'God did not deign to accept her for that work,' she prayed as follows: "As Thou wilt not accede to my desires, my Lord, suffer me at least to ask that I may have a companion who will one day do that work instead of me, and better than I." How this prophetic prayer was answered will appear in the sequel.

On the 21st of November, 1800, feast of Mary's Presentation, after a preparatory retreat, the little chapel in the Rue de la Touraine was gaily decorated. Mass was said by Father Varin, and after the Elevation the postulants pronounced their solemn consecration to the Heart of Jesus, also receiving Holy Communion. And that humble celebration may be regarded as the birthday, coincident with the birth of the century, of that great Society which, in its appointed sphere, has accomplished such marvellous things for the glory of God.

In 1802 the first school of the Sacred Heart was opened at Amiens, whence came also two postulants—Henriette Grosier and Genevieve Deshayes. On the 17th of October, feast of Blessed Margaret Mary, the community began its religious life, with Mademoiselle Loquet as superior. Despite this lady's virtue and intelligence, she was afterward found unsuited to the position, and Sophie Barat was chosen to succeed her. Father Varin announced this decision, which was deeply painful to Sophie, in characteristic fashion. By way of examining the postulants on Christian doctrine, he asked the future superior what it was to serve God. "To do His will," was the quick response. "Then," said the priest, "it is His will that you be superior." She fell upon her knees, begging to be spared that trial. For ten years she renewed the same

request, without avail; for the wise director knew that the hopes of the nascent Society rested upon one in whom he declared that he found no obstacle save humility.

Sophie was therefore obliged to accept the burden, close following her profession, Whit-Monday, June 7, 1802,—that hallowed occasion, when the holy spouse of Christ was found by her companions in ecstasy. And that burden became the greater owing to the fact that it was shortly deemed expedient to sever the connection with the institute at Rome, and to lay the foundations of a separate Order. The new superior was likewise, to some extent, deprived of the continual guidance of Father Varin, who joined the recently restored Society of Jesus.

Impossible to follow the beginnings of that initial community,—its absolute poverty, its hardships and privations, amid which reigned a holy cheerfulness, a mirthfulness that excited wonder in the observers; nor yet to glance at the almost phenomenal extension of the Society, which soon became as celebrated for intellectual capacity as for holiness. Two circumstances are worthy of remark: first, almost all the primal members of the institute had passed through the fiery ordeal of the Terror, having distinguished themselves in concealing priests or other proscribed persons, supplying their wants, and aiding them in every possible manner; second, in nearly every case the postulants had experienced a strong attraction to the Carmel or other cloistered Order.

The history of each separate foundation is of deep interest. In more than one instance the dwelling chosen had been a convent emptied by the Revolution of its inmates, as at Grenoble; or a princely residence, as in the case of the Hôtel Biron at Paris. In a historic quarter of the city, near the Hôtel des Invalides, was established the far-famed convent of the Rue de Varennes, which has trained up whole generations of Christian women to be the solace and the strong support

of the Church in the evil days that supervened. This purchase was made partly by means of a subsidy of one hundred thousand francs, obtained from the King through a religious who had been a lady of the court. But it alarmed Mother Barat's poverty of spirit, which was reassured only when the stables and servants' quarters were fitted up for the religious, the dwelling itself being reserved for the pupils.

Before many years had elapsed, almost every city of France had secured the services of these eminent educators; and the Society had crossed the boundaries of France, at first into Belgium, which afterward separated from the parent branch and subsequently returned to its allegiance. The foundation of the Trinita dei Monti, on the summit of the Pincio at Rome, was made by the express desire of the Sovereign Pontiff Leo XII. Later the novitiate was established at Santa Rufina, with a poor school that gathered up half the waifs and strays of the Trastevere. And, incidentally, it may be mentioned that this work of the education of the poor, dear to the heart of the foundress, though not essentially that of the Order, has been carried on ever since by its members, a poor school always existing side by side with the academy.

The other cities of Italy obtained a quota of religious, who suffered in the later political disturbances, and especially during the sacrilegious spoliation of the Holy Father Pius IX., when they had the honor of being associated with the vanguard of the army of Christ, the Jesuits, and of being expelled from their houses. Crossing the English Channel, the Sacred Heart also made important establishments in the British Islands, such as Dublin, Armagh, and Roehampton. It passed into Switzerland, Germany, Spain, penetrating even to the land early blessed with Christianity and cursed with darkest idolatry—Africa,—a convent being founded at Algiers.

All these changes, of course, took place

in the passage of years, when the young girl who had been superior of the French houses at twenty-three, and Superior-General at twenty-six, had passed the meridian, and was veering toward mellow old age, wherein she still governed her spiritual children. She lived to see her Society often menaced, and more than once driven out from its dwellings, as when the Swiss Radicals declaimed against the invasion of that army of nuns, and voted their expulsion.

(Conclusion next week.)

The "Gloria Patri."

BY THE VERY REV. R. O'KENNEDY.

III.—ET SEMPER ET IN SÆCULA SÆCULORUM.

(CONTINUED.)

"ALL the saints, by how much the higher they are in glory, by so much are they the more humble in themselves, and nearer to Me, and better beloved by Me. And therefore it is written that they cast down their crowns before God, and fell upon their faces before the Lamb, and adored Him that lives forever and ever."* What beautiful knowledge, what entrancing food for the soul, (1) in the eternal existence of God; (2) in His divine essence; (3) in His omnipotent power; (4) in His most blessed will; (5) in His illimitable knowledge; (6) in His adorable goodness; (7) in His universal, minute, and never-ceasing Providence!

We shall one day fully understand that this world was made primarily, not for man, but (strange as it may seem at the first glance) for the manifestation of God's majesty. Heaven is the destiny of man; and what would there be on this earth to tell man of the wealth of happiness and glory in heaven, if God had not allowed glimpses of His greatness to be seen here below? How would Bathuel and Laban have known that Abraham and Isaac were rich, if Eleazar

the steward had not given gold and silver ornaments to Rebecca?

"But this end," says our good old Jesuit writer, "has been intended by God *absolutely and efficaciously*, so that the world could not but serve this purpose, and in that very measure which God had foreordained. I have said *absolutely*, because this is the ultimate end of things; and *efficaciously*,—that is to say that God would remove or overcome all impediments. Otherwise He would act without order and without wisdom. But different things, according to the difference of their nature, contribute to this end in different ways. Creatures devoid of reason show forth the divine perfection; first, indeed, because, according to their little measure, they participate in a similitude of the divine essence; but in the second place because they declare the wisdom, the goodness, power, and beauty of God who created them; and this in a wonderful manner, both in what they are and in what they do; thus contributing to the order of the world and the good of all other things, more particularly that of man.

"But man himself is absolutely ordained for the glory of God; and he renders that glory, not alone in the way common to all other creatures—by manifesting in his own excellence and perfection the excellence and perfection of the Creator,—but in another and far nobler way. For he is endowed with liberty of will, and therefore a double course is open to him to promote the glory of God. Now, the primary intention of God is that man should glorify his Maker with free worship in the short span of this mortal life, and afterward worship Him by the enjoyment of most perfect happiness in his knowledge and love of God; *and in that enjoyment he would gather into himself, as far as man could, the most blessed life and happiness of God.* In this is God blessed, and lives most perfectly, *because He knows and loves Himself.* And therefore it follows that, although the glory of God be the ultimate

* "Imitation," B. III., ch. lviii.

end of all things as well as of man, yet because God has sought in this visible world nothing for His own comfort or pleasure, but has given all over to the comfort and pleasure of man, God loves man with a love which is called 'the love of Benevolence.'"

"To this purpose have I created thee, that I may show My power in thee and that My name may be glorified in the whole earth."* What beautiful knowledge in the question of the Holy Trinity! (1) In God there are three Divine Persons. (2) The Divinity of the Word. (3) The Word existed from all eternity in the bosom of the Father, and is coequal with Him. (4) The Divinity of the Holy Ghost: the Holy Ghost is true God and has existed from all eternity. (5) The Divine Processions. (6) Two Processions are to be admitted in God. (7) The divine relations in the mystery of the Trinity. (8) The mission of the Persons. (9) The Son is begotten of the Father: the Holy Spirit proceeds from Father and Son. (10) The different names of the Trinity.

"When we look at any object, though it is present to us," says St. Francis of Sales, "still it is not united to our eyes, but merely reflects on them a representation of itself. . . . In our present state everything we see and hear, even the truths of faith, reach our understanding in this manner. A mirror does not contain the object viewed in it. This is precisely the case with faith. It does not contain, it merely represents, diverse things; that is, the word of faith represents to the understanding the diverse truths which it expresses, as a mirror reflects back on the eye the representations which it has received from the object placed near it. St. Paul says: 'We see now through a glass, in an obscure manner.' But—incomprehensible favor!—in heaven the Divinity will be united to our understanding without any intervening medium; intimate union will then take the place of images and representations. Thou

alone, O God, canst enable us to see and feel the happiness and delight of the human understanding when receiving in itself not the image but the real presence and essence of Thy essential Truth and Divine Majesty. This is the boundless, the eternal happiness to which we aspire."

Knowledge is the food of the soul. If it is evil, it is the torment of the soul, the worm that dieth not; but if it is blessed and at the same time everlasting, it is the eternal bliss of the soul. Such effects have the mysteries of God that even in this life souls have been entranced out of the existence common to this world, and have lived the life of the blessed while under the spell of their supernatural attraction. Now, besides the adorable mystery of the eternal, unbeginning existence of God, there is the divine mystery of the Trinity, so beautifully declared to us, and with such blessed insinuation, in Our Lord's baptism and in ours: "And Jesus, being baptized, went up presently out of the water; and, behold, the heavens were opened to him [the Baptist], and he saw the Spirit of God descending, as a dove, and resting on Him [Christ]. And, behold, a voice from heaven, saying: This is My Beloved Son, in whom I [the Father] am well pleased."* "And Jesus, coming, spoke to them, saying: All power is given to Me in heaven and in earth. Go ye forth, and preach to all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."†

If any dogma deserves to be written over the gates of heaven, it is that; since it is that allows us in. And if any dogma ought to give us joy for evermore in heaven, it is that; since it is that made us "sons of God and coheirs with Christ." By reason of that, just as in legal affairs a person comes into possession by the law of *wills*, the soul has a just and (it might be said) a *legal* right to everything it sees around it in heaven. Because it is made by baptism the adopted son

* Rom., ix, 17.

* St. Matt., iii, 16, 17. † Ibid., xxviii, 18, 19.

of the God of heaven, and will be His son for all eternity, then the gratitude of the soul will rejoice forever in the sacred dogma of the Trinity, which gave to it heaven for its enjoyment, and God for its Father.

"We look not to the things which are seen, but to the things which are not seen. For the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal. . . . For we know that if our earthly house of this habitation be dissolved, we have a building of God,—a house not made with hands, eternal in heaven. . . . Now, He that maketh us for this very thing is God, who hath given us the pledge of His Spirit [that He will give it to us]. . . . And I will receive you, and I will be a Father to you; and you shall be My sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." *

But to the human mind no mystery seems so entrancing in heaven as "the mystery which hath been hidden from ages and generations, but now is made manifest to the saints . . . which is Christ." † "That their hearts may be comforted, being instructed in charity, and unto all the richness of the fulness of understanding, unto the knowledge of the mystery of God the Father, and of Christ Jesus, in whom are hidden all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge." ‡

"My words are but the lisplings of a child," cries out that great lover of God, St. Francis of Sales. "How, then, shall I speak of mysteries so exalted? O holy and divine Spirit, eternal love of the Father and the Son, deign to assist my impotence! Our understanding will see God face to face, truly and really present; it will contemplate the divine Essence in itself, and the abyss of perfections it includes. That is, it will see that God is all goodness, all power, all wisdom. It will clearly behold the infinite knowledge which the Father has from eternity of His own uncreated beauty, and which

He essentially expressed by pronouncing from eternity the *Word*, which represents, which includes all the perfections of the Father, and which consequently must form but one God with Himself, equal to Him, without division or separation. We shall behold the eternal and admirable generation by which the Word, the Son of God, is eternally born the substantial image of the Father. How can this image represent infinite perfections in an infinite manner, if it be not itself infinitely perfect? Can it be infinitely perfect, if it be not God? Can it be God without being one and the same as the Father?"

If one dare venture, it might be lawful to say that eternity is not long enough to think on the blessed mysteries of God the Son, and thank God: (1) The Word was God. (2) From eternity it was with God. (3) The Word was equal to God. (4) The Incarnation. (5) The human nature of Christ. (6) Mary was His Mother. (7) Her perpetual virginity. (8) Christ on the cross. (9) Christ on the altar. (10) Christ in the sacraments.

"If you write, it has no savor for me, unless I read there the name of Jesus," says St. Bernard. "If you dispute or discuss, it has no pleasure for me if I hear not there the name of Jesus. Jesus is honey in the mouth, music in the ear, and joy in the heart."

"Come and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord and to the house of the God of Jacob; and He will teach us His ways, and we shall walk in His paths." * "He is the Lord our God; we have watched for Him, and He will save us. He is the Lord; we have expected Him, and in His salvation we shall rejoice and be glad. He will cast away death forever; and the Lord God shall remove the tear from every face; and He will take away the shame of His people from the whole earth; for He, the Lord, hath said it."

"Thou in the beginning, O Lord, didst found the earth, and the heavens are works of Thy hands. They shall perish,

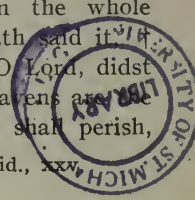
* II. Cor., iv, 18; v, 1-6; vi, 18.

† Colos., i, 26-27.

‡ Ibid., ii, 2, 3.

* Isa., ii, 3.

‡ Ibid., xxxv.



but Thou shalt remain; and all things as a garment shall grow old, and as raiment Thou shalt change them. But Thou art always the same, and Thy years fail not." * "The Son of Man came to save that which was lost." † "God sent His Son . . . to redeem those who were under the Law." ‡ "Christ Jesus came into this world to save sinners." || In a triple manner Christ became our Redeemer—(1) by taking our debt upon Himself, (2) by giving Himself for that debt; (3) and by being not only the Victim but the Sacrificer also.

1. "Truly He bore our iniquities; . . . the Lord placed on Him the iniquities of us all. He was wounded for our sins." "God hath made Him, who never knew sin, *to be sin for us*" (that is, to be a debtor for us), "that we might become the justice of God in Him."

2. He gave Himself for our debt. "There is one Mediator between God and men, who gave Himself a redemption for all." "Though we were His enemies, we were reconciled to God through the death of His Son."

3. He was Victim and Sacrificer, and He paid the debt superabundantly. "Be ye therefore followers of God, as most dear children; and walk in love, as Christ also hath loved us, *and hath delivered Himself for us*, an oblation and a sacrifice to God, for an odor of sweetness." "With the Lord is mercy, and with Him is plentiful redemption." "Christ took upon the tree of the cross the sins that we did in the flesh; He was God incarnate, and the iniquity of sinners was not so great as the justice of Him who died for them." "Christ paid down much more than we owed, and so much the more as the sea is more than a drop of water." "Where sin hath abounded, there grace hath superabounded."

"The soul, inflamed with divine love," says St. Francis of Sales, "considers that as long as she is subject to the miseries

of this life, she can not fully satiate her desire of praising God. She feels that the canticles which are sung to glorify her Beloved in heaven are incomparably more worthy of Him than the feeble attempts of mortals; and she exclaims: 'How worthily is my heavenly Spouse honored by the homage of the blessed spirits!' How deserving of our admiration are the benedictions they present Him! What a happiness to assist at this concert in honor of the Most Holy Trinity; to listen to the sweet harmony resulting from the union of so many different parts; to hear the melody of this enchanting music, which incessantly re-echoes the canticle of joy and praise!"

"Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ! Who hath predestinated us unto the adoption of children through Jesus Christ unto Himself. In whom we have redemption through His blood, according to the riches of His grace, which hath superabounded in us. In whom*also believing, you were sealed with the Holy Spirit of promise, who is the pledge of our inheritance." *

A faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into this world to save sinners. "Now, therefore, to the King of Ages, immortal and invisible, the holy God, be honor and glory forever and ever. Amen."

It is of faith that the adorable body of our Lord Jesus Christ in the Holy Communion is the same as that which was nailed to the cross. "And taking bread He gave thanks, and broke, and gave to them, saying: This is My Body, which is given for you; do this for a commemoration of Me." Now, that same body which was nailed to the cross is the body that ascended into heaven. "While they were looking on, He was raised up, and a cloud received Him out of their sight. And whilst they were looking at Him going up to heaven,

* Heb., i, 10-12.

† St. Matt., xviii, 11.

‡ Gal., iv, 4, 5.

|| I. Tim., i, 15.

* Ephes., i.

behold two angels stood by them in white garments, who also said: Ye men of Galilee, why stand you looking up to heaven? This Jesus who is taken up from you into heaven, so shall He come as you have seen Him going up into heaven."

"And I saw: and, behold, . . . a Lamb standing as it were slain. . . . And He came and took the book out of the right hand of him that sat on the throne. And when he had opened the book, the four living creatures, and the four and twenty ancients fell down before the Lamb, having every one of them harps, and golden vials full of odors, which are the prayers of the saints. And they sung a new canticle, saying: Thou art worthy, O Lord, to take the book and to open the seals thereof; because Thou wast slain and hast redeemed us to God in Thy Blood, out of every tribe and tongue and people and nation. And I saw and I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne, and the living creatures and the ancients; and the number of them was thousands of thousands, saying with a loud voice: Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power and divinity and wisdom and strength and honor and glory and benediction."*

When all these things are brought before the soul, and when the soul is capacitated to bear them, and enlightened to understand them, we may indeed conclude that "the eye of man hath not seen nor the ear of man heard the things God has in store for those who love Him." "For I know that my Redeemer liveth; and in the last day I shall rise out of the earth; and I shall be clothed again with my skin, and in my flesh I shall see my God; whom I myself shall see, and my eyes shall behold, and not another. This my hope is laid up in my bosom."† "O good Jesus, when shall I stand to behold Thee?"‡

In all probability, our first prayer will be, with the blind man in the Gospel: "Lord, that I may see!" But if here we are not able to support the tremendous mysteries of faith, when they are seen but "darkly and as in a glass," and when we are even warned by holy men not to be curious, and when our own experience tells us that we have often been cast back when we attempted (perhaps unconsciously) to solve for ourselves alone these unsolvable mysteries,—oh, what will it be when we are brought into the brilliancy of their supernatural brightness?

To know and to love are the two great faculties of the soul. "With glory and honor Thou hast crowned him O Lord; and Thou hast set him over all the works of Thy hands. Thou hast placed on his head a crown of precious stones. Great is his glory in Thy salvation. Glory and great honor Thou wilt set upon him." "The just man shall flourish as a palm tree; as a cedar on Lebanon shall he be multiplied."

"Wisdom is better than strength," says the Book of Wisdom. "Hear therefore ye kings [the just in heaven], and understand; for power is given you by the Lord, and strength by the Most High. . . . Wisdom is glorious and never fadeth away. . . . Love is the keeping of her laws; and the keeping of her laws, the firm foundation of incorruption; and incorruption bringeth near to God."

"Wherefore I wished," says the Wise Man, "and understanding was given me. I called upon God, and the spirit of wisdom came upon me; and I preferred her before kingdoms and thrones. . . . I loved her above health and beauty, and chose to have her before light, because her light can not be put out. Now, all good things came to me with her, and innumerable riches through her hands. . . . She is the brightness of eternal light, the unspotted mirror of God's majesty."*

* Apoc., v, 6-12.

† Job, xix, 25-27.

‡ "Imitation."

* Wis., vii, 7-26.

Devotional Excesses and Defects.

IT is to be hoped that the famous Pastoral of the Bishop of Cremona, entitled *Il Culto Religioso, Defetti e Abusi*, has had many readers, especially among the reverend clergy of Italy, "where, chiefly in the southern parts, the most ignorant superstitions are too often to be found." (We quote the words of Mgr. Bonomelli himself.) At the same time we could wish that the English translation of this Pastoral, intended for general readers, had been greatly abridged, or considerably enlarged by the addition of what Newman wrote on the same subject. As it is, the work raises certain difficulties to which, in our opinion, no adequate solution is offered; and suggests some practical questions which it would be impertinent for layfolk to formulate. It is hard to believe that this Pastoral could have been written all at the same time or in the same mood.

The book ("On Religious Worship and Some Defects in Popular Devotions") is divided into six parts, as follows: A Letter to the Translator from Bishop Bonomelli; A Bishop and His Flock; The Rational Side of Religion; The Interior Worship; Interior Worship and Exterior Worship; Defects and Abuses of Popular Devotions. In sound teaching and wise counsel the volume abounds; and in condemning superstitions and exaggerations, his Lordship speaks out freely and with severity. But in his zeal lest English Protestants who travel in Catholic countries should be scandalized, he instances any number of excesses and defects which might never otherwise come under their notice. When Protestants do observe such things, the intelligent among them always make allowances,—reflecting, as the Bishop does, that "just as the people of different countries are different, so are their natures and their requirements; hence their methods of manifesting their religious feelings also

differ. The people of the North, born beneath a dark, cold sky, are rigid, severe, hard, taciturn, cautious; chary of everything that is lively, gay, brilliant. The Southern races—Italians, Spaniards, etc.,—born under a laughing sky and in the midst of a luxuriant nature, amid flowers, love vivid, brilliant coloring, sound, feasts, music, cheerful singing, religious spectacles. And for this reason religious rites with us take a different form; and what is suitable and almost necessary for us may possibly be displeasing to the Northern people, and what pleases them may not please us. Just as our languages are rich and harmonious, and theirs sound harsh to our ears, so is it with the outward expressions of worship."

As for those Protestant persons who are always searching for something at which to be scandalized, who blame the Church for all that is reprehensible in her members,—it is useless to argue with them, and a pity to furnish them with more stones to throw. Pharisees of this sort deserve no pity. They will continue to take scandal whenever and wherever they can; they prefer to believe evil rather than good of their Catholic neighbors. They turn a deaf ear to all explanations of Catholic faith and practice, remaining in wilful ignorance of what there are a thousand daily-recurring opportunities for finding out.

The good Bishop of Cremona fears that Protestants of this class, living or travelling in Catholic countries, are sometimes confirmed in their prejudices by the seeming failure of the people to distinguish between the worship which they owe to God and our Saviour and that which they should pay to the Blessed Virgin, the angels and the saints. That his Lordship's fears are exaggerated his own words go to show. He asks and answers:

Do the people who seem sometimes to be paying a degree of worship to the Virgin and saints equal to, and sometimes even greater than, what is given to God,—do they really

place the Virgin and saints above God and the God-Man, Christ? No, certainly not; and Heaven forbid that I should so much as suspect them of it! If I were to question any boy, any woman, from among the people, they would answer me in such a way as to show that they knew well how to distinguish between God and Jesus Christ, and the Blessed Virgin and saints, and between the kinds of worship due to them.

If it be true that "in some parts of Southern Italy the most ignorant superstitions are to be found"; that certain religious practices widely spread are far from being in conformity with the principles of an enlightened faith and well-grounded piety; that the multiplication of devotions and pious practices is a great evil; that the spirit of true Christianity is on the wane,—if all this be true, or partially so, anywhere, the remedy is certainly not in the hands of the laity.

Weeds are intolerable in any well-kept garden. Why should they be suffered to grow in the gardens of God? When rank, they ought to be plucked up by the roots, the sooner the better, whether they are young or old, few or many. But the weeder must be sure of what he is doing. Not every man knows a weed from a plant. In removing what is noxious, one may destroy what is precious, and not have it in one's power to repair the havoc one has wrought. Every substance must cast a shadow. Superstition is the shadow of faith. It will probably never wholly disappear from earth. And there are superstitions and superstitions. Some of those which greatly offend prejudiced Protestants and carping Catholics are otherwise quite harmless.

THE weapons with which we have gained our most important victories, which should be handed down as heirlooms from father to son, are not the sword and the lance, but the bushwhack, the turf-cutter, the spade, and the bog-hoe, rusted with the blood of many a meadow, and begrimed with the dust of many a hard-fought field.—H. D. Thoreau.

Notes and Remarks.

In the matter of canonizations, the Sovereign Pontiffs can scarcely be charged with partiality toward their predecessors in the Chair of Peter. It is nearly eight centuries since the Holy See reserved to itself the question of public cult, and in all that time only two Popes have been canonized—St. Celestine V. and St. Pius V. Moreover, the former, according to the custom of the age, was canonized without having previously been beatified; and St. Pius V. himself, before canonization according to the mode now in vigor, had been beatified under the less rigorous laws prevailing before the adoption of the present jurisprudence. It would accordingly appear that Pius IX. will be the first Pope whose Cause will be subjected to the minutiose formalities of beatification as decreed by Urban VIII. and explained by Benedict XIV.

In order to understand why the Pope has rejected the French Associations, *Mutualités Approuvées* so-called, suggested by Briand and Clemenceau, it is sufficient to know that the proposed organizations were to be absolutely independent of the authority of the bishops. They might legally not only contain, but be controlled by, members out of communion with the Church itself. As an offset to the unintelligent criticism of the Sovereign Pontiff's action, to be read in a number of anti-Catholic publications, we quote these paragraphs from an editorial in the *New York Sun*. Commenting on Pius X.'s absolute refusal to accept the *Mutualités Approuvées*, it says:

It can not be denied that thus far the attitude of passive resistance maintained by the Catholic Church toward the State in France has not had for it the unfortunate results predicted by its opponents; neither have the latter derived the expected profit from the suppression of the budget of public worship. Not only has Catholicism lost none of her former flock in

France, but she has even seen it increase by the accession of unexpected recruits. Far from her worship being deserted, never have the faithful gathered in such numbers in her temples and around her pulpits. . . .

If events have failed to confirm the prophecy that the Church would be unable to survive the abolition of the Concordat, the promise of immense financial benefits to the taxpayer has proved equally baseless. Eighteen months have passed away and the taxpayers have yet to reap any substantial profit from the predicted harvest. To allay discontent, the Government felt constrained to publish, on the eve of the recent municipal elections, lists of the amounts allotted to the different communes from the money set free by the suppression of the budget of worship. The figures prove derisory. For example, the commune of Lyons received as its share in the spoils a sum which, being divided among its inhabitants, works out at about a centime a head. . . .

Such up to the present time has been the outcome of the separation of Church and State in France. Evidently the Catholic religion can no more be killed by liberty in the French Republic than it can in the United States.

As a matter of fact, the stability of the Church in France appears to be rather more assured just now than the stability of the Republic.

We regret to have to chronicle the death of two other eminent Catholic scientists—M. Charles Edouard Chamberland and Father Eugene Lafont, S. J. The former was one of the most devoted assistants of Pasteur. He was born at Chilly-le-Vignoble (Jura) on March 12, 1851, and took his doctor's degree in science in 1879; he is, perhaps, best known in connection with the filter which bears his name. His principal publications are "Le Charbon et la Vaccination Charbonneuse, d'après les Travaux récents de M. Pasteur" (1883), and "Les Eaux d'Alimentation dans l'Hygiène et les Maladies Épidémiques" (1885). He was the author, in collaboration with Pasteur, Roux, and Thuillier, of various papers in the *Comptes Rendus* of the Académie des Sciences.

Father Lafont was one of the most eminent scientists in India. He was a

member of the Institute of Electrical Engineers, vice-president of the Indian Society for the Cultivation of Science, an Associate of the Asiatic Society, a Fellow of Calcutta University, and an officer of the French Academy. A native of Belgium, he entered the Society of Jesus in 1854. He labored in India for forty-three years, during thirty-six of which he was president of St. Xavier's College, Calcutta. His monument there is the college observatory. For his services to higher education he was made a Commander of the Indian Empire. The announcement of his death caused general regret, and elicited generous tributes to his worth and work from all quarters. *R. I. P.*

In the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith* for June we find the Society's Annual Report. During 1907 its receipts amounted to \$1,328,879.54,—an increase of \$48,087.82 over the sum received in 1906. France, much to our surprise and admiration, still leads the world in her zeal for the apostolate. Notwithstanding the persecution, and the new demands upon French Catholics at home, their alms to foreign missions actually exceed by \$9,629.61 the sum donated by them in 1906.

The report for the United States, which takes second place on the list of countries contributing to the Work is very gratifying. The total offering shows an increase of more than \$9000 over the amount contributed in 1906. Noticeable also is the splendid record of Ireland. In spite of her difficulties and limited resources, she gave \$10,000 above her alms of the preceding year.

All who are really desirous to see the wishes of the Sovereign Pontiff in the matter of Plain Chant successfully carried out in this country, will find matter for serious consideration in a suggestion contributed to *Church Music* by the Rev. Theodore A. Metcalf. Apropos of the

objection that "we have no competent instructors who can train and teach our organists and choir directors," Father Metcalf judiciously remarks:

A good organist is by no means necessarily a good choir-master; and few can properly train male voices, especially boys', at the same time teaching them real church music and developing good tone quality. Therefore, it will be a *sine qua non* first to train a body of choir-masters for the whole country, and then have these trained leaders form and direct choirs when called upon to do so.

This looks like a "big proposition," and doubtless it is. However, America is a country where one expects to see big things done; and where there is a will there is always a way. When the glory of God is aimed at, and filial obedience to Christ's Vicar is the urging force, who will say that Catholics must fail? *Absit!* Why not, then, have here in the United States a veritable schola cantorum for the training of choir-masters,—a place where the chant will be taught according to best authorized ecclesiastical standards? Would not a chair established at the Catholic University, with a professor for this one purpose, open up the way for hundreds to become, competent choir-masters, all trained in the best methods the world can furnish? Is such a proposition chimerical? Are there not wealthy Catholics in this land of ours who would feel proud to be the founders of such a schola cantorum?

Why not talk up this proposition—or some other to the same effect? Let Catholics everywhere be given a chance to forward some such movement for the Church's music. Should the hierarchy approve and but speak the word, there can be no question of failure. And would it not be eminently in harmony with the spirit of the Catholic University to lead in such an acceptance of the *Motu Proprio*?

While educational conditions in this country and South Africa are scarcely similar enough to warrant our qualifying as applicable to our own parochial schools the following warning of the Rev. Dr. Kolbe, still the point he makes is well worth consideration wherever Catholic schools are in existence:

One can hardly travel through South Africa, visiting all the schools, without having our educational outlook forced upon his thoughts. Several times I have made the journey; and each time, like the parrot, though I have said little, I have thought the more. I do not want

to be an alarmist, but I am myself chronically alarmed at the small preparation we are making for a steadily approaching crisis. The time is fast drawing near, and quite rightly, when no one shall be allowed to teach, even in private schools, without being on the teachers' register. And to be on the teachers' register, for high schools, means to have matriculated and to hold the second-class certificate as a minimum. Now, at the present moment this minimum is to most of our teachers an unattained maximum. And this state of things won't do.

One of the best things that ever happened a community of teaching Sisters in this country is their being required to pass the regular examinations for the securing of teachers' certificates. The time is coming when the State will require them for services which it acknowledges their fitness to render.

There is one passage in Secretary Taft's Memorial Day address to which few persons will take exception; though many, it seems, are greatly offended, or pretend to be, at his reference to Gen. Grant's drinking habits. Touching upon the importance of observing the forms and symbols through which patriotism finds expression, the speaker went on to say:

The disposition to dispense with all form which characterized our Puritan ancestors has, I think, been greatly modified; and reasonable persons now recognize the advantage of ceremony—not only in religious worship, but also in the discharge of many other functions analogous to religious worship in their sacred character.

Take the administration of justice. It is well that the judges should be clothed in robes, not only that those who witness the administration of justice should be properly advised that the function performed is one different from and higher than that which a man discharges as a citizen in the ordinary walks of life; but also in order to impress the judge himself with the constant consciousness that he is a high-priest in the Temple of Justice, and is surrounded with obligations of a sacred character that he can not escape, and that require his utmost care, attention, and self-suppression.

Apropos of the recent meeting, in Chicago, of the American Medical Association—a meeting attended by several

thousand physicians from all parts of this country and from many other countries,—the *Inter-Ocean* has this to say:

The custom of ages has given physicians in many cases the power to smile the sick back to health or to sigh them into the grave. It is their privilege, by reason of a decree of the centuries, to bring hope to the afflicted or to take it away. The word of encouragement from the capable family doctor has restored strength to many a wearied invalid, while the despondent glance of the incapable has chilled many a heart that was making a brave and perhaps a winning fight.

If the thousands of physicians visiting Chicago to-day shall decide in convention assembled, or tacitly among themselves as individuals, to make cheer one of their leading prescriptions hereafter, and to carry it with them in large doses to every bedside, the healing of the nations will not be accomplished, of course, but they will have taken a long step in the right direction.

Very true. Other things being equal, optimism will put a patient on his feet in short order, and pessimism will put him into the grave still more speedily.

As an academic proposition, the following is likely to impress the ordinary level-headed reader as absolutely correct:

As a question of right and wrong, it is not fair for the civil authorities to call upon a minister of the Gospel, as such, to go into a mob, in his character of priest, to exert his office and influence as a priest, and then compel him as a witness to become a public informer. Thus to use and abuse his office is a manifestation of bad faith on the part of the civil government.

The bad faith was exercised, however, forty years ago in the case of Father Lambert Young at Frankfort, Kentucky. The *Catholic Telegraph* reproduces a lengthy account of the affair from the *Louisville Democrat* of June 9, 1868. The account concludes thus:

After a few minutes' consultation with his counsel, the Rev. Mr. Young arose and stated to the court that he would not testify in the case. Judge Ballard then ordered that he be taken and committed to the jail of Jefferson county until he expressed his willingness to give in his testimony. The Rev. Father seemed quite resigned to his fate, and was taken off to jail by the U. S. Deputy Marshal. Father Young

spent several months in the jail, but was finally released by the judge,—without, however, being compelled to give his testimony.

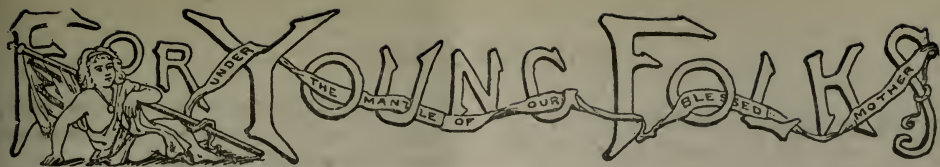
The approaching tercentenary of the birth of Milton has revived interest in his religious faith; and the question is being asked, Did he die a Catholic, as has so often been asserted? In support of the contention that he did, a correspondent of the *London Tablet* quotes the following statement, to be found in the Seventh Report of the Historical Manuscripts Commission. It occurs in an autobiography of Sir John Percival, among the Egmont Papers, vol. ii:

Milton, the poet, died a Papist. Dr. Charlotte, Master of University College, Oxford, told me lately at Bath that he remembers to have heard from Dr. Binks that he was at an entertainment in King James' reign, when Sir Christopher Milton, one of the judges, and elder brother to the famous Mr. Milton, the poet, was present; that the judge did then say publicly his brother was a Papist some years before he died, and that he died so. I am still more 'persuaded of it from what Dr. English told me, that he had often heard Mr. Prior, the poet, say that the late Earl of Dorset told him the same thing.

A public statement by the poet's brother, himself a professed Catholic, certainly deserves careful consideration. The *Tablet's* correspondent recalls the fact that Milton was in Rome in 1638, and expresses the opinion that his stay there influenced his mind.

As an agreeable change from the ceaseless record of excursions, dances, "smokers," "stag-parties," receptions, and other functions innumerable, on the part of Catholic young men's societies, we reproduce the following paragraph from the *New Orleans Morning Star*:

One of the grandest and most impressive sights ever witnessed in this city was the general Communion of the Knights of Columbus, which took place at St. Alphonsus' Church on Sunday last. Over one thousand of these earnest, sterling Catholic gentlemen approached Holy Communion in a body, pledging their allegiance in this greatest act of Catholic faith to God and His Holy Church.



"Lost Time is Never Found Again."

BY E. BECK.

THE treasure lost, whate'er it be,
The ruddy gold to misers dear,
Or snow-white pearl from tropic sea,
Or diamond flashing bright and clear,
In days afar or days anear,
May rescued be from land or main;
But, says the wise man, says the seer,
Lost time is never found again.

Once more the daisy stars the lea
When Spring and all her joys are here;
And Summer scatters royally.

Her wealth of bloom by rill and mere;
Scarlet and red and gold appear
At harvest tide by wood and plain;
But to the peasant, to the peer,
Lost time comes never back again.

Joy from our paths far, far may flee,
And yet return, our hearts to cheer;
And Hope again may bourgeon free,
That withered once away in fear;
Our ships from sea may homeward steer,
After long stress of storm and rain;
But e'en those barques at last appear,
Lost time comes never back again.

ENVOY.

Friends, in the springtime of the year,
When strong are heart and soul and brain,
Hold all the flying moments dear,—
Lost time is never found again.

"As swift as the flight of a swallow" is no idle phrase. Indeed the little swallow is said to be the swiftest of all birds. It easily accomplishes two hundred and ten feet a second, and has been known to attain the tremendous speed of two hundred and ninety feet in the same short time.

The New Scholar at St. Anne's.

BY MARION J. BRUNOWE.

XI.—AN INTRUSION.

"At last!" ejaculated Rosebud, as, with a soft little clap of her hands and a sigh of profound relief, she allowed her plump figure to become tightly wedged in one of the nursery's "baby" rockers, the while her eyes rested with supreme delight upon the well-stocked hamper. It had just been "thumped" down upon the floor of the nursery. Its journey along the corridor thereto, truth to tell, had been, owing to its weight, a series of bumps and thumps, some of them so loud that Helen Marr declared she was almost "sure they must have been heard in the attics."

Rosebud's ejaculation and sigh were echoed by the others in varying degrees; yet no one moved to unpack the hamper. Grace sat on the edge of a low table, and privately wondered how soon now they would be discovered. Helen, more sanguine, stood with her back against the door, completely out of breath—she and Madeleine had done the lion's share of the tugging,—but wide awake and ready for any sort of festivities. Isabel stood in the centre of the room, flashing her light in all directions,—especially in the direction of Miss Grace Winton, whom she appeared to examine minutely. Isabel remembered that she had many questions to ask; the moment was rapidly nearing when, if ever, she must ask them all.

"Isabel, please, can't you arrange your light so that it will be stationary?" said Rosebud, querulously. "Dancing it about like that gets on one's nerves."

Whereupon Isabel, with prompt and unexpected amiability, hung the disc on a hook just above Rosebud's golden head. It threw an odd, weird light about the little apartment, and upon the figures gathered therein.

With something that sounded unromantically like a grunt, Rosebud, with much apparent difficulty, extricated herself from the tiny rocker and came to her knees before the hamper.

"Maddie, come here please and undo these straps!" she said good-humoredly, but none the less imperatively. "Whatever in the world is the matter with the rest of you!" she added. "You all seem to be 'moonning.'"

"Well, *I* am not," said Helen, promptly dropping to her knees before the wonderful basket, and beginning, with Madeleine, to undo the straps. "I was only a little out of breath; and, besides" (she paused a moment), "I think that door needs to be guarded: it has no lock. What do you say, Grace?"

"Oh; what's the odds?" returned Miss Winton, carelessly. "If we're going to be discovered, we're going to be discovered. Locks won't keep them out."

An exclamation of dismay greeted this profoundly fatalistic remark.

"Grace, you are just horrid!" volunteered Helen frankly, as she tugged away at one of the hamper straps. "If we're out for a lark to-night, what in the world is the use of being gloomy, especially when—O girls, look!" she broke off excitedly, for the straps were undone now, and a lifting of the hamper's lid had disclosed a feast of "good things" calculated to evoke an expression of delight from others more sophisticated than a party of hungry schoolgirls; for schoolgirls, boarding schoolgirls at least, are chronically hungry.

With a little gurgle of delight, Rosebud sat back upon her heels, for the moment lost in rapture. Madeleine clapped her hands in nervous glee, while Grace just glanced over her shoulder. That quick

glance, however, took in the extent of the array spread before five girls.

"It'll take a week to eat it all," she said laconically, "unless we go upstairs now and rouse the school."

Rosebud emitted a little shriek of dismay. "Rouse the school!" she echoed. "Well, I think not! If we begin now, and eat fast," she went on confidently, "we'll be all through in two hours anyhow." And suiting the action to the word, Miss Budd reached for a pickle first thing, which she quickly supplemented by two individual portions of lobster salad, followed by three tarts, a slice of Roquefort cheese, and two highly seasoned *entrées*. So rich indeed, evidently, were the latter that in the middle of the second she came to an abrupt halt and seemed to turn a little pale. Nobody else had as yet touched a mouthful, so lost in astonishment were the others over Rosebud's prowess.

The youthful gormand laughed a little uneasily.

"I know I'm eating in all kinds of ways," she said; "but I'd advise the rest of you to start right in and do the same. This *pâté* is de-li-cious!" And she bravely went at it again, demolishing the last morsel.

She made a picture as she sat back on her heels before the hamper,—a picture which Grace may be forgiven for wishing that she might snapshot. In one hand she held a *pâté de foie gras*, into which she had daintily but most effectually bitten; in the other, a bottle of stuffed olives, which she was consuming by the half dozen; while beside her on the floor reposed another dish of salad, evidently meant for immediate consumption.

"Mercy, yellow head! What a go down!" exclaimed Miss Kersey, unceremoniously. "Why, Kinky Winky couldn't do better than that; though," she added reminiscently, "he'd be a heap sight better fun."

"Kinky Winky!" echoed Helen Marr. "Who is he?"

Isabel laughed, and there was now,

somehow, a sweeter note in her mirth than she had at any time yet allowed to appear.

"Oh, Kinky Winky!" she said. "Don't you know him? Why, I thought everybody did,—everybody that goes up and down through the Grand Central. He's—he's my chum." And she looked the spirit of mischief as she made the admission.

Here even Rosebud paused to look interrogative.

"Of course he's only nine," admitted Isabel, speaking slowly; "but we've been chums for ages,—ever since he was six. It came near being 'all over' at the party, though," she added. "Poor Kinky ate till he almost burst—what you'll do soon if you keep on," she volunteered, with refreshing candor, directly addressing Rosebud, who was by this time contemplating operations on a huge chocolate layer cake. "But it was father's fault," she observed. "Kinky has gone hungry so often that father said: 'Let him get enough for once in his life.' But his ideas of 'enough' and Kinky's weren't the same. I warned father they wouldn't be; for I know Kinky and his crowd better than any of them. But he wouldn't believe me, and so poor Kinky nearly died. They had to rush him to the hospital in the ambulance. Oh, but it was awful—just *awful*—the way he screeched! Father must have felt like a murderer, though he meant so differently." And Isabel Kersey paused, visibly overcome by the painful memory.

Rosebud stirred uneasily, and suspended operations an instant.

"But *who* is he, this poor little Kinky Winky, who is only nine, and has gone hungry so often? Do tell us that!" broke in Helen, in the tone of vivid interest the mention of sorrow or suffering always elicited from her.

"Kinky? Oh, he's just a little 'newsy'!" said Isabel, simply. "He runs the whole ranch on what he makes—\$3.10 a week," she added. "It's a good deal for a boy of that age too, but 't isn't much for five of

them to live on. I wish—I *do* wish—" But here she stopped abruptly.

For a full minute there was utter silence in the babies' nursery at St. Anne's. Rosebud paused again, this time with a tempting slice of cake poised halfway to her lips. Madeleine, who had been reaching for a bottle of pickles, drew back abruptly. Grace Winton shifted her position on the edge of the table, and examined Isabel Kersey with attention.

Across the speaking countenance of that young lady herself a shadow had fallen,—a shadow evidently occasioned by a memory often "very much with her." Helen moved close to her, and impulsively threw one arm about her neck.

"Tell us all about it, *please!*" she implored. "This makes you altogether—altogether different, you know, Isabel."

To the consternation of emotional Helen, the new scholar's eyes flashed, and she repulsed the encircling arm.

"Stuff!" she ejaculated unequivocally, all the briars and bristles showing again. The unexpected tension in the atmosphere was evidently too much for her.

Helen drew away, decidedly hurt; which perceiving, and having already decided in her odd way that she liked her, Miss Kersey grew repentant,—a mood, however, which she did not seem to know how to express with complete graciousness.

"Well, if you're so keen about knowing, I'll tell you," she said shortly, addressing all in general, but looking more consciously at Helen. "Kinky Winky, my chum" (and here again she looked impish),—"why, he lives in the cellar. His father's dead,—wasn't much use when he was alive" (this with rather appalling frankness). "And his mother's got a lame leg. It—it lamed" (Isabel coined words at will) "during the last year. She used to go out washing, but she can't any more. There are three boys younger than Kinky, but he's got to look out for them all now. He's been helping do it since he was six. He's got to attend school—laws and things, you know," explained Isabel,

impatiently; "but before school and after school he sells papers. He turns in every cent to his mother; he doesn't even buy a taffy stick once in a while, though most of the other fellows do.

"And his mother—my, but she's a regular cry-baby. She howls the whole livelong day. I don't think I'd squall *all* the time even if I had a lame leg and no husband, and only Kinky to look after the ranch. Kinky says the constant 'hollering' keeps him from going home nights till the very last minute, and then often everything is eaten up and he goes to bed hungry. I guess he cries himself to sleep a good deal; but he wouldn't confess to that, even to me, for all the world. He's the manliest little chap! I'm sure you must know him" (this to all collectively). "Everybody knows Kinky Winky. He has the bluest eyes, and the yellowest, kinkiest curls, and a way of winking up at you with one eye which got him his nickname. His real name is—but no, I won't tell any of you his real name," and the narrator paused abruptly. "I wouldn't even tell father that, for I promised Kinky I'd never tell anybody. Next thing the societies would be after him." And Isabel looked the picture of horror as she gave speech to this expression of the fate that might be in store for Kinky Winky.

"But, couldn't they help him,—the societies?" ventured Helen, diffidently. "It is dreadful to think of a little child only nine supporting a whole family."

"Scat!" remarked Isabel, inelegantly. (Small wonder that her mother was in despair and her father appalled by her ability in acquiring slang.) "The societies are too bossy. Kinky says they'd break them up and send them to 'homes' first thing. And he won't let that happen while *he's* got a leg to stand on."

Grace and Helen exchanged glances, which were full of warm, mutual sympathy and whole-hearted girlish approval of the unconventional new scholar.

Rosa Budd bit into the chocolate cake.

"That's what societies are for," she remarked rather indistinctly, owing to the size of the bite. "Mother belongs to ten," she volunteered proudly.

Isabel contemplated her with undisguised disapproval.

"Do you know you're fearfully greedy?" she said. "One would never believe it to look at you, but you *are*. That entire family could live a month on what you've already—" she paused, and then added frankly "gobbled."

This last was, to put it lightly, an appalling view of her gastronomic performances; and Rose, red with anger, came near to choking as she swallowed the last mouthful of cake and faced this *enfant terrible*.

"You're the rudest girl I ever met, Isabel Kersey!" she said with, it must be confessed, pardonable heat. "And, as for a cellar family living on salad and *pâté* and pickles—why, it's absurd!" She paused, the picture of disgust.

"And chocolate cake and olives and *entrées*," added Helen slyly. "You didn't remember them all, Rose."

But a greenish, yellowish hue, shading into pallor, was succeeding the crimson glow which anger had called to the countenance of the irate Rosebud. She felt for the child's rocker somewhere behind her, and sank into its tight embrace.

"I—I don't feel well," she said faintly. "And you're all very—very unkind." And she leaned her head heavily upon her hand.

Glances of varying degrees of consternation were exchanged among the others. Was Rosa Budd really going to collapse before the party had fairly begun? Nobody, except perhaps Madeleine, had as much as sampled the hamper yet; and, truth to tell, nobody else felt much like doing so *now*. Isabel had unwittingly pulled aside the veil for a moment,—the veil which hangs before the great world of sorrows and tragedies beyond peaceful, convent walls; and of the group, two at least would not easily forget the glimpse

thus afforded them. And so already, ere it had touched their lips, the forbidden pleasure was turning to dust and ashes before them.

Rosebud was groaning audibly by this time, and the situation was becoming distinctly critical. Time was flying. Old Peter might happen by with his light now at any minute. Discovery might, in fact, come from almost any quarter. Grace Winton had indeed an uncanny feeling that some presence, seen or unseen, was hovering about but a few paces away. The impression was so insistent that she slid from the table and was approaching the door, with the intention of opening it an inch or so and glancing into the corridor, when Isabel's quick touch upon her arm imperatively stayed her.

"Why don't you like me?" inquired that young lady, without any preamble.

Grace started and drew back. Then her rare, sweet smile lit up her splendid dark eyes. The last ten minutes had effected a great change in Grace Winton's attitude toward the new scholar; so that when Grace, looking straight into Isabel's eyes, said, "But I *do* like you, Isabel Kersey," she was telling the simple truth.

Isabel looked dubious a minute, and then she smiled back.

"I believe you do *now*," she said. "And if you didn't before—well, I suppose I might as well forget it"; which proves that Miss Kersey was a philosopher as well as a Christian,—the latter, it would seem, quite unconsciously.

Rosa Budd's groans were now increasing in frequency and rising in pitch. The new scholar went over to her, and, reaching for her electric disc, flashed the light into the sufferer's face with quite a professional air. She knit her brows in perplexity.

"I don't know exactly what we ought to do," she said. "Kinky was screeching louder than that when they took him away. If they had let me drive with him in the ambulance as far as the hospital, I'd have known what to do now for *her*," and she indicated the squirming Rosebud.

Here the patient gave voice to a long and piercing wail. Kinky and the hospital and the ambulance formed evidently an overwhelming mental combination, not to speak of the physical conditions responsible for her collapse.

"Oh, goodness!—oh, goodness me! Poor Rose!" exclaimed Helen, compassionately, and also somewhat protestingly.

Helen had not for one minute yielded to Grace's fatalistic foreboding that discovery was inevitable. Her quick wits were already devising a way of getting them all safely back to bed again; hence her not unnatural fear that Rosebud's wails would betray them. If she could only stifle them till they got her into bed, it might be possible to summon Sister Infirmarian and disclose the woe without betraying the cause of it. So, rather naïvely, reasoned Miss Helen Marr, seemingly forgetful of the fact that Sister Infirmarians are rarely blind, and would naturally look beyond a simple evening meal of bread and butter and cold meat and apple sauce to discover the cause, or causes, of so direful a malady.

And, then, there was the as yet but partially emptied hamper to be disposed of. Even this, however, had place in the scheme evolved by Helen's quick brain. Numerous poor people from a neighboring suburban town came regularly to the convent for alms, and always went away with loaded baskets. Sister Ann Margaret, in charge of the culinary regions, and everything relating thereto, had a heart as big as her physique, and that last was known to be abnormal. The hamper might be deposited in the courtyard just outside the nursery windows, with a printed slip on top, saying: "For Sister Ann Margaret's poor, from an unknown friend." Sister Ann Margaret would think that quite natural; she was not unduly inquisitive. She would probably say, "The good God sent it, as the good God sends all good things"; and there the matter would end, and the poor would get it all.

It was a beautifully simple scheme; but when Helen tentatively broached it to Grace, that young lady laughed in her face.

"If Sister Ann Margaret was born only yesterday—well—well, others were not," said Miss Winton. "With Rose in spasms and a box like that outside the nursery windows,—really, Helen Marr, a goose wouldn't be long in putting two and two together. And people around here are not quite geese."

"But who's to tell?" objected Helen.

Grace arched her dark brows. "I won't, and you won't, and she won't, if we ask her," indicating Isabel; "but Madeleine can be frightened into most anything. And Rose—oh, mercy!" For Rose had now reached the Kinky Winky stage of "screeches," and was just emitting an ear-piercing one.

The others looked at one another in genuine terror. An intense stillness had succeeded Rose's last effort,—a stillness in which all now, a moment later, distinctly heard the sound of a light, quick footfall.

"Sister—Marietta!" breathed Helen, turning pale.

Grace glanced apprehensively toward the door; but Isabel Kersey broke into a low, impish laugh.

"I guess not!" she said. "She's locked in for all night. I locked her in," she further volunteered.

A universal start of consternation, which communicated itself even to Rosebud, and caused her to sit up an instant and cease groaning, greeted this choice morsel of information.

"You locked her in!" repeated Helen, in horrified accents. "Isabel, you don't mean you locked Sister Marietta—" she paused to lend weight to her next words—"the *Directress*, into her room!"

"Sure I did!" affirmed Isabel. "The key was on the outside, and so I just turned it, you know. I'm kind of sorry now," she added, "because I think she's going to be nice; so maybe I'd best go up and unlock her."

She started precipitately toward the door as she spoke, when suddenly it was swung wide, and upon the threshold stood a group of three—Sister Marietta, Directress of Studies; Mother Margaret, Mother Superior at St. Anne's; and behind these two august personages, his lantern held quaveringly high above his ancient head, his mouth wide open, was the startling apparition of old Peter.

"Oh!" cried Isabel the irrepressible, with a clap of her hands,—“old Peter at last! Why, we—” But here even Isabel Kersey felt that the atmosphere was electrical. She suddenly subsided, and a speaking silence reigned.

(Conclusion next week.)

A Useful Invention.

The first friction matches that proved perfectly practicable were made by an English chemist named Walker, in 1827. He took little splints of cardboard and tipped them with a mixture of his own invention. Each box contained just eighty-four of these matches, and sold for an English shilling. Three years later a man in London made some improvements upon Walker's invention; but the matches manufactured by both these men required some skill in lighting, and it remained for subsequent inventors to perfect the wonderful little wooden match so commonly used to-day.

The Oldest Man.

The oldest man in the world, as far as we can discover, is a Russian peasant, Michael Boudnikoff by name. He is now one hundred and twenty-eight years old. He entered the Russian army in 1797, was married ninety-six years ago, and has been a widower for the last sixty years. His health is excellent and his mind perfectly clear, and he still smokes his pipe.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"Our Lady in Art," by Mrs. H. L. Jenner, with forty-one illustrations, is the latest addition to Messrs. Methuen & Co.'s "Little Books on Art."

—A French volume of exceptional interest to all lovers of the Blessed Sacrament has just been issued at Besançon, France. It is an historical work, being the narrative of the "Miracle of the Sacred Host at Faverney, in 1608." On the occasion of a fire in a church, the Sacred Host was preserved from the flames; and, moreover, during three days and nights it remained suspended in the air, the wonder of a whole people.

—The fact that the duty of instructing non-Catholics before applying for a marriage dispensation has recently been emphasized is cited by the Rev. J. T. Durward, of Baraboo, Wisconsin, as a reason for presenting a "Short Course in Catholic Doctrine." It is a forty-six page pamphlet, which, the author hopes, "may serve at least as a tally-sheet, to know how far each one has progressed." A succinct account of essentials, very carefully prepared and appropriately produced.

—The International Catholic Truth Society, which has just purchased new and more commodious quarters in Brooklyn, N. Y., issues the following appeal:

As the Society has now become a clearing-house for things Catholic in the intellectual order, it is the intention of the officers to devote a part of the house to the purposes of a reference library, wherein will be found census reports, religious statistics, classified lists and catalogues of books, reports of educational institutions, charity organizations, penal institutions, etc. The members of the Society and Catholics generally are earnestly entreated to call the attention of the Society to public school text-books manifestly unjust to the Church, to communicate the true facts regarding anti-Catholic lecturers of the "ex-priest" and the "ex-nun" type, etc.

—The late François Coppée, whose lamented decease we recently noted, gave these instructions to Dr. Duchatelet concerning his funeral: "I insist, absolutely, on having a very simple funeral. No letters to be read, no flowers, no crowns. The attendants will assemble at the church: above all, no discourse, on any pretext whatever. I accept only, because of my respect for the flag, the military honors due to my grade in the Legion of Honor; as also the delegation from the French Academy, in remembrance of the charming hours which during the past twenty years I have spent in their company."

—Members of the Irish Texts Society are now in possession of Vol. VII, which is part first

of "Duanaire Finn," the book of the lays of Fionn. The translation into English, which accompanies the Irish text, is by Mr. John Macneill. The work is edited from the well-known early seventeenth-century MS. in the Franciscans' library at Dublin. This is the oldest purely Irish MS. solely devoted to narrative and lyrical poems of the Ossianic cycle, and it is, after the prose "Agallamh na Senorach," the most important collection of Ossianic legend extant. Although comparatively later in date, the collection represents the stage of the legend cycle as it took literary shape in the thirteenth to the fifteenth century; indeed, some of the poems tally closely in subject matter with the fragmentary Ossianic remains preserved in the twelfth-century Book of Leinster. Mr. Macneill's Introduction is a most valuable contribution to the elucidation of the *origines* of the Ossianic cycle and to the criticism of Irish romantic history of the third century A. D.

Another important work soon to be completed is Keating's "History of Ireland" in nine volumes, edited by the Rev. P. S. Dinneen, S. J. It was begun by the Irish Texts Society in 1901. It is the standard monument of Irish prose in the seventeenth century, and the most interesting and vivid summary of the traditional romantic history. Keating had access to numerous MSS. which have perished since his date, and is the chief, if not the sole witness, to a number of sagas.

—The collection of illuminated manuscripts exhibited last month at the Burlington Fine-Arts Club, London, included some priceless treasures. The *Athenæum* describes the exhibition as "unparalleled." Every important school of illumination was represented by masterpieces, and a special effort was made to get together the finest examples of English workmanship. We append the more interesting portions of the *Athenæum's* notice:

Case A, almost entirely filled with English books of the ninth to the twelfth century, has for its chief glory the Ethelwold Benedictional, lent by the Duke of Devonshire; but the Hereford Gospels, the St. Edmundsbury Testament and life of St. Edmund, and the two Durham lives of St. Cuthbert lose nothing by its side; and the outline drawings in the Lambeth St. Aldhelm, the Bede from St. John's College and the Hereford St. Chrysostom should be particularly noticed. Case B contains a series of English Psalters, mainly of the thirteenth century. Some of them are of the highest interest, notably the York Psalter from the Hunterian Library at Glasgow, perhaps the finest twelfth-century Psalter in existence; No. 36, the Huntingfield Psalter which formerly belonged to William Morris (one of a score here exhibited from his collection); No. 47 (another of

them); and No. 46, a Book of Hours. Case C is notable for two early signed books, illuminated by W. de Brailles; while in Case D we come upon some magnificent examples of the East Anglian school of the early fourteenth century, which fittingly lead up to the Gorleston and St. Omer Psalters in Case E. Nos. 72 and 73 are especially fine examples of late fourteenth-century work. Case G contains fine sets of Bestiaries and Apocalypses, chief among which are Nos. 80, 87, and 88. Case H is a small collection of English Bibles, very gems of beauty. It is to be noted as an example of their influence here that of the five shown two belonged to Ruskin and two to William Morris. The collection is continued in Case I, which contains the famous Winchester Bible. In Case J, Nos 123-6, 129, 130, and 131 are unequalled examples of fine North French thirteenth- and fourteenth-century work. No. 130, a Book of Hours written for Jeanne, Queen of Navarre, c. 1340, is perhaps the finest specimen of its school existing. No. 135 was written for the sister of St. Louis, and with it rank Nos. 139, 140, and 141, in Case K. No. 174 in Case L is a strange and remarkable Psalter of Bohemian origin, dating from the early fourteenth century; and Nos. 177, 183, 3, and 185 in the same case are equally noteworthy. Case P, French Books of Hours of the fifteenth century, is very attractive. The artist of Nos. 204 and 205 was a man of great ability, and the border shown is exquisite. No. 209, lent by His Majesty, has had a chequered career, belonging in turn, amongst others, to Henry VI. of England, John Sobieski of Poland, and the exiled Stuart princes, from whom it returned to Windsor. In Case Q, Nos. 222, 223, 225 (by François, believed to be the son of Jean Fouquet), and 227 (an interesting Catalan MS.) are the most important. "The Month of May," a leaf from a calendar painted by Simon Binnick, is a gem of Flemish painting.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, Sevotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

- "A Missionary's Notebook." Rev. Richard Alexander. \$1.10.
- "Mr. Crewe's Career." Winston Churchill. \$1.50.
- "The Doctrine of Modernism and Its Refutation." J. Godrycz, D. D. 80 cts.
- "Christian Science before the Bar of Reason." Rev. L. A. Lambert, LL. D. Edited by Rev. A. S. Quinlan. \$1.
- "Lord of the World." Robert Hugh Benson. \$1.50.
- "A Synthetical Manual of Liturgy." Rev. Adrian Vigourel, S. S. \$1, net.
- "The Law of Christian Marriage." Rev. Arthur Devine, Passionist. \$1.50, net.

- "History of the Society of Jesus in North America, Colonial and Federal." Documents, Vol. I., Part I. 1605-1838. Thomas Hughes, S. J. \$4.50, net.
- "The Training of a Priest." Rev. John Talbot Smith, LL. D. \$1.62.
- "Children of Light and Other Stories." M. E. Francis. 40 cts.
- "History of St. Patrick's Cathedral." Most Rev. John Farley, D. D. \$1.50.
- "Common-Sense Talks." Lady Kerr. 40 cts., net.
- "The Primadonna." Marion Crawford. \$1.50.
- "A Pulpit Commentary on Catholic Teaching." Vol. I. The Creed. \$2.
- "Christine and Other Poems." George Henry Miles. \$1.10.
- "My Lady Beatrice." Frances Cooke. \$1.25.
- "My Very Own." S. M. Lyne. 80 cts.
- "We Preach Christ Crucified." Herbert Lucas, S. J. \$1.
- "The Ministry of Daily Communion." F. M. De Zulueta, S. J. 60 cts., net.
- "Short Sermons for Low Masses." Rev. Fr. Heffner. \$1.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Most Rev. William Scarisbrick, O. S. B. archbishop of Cyzicus; Rt. Rev. Samuel Allen D. D., bishop of Shrewsbury; Rev. James P. Corrigan, diocese of Newark; and Rev. R. A. Shaffel, S. J.

Mother Mary of St. Magdalen, of the Sisters of Marie Réparatrice; and Sister Katherine, Order of St. Ursula.

Mr. George Barnes, Miss Jean Mary Stone, Mr. Joseph Schreiber, Miss Lizzie Gaynor, Mr. Charles Martin, Mrs. Richard Clancy, Mr. John J. Donohue, Mrs. Henry Blackwell, Mrs. Elizabeth Ryan, Mr. Thomas Morris, Mr. James Brady, Miss Gertrude Scott, Mr. John Breslin, Mrs. Georgina Pearson, Mrs. Vincent Carroll, and Mr. John Becker.

Requiescant in pace!

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For three foreign missions referred to in THE AVE MARIA for May 23:

Subscriber, 50 cts.; Client of Mary, \$12; Child of Mary, \$1.

The exiled French religious:

In honor of the Blessed Virgin, \$8.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED ST. LUKE, I., 48

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The Hill of Silence.

I.

VERY far away, in the land that I love
best,
There soars a lonely mountain, a hill with
silence crown'd,
Where man, with all his haste and his stir of
empty sound,
Hath never put a foot, nor hath marred its
perfect rest.

II.

Very far away, from that lonely mountain's
brow
(Where purple miles of heather are like the
red wine spilt),
I've seen the shining ocean with ev'ry wavelet
gilt,
A sea whose trackless surface no vessel e'er doth
plough.

III.

Very far away, there doth gush most silently
Adown that wine-stained mountain a brooklet
clear and bright;
It ripples and it gleams, but its magic waters'
light
Flows on with soundless mirth till it meets the
quiet sea.

IV.

Very far away from the busy haunts of men,
That Hill of Silence rises in awful majesty;
There sleep the deathless ones, and their
terrors number three,—
And dread and dark the day they shall wake in
wrath again.

—THAMONDA.

THE private home is the public hope.

—George W. Cable.

Fortune and Contentment.

BY W. DE VOLBERTH.*

ROLLING on her golden wheel to
the entrance of the city, Fortune
found herself face to face with
Contentment, who was travelling
on foot, a staff in his hand.

"Whither are you bound?" asked
Fortune, with a pert, trifling air.

"I am going to make a tour of the city,"
replied Contentment, tranquilly.

Dame Fortune was showily garbed, and
her jewels sparkled at every movement.
She was boastful and loved to talk of
her successes in the world. Disappointed
at not being questioned now, she said
querulously:

"You have not asked me where I am
going."

"I am not curious, you know," answered
Contentment. "But if you wish, you may
tell me."

"Well, I am carrying gifts to a family
that I wish to favor."

"Without me?" said Contentment, with
a touch of irony.

"Do you think people always need you
in order to be happy?"

"I know that if I am not present,
their joy can not last."

"I will wager that it can."

"I will accept your wager," answered
Contentment.

"What shall the stake be?" said the
other promptly.

* Translated for THE AVE MARIA by H. Twitchell.

"You shall for once bestow some merited gift."

"But since you are sure to lose?"

"In that event, I will try to compensate for some of your follies."

"You are certainly presumptuous for one who prides himself on his modesty," retorted Fortune. "But come and see."

They entered the city. With astonishment, Contentment saw Fortune stop before a house that he knew well. It was that of a couple whom his brother Love had favored, and where he himself had once been a welcome guest. Since that happy time disputes had begun. The woman desired amusement; the man, riches. Things were going badly, and each accused the other of being the cause. Finally, they decided to stake their all on a lottery ticket. Dame Fortune then took a notion to interfere, and they had drawn a rich prize. With this money they had speculated successfully, and now the much-desired wealth was theirs.

They greeted Fortune cordially, but they did not recognize her humble companion who had halted in the doorway. They asked who the plainly-garbed person might be.

"That is Contentment," said their protectress, smiling.

"That beggar!" was the exclamation. "We don't want any of his happiness. We have some to spare. Let him go back to his poor."

"I have won, you see," said Fortune, triumphantly, as they went away. "Those people are happy and you had nothing to do with it."

"Wait!" said Contentment sadly, for he foresaw the future. "Now come with me."

He led the way to the bank of a river, to a fisherman's humble home. Fortune heard some one singing; and, looking in through the half-open door, she saw a mother rocking her babe, while two other children were playing on the floor.

Contentment entered. On seeing him, the woman rose and asked what she should give him, taking him for a beggar.

"Are you, then, so rich that you can give alms?" said the visitor.

"We have enough. My husband catches a great many fish; he sells them and brings the money home; so we have plenty. We always help the needy."

Fortune could no longer restrain herself.

"Leave this wretched hut," she cried, "and come with me! I will give you rich treasures."

The woman was bewildered and made no reply. Her husband now came into the room, and Fortune turned to him.

"Listen to me?" she said. "If you will follow me, I will make you powerful among men."

"I thank you, Madame! But I can not leave my little family. I am a simple man, and perhaps I do not understand you; but I am happy here, and I might not be with the treasure you speak of."

"You are both stupid!" exclaimed Fortune, slamming the door.

"Those are the people I love," said Contentment, gently, as they walked away,—"*happier by far than yours.*"

"No,—I say *no!*" cried Fortune, stamping her foot.

"We shall see in a year. Then the loser must pay his pledge."

A year later, the two met again, according to promise. Fortune led Contentment to a beautiful new mansion, where her favored couple lived. They entered. The woman sat alone weeping.

"Why do you weep?" asked Fortune. "Have I not given you wealth?"

"Alas, yes! But my husband passes all his time away from home with gay companions. I am alone, with not even a child to comfort me."

"You have your riches," said Fortune, crossly.

"Yes, but I would gladly give up all for the happiness of my early days; or for a child to love, even if I had to toil for it from morning till night."

Contentment now came forward.

"You chased me away once," he said kindly; "and I dare not give you what

you do not merit. But do not despair. Do good with your riches; pray God to pardon you; and when you have brought happiness to others, I will return to you."

In the fisherman's humble cabin happiness still reigned. Contentment blessed the little family, and with beaming eyes looked at Fortune, who kept silent.

On leaving the gates of the city, they heard a silvery laugh. Turning about, they saw a child sitting on the edge of the wall, barely touching the stones, like a butterfly. It was Love. He called out mockingly:

"Dame Fortune has lost her wager, and I am laughing at her. Without me, sister—me and Contentment,—life is nothing but sadness. Without us, all the wealth you bestow leads to grief and bitterness."

Contentment smiled, and Fortune flushed with anger. But, being of a light nature, she bowed in mock reverence to Love and said:

"I have lost my wager this time!" She then tossed him one of her jewels. "Give this to your poor fisher-folks."

Leaping on her golden wheel, Fortune was soon out of sight, leaving behind her a luminous train.

Contentment trudged along alone, murmuring:

"What a pity Dame Fortune can not be trusted!"

POVERTY will keep away many bad companions from her [Ireland's] Christian homes, which, like the lily, are safest amongst thorns; and perhaps, in one spot at least in Europe, we may hope to see an image of the past, when "hearths, homes, and altars" were the centres of man's love, and the limit of his ambition here below.—*Rev. W. B. Morris, S. J.*

THE excessive pleasure we take in speaking of ourselves ought to make us be afraid of giving none to those who listen to us.

—*La Rochefoucauld.*

Exiled from Erin.

XXV.—A SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT.

BOING to Mass, and still more returning from it, Ellie and her husband received many a welcome, many a glad word, and many a smile. When they reached home, Mr. O'Brien sat silent, looking through the window. His wife came near and whispered:

"Is my poor man sorry that he left America?"

"Oh, no, little wife,—oh, no! I am only thinking what can I do for this delightful people, and I am asking God to help me."

"God bless the good heart I trusted!" she said, and ran away.

That same evening, meeting Father Kearney at Mrs. McMahon's cottage, Terence said:

"Isn't it strange, Father, that when I was across in America, I saw my work here as plain and distinct as I would see countries and seas and mountains and rivers on a map; and now, as if a haze were before my eyes, I can see nothing? But I wish, I wish, and this morning going to Mass and coming from it made me wish more than ever to have a hand in helping this people."

"That is over-anxiety. When I was a young priest I used to be asked to preach here and there. I was often so anxious and nervous that I seemed not to think of a word when stepping into the pulpit; but very soon I would feel quite at ease. May I tell of one time, and in a few words?"

"Do, Father, please!"

"I was speaking on St. Monica's feast. Monica's husband's mother was not over-kind, and I made some remark about mothers-in-law. The elder ladies smiled at me. I said something like: 'You all know about mothers-in-law, I see!' An old woman just under the pulpit stood up and exclaimed: 'Aye, and the hussies of daughters-in-law, too!' That took me

off my balance, and I had to laugh with the rest of them.

"But now tell me, Mr. O'Brien, what do you mean to do with this field, for instance?"

"Oh, plant it, Father! Anything else would be loss of labor. We'll plant every bit of land that's like this. The trees will do many things: they'll shelter, they'll help drainage, but they'll especially bring up the nutriment that is far down in the bowels of the earth, which no spade and no plough could do; and they'll shed it in the winter time in rich manure on the surface; it is in a manner 'top-dressing.' And we'll make this house, which is now sacred to me, Father—this old home where my Ellie was born,—we'll make it 'the Cottage in the Woods.' And when we want to have a little picnic, we'll come and have it here. I'm glad to see, in Goldsmith's words, that at least

half a tillage stints the smiling plain:

Yes, there is more than half a tillage here. With a judicious system of tilling, I feel convinced that a great deal of Ireland's happiness is bound up. I can not be persuaded but tillage can be made to pay. And, at any rate, you, Father, will give weight to this argument. It was the first order given by God to mankind; and I have yet to learn that any order of the Creator of the world has ever, in the past, turned out to be unwise or injudicious, or that in the future history of the world it will do so. And here goes to make a trial at all events, in the name of God!"

"Now, what did I say to you? You had been thinking, thinking, and the mind got a little blurred from over-thinking. God bless every good mind and every good heart that works for God and his fellowmen!" said the priest.

"Next year we'll have some work for the women; and every succeeding year we'll have more and more work."

The priest looked at him to know his meaning.

"We mean to plant here out of hand, as we were saying a moment ago. Now,

if the grass is let grow over the young trees, it will smother them. So once at least, if not twice, in the year we must have a general weeding. This part of the work will fall to the women. We hope to have a special work for the little girls, too,—perhaps more than one kind of work. But, to begin with, let them pick the fruit in the garden when the strawberries, currants, gooseberries and raspberries are ripe. We hope to have work for the boys when the wall fruit and the tree fruit, the cherries and plums and damsons and apples come in. You see, Father, we want to inoculate them. Later on, we hope to put to the peaches and grapes any of the children who will have shown an aptitude for the work and a special delicacy of touch."

"But there are seasons, Mr. O'Brien, when fruit will not pay; are there not?"

"There is one golden rule, Father, that we always practised in America. Be in to the market when no one else is there: be the first in the spring, be the last in the autumn; don't mind the summer. And the next rule is like to that: don't put all your eggs in one basket. But this is all talk; and I am really anxious for to-morrow's sun to rise, till I turn the first sod. By the way, Father, Ellie tells me that it is allowed to have the blessing of Mass in the private house here; perhaps you would come to us to-morrow morning and give us that inestimable blessing on our work."

Before Father Kearney could reply, a barefooted boy, suddenly springing up and out of the earth, as it were, announced that James McManus was awaiting him at the house.

"He will be in a hurry," said Father Kearney. "Excuse me, Mr. O'Brien! I will be back as soon as I can."

"Go, Father," answered the young man. "I will be digesting all these plans in my mind while you are away."

"I had been saying to Ellie already that I must come to you to-morrow morning," observed Father Kearney when

he returned. "Your work is different from the work of a mission; yours is mainly secular, theirs is mainly spiritual. And yet I doubt if your work, even in a spiritual sense, lags far behind theirs, in the way of results. The bare thought of it makes me happy. A priest, when he grows old, learns this one truth, at any rate: that he wasn't ordained for sheep and kine, but for the sake of human souls."

"I thank God, Father, that our work—yours and mine—are not antagonistic, but sympathetic and mutually assisting each other. Now, there is only one thing, or rather one person, I want; and I wish you'd direct me."

"What kind of person do you need?" asked the priest.

"I want a gardener," was the answer.

"Talk of flowers, and buds will appear. Do you see that young man beyond, speaking with Joe? There is a young fellow I can recommend. I knew him here at school,—a bright, intelligent lad. I thought it a pity that so many should be going into the cloth-shops and into the groceries, or maybe going across to America; so I advised Tom O'Neil to go to the Botanical Gardens in Dublin. He went, and is now home, just out of his time."

The priest beckoned, and the two came over to them.

"You have testimonials of character from the Gardens, Tom?" inquired the priest. "Mr. O'Brien wishes to see them."

"I beg your pardon, Father! I do not wish to see your testimonials, my young friend. You went through the usual time and exercises of training at the Gardens?"

"Yes, sir, I did. I can bring you the certificate."

"My friend," said Mr. O'Brien, laying his hand on the young man's shoulder, "we are accustomed in America to read people's faces. Your face is your certificate. You want employment, you want work, do you?"

"I would be very glad to get it, sir."

"Come, then, to-morrow morning. We

will say nothing for the present about wages, except this: for the first month you'll get the highest that any person of your employment is getting anywhere; after that it will depend on yourself. If I find a man watching me, he walks out; if I find a man watching his work, he shall be paid for it. We are to expect you in the morning on those conditions?"

"Yes, sir," answered Tom.

"All right, my young friend," said Mr. O'Brien. "I like your face and figure. And now," he continued, offering him his hand, "good-bye till morning!"

When he had gone, Mr. O'Brien turned to the priest and remarked:

"What a sin it would have been to have him behind a counter!"

Next morning the fair feast of "Our Lady in Harvest" broke on a happy world. All the recruits were there—Willie and Joe, Tom O'Neil and Jimmy Dunne. Father Kearney was an early riser. Mrs. McMahon and the rest of them were all gathered for early Mass, and for the blessing of the God of happiness on the happy issue of their work. When the sacred rite was over, the priest, still wearing some of the "sacred robes," went to the gate of the garden; and there, while each man held in his hand his own instrument of labor, he sprinkled holy water on them, and blessed them and their work. It was a splendid garden once; and even now, though it sorely needed a hand, it gave promise of good things for the future.

Jimmy Dunne was ordered to put himself at the disposal of Tom O'Neil. Mr. O'Brien and Willie and Joe went to the hothouse, whose frames and glass had suffered most from the neglect. At this Joe held the mastery.

The twilights in August are still long, and exceedingly beautiful. Willie had gone home to "the Cottage in the Woods," to keep his mother company; and Ellie and her husband and Joe went out to enjoy the cool air in the garden, and to see what had been done.

"He'll do," said Joe, when they had walked through the garden.

"Yes, he'll do," added Mr. O'Brien.

"Who'll do?" asked Ellie, looking at her husband.

"Tom O'Neil will do," said Joe.

"Oh, I am so glad of it! Is the work done well?" she queried.

"It couldn't be done better," said her husband. "Our young friend has brains, and Jimmy Dunne has a willing back."

"Oh, thank God! Isn't that grand?" said Ellie, in raptures. And her husband echoed her joy.

During the week Father Kearney came to see if things were prospering; and in a conversation with Ellie and her husband, the latter said:

"Father, I want you to pick me out ten good schoolboys. They must be the children either of laboring men or of very small farmers. I'll tell you what is in my mind. The eyes and hands of the Irish people are quick; and if they see how to do a thing, they will at once do it. Now, I am not here for the whole country, but for my immediate neighborhood; so I give your reverence a mile of a radius to choose from. These boys will be offered every inducement to pick up and learn. If you give me ten boys on Saturday after midday, I will try my 'prentice-hand' upon them, and afterward you will see how we get on. Kindly give me their names on paper, with some notes opposite to each."

"And I want ten schoolgirls on the same conditions, Father," put in Ellie. "Please tell them not to come in their little Sunday dress: it is for work I want them."

As the priest walked toward the school-house, he began to turn the thing over in his mind.

"It is in order to teach them,—in order to make them better; that's all I'm able to get out of it; and there, I suppose, it is as well for me to leave it. But I must think of the names. Ten boys and ten girls, a mile each way. It would be easier

if it were from the whole school or the whole parish. But he is wise. No Sunday clothes on the boys, no ribbons and laces on the girls; but I might tell them to wash their face and hands, comb their hair, and lace their boots. Very good. Twenty in all."

The children came shyly in the afternoon of Saturday. Indeed, if the truth may be told, some had been hiding under the bushes in the fields since they had taken their breakfast in the morning. Mr. O'Brien and his wife met them at the gate, welcomed them, and shook hands with every one of them. They were taken into the house, where a luncheon was awaiting them; and those that had been hiding under the bushes made up for the midday abstinence.

After full justice had been done to the homemade bread, delicious butter, cold meat, and milk, the children were taken into the garden.

"You can look all around," said Mr. O'Brien; "but keep following me."

The apple boughs were laden with fruit, tempting and rosy. The children looked. Immediately off the walk the apples lay on the red earth or on the grass. No child left the walk or bent a hand. All followed as they were told. Mr. O'Brien stood quite near one tree.

"This is the ripest tree in the garden," he said. "Now, I want the one who knows any reason why it is the ripest to step forward."

The smallest girl came forward, saying:

"Because, sir, the wind last night has knocked down more apples from it than from any other tree."

"Very good, little one!" answered Mr. O'Brien, patting her on the head.

"And your name, my pet?" said Ellie, looking at the slip of names in her hand.

"Kathleen Keely, ma'am," said the child, with a look of combined candor, innocence, and intelligence.

Mr. O'Brien looked serious and said:

"Now, what we have to do for the first ten minutes is very hard work, children.

It is to eat apples. Put none in your pocket: put all that you can in your stomach. Any child that puts one in his pocket is dishonest, and will not come here any more. The girls go in first, for two reasons: because it was a girl that answered, and because the boys, I know, would rather see the girls go in first. Now, girls! Now, boys! It is two o'clock; we will return at ten minutes past two."

And husband and wife walked away, laughing and full of joy. Ten minutes later they returned.

"Now, as it is the first day, children," said Mrs. O'Brien, "I have obtained for you five minutes more."

"I have eaten enough, ma'am, thank you!" said the small girl, stepping out on the path, and drawing very near her patroness, who, putting her arm round the child's neck, drew her close to her side.

"I have enough too, ma'am," modestly whispered another; and she took up the other side of the hostess, and was warmly welcomed.

Then all the other girls approached, and crowded round the mistress.

"Time's up, boys!" said Mr. O'Brien, and they all stepped out on the path like young soldiers.

Each boy now got a basket and was told to pick into it.

"Come with me, girls," said the lady; and, with hearts as glad as the autumn sunshine, they followed her into the house. "Now, children, we are going to make jam of the apples that have been shaken by the wind, and which the boys are picking outside. I want to show you how it is made, and to see if you like it."

She then appointed five to take out two empty baskets each, and bring two full ones. Thus, with five in and five out, while the apples were picked outside, the jam was being made within; and they never drew breath till all the apples that had fallen were picked, and brought in, and turned into preserves.

Then they were served with hot cake

and tea and the new-made jam; after which the girls and boys sang some of the hymns they were taught at school, both in English and Irish. The evening was now late; and, giving each of them a pot of jam, and requesting that all should return on the following Saturday, Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien shook hands with the children, and bade them a pleasant good-evening.

(To be continued.)

Lauda Sion Salvatorem.

(An English Rendering.)

BY FRANCIS W. GREY.

SION, lift thy voice in singing,
To thy Saviour glory bringing,
Praise thy Shepherd and thy King;
Greater He than all thy praising,
Yet thy heart, thy voice upraising,
Fitting tribute ever bring.

Lo! as theme for thy thanksgiving,
Bread from heaven, blessed, living,
Given as food to man to-day;
Feast which, by His friends surrounded,
Christ at that Last Supper founded,—
Humbly we believe and say.

Let thy praise, in tuneful chorus,
Full of melody, sonorous,
Spread to ev'ry child of man;
Joy o'er sorrow victory winning,
Tell—oh, tell thy joy's beginning:
How this heavenly feast began.

Lo! our King new food bestoweth,
Newer Paschal Victim showeth,
Ancient rites are overpast;
Elder things by new outdriven,
Truth and light to man are given,
Darkness yields to day at last.

That which Christ, at supper sitting,
Did, He bids us do, in fitting
Memory, for evermore;
And, by words of consecration,
Bread and wine, for our salvation,
Change to Him whom we adore.

This as truth the Christian taketh,
That the bread true flesh He maketh,

Changeth into blood the wine;
What no sense of man receiveth,
Faith, unfaltering, believeth
Dwells beneath the outward sign.

Under common symbols hidden—
We believe, as we are bidden—
Things divine these veils enfold;
Flesh our food, His blood our potion,
Yet, beyond our sense or notion,
Christ Himself we here behold.

All of Christ we, therefore, taking,
Him dividing not, nor breaking,—
Take Him, wholly, to our gain;
Thousands feed on Him; one only
Weary Pilgrim, spent and lonely—
Unconsumed doth He remain.

Saints and sinners, Him receiving,
Gladding, or His fond Heart grieving,
Gather at this banquet sweet;
Sinners, to their condemnation,
Loving ones, to their salvation,
He rewards as it is meet.

At the breaking of the token,
Doubt not but, as He has spoken,
He is in the fragment broken
Wholly, as within the whole;
Loss nor less'ning He sustaineth,
Undivided He remaineth,
Manhood, Godhead, body, soul.

Lo! the Bread from heaven descendeth,
Given to each who homeward wendeth;
To the children whom He tendeth,—

Bread not meet for dogs to eat:
Isaac's sacrifice; the killing
Of the Paschal lamb; fulfilling
Find, in this our feast, complete.

Very Bread! Good Shepherd, tend us!
Jesu, pity and befriend us;
Feed us, strengthen, and defend us!
Lord, a happy entrance send us
To the joys that never die;
Thou, who all things canst and knowest,
Who Thyself as food bestowest,
Bid us follow where Thou goest;
Grant us, if it be the lowest,
Place at last with saints on high.

The "Gloria Patri."

BY THE VERY REV. R. O'KENNEDY.

III.—ET SEMPER ET IN SÆCULA SÆCULORUM.

(CONTINUED.)

IN the sacred names of the Divine Persons theologians find a mysterious allusion to the two talents of the soul—namely, knowledge and love. It is asked: What are the names peculiar to each of the three Persons? To the First Person is given the triple name, "Father," because of His relation to the Son; "Unborn," because deriving origin from none; He is the "Principle" or "Fountain of the Divinity," because He communicates the Divinity to the other two Persons. The Son is called "the Word," which has a very special meaning of its own; but He is also called "the Wisdom of God"; for, although wisdom belongs to all, it is most fittingly attributed to the Son, because born of the Father, as wisdom is the offspring of the intellect. God the Holy Ghost is called "the Gift of God" and "Love." "Love," say the theologians, "is the first gift, and the principle of every gift and benefit. Now, the Third Person proceeds from Love—from the mutual Love of Father and Son; therefore He is justly called "the Gift of God." He is, as it were, the gift which the love of God the Father gives to the Son, and which the love of God the Son equally gives to God the Father, and because His procession is from the love of both. Moreover, because His especial office is to create and enkindle divine love in the human heart, He is called Love.

In that view the Father is the intellect, or soul; the Son is the knowledge or wisdom; and the Holy Ghost is the love. And to the Holy Ghost are attributed all works of goodness, charity, and mercy; "for," says St. Thomas, "it is fitting that all works of charity should be attributed to that Person who proceeds from the

most perfect Charity, and who is the highest love of both Father and Son."

It pleased Our Lord to give us the Holy Ghost in three of the sacraments,—in Baptism, Confirmation, and Holy Orders. These are the only sacraments, out of the seven, which can be received but once. The reason is because they impress upon the soul a mark (as if burned in) that can never be effaced. Now, love is as fire. The Holy Ghost, the God of fire, assumed two different shapes,—one when descending on the Apostles, and another when descending on Our Lord as He came up from the waters of the Jordan. Both are typical of what we are saying: the whiteness of the dove signifying knowledge, the fiery tongues signifying love. And as the teaching of the Apostles came from the teaching of Our Lord, so love proceeds from knowledge.

Again, the sevenfold Gifts of the Spirit, if we count them over—Wisdom, Understanding, Counsel, Fortitude, Knowledge, Piety, and the Fear of the Lord,—are mainly engaged with knowledge, which leads to love; because the two great capabilities which God Himself gave to the soul, and which He meant to be its means of enjoyment in this life as well as in the next, are knowledge and love. It is not reasonable, therefore, to expect that sensible pleasures are the first or highest enjoyment of heaven. That would be making the senses of the body superior to the powers of the soul. God has not meant them so, and man himself admits that they are not. They will, in fact, slumber till the trumpet of the angel calls them to the enjoyment prepared for them in heaven. But that enjoyment is only secondary, or rather complementary, to the enjoyment of the soul.

"The Eternal Father," says St. Francis of Sales, "sees the infinite goodness and beauty of His essence expressed in His Son in a manner most lively, essential and substantial; and the Son sees His own essence originate in His Father as

in its source. How, then, could it be possible that They should not love each other with an infinite love? The love which proceeds reciprocally from the Father and Son possesses the infinite goodness and essence of the Father and the Son, and must be a Third Divine Person, who is one God with the Father and the Son. The royal Prophet says: 'Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!'^{*} But if the charms of human friendship can fill with joy the hearts of those who contemplate them, what shall be our transports in heaven, where we shall behold the reciprocal love of Father and Son?"

Now, these relations of the Divine Persons—the Paternity of the Father, the Filiation of the Son, the Procession of the Holy Ghost—are real and true perfections. "The Father is perfect," says St. Cyril of Alexandria, "not so much because He is God as because He is the Father." St. John Damascene, speaking of these relations of the Divine Persons, calls them "perfections." Theology tells us that it is no less a divine perfection in the Son to be begotten than in the Father to beget Him; no less a perfection in the Holy Ghost to proceed from Father and Son than that the mutual love of both should be the cause of His Procession.

In like manner the "mission," or "sending," does not imply any inferiority, as it would with us. "The Father alone," observes St. Augustine, "is never said to be sent, because He alone has not an author from whom He has birth or procession." Mission, or sending, is immediately connected with the relations of sonship and procession. Our Lord over and over says that He has been "sent by the Father," never by the Holy Ghost.†

^{*} Ps. cxxxii, 1.

† In St. Luke (iv, 18) Our Lord says: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon Me, wherefore He hath anointed Me, and hath sent me to preach the Gospel to the poor." But in this place Our Lord speaks of Himself as man.

But He tells the Apostles that He will send the Holy Ghost upon them. This sending is, according to St. Thomas, a going forth of one Divine Person from another for some special temporal purpose. The reason is that it can not be conceived that this extraordinary mission of a Divine Person should take place without some serious end. Now, none other can be imagined than a temporal end, and that either external, as in the case of Our Lord becoming man; or internal, as in the case of the Holy Ghost filling the hearts of the faithful and renewing in them the Spirit of Divine Love.

What a subject of joy to the soul in heaven to think that the Father so loved it as to send His only Son; and that the Son so loved it as to send the Holy Ghost; and that the Holy Ghost so loved it as to make its fleshly tabernacle His temple, and there to abide and rest, for He hath chosen it! "And he said to them: Go, eat fat meats, and drink sweet wine; . . . because it is the holy day of the Lord; and be not sad, for the joy of the Lord is our strength. . . . And all the assembly of them that were returned from the captivity made tabernacles and dwelt in tabernacles. . . . And there was exceeding great joy." *

The two great powers of the soul being to *understand* and to *love*, the sacred truths connected with the Godhead will afford to it its first and chief pleasure. After these in order will come the truths more immediately connected with the Divinity (such as those relating to holy Mary), and then the more remote. When, then, the ravished soul comes to see these truths, not "as in a glass darkly," but in the eternal brightness of heaven, what wonder that it will cast itself down! What wonder that it will try to make compensation, by the fullest gratitude and worship it can offer, for the contradiction and denial of earth! What wonder that it will bless God for the unspeakable

favor of belonging to a Church that the Son of God has made as infallible in dogma and morals as the ever-blessed Spirit who proceeds from Him in heaven! What wonder, when it comes to see the beautiful connection of sacred dogma with dogma, and the merciful condescension of God in making them known to us, and His blessedness in dowering us with knowledge capable, according to our measure, of understanding them,—what wonder that the soul, ravished with delight, should cry out: "The Lord is great, and exceedingly to be praised. . . . Blessed be the Lord God of Israel from eternity to eternity!" *

We come now to make our computation. Each individual soul must be strengthened vastly beyond the powers it possesses on earth. "Sing ye to the Lord a new song." No imperfection of any kind can be in the soul admitted to the beatific vision. Its praise there is far superior to what it could give on earth. "Through poverty many have sinned; and he that seeketh to be enriched turneth away his eye. As a stake sticketh fast in the midst of the joining of stones, so also in the midst of selling and buying, sin shall stick fast." † But let us suppose for a moment that the powers of the soul are puny, and its consequent praise but meagre. Even so, according to the principle that to raise one pound a hundred feet costs the same labor as to raise a hundred pounds one foot, this song of praise is never to end; it goes on for eternity, and must therefore be all but infinite in its value.

Now, the individual souls of men are supposed to be taken in to one or other of the nine choirs of angels, to fill up the gaps that had been made in their ranks. "And I heard the number of them that were sealed, a hundred and forty-four thousand sealed of all the tribes of the children of Israel. Of the tribe of Juda, twelve thousand sealed; of the tribe of Ruben, twelve thousand sealed; of the

* II. Esdras, viii, 10, 17.

* I. Par., xvi, 25, 36. † Ecclus., xxvii, 1, 2.

tribe of Gad, twelve thousand sealed." * We go through the sacred choirs. First, the Angels, 144,000; second, Archangels, 144,000; third, the Thrones, 144,000; and so on till we come to the brightness of the Cherubim. St. John saw one of these, and he tells us that, so glorious was the heavenly spirit, he (St. John) fell down to adore before his feet. But the angel said to him: "See thou do it not; for I am but thy fellow-servant before God." Finally, we come to the burning love of the choir of Seraphim. What that love is "it hath never entered into man's heart to conceive." The natural powers bestowed on them must be amazing; otherwise they could not stand "before the throne set in heaven, and before Him that sitteth on the throne. And He that sat was like the jasper and the sardine stone. . . . And from the throne proceeded lightnings and voices and thunderings."

All are there,—all those bright spirits who were never encumbered with "bodies of death," and whose souls never knew the "wrath of sin"; all the elect of the sons of Adam, gathered from the four winds of heaven, "entered now into the joy of the Lord," "resting in Abraham's bosom with Lazarus," "enjoying the hundredfold reward." All, in raptures, offer their praise to God. The saints of the Old Dispensation and the saints of the New; the ancient patriarchs and prophets, priests and kings, prophetesses and inspired women; the Apostles, and martyrs, confessors, and virgins; the young Innocents, the aged Simeons,—all are there. "Eat, O friends, and drink; and be inebriated, my dearly beloved." †

"We may judge of the harmony of this celestial concert," says St. Francis of Sales, "by the nature of the voices which compose it. The Holy Scripture represents its magnificence under the idea of the awful noise of thunder, the sound of the trumpet, and the breaking of the angry billows of the ocean. It compares its soft melody to that of the harp gently

touched by the most exquisite performers. Such are the voices which unite to chant the canticle of joy included in these two words which begin and end it: 'Alleluia,' 'Amen.' A voice, a triumphant hymn, incessantly proceeds from the throne of God, and is heard by all the inhabitants of the Heavenly Jerusalem. 'Praise ye our God, all ye His servants; and you that fear Him, little and great.' To this invitation the innumerable troop of saints, the nine choirs of angels, and all glorified mortals, reply in concert by singing: 'Alleluia, praise God!' Oh, how lovely is that temple in which the praises of God incessantly resound! How happy are they who dwell forever in this sacred abode, where chanters, inspired by love, sing, like heavenly warblers, the canticle of eternal bliss!"

The redeemed souls of men are there praising God. The nine choirs of angels praise Him. The Holy Virgin praises God. Says St. Francis of Sales: "Among the praises which resound in heaven, none are comparable to those of the Blessed Virgin. She is far elevated above the choirs of angels and men, and contributes alone to the glory of God more than all the other creatures together." And, finally, the adorable Humanity of Our Lord offers homage to Almighty God, and "is heard for His reverence."

IV.—HISTORY OF THE "GLORIA PATRI."

Pope St. Damasus first introduced the Doxology into the prayers of the Church. He was born about the beginning of the fourth century, was made Pope shortly after the middle of the century, and died toward the end of it.* The *Gloria Patri*, therefore, has been for fourteen centuries or more a recognized prayer of the Universal Church.

Both the official and the personal character of the Pope disposed him toward the adoption and introduction of this beautiful prayer. The Church in his time was torn by schisms from within,

* Apoc., vii, 4.

† Cant., v.

* Born in 306, made Pope in 366, died 384.

and assailed by heresies from without. Arianism was then a powerful sect, and had a Doxology of its own. At Antioch, on the death of its holy bishop, two parties, both in communion with Rome, sprang up, and appointed each a bishop; and, strange to say, it was not the choice of those who were closest in touch with Rome that Rome selected. On the election of this very St. Damasus to the Papacy, Rome itself put forward a rival, who received the imposition of hands, and thereupon claimed to be Pope. Each had supporters. The two parties met; and one, on being driven back, retreated into a church. There they were besieged; sallies took place, and as many as one hundred and thirty-five, on one side or the other, were slain. These disturbances continued with more or less violence during the entire reign of the Pontiff. Thus was he impelled in his official character to introduce into the public devotions of the Church a prayer of such beauty and blessedness as the *Gloria Patri*.

All are agreed that, in his personal character, he was a man of culture and piety. If there were nothing more in his favor than that he had St. Jerome as his secretary, we should be inclined to think highly of him. St. Jerome, who knew him intimately, speaks in laudatory terms both of the beauty of his writings and of the simplicity of his life.

Where the wild sands of the lonely, far-stretching desert met the scanty herbage on the outskirts of civilization, there the monks in their multitudinous but silent colonies labored and prayed. *Laborare est orare*, they said. "To labor is to pray." Those saintly men had gathered together, drawn aside by some holy magnetism from the distracting and luxurious civilization of the Eastern cradle lands to the serenity and mortification of the hermit life. In their desert home they saw the sun rise blood-like from the far-off sandy horizon; it gleamed at midday on their bare heads or their bulrush hats, and went down at eve

behind the distant ridge of mountains, beyond which they had left perhaps "their kindred and their father's house." They lived a silent, monotonous, solitary but blessed life. They did not gather round the market-place, like the Athenians, in the mornings, to learn what strange things had happened. For them, as for one in later days,* there were "pre-eminently two beings existing, and two beings alone: God and each one of themselves." The vast desert spoke to them of nothing else; the sun that rose and set had no other tale: God and each one of themselves alone.

They had but one book, and they needed no other: the manuscript copy of the Sacred Scriptures. It spoke to them of God and themselves. They opened the first page and read: "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth. God made man to His own image and likeness; to the image of God He created him." They opened the last: "And I heard a great voice from the throne, saying: Behold the tabernacle of God with men; and He will dwell with them. And they shall be His people, and God Himself with them shall be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and death shall be no more; nor mourning nor crying nor sorrow shall be any more; for the former things are passed away." And on every page between, and on every line of every page, as often as there are hours in the day, or days in the year, they read the one blessed refrain: "God so loved the world." Their whole meditation lay in that one book; and in those beautiful things, as the bee resting on the honeyed flower, they found their life and delight. The sun, beginning to rise, whispered to them: "In the beginning was the Word; and the Word was with God; and the Word was God."

The sixth hour came,—our noonday hour. The sun was in its splendor, and it seemed to say: "In the sixth month

* See Newman's *Apologia*.

the Angel Gabriel was sent from God into a city of Galilee, to a Virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph. . . . And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt amongst us." And when the sun went down, and night drew a veil over their labors, the stars of heaven said to them: "Be glad and rejoice, for the marriage of the Lamb is come. He is clothed with a garment sprinkled with blood, and His name is called the Word of God."

Now, these holy men remembered that, in the churches in the far-away world where they once had prayed, the homilies and letters and exhortations of all the apostolic and holy men who had addressed them, ended always with the praise of God. So had it been in the days of St. John and St. Paul; so in the times of Polycarp, Ignatius, and the rest. Prompted by their own desires, and guided by these holy examples, they searched the Sacred Book to find what would express their own sense of gratitude, and say that which their own language was all too weak to declare.

They opened *Isaias*, and they found that this man, who was afterward 'to be cut in two, "saw the Lord sitting upon a throne, . . . and His train filled the temple. Upon it stood the Seraphim, . . . and they cried one to another, and said: Holy, holy, holy, the Lord God of Hosts; all the earth is full of His glory." * They opened the *Apocalypse* and read (i, 4): "Grace be unto you, and peace from Him who is, and who was, and who is to come." And again (iv, 2-8): "I was in the spirit, and behold there was a throne set in heaven. . . . And before the throne were four living creatures. . . . And they rested not day and night, saying: Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, who was, and who is, and who is to come." And once again they read (xi, 16, 17): "And the four and twenty ancients, who sit on their seats in the sight of God, fell upon their faces, and adored God, saying: We give Thee thanks, O Lord God Almighty,

who art, and who wast, and who art to come."

Now, these men were by no means rude or unlettered,—neither St. Anthony nor St. Paul nor St. Sabas nor the others of whom St. Athanasius tells us in his work "On the Monks." Many of them were classical scholars, masters of the Greek and Latin languages. Some came from the courts of emperors, and not a few held high positions in the Church, in the army, or in the State. The very thing that happened to them has continued to happen all along from that day to this: man, tired and weary of the vanities of the world, turned to the "one thing necessary—to love God, and serve but Him alone." These men knew well at that time what we know now from the early Christian historians: that from the beginning there was a *Doxology*. *Theodoret* says that, like the *Apostles' Creed*, it existed from *Apostolic times*, and ran: "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost." We have suggestive proof that this prayer must have been in general use among the faithful from the fact that the *Arians* composed as many as three tainted versions of a similar prayer. But the *Catholics* held to the ancient form, making it thereby a profession of faith opposed to *Arianism*.

In the *Apostolic Constitutions*, the monks knew it was written: "All glory, reverence, thanksgiving, adoration, and honor be to the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, now and ever, and unto the infinite and everlasting ages of ages. Amen." In the year 523 the fourth Council of Toledo speaks thus: "At the end of all the *Psalms* we say: 'Glory and honor be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost forever and ever. Amen.'" In 529 the Council of Vaison ordered the *Doxology* to be recited as a profession of faith opposed to *Arianism*. The *Doxology*, then, existed in one form or another through all the early Church; and the fact that no date can be assigned

* *Isa.*, vi, 1-3.

for its introduction under those various forms goes a long way to prove that it must have come down from the times of the Apostles. But the date of its present form we can assign.

There came to those desert monks, at the time of which we write, an Italian of noble birth and of vast erudition. His desire for study and knowledge was insatiable. The most famous pagan grammarians and rhetoricians had been his tutors. He had travelled through Gaul, and visited the celebrated schools of Marseilles, Toulouse, Bordeaux, Autun, Lyons. He had gathered together a large library of all the best authors; and sometimes, in his passion for reading, forgot to take food or drink. Finally, after some serious family trials, he found himself in the Thebaid. This was St. Jerome. His name had preceded him, and the Abbot Theodosius received him with joy. St. Jerome remained in "this hideous desert" four years. During this time he heard the monks at their daily orisons chant the Doxology.

But far away from the world as it was, the noise of clamor and strife reached even there. The place was under the jurisdiction of the Patriarch of Antioch. But who was the Patriarch? Was it Meletus or Paulinus, both of whom had been selected by the two factions, into which the Catholics were divided? Or was it Vitalis, the elect of the party of the heretic Apollinaris? St. Damasus, before becoming Pope, had been St. Jerome's friend; and from his desert cell the anchorite writes to this Pontiff: "On one side the Arian fury rages, supported by the secular power; on the other side, the Church [at Antioch] being divided into three parts, each would needs draw me to itself. All the time I cease not to cry out: Whoever is united to the Chain of Peter, he is mine."

Finally St. Jerome was called to Rome by Pope Damasus, and appointed his secretary. The Roman Breviary (Dec. 11) tells us that St. Damasus decreed, as was

already the custom in many places, that the Psalms be chanted day and night, by alternate choirs, through all the churches; and that there be recited at the end of each Psalm: "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost." "All the Psalms," says St. Francis of Sales, "are terminated by this Doxology, according to the ancient custom of the Oriental Church, which Pope Damasus established in the West, at the request of St. Jerome."

(Conclusion next week.)

The Fountress of the Sacred Heart.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

(CONCLUSION.)

MOTHER BARAT witnessed the Revolution of 1830, which found her on a bed of illness, crippled, and suffering intensely from an accident to her foot. When the disturbance became so serious that the pupils had been sent home, Mother Barat, because of her helpless condition, yielded to the solicitations of her daughters, and retired, with two others, to Conflans, where they had to assume secular dress and accept the charity of a private individual. All night long she remained awake, listening to the tocsin, the beating of drums, and the distant sound of cannon from the city in revolt; praying for the safety of the Church and her children. At dawn a messenger came to inform her that the King had fallen. She returned at the earliest moment possible to the Rue de Varennes, where a barricade was erected under the very windows; and the insurgents, scaling the garden walls, carried on their conflict with the gallant Swiss Guards and other regulars.

On the day after the deposition of Charles X. she addressed her children as follows: "Monarchy has fallen, but not so the Church, and it is to that we must cling. The Church is immortal.

Do not, then, be afraid. I have apprehended for you the dangers of prosperity, but I am not afraid of persecution." And Father Varin, who visited them, disguised in a large coat, and wearing a great tricolor on his hat, struck the same note, declaring that those terrible happenings by which the nation was convulsed might be for them a blessing, purging from them every worldly element.

Following shortly upon those stirring scenes came the visitation of cholera, when Paris was decimated. Mother Barat, cheerful and undismayed as she had been in the midst of war and its alarms, placed her houses under the protection of Our Lady of Sorrows, and they remained unscathed. She likewise suggested that, both as a thank-offering and a shield of protection, a number of the orphans of the epidemic should be adopted, fed, lodged, and, by the help of the pupils, clothed.

This was quite in harmony with the conduct of the saintly Mgr. de Quélen, Archbishop of Paris, who had been virtually a prisoner in his palace since the recent disturbance. He now came forth and placed himself at the head of the workers, penetrating into the most infected districts, visiting the hospitals, and organizing ambulance corps. He exhorted his clergy to forget all differences, and to be like St. Vincent de Paul, who, when questioned as to his opinions, answered that he was "for God and the poor." He issued to his people a pastoral (which Mother Barat declared was worthy of a Chrysostom or a Vincent de Paul) saying: "I am Joseph, your brother. Be not afraid, for all has happened by the will of God. You thought evil against me, but God has turned it into good for the salvation of many." And he offered to adopt the orphans of his diocese, who were being multiplied by hundreds.

The community of the Sacred Heart had meantime been placed upon a permanent basis, receiving, despite its want of enclosure, an unqualified approval from

Rome, which was thus announced by Mother Barat to her children: "Our approbation is of the same description as that of the Jesuits. It is without parallel for an Order of women not cloistered." The absence of enclosure was supplied by a vow of stability or perseverance, from which the Pope alone could dispense. The other changes in the governing body, and necessary modifications of the original plan, were accomplished gradually and with consummate prudence, which was indeed a cardinal virtue with the heaven-chosen superior, who guided her community through many trials from within and without, by which it might easily have been wrecked but for her skilful direction.

A word must be said of the providential accomplishment of Mother Barat's previsions and desires with regard to evangelical work in foreign lands. The longings of the superior seemed to have taken possession of her closest friend and beloved spiritual daughter, Philippine Duchesne. Her heart was set upon going to America, after a conference by the Abbot of La Trappe, recently returned thence, which gave her aspirations "a local habitation and a name." The request of the saintly Bishop of Louisiana for a community of the Sacred Heart, which the Mother General was supernaturally impelled to grant, coincided with the petition of her daughters; and so it came to pass that the name of Mother Duchesne was held in benediction in Louisiana and throughout the Southern States, where religion was then in its infancy; and the institute began to spread in the New World as in the Old. During the Civil War, the superior had many apprehensions for her distant children in America; but in that land of true liberty the combatants on both sides treated houses and religious alike with reverence, and extended to them the fullest protection.

The Sodality of the Children of Mary for externs must be regarded as an important adjunct to the special work of

the Sacred Heart—namely, the Christian education of the upper classes. This association brought together women of the world, especially pupils of the institute, promoted cordial relations amongst them, encouraged them to take part in good works, to receive the sacraments at stated times, and to make an annual retreat. In this organization, which is still to be found wherever there is a house of the Sacred Heart, Mother Barat was deeply interested. She always insisted upon that most fruitful apostolate which can be carried on by people of the world, and particularly those in high places.

It is impossible to put a great life microscopically upon paper, or to give in small space a just idea of its moral grandeur; arising as it does above the dull level of commonplace existence, like some vast mountain peak breaking the monotony of a moorland. The great-hearted woman under consideration, one of those "geniuses of the supernatural order" raised up by God to accomplish sublime results, possessed in no ordinary measure those fundamental virtues which are the appanage of the saints in general, with some strongly marked characteristics which belonged to the special work she had to do. She was astonishingly humble for one whose course had led through many vicissitudes, mingling with the great of the earth, having to do with statesmen and politicians, with kings and princes, and achieving such wondrous results. She always compared that work to the writing of a child in a copy-book, when its hand is held by another; adding: "What a scrawl there should have been but for the divine guiding hand!" Humility was, in fact, her strongest attribute; she had a veritable aversion to praise, and shrank from honors as others do from insult. Her one desire was to depreciate and annihilate "self, that atom!"

She cultivated, as a Scriptural and Christlike virtue, the spirit of holy joy, endeavoring to put into practice that text so frequently quoted by good Father

Varin: "Rejoice in the Lord always; and again, I say, rejoice." People often wondered at the cheerfulness, the serenity, the gayety of Mother and daughters alike, even amid the severest trials. And with this joy was that law of kindness, of love, by which Mother Barat governed her children, and which she caused to permeate the whole system of the Sacred Heart. She wished that the true liberty of the children of God should prevail amongst them. And her kindness to each member of her community is shown by many and touching instances. Though it was her personal desire to exceed, when possible, on the side of indulgence, she never relaxed the Christian energy and firm discipline which she held to be so essential in an effeminate age. She governed quietly, without worry or undue interference with the work of individuals. It was one of her maxims that "women should be looked after as the angels look after us—imperceptibly and invisibly."

She practised and inculcated the most perfect integrity in all business dealings, and especially in the payment of working people. Added to this, she impressed upon her pupils, and others who came within her influence, the necessity of a generous and considerate treatment of servants and other dependents, instancing how in olden times they were regarded as valued members of families; and advising in this same connection a kindly liberality toward them when travelling or visiting.

Though she observed her vow of poverty with scrupulous exactness, her generosity was boundless. In that whole magnanimous nature of hers there was no mean or narrow or petty corner. She was essentially large-hearted and broad-minded. Her limitless charity, which showed itself in delicate consideration for the feelings of others, and perfect kindness of speech, also caused her to give without ceasing, until, as the wardrobe Sister observed, she was poorer than

the objects of her bounty, since she had no change of clothing left. This super-abounding charity caused her to extend her protection over dumb creatures, who reciprocated her attachment to them. Akin to this was her tender love for little children. She often said that she would have willingly founded the Society to save the soul of one child. She used to gather them about her, and tell them edifying stories; and it is recorded that she made up a special friendship with a little boy whom she had caught stealing fruit in the garden.

One can almost see her, with the quick, sympathetic face; high, smooth forehead; aquiline nose and firm chin, denoting vigor and energy, but softened by an expression of sweetness and benignity; a Southern complexion, flushing when she was excited; a vivacity tempered by religious gravity; a figure rather below the medium size; a step light, graceful and rapid; an indescribable charm of manner, a delicate tact, a never-failing sympathy; the whole marked by grace, and that ineffable something by which God distinguishes His most favored servants.

She conversed so readily with the highest and the lowest that people often expressed surprise at the universality of her information and power of expression. Despite the multiplicity of her occupations, she prayed five or six hours a day; sometimes hastening toward the chapel and complaining that she had not seen Our Lord for so long; or again seated at her table, pressing her crucifix devoutly in her hand, or raising her eyes to some holy image. Jesus in the tabernacle and the Sacred Heart were her principal devotions. The sacristan often found her kneeling outside the chapel door in the early morning, awaiting the first possible moment of entrance. At Communion or before the altar her expression was such as to inflame all hearts with her own seraphic fervor. On many occasions she was found in an ecstasy. Once when a

Sister, entering her room, so discovered her, she was heard to murmur the words, "Jesus! Heaven!" On returning to herself, she observed, pointing to the pile of writing on her table: "To think, dear Sister, that heaven will be the reward of those labors!"

Heaven was, indeed, to her a visible reality. She seemed to behold its living streams, its many mansions. She loved to celebrate the various festivals of the life of Christ, entering into the joyful or sorrowful character of each. She had a tender devotion to Mary, to whom she particularly consecrated her Society; and also to St. Michael, patron of the Order; to the Apostles Peter, Paul and John; to Saints Ignatius and Francis Xavier; to the Holy Angels; to St. Teresa, St. Mary Magdalen, her own patron, and Blessed Margaret Mary. The latter she often recommended to her daughters as a model, because of her humility.

Despite almost continual ill health, the holy nun had a very passion for austerities, controlled only by obedience. She preserved through life a thirst for souls; that was her constant desire: to save souls. She had as veritably the heart of an apostle as those who go to the ends of the earth to seek for the sheep that are lost. Through all her work was a boundless hope and confidence in God. She saw Him, in fact, in every detail of her existence. The words, "The Master is here, and calleth for thee," upon which Father Varin had early preached to the little community, became her own law, as she wished them to be that of her children.

She had a deep veneration for the Vicar of Christ. The occasions upon which she had the privilege of kneeling before him she accounted amongst the happiest of her life. It was her great regret, toward the end of her days, that she could not see once more that Pontiff of many sorrows, Pius IX. This reverence extended to bishops and to all priests, in whom she ever saw the sacred dignity of their office. She prayed continually

for kings and rulers, for ministers of State, and other officials with whom rested the destinies of nations.

And so the years went by, until the young novice of the Rue de la Touraine had passed the golden milestone of four-score. During the last winter and spring her exhaustion was extreme; she could scarcely stand, or speak so as to be heard. She ate almost nothing, and slept scarcely at all. She herself realized that death was near, and asked prayers for that event. The eighth, and in her lifetime the last, general council of the Society was held; the fifteen vicars, or provincials, were present; and it was a sad occasion, since they knew that their assemblies would never again be presided over by the beloved and venerated Mother General. She had appointed a Vicar-General, Mother Goetz, concerning the choice of whom she had received more than one supernatural intimation.

On the 21st of May, 1865, the Sunday before Ascension Day, she entered the room of the provincials and said to them: "My dear daughters, I was bent on seeing you to-day; *for on Thursday we go to heaven*, and we must have a little time together before that happens." All took her words to refer figuratively to the approaching festival. Never had she been more kind and gracious than on that occasion, and during the recreation of that evening, desiring her children to draw near, as she would have them all around her. She was present in the afternoon at the Benediction for the First Communion girls, and again at the adoration before supper, kneeling in the stall, and giving the signal for withdrawing.

The next morning she rose as usual, and remained in the chapel till half-past eight. Then she examined her correspondence, handing over some letters to the Mother Vicar. Just as she was about to sit down to breakfast, she said to the Sister: "I am not well this morning." And almost immediately she complained of

her head. Mother Goetz was summoned, and suggested the putting on of a blister. The aged Mother General responded to this suggestion: "You will do well." And those were the last audible words she spoke. The veil of silence had fallen between Mother and children, and the beloved voice was to be heard no more.

Her director, Father Gamard, S. J., was summoned. She made her confession by signs; he gave her a general absolution, Extreme Unction, and the Viaticum in a spoonful of water; likewise recommending to her ejaculations for the gaining of the indulgence of the Jubilee, which the Pope had recently proclaimed. She gave no further sign of consciousness till the next morning, when the Litany of the Blessed Virgin was being said, during which she strove to answer, and to strike her breast at the *Agnus Dei*. During that day, at the request of two of her daughters who had just arrived, she raised a feeble finger to bless them, and afterward in the same manner blessed the Society. That day also arrived for her the blessing of the Holy Father, which had been telegraphed for. From that time all was peace; and, surrounded by her sorrowing daughters, and with one last look of farewell to Mother Goetz, the effect of which, as that religious declares, was indescribable, the great soul passed to its Creator on the last hour of the festival of the Ascension.

She was exposed for three days to the veneration of the religious, pupils, and an ever-increasing throng of the faithful, especially her dearly loved poor, who touched rosaries and other pious objects to the venerated remains. Crowned with a wreath of white roses, upon her breast a bunch of lilies, in her hands the crucifix and Beads, lay, infinitely peaceful, smiling and serene, Sophie Madeleine Barat, the greatest educator of her day, and the apostolic woman who had labored unceasingly for the glory of God and the salvation of souls. Her obsequies were celebrated in the chapel of the Rue de

Varennès, and she was interred at the novitiate of Conflans, under the chapel of Our Lady of Sorrows; and there a suitable inscription, on a plain marble slab, records her life and labors.

Impossible to imagine the number of letters and telegrams received, from the highest to the lowest, expressive of sorrow and the conviction of the Mother General's eminent sanctity. Supernatural intimations of her beatitude were received by religious at a distance. One beheld her in a dazzling light; another, holding a rosary containing as many gems of price as she had founded houses. At Sarria, in Spain, where a renovation of vows was in progress, it was said she appeared to the officiating priest, declaring that she was with her daughters, and that she would joyfully offer their vows to God.

The number of miracles recorded can not be here mentioned. Was it surprising that some of the first and most remarkable were from America, whither the heart of the foundress had ever longingly turned, and where her closest friend and beloved spiritual daughter had gone to do the apostolic work denied to the foundress?

It is in no wise wonderful that this great servant of God was beatified fifteen years after her death; and that, during the month of May this year, the heart of Christendom rejoiced with the scattered daughters of Mother Barat who in almost every land and clime are carrying on her magnificent apostolate. In the sixty years during which she governed the community, one hundred and fifteen houses of the Order were established, eighty-six of which, despite all vicissitudes, were existing and flourishing at her death.

As a preliminary to the proclamation of her saintship, the body was exhumed a few weeks ago, in presence of the ecclesiastical authorities, the Mother General, and twelve of the religious. Though the garments had crumbled, the body was found to be not only incorrupt, but so flexible that it could be re clothed, as

though dissolution had taken place only the day previous, instead of forty-three years before. This occurred in Brussels, whither the venerated relic had been removed because of the disturbed state of France. Fourteen years earlier, the coffin had been opened, and the venerated remains found in admirable preservation.

So it seemed as if that body, which had employed all its faculties for the glory of God, would thus be preserved intact till rejoined by the glorious soul at the hour of the general resurrection. In the meantime, from countless altars, from the "sea-divided" daughters of Mother Barat, as from all who love the Heart of Christ and are its humble worshippers, will arise a hymn of thanksgiving, and a prayer to that new saint who was so loving and so beloved while still upon earth, and will no doubt hear the petitions of those who are yet its world-worn pilgrims.

SHE [the Roman Catholic Church] is ideally, if not actually, the parliament of the believing world. Her doctrines, as she one by one unfolds them, emerge upon us like petals from a half-closed bud. They are not added arbitrarily from without: they are developed from within. They are the flowers contained from the first in the bud of our moral consciousness. When she formulates in these days something which has not been formulated before, she is no more enunciating a new truth than was Newton when he enunciated the theory of gravitation. Whatever truths, hitherto hidden, she may in the course of time grow conscious of, she holds that these were always implied in her teaching, though before she did not know it; just as gravitation was implied in many ascertained facts that men knew well enough long before they knew that it was implied in them. Thus far, then, the Church of Rome essentially is the spiritual sense of humanity, speaking to men through its proper and only possible organ.

—W. H. Mallock.

Grotesque Sectarianism.

SIXTY-EIGHT years ago Macaulay discussed, in the *Edinburgh Review*, Von Ranke's "History of the Popes"; and several of his paragraphs have ever since served as commonplaces of quotation whenever any one has wished to eulogize the Church. Another reviewer, Mr. George Sampson, discussed the same History the other day in the *London Daily Chronicle*; and while his sentences lack the elaborate rhetoric and measured pomp of Macaulay's, not a few of them lend themselves to quotation because of the well-merited rebuke they contain for the bigoted treatment accorded in English history to the Church and matters Catholic. We do not apologize for this somewhat lengthy extract:

I am beginning to believe that English history has been written chiefly by Orangemen, so narrowly and exclusively Protestant is its outlook. It puts forward Protestantism not as *one* view of things, but as the *right* view of things. The other day I found an elaborate review of Lord Acton's latest published essays assuring the world that of course this Catholic historian writes with bias, and can not pretend to a Protestant candor of judgment,—a charmingly ingenuous assumption in any case, but especially fatuous in the case of Acton, surely the most fair of all historians. Reduced to its elements, the statement comes to this. In a Catholic historian you will find Catholic views; in a Protestant historian you will find the Truth. Most Englishmen read and write history upon this assumption; and thus grotesque sectarianism is taught and studied in almost every school. The only thing that children seem to learn about the parent Church of their native land is that wicked Catholic Mary habitually burned good Protestants at Smithfield. In every school manual of history there is shameful unfairness to Catholics,—unfairness of silence and unfairness of accusation, unfairness that is matched only by an equal unfairness to Ireland.

To me (a complete Englishman, and as far from being a Catholic as I am from adopting the Ulster creed), the English historical attitude to Rome is ridiculous and irritating. What has history to do with Protestantism or Catholicism, or any other ism, save phenomenally? When I read history I do not want

apologetics worthy of that pleasing body, the Protestant Alliance. I want adequate recognition of fact; and it is simple fact that, in the history of Europe, the Church of Rome is the Church of the centre, the other bodies being merely provincial institutions. The Church of history is not the Church of England, nor the Wesleyan Methodist Connection, nor the Society of Friends, nor the Union of Ethical Societies. The Church of history is the Church of Rome, as Newman asserts in the passage where he sadly admits that the "unbeliever Gibbon" is our only worthy ecclesiastical historian. But I will go further, and say that the Church of English history is the Church of Rome; for it gave us ~~our~~ cathedrals, set the form of our prayers, marked out our parishes, taught us our duty to the poor, nursed our laws and our learning, won us much of our liberty, and laid the foundation of our last four centuries of progress. Without knowing something of this great Church, you can understand very little of English history; and to minimize the historic importance of the Papacy because you happen to be a Protestant is as stupid as to minimize the historic importance of the House of Austria because you happen to be an Englishman.

No unbiassed student of English history, be he Protestant, Positivist, or Nothingarian, will question the absolute correctness of the foregoing view; and Mr. Sampson's expression of it is something to be kept in mind when one meets with the unintelligent rant of the half-educated English Nonconformist and the utter calumny of the half-rabid anti-Roman churchman. In the meantime, impartial non-Catholics who, from the impressionable days of their youth onward, have been looking at the Church, her work and her workers, through the grotesquely distorted spectacles of ultra-Protestant English historians, will possibly be led by such unprejudiced testimony as this to question the accuracy of their historic knowledge, and to revise in consequence many of their most cherished—and most unjust—opinions; a consummation devoutly to be wished.

THE finer the nature, the more flaws it will show through the clearness of it.

—*Ruskin.*

Notes and Remarks.

Writing in *Le Correspondant*, M. Étienne Lamy pays a noble tribute to M. Albert de Lapparent, whose death was recently noted in these columns. The scientific eminence of the dead scholar has been abundantly commented upon by the press of the world; we take more interest in a side of the late professor's life not so generally insisted upon. After discussing his friend's exceptional accomplishments as scientist, writer and orator, M. Lamy continues: "This life, full as it was, was not his whole life. He never permitted the savant unduly to encroach upon the Christian. He had always some time to give to the multiplied works which, one after another, asked his help in the name of the Gospel. To some of these, in whose councils he had taken a place, he displayed a continuous devotedness. Thus he promoted religious instruction in the Catholic Institute and the Madrid Street school, the Christian Apostolate in the Work of the Propagation of the Faith, and the Catholic press as a contributor to the *Correspondant*."

The *Missions Catholiques* informs us that M. de Lapparent was vice-president of the Central Council of the Propagation of the Faith, in Paris; and adds: "He died after a short illness, the victim in a measure of his devotion to science and good works. An impassioned worker, he knew no rest; eminent savant, he was one of the glories of Catholic science; man of the world, of most affable disposition, he was everywhere sought after and beloved."

Addressing the Society for the Study of Inebriety, Alcohol, and Drug Neurosis, the other day in Chicago, Dr. L. D. Mason declared that to send a drunkard to jail is only to demoralize him and make him worse. As an advantageous substitute for this futile incarceration, he advocated the establishment of inebriate hospitals

or homes where the desire for drink can be overcome by pure air, good food, and physical strength acquired on the farm. "To the hayfield with drunkards!" was the epitomized gist of Dr. Mason's address; and many of his confrères agreed with his views as to the most effective method of curing the inebriate. While it is altogether unlikely that the plan of providing hospitals or homes for the victims of strong drink will be very speedily adopted in any notable number of States or cities, it may readily happen that in many individual cases the hayfield cure will be resorted to with beneficial results.

We venture to assert that the venerable Bishop Grafton, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, diocese of Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, knows more about ecclesiastical vesture than any Catholic hierarch in the United States. He is an authority on copes,—perhaps the highest in the world. His color schemes would be the despair of Parisian milliners. He probably never thinks of wearing vestments of the same shade of red all through the octave of Pentecost. On the feast itself and the two days following, they are doubtless fiery red—which is most fitting,—and of a gradually fading tint the rest of the week, those for the last day of the octave being a subdued pink. But there are other subjects on which Dr. Grafton is blind, even purblind; for instance, the difference between those who become converts to the Church and those who "sever their allegiance with the Roman Communion," as he would express it. It is hard to account for this obtuseness on the part of the Bishop of Fond du Lac. He is one of the founders of the Cowley Fathers, and he must know the kind of men who have left that society to enter the Fold of Peter; and we happen to know that he has had some experience of "converted" priests. A correspondent in Wisconsin informs us that he is now contemplating the foundation of a house in his diocese

for clerical converts from Rome, in the expectation that a large number of these worthies will be attracted to its hospitable portals. It would be an impertinence on our part to offer advice to so venerable a ruler as Bishop Grafton, but we feel in duty bound to give him the solemn assurance that ex-priests and seminarians are far from being numerous in this country. The few that might apply for admission into the diocese of Fond du Lac had better be directed to Dwight, Illinois, where such an establishment as Dr. Grafton's would surely become is already in operation.

Good old Dr. Johnson was wiser in his generation than the Bishop of Fond du Lac. He understood well the difference in the moral status of those who join the Church and those who backslide, and he expressed it in this wise: "A man who is converted from Protestantism to Popery may be sincere: he parts with nothing; he is only superadding to that he already had. But a convert from Popery to Protestantism gives up so much of what he has held as sacred as anything that he retains, there is so much laceration of mind in such a conversion, that it can hardly be called sincere and lasting."

It is not so much opposition to the now famous Open Pulpit canon that has caused so many clergymen and layfolk of the Protestant Episcopal Church to turn their gaze toward the City Seated on a Hill as the fuller realization of the great truth so strongly expressed by Newman: "Either the Catholic religion is verily the coming of the unseen world into this, or there is nothing positive, nothing dogmatic, nothing real in any of our notions as to whence we come and whither we go."

It is gratifying to be able to state, on the authority of the *Messenger*, that, notwithstanding—or, possibly, because of—the complete separation of Church and State in Mexico, Catholicity is in a very

flourishing condition in that country. There are twenty-four dioceses and arch-dioceses, with one vicariate; and the ecclesiastical training of Mexican young men is provided for in no fewer than thirty seminaries. Here are some of the conditions in the Republic:

The Church and her pastors are officially ignored. There are no diplomatic relations between the Republic and the Holy See. Religious instruction and practices in State buildings are strictly prohibited. State officials may, as private individuals, engage in devotional exercises anywhere. Religious demonstrations in public are forbidden under penalty of a fine. The same penalty applies to the wearing of the cassock. The Church may organize as she pleases, but can accept no legacy. The collection of money and alms for religious or ecclesiastical purposes can take place only within the church; to collect otherwise is to render oneself liable to a fine of \$1000. The church edifices are entrusted gratis to the priests, but must be kept in good condition, and taxes paid on them. Religious Orders are strictly forbidden. Priests can not be elected for Parliament, but have the right of voting. Marriage is regarded as a civil act, but divorces are not recognized.

The *Revue des Deux Mondes* has been publishing some literary fragments written by Renan about sixty years ago; and although they are cast in the form of a projected romance, "The Prayer to Athena," *Rome* identifies them as autobiographical, the Patrick of the story being Renan himself. Viewed in this light, additional interest attaches to such passages as these:

I have always admired Christianity, and never loved it so much as on the day when I ceased to call myself a Christian; but never did I suffer so much at the renunciation of this title as I have done since the day I arrived here [in Rome]. At certain fleeting moments, in the Lateran, in Ara Cœli, I thought, in a sweet illusion, that I was back again in the happiest time of my life, from which an abyss

now separates me. . . . Rome teaches a man to judge of facts independently of men, and to respect all in majesty of the past. If Rome inspires regret in me, it is that of not being able to kneel with the simple folk before those touching Madonnas in the churches where one loves to linger. I long thought that I might be able to, return to Catholicism with head erect and by the road of criticism. Alas! perhaps I shall return to it as humbly as a little girl, conquered by a Madonna. I have cursed sorrow, because, by weakening our rationalist pride, it makes us forget criticism; now I bless it, because, by softening the asperities of our humors, it leads us back, with humiliation, to religious thoughts. . . .

Nothing equals the greatness of Catholicism, when you consider it in its colossal proportions, with its mysteries, its worship, its sacraments, its mystic story, its patriarchs, prophets, apostles, martyrs, virgins, saints; an immense pyramid of eighteen centuries, in which nothing is lost; an ever-growing mountain; a gigantic temple where every generation raises its own column. . . . And in the meantime what are we poor philosophers doing? We raise our little heap, each after his own fashion; we level a foundation, but with no hope that others will ever build upon it.

Whether or not "The Prayer to Athena" be autobiographical, it can scarcely be doubted that sentiments very like the foregoing must frequently have crowded upon Renan's soul, and, but for the triple armor of intellectual pride, must have eventually won him from philosophy to faith, from criticism to contrition.

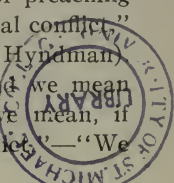
People who are on the lookout for signs of the times will note an extraordinary one in the issue, by the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, of a plea for the reunion of Christendom, with the Pope as the prime mover,—the Pope of Rome, who, until a few years ago, was referred to in the publications of this Society as Antichrist, the Man of Sin, etc.! The new book has a Papal tiara on the cover and is entitled "Pope Pacificus." This future occupant of the Chair of Peter is peculiar, of course; in fact, everything about him is queer except his name, which is alliteratively lovely,—Pope Pacificus Primus. He is

willing to "subordinate to the reunion of Christendom" even "the Mass and confession"; he signalizes his election by the production of a wonderful anthem on behalf of reunion, in the course of which "came a chorus representing the Lord's Prayer in a hundred different languages: *Vater Unser—Notre Père—'Our Father,'*—each ascending higher in the scale; while basses thundered Indian, Chinese, Negro languages in wild confusion"; and he "sent out an encyclical to all the clergy and laity of the Catholic Church, telling them to subordinate all other teaching of the Church for a few short years to this work."

The anthem would be all right; even the chorus with its "wild confusion" might pass. As for doing away with Mass and confession, however, and preaching reunion in season and out of season for even "a few short years,"—this wouldn't do at all, at all. Good Catholics would turn protestants, and the reign of Pope Pacificus would be anything but peaceful.

But one really ought not to make fun of the little book of the S. P. C. K. As the editor of *Catholic Book Notes* remarks, "it has its importance, in that it recognizes not only the desirability of reunion, but that such reunion must take the Pope into account as 'mightiest in this matter, because more men follow his leadership than follow that of any other man,'—a position the exact opposite of that adopted some years ago at a Protestant Reunion Conference, which began by excluding the Catholic Church."

That Socialism, as understood in England, is not the mildly inoffensive movement that some of its exponents claim, is proved by the written words of others in its ranks. "We are accused of preaching discontent and stirring up actual conflict," says one of these latter (Mr. Hyndman), "We *do* preach discontent, and we mean to preach discontent; and we mean, if we can, to stir up actual conflict."—"We



preach the Gospel of Hatred," writes Mr. C. Leatham; "because, in the circumstances, it seems the only righteous thing we can preach. . . . Those who talk about the 'Gospel of Love,' with Landlordism and Capitalism for its objects, want us to make our peace with iniquity."

Mr. J. Ellis Barker, in his "British Socialism," points out, among other things, that the universal philanthropy which some Socialists picture is based on the unattainable, the perfection of human nature. We quote:

The voluntary co-operation of all for the benefit of all presupposes the existence of wise, virtuous and unselfish citizens.

Did not Plato found his ideal commonwealth upon perfectly wise and virtuous men?

How do Socialists propose to meet the difficulty?

Very simply. By bold assertions and prophecies. That which all religions and all philosophers have been unable to accomplish during 3000 years, Socialists will effect as by the touch of a magician's wand; for "Socialism," they say, "will change human nature."

"But," comments Mr. Barker, "history teaches us that revolutions based on plunder, euphemistically called confiscation, expropriation, or Socialism, have indeed altered human nature, but they have altered it for the worse."

Anent the net outcome of the free-school system in England, which it opines to be the half-educated man, the *Saturday Review* declares:

The half-educated person is the most intractable material in the world. Of the illiterate, if not too old, anything may be made; so of him who has had some real education in elements; but the half-educated man or woman does not know and has not been trained to think, except to think that he does know, which is not true. His is nearly a hopeless case.

Commenting upon which dictum, the *Casket* says:

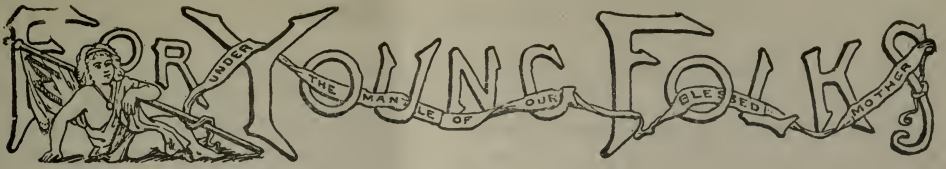
The converts to the Catholic Church in England are drawn almost entirely from the lowest and the highest class of the population; on the great middle class, Catholicism seems to make little or no impression. In other words, the Church draws to her the illiterate of whom

the *Saturday* says, "if not too old, anything may be made," and the highly educated. With the half-educated man, "the man who thinks he knows it all," she can do nothing. And the middle class is chiefly composed of such.

It would be interesting to learn from our missionaries to non-Catholics whether what our Canadian contemporary asserts to be true of England is equally the case in this country. Of one class of American non-Catholics, however, we venture to say it *is* the case. Our converts from the ranks of the Protestant clergy are almost invariably from the most scholarly among them.

Although of recent organization, the Catholic Ladies' Aid Society has accomplished a great amount of good, and bids fair to become one of our most important associations. The services which it aims to render are greatly and generally needed. One of them is to look after strangers arriving in large cities, particularly women, who are often in sore need of direction, advice and help. We understand that a representative of the Society in Cleveland, through the more than willing co-operation of railway officials, has been enabled, not only to render assistance of various kinds to many friendless strangers, but to care for numerous young girls whose very innocence and ignorance of the world exposed them to gravest dangers.

The success of the Catholic Ladies' Aid Society is doubtless to be attributed in great measure to the excellent articles contributed to the *Catholic Universe* by Mr. Michael A. Fanning, of Cleveland. The effect of them has been to rouse interest in all sorts of social work. They deserve the widest reading, and can not fail of far-reaching results. We await their republication in book form; as also the first report of the Catholic Ladies' Aid Society, which we feel certain will be a most gratifying surprise to the Catholics of this country, as well as an example and an incentive to our charity-workers everywhere.



The New Scholar at St. Anne's.

BY MARION J. BRUNOWE.

XII.—THE EXPULSION.

EXPULSION,—oh, yes, I think it means expulsion! I hear all the parents have been sent for. What do you think, Mabel?"

The speaker was a tall, fair-haired girl, a member of the graduating class at St. Anne's.

"Expulsion? Oh, *never!*" protested the maiden appealed to. "Why, Melicent, expulsion means something dreadfully serious: running away, or—something like that, you know."

"Well, one of them—the new scholar—was really going to run away," said Melicent. (She was a very insistent, persistent character, was Miss Melicent Merrivale; and once having appropriated an idea, abandoned it only with reluctance). "She had her outdoor garments on under her dressing gown. It would have been dreadful to run away at night."

"Oh, but she *didn't!*" objected Mabel Osgood, whose optimistic way of viewing matters proved very trying at times to Miss Merrivale.

"Only because she was caught in time," said the latter. "I can not see how it can be anything *less* than expulsion."

"It could hardly be *more*," retorted Mabel, *sotto voce*.

But Melicent caught the remark.

"Well, I think they deserve it," she said. "Those ridiculous 'Remains' have always given themselves too many airs of proprietorship in this school. They've never shown any respect to the graduates, for one thing. I think a great deal too

much leniency has been shown them."

"O Melicent, Melicent! That's mean!" came in a chorus of three or four voices from the group of which the two girls already mentioned were the centre. "They have given us lots of good times this winter. And it would be perfectly *frightful* to expel them!"—this last superlative from Evelyn Enricos, a hot-blooded Spanish member of the class.

"That's a little minx, that new scholar," said some one else. "But there's something attractive about her in spite of it all. I *do* hope she'll get another chance."

"It would be much more to the credit of the school if she didn't," pronounced Melicent Merrivale, severely. "This place isn't supposed to be a refuge for wild Indians, and that's about her style."

There was silence,—a disapproving silence. While Melicent was a leader, and a moulder of public opinion in many ways, it was evident that she had struck the wrong note this time, that hers would not be accepted as the last word upon this particular subject. This naturally did not please her, and she proceeded to grow a trifle rabid.

"I think it's altogether most disgraceful," she said. "Nothing like it ever happened before at St. Anne's; and it was all the fault of that half-cracked new scholar. I certainly think that *she*, anyway, should be invited to go home."

"I should say it was principally the fault of that greedy little goose, Rosa Budd," commented Miss Osgood. "She must go and gorge herself almost to extinction. She was in such a state, I hear, that they had to phone for the doctor at two o'clock in the morning; and he's been here twice to-day besides," she explained to the group. "And of course that in itself gave everything away on the poor things."

Several joined in the smile which greeted this sally. The fair Rosebud's little weakness was quite generally known throughout the school, and had on more than one occasion excited amused comment. This last episode, however, everyone felt was rather disastrous; and so the amusement which the mention occasioned was but momentary.

It was the evening hour of recreation on the night after the famous "party"; and the whole school, throughout which the news of the previous night's doings had in some mysterious way spread like wildfire, was alive with expectation and conjecture. The gravity of the situation was realized by all. It was quite grewsome; nothing like it had ever happened within the memory of anybody. The more timid shuddered over the temerity of the five who had ventured alone through the great house, down into those mysterious lower regions, in the dead of night. Bolder spirits secretly envied them their "lark," and wished (though under their breath) that they had thought of it themselves.

Some, like Melicent Merrivale, felt acutely (or pretended so to feel) that the school had been more or less disgraced by a proceeding so entirely out of the ordinary and conventional,—a proceeding so utterly at variance with the penitential season of Lent, in the midst of which they still were. *All* were united in a very fever of expectation regarding the eventual outcome for those most nearly concerned. It was definitely known that four of the culprits had been kept in solitary confinement throughout the day. The fifth, Rose, was, of course, also not at large, having been acutely ill all day; though she was reported to be now "sleeping quietly."

There was naturally much animated discussion, and sides were taken for and against the culprits, with a pretty even division of opinion. Miss Marr's universal popularity turned the tide, in many instances, in their favor; and while all had a natural desire to see some sort of

justice meted out—anything to give the average boarding-school girl a "thrill,"—few really at heart desired so direful a fate as expulsion to overtake what, after all, it was generally conceded was a madcap prank, undertaken with but little premeditation. So, thus discussed and surmised and judged the gossiping, wondering collection of units comprising the convent boarding school of St. Anne,—a little world in itself, with many of the big world's characteristics.

In the meantime, what of the guilty four—Helen, Grace, Madeleine and Isabel? While their companions were wondering and conjecturing, surmising and planning, they, summoned by a messenger from their respective rooms, were slowly filing, one by one, into the private apartment of Mother Superior. Hours of confinement are usually provocative of more or less thought, even in the brains of the least thoughtful; and the day had been one to be remembered by one and all of the four.

First, then, came Madeleine, weeping copiously and looking but the wreck of herself. She had wept what she termed "buckets-full" throughout the day; the wonder was that she could still weep, and with such utter abandon. To do her justice, much of her woe was occasioned by anxiety over Rosebud's illness; for she was undoubtedly devoted to the latter, and would be really inconsolable were anything serious to happen to that youthful gormand. Besides, Madeleine was seriously frightened; for enforced reflection in the seclusion of her chamber had brought home to her with rather startling vividness the fact that, after all, last night's escapade was apt to end in trouble rather more serious than any she had ever been involved in before, and that if it resulted in expulsion (the terrifying word had in some telepathetic manner communicated itself throughout the day to all four, separated as they were) it would mean a home-coming—a home-going, rather—which it would take

more than her courage to face with equanimity. So Madeleine wept unrestrainedly, and entered Mother Margaret's room a very picture of woe.

If Helen and Grace had indulged in tears throughout the day, neither now showed any evidence of it. Helen entered the dread apartment with a firm step and a heightened color. She was thoroughly ashamed of herself, was Helen Marr; but it was her way to face the worst unshrinkingly. Inwardly she was consumed with remorse,—*burning* with it, in fact; but this, to the casual observer, was not apparent. As her boy cousins were wont to say of her, with precision, if not elegance, Helen was "game to the limit." Grace Winton also possessed much the same characteristics; and one could judge little from her upright gait, and head held very high. Isabel, however, formed the eminently nonchalant member of the group who finally lined up in row before Mother Superior. It was characteristic of Mother Margaret that the audience, if we may call it such, was held in private; even Sister Marietta was not present.

It was the first time, except for the hurried glimpse of the night before, that Isabel Kersey had ever met the Mother Superior of St. Anne's; and, therefore, as seemed to be her unique way, she examined very carefully the tall, stately, and more than ordinarily distinguished-looking religious, who, in a voice which bespoke the acme of good-breeding, so gentle and exquisitely modulated were its accents, bade the four be seated.

She herself occupied a large armchair behind an immense table-top desk, which latter appeared to be strewn with documents of all sorts and kinds. At her elbow burned a student lamp, whose shaded light threw into strong relief every expression of her strongly marked, mobile features. Directly in front of her, upon the desk, stood an exquisite silver statuette of Our Lady of Lourdes. It had been presented to her by Mr. Marr

at the time, some ten years back, when Helen, a little child—a mere baby, in fact,—had been placed in the convent school. It had been one of his wife's most cherished possessions, and in its way was of priceless value. When dying she had wished Mother Margaret to have it; for St. Anne's had been her Alma Mater in days past, as it was her orphaned daughter's now. On the wall behind the nun hung a large ivory crucifix. Excepting an engraving or two representing religious subjects, these were all the adornments which the room contained.

The chairs toward which Mother Margaret had, upon entering, motioned her visitors were very stiff and upright. Mother Margaret, while she was not severe, certainly appeared the personification of seriousness. She looked so very grave indeed that further tears on the part of Madeleine Hunt were out of the question: the drops simply congealed upon her cheeks.

Mother Superior drew her chair out slightly from the desk; she leaned her elbow thereon and faced the four.

"Well, children—" a long pause. "What does it all mean?" She spoke quietly, gravely, and yet not at all censoriously.

There was silence,—utter silence. The student lamp flared and sang a little, to be sure, as lamps have a way of doing; other than that, the silence was complete.

Helen and Grace and Madeleine had lowered their eyes in confusion. Isabel Kersey, however, met Mother Superior's gaze directly,—challengingly, in fact. But even Isabel was for the moment quite silent. There was something extraordinarily compelling in the personality of this tall, distinguished-looking lady, whose dark eyes were so kind and yet so keenly penetrating. And then suddenly, quite suddenly, Isabel broke the silence.

"I suppose it means we're all going to be fired," she said.

Her three companions started violently. An odd expression flitted for an instant over Mother Margaret's features.

"My dear, will you please explain what you mean by—'fired?'" She had paused half a second before that last word. Isabel was still looking at her very directly, very searchingly; and she was looking intently at Isabel.

"Fired?" repeated that young lady, as yet quite unabashed. "Goodness! don't you know what that means? Any kid would know *that*." And she looked the amazement which she genuinely felt.

Mother Superior moved a little in her chair, and reached for a bulky volume which stood upon a rolling stand near her desk.

"As I am not a young goat, my dear child (which, I take it, is the definition of 'kid'), I fear it will be necessary for me to have recourse to the dictionary to find the meaning of the term which you have just used." And she opened the immense volume.

Isabel came to her feet precipitately.

"Please don't make fun of me!" she said almost imploringly. "I can stand anything but that. Oh, *please*, Madame, don't do that."

She was standing directly in front of Mother Margaret now, both small hands clasped beseechingly together.

The Mother Superior paused, her finger between the leaves. Here, then, was the vulnerable point of this strange young being,—an evidently almost morbid dread of being made fun of.

"I don't wish to make fun of you, as you call it, Isabel," she said very quietly and very gravely; "but when you speak to me I must insist upon being addressed in the language which ordinarily prevails in polite society. It is, moreover, a mode of address *insisted upon* at St. Anne's."

Her last phrase was very emphatically spoken. It was evident that she decidedly meant what she said.

Isabel Kersey again regarded her attentively. She seemed to be fascinated, compelled to admiration, to a species of worship indeed, by the elder woman's

personality. Suddenly and impulsively she put out one hand and rested it upon that of the Mother Superior. Madeleine, watching in awe—for Mother Superior at St. Anne's was a personage,—fairly gasped. Helen and Grace exchanged glances, and waited.

Mother Margaret neither moved nor drew away her hand.

"Well, my dear?" she said gently. And then she also waited.

"I love you," said Isabel, quite without any preamble. "And I'd like to be a nun. Will—will I have to wait till I'm grown?" She spoke the question eagerly.

"I—I rather think so, my dear child," said Mother Margaret, smiling now quite unfeignedly,—"till you are grown up, and—till you have abandoned slang."

Isabel flushed and moved uneasily from one foot to the other.

"I know I've a great deal to learn," she said abruptly. "Father says I have no more religion than a heathen. Mother says I'm a Catholic; I don't know who's right. But I like the scent in your chapel, and—" she paused indecisively.

Mother Margaret gently interpolated. "We call it the odor of incense, my dear."

"The odor of incense," repeated Isabel, reflectively. "Those are nice words. I smelled it the other night in the parlor hall, just as we came into the convent. That was the night of our arrival, you know. It made mother gasp for a minute and then she cried."

"Yes, I remember," said Mother Margaret, softly. "Benediction was just over. Odors often recall memories," she added, half to herself.

"Benediction? I wonder what that is?" said Isabel, contemplatively.

"It will not take very long to learn," said Mother Superior, with now quite a broad smile. She was naturally thinking of Sister Marietta and her appalling accounts of Mrs. Kersey's ignorance on religious subjects.

"I know I shall not be long learning if *you* teach me," said Isabel, confidentially;

and she came yet closer to Mother Superior and held her hand in both of her own. "That Sister Marietta!" she paused a moment, while Grace Winton turned red and then white. "I thought I was going to love her best of all, because she *is* a dandy! Oh—" correcting herself hastily. "I mean she's great, but—" Isabel paused for a moment, arrested by the expression in Mother Superior's face. "But—but, you see," she went on, "I think other people love her frightfully already." (Here, if she did not look at Grace, in some subtle way Grace certainly understood.) "And—and I wouldn't like to butt in, you know," she concluded.

Mother Margaret raised her hands in horror! "My dear, my dear, where *did* you learn the English language?"

Isabel grew painfully red. "I used to be correcting Kinky Winky all the time," she said, "because he wants to be a judge, and have a Children's Court when he's a man; but I seem to have grown most as bad as he is. Perhaps I'd best run away, after all." And she glanced a little sadly toward the carefully shuttered windows.

Here Grace Winton rose and stepped into the circle of light. At that moment she could have hugged Isabel quite to distraction.

"Mother," she began, "I don't know—I don't think we all, or any of us indeed" (and she glanced at Helen and Madeleine), "know how to express sufficient sorrow for what occurred last night. We had intended" (here she choked a little) "to keep Lent so faithfully this year, but—but"—she halted—"we didn't!"

Mother Margaret's countenance had grown almost severe.

"Do you, I wonder, quite realize what you *did* do?" she remarked.

The repentance of the culprits was obviously genuine; but, for the sake of the example before the school (Mother Margaret was thinking with some natural apprehension of Sister Berenice), it was really necessary that the punishment

should in some sense fit the crime. She had talked it over with her counsellors during the day; and they, with the exception of Sister Marietta, had advocated rather extreme measures. One or two had favored the expulsion of Isabel Kersey at least. But upon this point the more moderate counsels of Mother Margaret and Sister Marietta had prevailed. Loss of the approaching Easter vacation, together with the forfeiture of some other minor privileges, had been the verdict finally agreed upon. Therefore it was but small wonder that Mother Margaret should feel constrained to a certain tone of severity when addressing so prominent a member of the "Remains" as undoubtedly was Grace Winton.

"I think, Mother, that we do realize—a great deal," said Grace, in a low voice.

"I *know* we do," added positive Helen, in tones still lower. She had had a long, intimate talk with Sister Alice in the morning, and during its progress she had come to realize, among other things, that "spring fever" needs to be curbed like all other fevers.

"O dear! O dear! I'm so sorry, Sister!" had lamented Helen. "But you know, somehow, it was the spring; it got into me," she had ended lamely.

"It was the devil, my dear," said Sister Alice, who rarely minced phrases. "But now, I hope, he is expelled."

(The End.)

WHEN King William of Normandy invaded England and conquered the people, he made some very strict laws, and deprived them of many things they had enjoyed before. Every night, all over the kingdom, he caused bells to be rung at exactly eight o'clock, as a signal for all fires to be put out and all lights extinguished. The curfew-bell at eight o'clock came from the Norman French *couvre* and *feu*—"to cover the fire,"—because at that time the embers on the hearthstone had to be covered with ashes.

The Saints in American Geography.

An observant newspaper correspondent, who accompanied our battle ships in their recent voyage to the Pacific coast, was impressed by one circumstance, his account of which may prove interesting as well as useful to our young folk. The paper which published the account is the *Commercial-Tribune*, of Cincinnati.

South America is a continent of saints. Geography has been one of the lessons taught by the cruise of the great fleet from Hampton Roads to San Francisco; and Americans, in following the ships from day to day in the news, and tracing their course on maps, have learned more about South America than they ever knew before. Among the lessons taught have been the names of places, and a strong impression has been made by the number of times that "San" appears as a prefix to such names. Sometimes we see the prefix translated into "Saint," but in South America the Spanish form is used. There are 517 places on that continent named after saints of the Catholic Church.

It is seldom that the name of a saint is used only once; for the same names appear over and over again in every country, and in every part of each country. They are inland, on the shores, on the islands, and in the water, at every point. The traveller can not get away from them on sea or land. They appeared on the charts of the fleet at every principal point on the long journey around the continent. Where Brazil juts into the Atlantic, the sixteen ships had to head eastward, safely to round Cape St. Roque; and, as the charts were studied on the southward voyage, there were always saints in sight. Near Bahia is San Salvador; and at the harbor, Bahia de Todos os Santos, for All Saints' Bay.

So it is all the way until San Nicholas Bay is passed through in the Strait of Magellan. It is the same way up the west

coast: saint after saint; the principal ones being Cape San Antonio, on the coast of Chile; San Felipe, the capital of Aconcagua; and others not so familiar, until Santiago Bay, on the south side of the Isthmus of Panama, is reached.

Santiago, derived from San Iago, or St. James, who is the patron saint of Spain, is naturally a favorite in Spanish countries, and the name appears twenty-seven times in the geography of South America. San Antonio is another favorite name, appearing in the entire length of the continent, applied to gulf, cape, mountain, port, province, town, and every possible place; being repeated twenty-six times. San Juan is met in every direction, appearing thirty-six times; with San José only a little behind, being given to thirty-two places. San Pedro comes next, being affixed to thirty places; and San Miguel is used only one time less. San Francisco is used twenty-five times; and other saints whose names are used a half dozen times or more are San Fernando, San Diego, San Christobal, and San Augustine.

Words of Parting.

How many of us who so often say "Good-bye," sometimes through tears, sometimes more cheerfully than we feel, and again brightly and gayly, because separation is only for a time, remember what it means? All of us, whenever we use this little word, and whether it be sadly or gayly spoken, are wishing a blessing for our friend who is leaving. "Good-bye" is a contraction of a longer phrase, that used to be spoken oftener than now, and means just "God be wi' you." Or if we say "Adieu," it is the same thing; for that is the French for "to God," and of course is a short way of commending one to the care of our Heavenly Father. Or if we say "Farewell," then we are hoping that our friend may fare well as he journeys. Our words of parting are beautiful.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"A History of the Catholic Church in St. James, Minnesota," is an interesting brochure of some twenty odd pages, containing material that will prove useful when the history of the Winona diocese comes to be written. The reverend author has performed his task with much painstaking.

—Johnston and Barnum's "Book of Plays for Little Actors" (the American Book Company) is intended to interest children, as well as to train them in expressive oral reading and in intelligent silent reading. The material is drawn largely from well-known stories. Special value should attach to the exercises arranged for Washington's Birthday, Thanksgiving Day, Lincoln's Birthday, Arbor Day, and the Fourth of July.

—"The Favorite and Favors of the Sacred Heart of Jesus," translated from the French of the Abbé Berry by a Sister of Mercy, and published by the Christian Press Association, is a series of meditations on the life of Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque, and on devotion to the Sacred Heart. Arranged for thirty days, the meditations cover many points, historical, doctrinal, and devotional, and each concludes with a "practice," which gives the chapter a special value in meeting the needs of everyday life.

—A new edition of "The Confessions of St. Augustine," edited by John Gibb, D. D., professor of Church history at Westminster College, Cambridge, and William Montgomery, B. D., is published by the Cambridge University Press. With the exception of a few Latin notes in Dr. Pusey's edition of 1838, this is the first annotated edition of the Latin text of the "Confessions" to be published in England. The text of the present edition is, with a few variations, that of the Vienna Academy, which appeared in 1896, under the editorship of Pius Knöll.

—Probably the best-known, if not the best, of French-Canadian poets, recently passed away in the person of Louis Honoré Fréchette. Born in Quebec in 1839, the deceased gentleman was successively a lawyer, a newspaper worker, a member of the Dominion Parliament, and a journalist in the cities of Quebec, Montreal, and Chicago. He was a knight of the Legion of Honor, and was for some years president of the Royal Society of Canada. M. Fréchette's works include *Veronica*, a five-act play and other dramas, one English sketch, a number of prose essays, translations of two or three American

novels, and some half dozen volumes of poetry, the most important of which is the "Legends d'un Peuple." *R. I. P.*

—His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, in an eloquent letter to the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament, approving the English edition of Père Eymard's devotional work, "The Divine Eucharist," says: "It will, we believe, supply a need long felt by Eucharistic Congresses, and help to disseminate such literature as those worthy bodies of the clergy earnestly recommend. . . . No sentence from the writings of this sainted servant of God can fail to give strength and courage and comfort to all lovers of our Eucharistic Lord." No further commendation is needed; it remains only to say that "The Divine Eucharist" is an ideal book of devotions in honor of the Blessed Sacrament,—ideal in matter and form. It is published by the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament, 185 E. 76th Street, New York city.

—Frederic Harrison, the English Positivist, has brought out in book form various papers written on subjects that were timely many years ago, some of them remaining so even now. Reviewing this volume, "National and Social Problems," the *Academy* remarks of the author:

To say that he is an impressive one [prophet] would be to set him beside his great contemporary Ruskin; and Mr. Harrison, with an integrity as manifest as Ruskin's, has not a thousandth part of Ruskin's real authority and essential importance. We do not want to make impertinent and ungracious comparisons. Mr. Harrison, who has known Ruskin well and loved him more, would not dream, we believe, of any comparison. But our point is this: that Ruskin gained infinitely in power and authority by reason of the intensity of his religious faith, while we can not see that Mr. Harrison—in his present book at least, which is intended to show his system of philosophic religion in action—has gained aught from his faith, if faith it can be called, or that his readers gain either.

—It is many years now since Sir Charles Santley, the famous English baritone, was received into the Church, but he seems to have lost none of his vigor and sprightliness. His new book, "The Art of Singing and Vocal Declamation," is proof that he can write as well as sing and teach. All serious students are sure to be benefited by it, the instructions are so simple and direct. He says in his introduction: "In the course of the remarks I intend to make, I wish it to be distinctly understood that I make them as adviser, not as dictator. They will be opinions formed on theoretical and practical experience extending over upward of sixty years. As I have always minutely studied the results of the work of those artists with whom I have been associated, as well as of my

own, I believe I may justly hope that my remarks will prove useful to those who are desirous of studying singing with the object of adopting the vocal art as a profession." Among the specific topics that Sir Charles discusses are, the qualifications for a singer; the choice of a master; habits of life; the study of vocal works; dramatic conception; about theatres and acting; rehearsal and performance, etc.

—A new edition, with appendix, of "Harmonies 'De Deo,'" being wreaths of song from a course of divinity, by the Rev. T. J. O'Mahony, D. D., D. C. L., comes to us from M. H. Gill & Son, Dublin. The songs can scarcely be said to appeal to the general reader; but the reverend author cares little for that. Witness this stanza of his "Prolusion":

"Mystic! will men cry"—well, why care
For sense—thought scientists' rant?
Sursum! my soul, cast from thee their
Anthropomorphic cant.

The pamphlet gives evidence of abundant learning in divinity courses; but what scheme of prosody sanctions a rhyme (?) which we find twice on page 11, once on page 12, and again on page 13,—the final syllable of "absolute" and "truth"? In old Irish rhymes, we believe, identity in the vowel sound was sufficient, but that rule certainly does not hold good in English.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

"The Favorite and Favors of the Sacred Heart." Abbé Berry. 75 cts., net.

"The Divine Eucharist." Père Eymard. 75 cts.

"A Missionary's Notebook." Rev. Richard Alexander. \$1.10.

"Mr. Crewe's Career." Winston Churchill. \$1.50.

"The Doctrine of Modernism and Its Refutation." J. Godrycz, D. D. 80 cts.

"Christian Science before the Bar of Reason." Rev. L. A. Lambert, LL. D. Edited by Rev. A. S. Quinlan. \$1.

"Lord of the World." Robert Hugh Benson. \$1.50.

"A Synthetical Manual of Liturgy." Rev. Adrian Vigourel, S. S. \$1, net.

"The Law of Christian Marriage." Rev. Arthur Devine, Passionist. \$1.50, net.

"History of the Society of Jesus in North America, Colonial and Federal." Documents, Vol. I., Part I. 1605-1838. Thomas Hughes, S. J. \$4.50, net.

"The Training of a Priest." Rev. John Talbot Smith, LL. D. \$1.62.

"Children of Light and Other Stories." M. E. Francis. 40 cts.

"History of St. Patrick's Cathedral." Most Rev. John Farley, D. D. \$1.50.

"Common-Sense Talks." Lady Kerr. 40 cts., net.

"The Primadonna." Marion Crawford. \$1.50.

"A Pulpit Commentary on Catholic Teaching." Vol. I. The Creed. \$2.

"Christine and Other Poems." George Henry Miles. \$1.10.

"My Lady Beatrice." Frances Cooke. \$1.25.

"My Very Own." S. M. Lyne. 80 cts.

"We Preach Christ Crucified." Herbert Lucas, S. J. \$1.

"The Ministry of Daily Communion." F. M. De Zulueta, S. J. 60 cts., net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. William Thomson, S. J.

Sister M. of St. Benoit and Sister M. of St. Antoine, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross; Sister M. Agatha, Sisters of St. Joseph; and Sister M. Adelard, Sisters of the Holy Names.

Mr. Robert Brooks, Mrs. Margaret Grace Mitchell, Mr. John Touhey, Sr., Mr. E. J. Stock, Mr. John Reynolds, Mr. Joseph Heh, Mr. Michael Hurley, Mr. Charles Blank, Mr. Edward Mooney, Mr. John Danford, Mr. James McKewen, Mr. Frank Weismueller, Miss Mary Cassidy, Mr. Isaac Taylor, Mr. Edward Conway, Miss E. E. Baldwin, Mrs. M. E. Curry, Mr. William Lane, Mr. James Halloran, Mr. Ira Fisher, Mrs. Margaret Connor, Mrs. A. B. Hunter, Miss Lucy Ryan, Mr. George Matthews Arnold, Mrs. Jane Mollen, Mr. John Davis, Mrs. Thomas Dillon, and Mr. Felix Moen.

Requiescant in pace!

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For three foreign missions referred to in THE AVE MARIA for May 23:

F. H., \$9.25; E. de M., \$20.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL WE BLESSED ST LUKE 1, 48

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The Morning Call.

BY M. L. ESTRANGE.

WAKE, Bride of Christ! Midsummer dawn is breaking;

Softly it trembles over land and sea.

"Arise and come!" For, through the hours of darkness,

Jesus has prayed unceasingly for thee.

Through the still night His silent prayer ascended
To the dread precincts of the "Great White Throne,"

Pleading that thou might'st evermore be numbered

Among the fair lambs chosen for His own.

Haste! Thou wilt find Him near the red lamp's gleaming;

Let not another best thee in this race.

Know'st thou bright troops of angels wait thy coming?

She who is first shall win a precious grace.

The "Gloria Patri."

BY THE VERY REV. R. O'KENNEDY.



GENERALLY speaking, a translator must be well versed in two languages—that of the original, and that of the translation. Now, if any body of men knew the English and classical languages well, it was the Oxford men of the Tractarian Movement. The purity and elegance of these languages were to them, it might be said, as the breath of their nostrils. One of the earliest works that the English

sons of St. Philip Neri published was, as might be expected from the connection of the Reformation with the doctrine of indulgences, a small work on this subject. It was a translation of the *Raccolta*, or "Collection of Indulged Prayers," and the work was entrusted to Father Ambrose St. John. That little book was published half a century ago (in 1856).

In the preface, Father St. John says of himself: "The translator ventures to offer a few remarks regarding the prayers of the most difficult portion of the translation, as well on account of the accuracy necessary to insure for it the merit of being *versio fidelis* of the original, as on account of the peculiarly Italian character of many of the prayers. Some things in a rendering from the original are not of obligation, as appears from the words of the grant; *but* the case is quite different in those other prayers where the intention of the Pope granting the indulgences is to include the *very words* of the prayer. Then the sense of those words must be kept; otherwise the indulgence will not be gained. . . . The translator has adhered strictly to the words of the original; nor has he, he believes, departed in any case from the strict sense of the Italian; the chief liberty he has taken being with the adjectives in the *superlative* degree, which he has frequently—nay, commonly—rendered by the *positive*, as being in English more forcible and more according to the genius of the language."

It will be borne in mind that Father St. John was the companion of Newman, England's greatest scholar; that, as Father

Newman was his superior, the work was most likely his suggestion; that, at any rate, it had his sanction; and that, in all probability, the superior saw the proof sheets before they were sent to press. It will be remembered also that these men knew both the Protestant and Catholic formulas, and that there were numerous reasons why they should be scrupulously exact.

Now, among the necessary prayers or formulas to be translated was the *Gloria Patri*; and yet there is not one word or suggestion of its being wrong. It is taken to be quite as regular in its wording as the "Our Father" or the "Hail Mary." The very second prayer to be translated in the "Collection of Indulged Prayers" is the "Seven *Gloria Patri* . . ." Not a word to suggest that the usual formula is wrong. The third prayer: "Three *Gloria Patri* by way of Thanksgiving. An indulgence of one hundred days for reciting every morning, midday, and evening, three *Gloria Patri* in thanksgiving to the Most Holy Trinity for the graces and special privileges granted to Mary Most Holy in her glorious Assumption into heaven. The indulgence of one hundred days for each several times they are said." Not a word about the inaccuracy of the *Gloria Patri*. The fourth prayer: "Three *Gloria Patri* and one *Ave Maria*." Not a word that the *Gloria Patri* is wrong; in fact, not a word through the whole book of over four hundred pages.

Some extracts from St. Francis of Sales will help us toward the meaning. I quote from the Fifth Book "On Divine Love":

"When the understanding contemplates the infinite perfections of the Divinity, it is impossible that the will can fail to be animated with a feeling of love. . . . On these occasions the devout soul exclaims with the spouse in the Canticles: 'Behold, Thou art fair, my Beloved, and comely! Thou art love itself, and the object of my heart's affections. Daughters of Jerusalem, unite your voice in proclaiming the amiability of my heavenly Spouse.' . . .

The love of complacency transforms the devout soul into a garden, where our heavenly Spouse is pleased to remain. . . . When repeated acts of love have strengthened this first impulse of complacency, the divine perfections (if we may use the expression) become our own property; for by the pleasure we experience in contemplating them, we enjoy the goodness of God Himself. . . . By the love of complacency we possess Him whose perfections we attract into our hearts. The property of this love is to produce a content and happiness, by which we possess what we desire, and still continue to desire what we possess. The more the soul tastes the divine goodness, the more it longs to be inebriated with its sweetness. . . . This was the feeling of the Psalmist when he said: 'Seek ye the Lord, and be strengthened; seek ye His face evermore.' . . . The soul, from the midst of its repose and sacred silence, exclaims: 'It suffices for my happiness to know that God is God, that His perfections are boundless, that His goodness is infinite.' . . . The more we love any one, the more we rejoice at his happiness. . . . Could I call myself the faithful lover of my heavenly Spouse, if I failed to derive extreme happiness from the view of His excessive love for me?"

With my whole heart, and from my whole heart, I say: "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; as it was in the beginning, [as it] is now, and [as it] ever shall be world without end. Amen." And I pray devoutly and humbly that I may be privileged to say that prayer with my latest breath on earth. And what I mean is this. I offer to God, now and at this moment, all the honor He had before time began; with the under-thought in my mind that if, by *impossibility*, God had not received "in the beginning" (in the first eternity) all the honor that from Himself He did receive, and that it lay in my power to give it now, I would willingly offer it to God the Father, to God the Son,

and to God the Holy Ghost. And what I mean by the second clause is, that I offer to God, now and at this moment, all the honor He receives while time lasts; with the under-thought again that if, by *impossibility*, God were not offered praise and glory between the beginning and end of time, and that it lay with me to give Him the glory which He does receive, I would most gladly offer it to Him at this present moment. And what I mean by the third class is, that I offer to God all the praise of the future eternity, with the under-thought once more that if it were not to be offered, and that it lay with me now to give all that will be offered in *secula seculorum*, I attest that I would most willingly offer it to Him. "Thou, O Lord, art God," said the great Bishop of Hippo, "and I am Augustine; but could it be possible that I were God and Thou Augustine, I should wish to change conditions with Thee, that Thou mightest be God."

There is a principle in metaphysics that "eternity is the full and absolute possession of all life at one and the same instant." God enjoyed, at the point that would correspond to a million of our years before creation, the glory that will be given to Him in a million of our years after doom. There is no such word with God as "enjoyed" or "will enjoy": it is only "enjoys," all unintelligible and unimaginable as that is to us. If we were to speak truly, and not *humano modo* (as man speaks), we should say: "God *enjoys* the glory given to Him by Himself 'in the beginning,' before creation existed, when He was alone in existence." And again: "God enjoys the glory that will be offered Him in the future eternity when earth and time are no more." It is related that St. Augustine, when he was about to write of God, saw an angel, under the form of a little child, endeavoring with a spoon to teem out the ocean. In our attempt to offer glory to God, we are like a little child endeavoring with a spoon to fill up the ocean.

According to St. Francis of Sales, "The love by which we desire an increase of bliss to God is, properly speaking, only a continuation, and a species of approbation, of the complacency we take in God; as, in like manner, the love of complacency which God bears us is but a continuation of His benevolence in our regard. As, however, it is not easy to understand how man can wish any increase of happiness or perfection to God, let us examine how far the love of benevolence we bear Him is a real and solid love. As God is the centre of all good, as His perfections are infinite, and consequently beyond the reach of our desires and thoughts, it is evident that we can not wish Him, at least with an efficacious desire, any perfection which could add to what He is in Himself. Besides, the object of desire is some future blessing; whereas in God all perfection is present, and so present that it forms one and the same thing with the divine essence, which exists from all eternity, and which acquires no increase.

"As we can not," continues the saint, "form any real and absolute desire with regard to God, we form imaginary and conditional wishes. Thou art my God; Thou art so rich in Thyself that Thou needest not my possessions. But if it were possible that there was anything Thou didst not already possess, I should wish it to Thee, O my God! I should long to procure it for Thee, at the expense of my life. If, being what Thou art, and what Thou canst not cease to be, it were possible that some new perfection could be added to those Thou hast already, with what ardor should I desire it were Thine! I should wish that my heart were transformed into desires, and that my life were consumed in sighs. Yet, O Lord, I am far from desiring that we could have room to wish Thee any increase of perfection; my greatest happiness is to think that we can not add to Thy sovereign goodness even in desire. . . . These desires, though founded on imaginary and impossible suppositions, are very pleasing to God. . . .

The ever-blessed Queen and Mother of holy love gives us an example of this when she says: 'My soul doth magnify the Lord.'

"In the exercise of the love of benevolence, when we invite the works of God to praise Him, we ascend gradually from inanimate to rational creatures; from the Church militant to the Church triumphant; from the angels and saints to the ever-blessed Virgin, who praises and glorifies God more perfectly than all creatures together. . . . But the praises of this Mother of pure love, though excellent, and even united to those which all creatures render to God, are still infinitely beneath those that He deserves. They are, therefore, insufficient to satisfy a heart which burns with a love of benevolence for God, though they procure it great happiness. To satiate its desire fully, it must ascend still higher, and invite our Divine Saviour Himself to praise and glorify His Eternal Father. . . . 'Behold, He cometh leaping upon the mountains, skipping over the hills,'—that is, elevating far above the benedictions of all creatures the homage He renders His Eternal Father.

"All the human actions of our Divine Saviour have an infinite value, on account of the Person who performs them, who is God, equal to the Father and the Holy Ghost; but in their own nature they are not infinite. The homage which Jesus Christ as man renders to His Father, not being infinite in every respect, can not perfectly correspond to the infinity of God, to whom they are addressed. . . . In fine, we acknowledge that God alone can present Himself an adequate homage, and that the sovereign praise He offers Himself is alone worthy of His infinite perfections. Then we exclaim: 'Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.' . . . These words are a kind of protestation, by which we acknowledge that all the praises of angels and men are infinitely beneath the Almighty, and that He can be worthily

glorified only by Himself. . . . Isaiah represents the Seraphim singing the same canticle, with their face and feet veiled, to show that they can neither know God perfectly nor glorify Him worthily."

An ancient Irish hymn runs thus:

I offer Thee

Every flower that ever grew,
Every bird that ever flew,
Every wind that ever blew,
Good God!

Every thunder rolling,
Every church bell tolling,
Every leaf and sod,—

Laudamus Te.

Every river dashing,
Every lightning flashing
Like an angel's sword,—

Benedicimus Te.

Multiply each and every one,
Make each of them into millions,
Into glorious millions,
Into gorgeous millions,
Into golden millions
Of *Glorias*, glorious Son,—
Glorificamus Te.

St. Gertrude, the most wonderful of the saints in her praises of God, used to cry out: "O height inaccessible of wondrous power! O unfathomable depth of hidden wisdom! O boundless breadth of much-desired love! None but Thyself can worthily praise Thee; for Thou alone knowest Thine infinite magnificence; and Thou alone knowest how Thou oughtest to be praised. Wherefore, O Lord, my God, may Thine eternal Godhead, Thy uncircumscribed majesty, and Thine infinite goodness praise Thee for me."

And again: "May the most adorable Humanity of Jesus Christ praise Thee and exult in Thee for me, O Lord, my God! May His most holy life and conversation on earth, His most divine virtue and graces, His most precious blood and tears, His cruel wounds and bruises, His most bitter passion and death, supply all the defects of my service, and worthily glorify Thee! May the most serene Queen of Heaven, the most chaste Virgin Mary, magnify Thee, O God, my Creator; and,

together with her, the ten thousand times ten thousand companies of blessed spirits, and the countless hosts of Thy saints,—may they sing praises to Thee for me forever! May our most holy mother the Church sing to Thee with exultation! May the seven most hallowed Sacraments praise Thee!”

The great poet of the Middle Ages, hearing the *Gloria* in the heavens, cries out: “Me seemed I was beholding a smile of the universe; all paradise took up the strain, ‘To the Father, to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit, glory!’ so that the sweet song intoxicated me. O joy! O gladness unspeakable! O Life compact of love and peace! O wealth secure that hath no longing! . . . The good which satisfieth this court is Alpha and Omega. . . . There is the Rose wherein the Word Divine made itself flesh; there are the lilies, the Apostles, at whose odor [at whose teaching] the good path was taken.

“O Splendor of God, whereby I saw the lofty triumph of the truthful realm! . . . A light there is up yonder, which maketh the Creator visible to the creature, which only in beholding Him, hath its own peace. . . . And as a hillside doth reflect itself in water at its foot so, mounting o’er the light, around, above, mirrored in more than a thousand ranks, I saw all that of us hath won return up yonder.”

Cum quibus et nostras voces, ut admitti jubeas deprecamur, —“With whom we entreat Thee, O Lord, to order that our voices may mingle, saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth.”*

* Preface of Holy Mass.

(The End.)

GREAT deeds are more than great words, because inclusively they are great words—the select and perdurable speech of great nations. Great men are more than great writers; for their greatness is more inwardly theirs, and more diffused throughout the whole of their being.

—Aubrey de Vere.

The Curé of Nestards.

I.

WE were touring Auvergne; and one day, in a particularly charming region, we halted at a quaint, old-fashioned inn, where they seemed very glad to see us, and made much of us, as though we had been specially invited or expected guests.

The village on the outskirts of which stood our delightful inn was called Nestards. It was situated at a very high altitude and close to a celebrated mountain pass. A small place indeed was this Nestards, with nothing to distinguish it but a lovely twelfth-century church, a few small outlying farms, and perhaps a dozen cottages. Not far distant, in what had probably once been a crater—all this region is volcanic,—a placid lake reflected the eternal sky.

There was a magnificent view from the church. Standing on the broad stone steps, one could see Mont Dore in the background, looming high above the nearer Dôme mountains, their sharp, serrated peaks outlined against the azure heavens. So far away as to be hardly perceptible, three or four small farms, distant also from each other, told a tale of solitude and loneliness that almost made one shudder.

While we were eating the excellent dinner our hostess had prepared, she told us of the privations and toils that winter brings to the residents of this beautiful but wild mountain region. Snowstorms are sudden and terrible; for weeks and even months they are cut off from communication with the outside world. And if it be so at Nestards, the suffering is much greater among the dwellers in the isolated mountain farms. It is no unusual thing, at the end of the winter, to find shepherds and travellers buried under the deep snowdrifts. It was in this way that we heard the pathetic story of the Curé of Nestards.

It is quite unnecessary to say, we

presume, that the post of Curé of Nestards is not much sought after, or considered an enviable one. The parish, besides being very small, is widely scattered, the stipend a mere pittance, and the hardships and dangers almost incredible.

Some years ago the village had been without a curé for nearly a year. The people, who are very devout, were greatly distressed at being left deprived of the sacraments so long. Happily for them, a young and very fervent priest, recently ordained, at last offered to take charge of the parish.

The Abbé Leray was prepared for what he would have to encounter,—the scanty means of subsistence, the lonely life, the difficult and tiresome journeys. One thing only had deterred him: the thought of his mother. She was a widow, and he her only child. She had endured bitter privations to educate him for the priesthood; hoping, as her only reward in this world, that she might be permitted to take charge of his little household, and thus cheer and comfort him in his sacred calling.

Her son hesitated to ask her to share the hard life which he knew lay before him; but when she heard of his intention, she assured him it was the very thing she would have desired. She was used to poverty, and was never lonely. How could she be, with God and her own Jean! Her willingness to accompany him decided the young priest. A few weeks later they were installed in the small, poorly constructed and tumble-down presbytery, where they were eagerly welcomed by all the parishioners.

They arrived at Nestards in the summer time, and were entranced with the wild beauty of the place, and the charming old church. They soon made friends with all under their charge; and then began the toilsome but uneventful life that continued for several years, fruitful in the saving of souls.

At the end of the Abbé Leray's third year at Nestards, one of the most distant farms in the parish changed tenants.

When the Curé heard of it, he at once set forth to call upon the new incumbent. To his great surprise, he was not only treated with coldness, but insolently requested never again to darken the doors of the house where he had expected to be received as a welcome guest.

The new owner of the farm was a young man about thirty years of age,—a gentleman by birth, who had led such a dissolute life in Paris that he had wasted nearly all his patrimony, which had been considerable. He carried with him into his solitude a hatred of mankind, especially of priests. After the first visit, the Abbé Leray did not venture to call at Duret's again; but he always treated the young man with the greatest kindness whenever they met. Instead of reciprocating politely, Duret would reply rudely to his every salutation. But the good Curé's patience never failed: he remained unfailingly gentle and kind. There seemed no limit to his forbearance, which so exasperated the *ci-devant* farmer that his prejudice developed into a fiendish hate. To gratify this ignoble passion, as well as to introduce some variety in his monotonous life, Duret conceived a plan which he at once proceeded to put into action.

One bitterly cold night, when the wind was blowing a hurricane, and the snow beating against the windows, covering every projecting rock, and filling the deep gullies with treacherous whiteness, Alphonse Duret decided it was time to play the practical joke on the Curé of which he had for some time been thinking. Wrapping himself up warmly in his splendid fur coat, he rode his sure-footed little mare down the mountain-side, and knocked loudly at the presbytery door.

"Who is there?" asked the Abbé Leray, hastily springing out of bed.

"It is Alphonse Duret," answered the visitor.

The priest was already at the door.

"Come in,—come in!" he cried. "What has happened? Have you lost your way in the snow?"

"No, Father," rejoined the man, with the greatest respect. "I am all right, but you must hasten. Paul Maillot over yonder fell from the roof of his house this evening, and they think he will die. He was calling loudly for you, and the wife begged me to come for you. It is too bad on such a night; but I suppose it can not be helped. These people *will* have the priest."

"For me, it is nothing but my duty," called the Curé from the inside, as he dressed rapidly. "But I thank you very much for coming. God will reward you."

"I don't know about that, Monsieur le Curé," answered Duret, with a laugh that grated unpleasantly on the ears of the priest. But Duret's laugh always affected him thus; it was very bitter.

In five minutes he was ready. Overjoyed that his black sheep had undertaken the difficult journey for a neighbor in spiritual need, he hastened to the church, got the Blessed Sacrament and the holy oils, and was ready to depart.

"Get up behind me, Monsieur le Curé," said Duret.

The priest mounted. As he was carrying the Blessed Sacrament, he made no effort at conversation; and supposed that Duret, aware of this, refrained from talking for the same reason. They were obliged to proceed slowly because of the snow. Duret, wrapped in a heavy fur coat and gloves, with a fur cap pulled down over his ears, was warm and comfortable; but the poor priest, wearing a threadbare cassock and thin overcoat, suffered severely.

At last, as they emerged from a narrow pass, Alphonse turned and said, quite respectfully still:

"Monsieur le Curé, you will have to alight here. We are nearly at Maillot's, but I am sure my mare could not make the rest of the journey without falling. You can easily get there on foot; it is but a few yards distant. See, over yonder! The snow has probably banked the windows, and hidden the light."

The meek and patient servant of God slid from the horse's back, and found himself standing in the snow, without mark or boundary to guide him.

"Thank you, and God bless you, Duret!" he said fervently.

Duret had gone only a few steps when he turned, and again, with his bitter laugh, exclaimed:

"You are very welcome, Monsieur le Curé. But I think you will need all your unfailing good-humor to carry you to any cottage hereabouts. So far as I know, there is none. That was only a joke. Ha-ha! I thought I would give you a little practice at night-walking, so that you might be familiar with the paths, provided you ever were really needed. It will be easy to scatter absolutions as you plunge through the snowdrifts."

So saying, with another loud, mocking laugh, he rode away, leaving the poor Curé alone in the dark, in the face of a driving wind, in a desolate wilderness of ice and snow.

In spite of his quiet, gentle nature, the Abbé had plenty of pluck and endurance. He knew that his life depended upon the courage he should display in the fearful and hazardous journey he was now to undertake. Bravely, then, he began to retrace his steps; now veering to one side and now to the other, as, forced by the howling, merciless wind, he was carried hither and thither in his toilsome, hazardous march. Once or twice he was on the point of falling over a precipice in the darkness, but he regained his equilibrium just in time. After he had gone what seemed to him an incredible distance, the snow ceased falling, and in a few moments the moon broke through the clouds. After that the way was not difficult. But it was only after several weary hours of exertion that he saw the village before him, in the early dawn.

He managed to drag himself to the church, replace the Blessed Sacrament in the tabernacle, and kneel for a brief space in thanksgiving to the God who had

brought him safely home. Nor did he forget to ask repentance and pardon for the man who had so basely deceived him. All the first impulses of anger that had assailed him when the cruelty of the trick had burst upon him, were now forgotten in the gentle and merciful resignation of this true follower of his Divine Master. Afterward he had only strength left to stagger to the house and open the door. Then he fell in a dead faint at the feet of his mother, who had been sitting up all night praying for his safe return.

When he recovered consciousness, he found himself surrounded by nearly all his immediate parishioners. The cries of his mother, who thought him dead, had brought them, one after the other, to her aid. As soon as he was sufficiently recovered to speak, they plied him with questions. His soutane was muddy and torn, his face cut and bleeding; they felt instinctively that he had been the victim of foul play.

He told the story as it had happened, carefully avoiding names. He was well aware of the nature of the people among whom he lived: peaceable, even stolid for the most part, when all went well, but terrible when aroused to anger or revenge. Yet in all that crowd of devoted peasants there was not one who did not suspect Duret; and the good priest trembled, feeling that it was so.

When Alphonse Duret next came to the village, he was greeted with black looks by many and was pointedly avoided by others. Wondering how much they knew, he thought it best to absent himself, at least for a time.

II.

The farm which Duret occupied was one of the most lonely and desolate in that lonely and desolate region. It had been part of the patrimony of his father, who had never laid eyes upon it; and it was only as a last resource that the son took up residence there. An old cousin presided over his household, which was

further increased by one female servant and two farm laborers.

Very soon after his midnight adventure, Duret began to drink hard. The life he led in the mountains having become unbearable, he endeavored to drown his harrowing and gloomy thoughts in liquor; but the attempt was vain. Finally, the cousin felt obliged to summon the doctor, fearing that Duret might be seized with an attack of delirium-tremens. The physician gave him some medicine to soothe his nerves, informing him at the same time that if he did not change his habits the end would come speedily.

When the Curé heard that Duret was seriously ill, he immediately forgot all the injury the man had tried to do him, and prepared to pay him a visit. He carried over some books and papers, but the sick man would not receive him. On the contrary, he sent him a most insulting message, which the cousin was prudent and polite enough not to deliver. She was a pious old soul, loving Duret as though he had been her own child. The priest returned home, assuring her he would pray for Alphonse, and begging her to send for him whenever she should think he could be of use.

Some time after, having continued his dissolute course, Duret again became very ill; and his cousin, fearing he would die, determined to make another effort to have him see the priest. It was a cold but bright morning in February when the messenger left the farm. There seemed no immediate danger of bad weather; but by the time he reached Nestards heavy snow clouds were darkening the air, menacing one of those fearful storms that often occur in the mountains in winter.

This prospect, however, did not daunt the Curé in the least. In a few moments he was ready to accompany the lad on his homeward journey. As he was about to start, his mother, who had been busy in the kitchen, tried to prevent him. Seizing him by the hand, she pointed to the lowering sky and said:

"Jean, my son, remember how near you came to death before upon yonder mountain. For my sake as well as your own, I beseech you wait until to-morrow, when the fury of the storm will have passed. Duret is not in immediate danger of death."

For answer the priest patted the wrinkled old hand; and, gazing tenderly into the wistful eyes, he said:

"Dearest mother, Our Lord has confided this little flock to my care. What if, through my neglect or procrastination, the blackest sheep of all should be lost eternally? Will you, who have loved the Good Shepherd so well, and have sacrificed so much to make me a priest, be the first to tempt me to be faithless to the charge God has given unto my hands?"

The eyes of the poor mother filled with tears; a sob arose in her throat. After a moment's silence she kissed her son and said:

"Go, my Jean, and do your duty. You are in the hands of God. May He bring you safely home! In any case, you are right: I would rather see you dead than unworthy of your sacred calling."

"That is right,—that is brave, mother!" said the priest, pressing her hand and imprinting a kiss on her cheek. "And listen, mother, one more word. If anything should happen to me, if I should die on the mountain and be unable to reach that poor lost sheep and bring him back to God, promise me that, should he live, you will do all in your power to effect that which the Lord did not permit me to do."

The poor mother shuddered; she felt as though it were her son's last request. But she only said:

"I promise, dear Jean!"

"God bless you for that!" he replied, and, without another word of farewell, he stepped out into the biting wind.

When the Abbé Leray and his companion left Nestards, it was only three o'clock, but the storm clouds gathering above them made it seem almost like

night. As they toiled up the mountain paths, beating their way against the wind, they feared the tempest might burst upon them at any moment. They reached Duret's farm as the first snowflakes were beginning to fall.

"Am I in time?" asked the priest, as the door was opened.

"Yes," answered Duret's cousin, who had been waiting for him. "But I am sorry I sent for you, with this terrible snowstorm coming on. And, more than that, my poor Alphonse has been railing against priests and religion all the afternoon. O Monsieur le Curé, I fear he will not see you! But, in any case, whether he does or not, you must pass the night here; for it promises to be an awful one."

"I shall go to him, nevertheless," said the priest, and without further delay went into the sick-room.

He was greeted with a shower of oaths and curses, and ordered to leave the house. Finding that his presence was useless, he left the room.

"But you shall *not* leave the house, Monsieur le Curé," answered the cousin. "One would not turn a dog out to-night."

She had hardly spoken when the sick man rushed into the room, brandishing a knife, and threatening to kill the priest if he did not depart that very moment. Without a word, the Curé rose to go, thinking that he might be able to spend the night in an outhouse; but Duret seemed to divine his purpose. Half-clad as he was, he followed the Curé until he had passed well away from the farm buildings and was already on the mountain road. The Abbé Leray then resolved to retrace his steps homeward; for to remain on the mountain-side in such a snowstorm was to invite certain death.

It was not long before he heard shouts behind him, and turned to see the lad who had accompanied him running after him with a lantern.

"Here, Monsieur le Curé, take this!" he said. "The mistress sent it to you, with a box of matches. She asks me to

beg your pardon for having brought you here, and on such a night."

"Tell your mistress," said the priest (the lad related it afterward), "not to be disturbed; she only did her duty. Tell her also that whatever I may endure or suffer this night on my homeward way, even though it be death, I shall offer to Almighty God for the conversion of that poor soul."

"But, Monsieur le Curé," pleaded the boy, "do not go. Come back. I can hide you somewhere till morning; even the mistress need not know."

The Curé shook his head, and smiled, as he answered:

"No, no! It is unlucky to turn back, you know, Marcel. I shall go on."

And that was the last any human being ever saw of the Abbé Leray alive.

The next morning his mother, who had not gone to bed all night, opened the door as soon as the first streak of light told that day was at hand. The snow had long ceased falling, the wind had abated, and dawn was just breaking above the white-capped mountains.

Something was lying on the path in front of her,—something black,—something that stretched stiff, straight arms, like a cross, along the snow. On one side a lantern, with the candle burned to the socket, lay overturned; on the other, a pyx, closed and empty. From the candle, entirely consumed, they could guess that the Curé must have been hours on his journey; and the empty pyx told that at the last, wearied, bewildered, lost, he had consumed the sacred species, and lain down to die in the darkness, not fifty feet from his own house, his own church, where he had spent the sanctified years of his priestly life. And later, when they traced his footsteps in wandering, concentric circles round and round through the deep snow, they found that he must have spent several hours within sight and sound of the sheltering walls, behind which his mother wept and prayed for

his return. They placed the body in a rough coffin and laid it in front of the altar where he had so often dispensed for them the Bread of Life.

It was a fortnight before a priest could be brought from below to officiate at the funeral obsequies. On the morning of the interment, when the Mass was about to begin, the congregation were astonished to see a man enter the church, pass up the aisle, and take his place beside the mother of the dead priest, who sat alone in the front pew. It was Alphonse Duret; and, great as was their indignation, no one ventured to remonstrate: all were afraid of him.

From time to time they saw the man was sobbing; and saw also that the stricken mother, herself quietly weeping, would place her hand upon his arm, as though to restrain and console him. When Mass was over, the officiating priest preached a short sermon, relating the circumstances of the Curé's death as well as he knew them, and enumerating the saintly deeds that had from the first distinguished the dead pastor who had given his life to save a wayward sheep of his flock. The preacher, who was a stranger, concluded as follows: "Oh, that that misguided man could listen to my words to-day, could kneel beside the corpse of the martyr who sacrificed his life for the salvation of that erring soul! It could hardly fail to pierce his heart, to bring him to repentance and pardon."

"That man is here, and I am he!" cried Alphonse Duret, springing to his feet; and then, passing into the aisle, and standing beside the coffin, he told the story of his intercourse with the dead priest from the time he had arrived at Nestards. Concealing nothing, he dramatically and forcibly related the incident of several months before, when he had perpetrated so cruel an imposition upon the devoted Curé; how he had left him in the middle of the night upon a lonely mountain path, piled high with driving snow; how he had jeered and

mocked at him; how, on the night the faithful shepherd had been summoned to his bedside, he had driven him forth to his death.

"And now," he continued, "after asking pardon of the poor mother whom I have bereaved of her son, of the flock whom I have deprived of their pastor, of the God whom I have insulted, outraged and blasphemed, I say to you, when all is over—when you have laid the saint in his last resting-place,—do with me what you please. Tear me limb from limb if you will, for I deserve it; or hang me to the nearest tree, or fling me from some frowning precipice. Whatever death may be decreed me, I shall submit without a word. But first let me make my peace with the God whom I have so long derided and despised; let me go to confession. That is all I ask. And let me say in conclusion that I have made provision during her lifetime for the poor mother of whom I have made a veritable *Mater Dolorosa*. I have done!"

The people of Nestards and its environs are true Christians; but how could they be otherwise when she who had lost her only son, her all on earth, fully and tenderly forgave his murderer? She had made a promise, and she kept it to the letter. She was still living at Nestards when I last visited it, occupying a small cottage with the cousin of Alphonse Duret, the rent of whose two farms was ample provision for both, their simple wants being few. Duret has been for several years a monk of La Trappe.

E. D.—M. E. M.

A Fragile Span.

THE swan's wake in the glassy mere,
The southward highway of the bird,
The path of a star-ray in the sphere,
The road of the west wind ere 'tis heard:
Aye, even as these is the fragile span
Of years that are called the life of man.

C.

Exiled from Erin.

XXVI.—A FEAST FOR THE CHILDREN.

THAT night there was merry talk in the homes of the children. But when the little ones got among their playmates on the following day, and especially when on Monday they met their schoolmates, it was then the chatter went on; and you may be sure it did not want for enlargement or embellishment.

Many envied them, and they enjoyed the envy. Never was a week so long passing; but Saturday at length came, and the afternoon saw them all turning toward Mrs. O'Brien's, "as neat as new pins." I can tell you they were not the awkward, sheepish, little people they were the Saturday previous. It was Mrs. O'Brien alone who wanted them to-day.

"What do you think, children? Would you like it if we had a little dance to-morrow evening? Not a word now, but every one that likes it will give the best jump he or she can."

While you'd be looking around you, there wasn't a foot on the floor.

"That is grand! And now to prepare for the dance. The boys' business will be to bring us in blackberries; that will be for the jam. But you know it is not on your fingers you put the jam, but on bread. Very well, then; we must have currant cake; and some of the girls must wash the currants, and stone the raisins. And we want a room washed and clean, and some of the girls must see to that. And we want flour mixed, and we want flowers, and a thousand things. I am going to let the boys go to their work first; but I want all of you to work in pairs. Here are five threads. Come, boys, take an end each; there are ten ends to the five threads."

The boys did so.

"Now, every two boys that have the same thread will take an enamelled basin. Mind, no other two boys are to go to the same brake or bush where two boys are

already picking. Now, the first to come to us with the largest gathering and the cleanest, will be counted best. Bring no red berries, no unripe ones, no leaves, and no stems. The best boys shall be the first in everything to-morrow evening. Now, boys, off with you!"

When they were gone, the girls drew around her, and paired, taking hold of the ends of the threads. Then one out of each pair drew lots: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5; those drawing lot one having their choice of work in preference to the rest. So two were set at the currants and raisins; two to prepare the vessels for the jam; two to look after the oven and the fire and the flour; two to dust and sweep the large room, called in other days the ballroom; and two to scrub it; and after each half hour they were to change around, the first coming last, and the second taking the place of the first, and so on. Mrs. O'Brien kept watch over and directed them all. Their hearts were in the work; and their young mistress was delighted when she saw their sleeves tucked up, and the merry lips singing snatches of school songs or joining in a general chorus.

That was Saturday evening. Now, Ellie O'Brien certainly did not think that she and her husband were the subject of some anxious conversation and discussion among the genteel folk around them. Yet such was the case.

"Some of you will say that we ought to visit this American couple, O'Brien and his wife; and others will be saying who she was before she went away. And you'll be talking of her mother, and the white cap and the black hood, and her little cabin in the fields. But come into town on Saturday, and we'll settle it one way or the other. In this matter, which interests us all, let us act unitedly."

And so they met; and they unanimously agreed that they were to "*cut* them,—not to know them; they may have money, but they are common!"

Ellie and Terence did not know a word

of all this. Hard fate! And so benighted were they that they would not be able to comprehend fully and intelligently the awful and dire calamity that awaited them.

At any rate, Saturday afternoon passed away for Ellie O'Brien, amid the laughter and songs of the happy-hearted children of the poor, and no cloud darkened the sun for her. The children dusted and swept and washed; cleaned fruit, baked cakes; brought in blackberries "in shoals," and made jam; and sat at a hearty tea, and sang; and said good-bye, and shook hands, and went merrily home.

Next evening they appeared in their gayest and best. They were all there,—dear Father Kearney, Mrs. McMahon and Willie and Joe, Tom O'Neil and Jimmy Dunne. For a while there was "Hunt the Hare" and "High-Gates" on the lawn. And then they went into the large room, that the girls' hands had washed; and there they found Mrs. O'Brien and her troop loading the table with good things. And they all sat down. Not a bit of difference did it make where one sat: there was no precedence, and no one even thought of such a thing. Father Kearney was where he loved to be—in the midst of the children. And Mr. O'Brien took Tom O'Neil near him at the foot of the table. And where should Jimmy Dunne sit but side by side with Mrs. McMahon! Two of the boys got up, and half drew, half pulled Mrs. O'Brien among themselves. And Willie and Joe were among the lovely blue frocks and the laces,—the pleasantest party that ever you saw.

Toward the end of the meal, Willie stole to a dark corner and gave the bow one scrape on the strings; and, my dear, they were all up in an instant! Jimmy Dunne called out for the old Irish jig, "Trip to the Cottage," for Mrs. McMahon and himself; and Tom O'Neil said to Mr. O'Brien: "May I ask Mrs. O'Brien, sir?" And Joe took one of the girls by the hand, and Mr. O'Brien another, and

the four couples occupied the floor, to the delight of all.

But Mrs. McMahon was the amazement of them. One couldn't help loving her, and admiring the maidenly way she held her skirt and did the heel-and-toe and double shuffle as lively as the youngest there. Jimmy Dunne gave expression to the feelings of all when, taking her hands and leading her to a chair, he cried:

"As good as the day you were married, ma'am! Long life to you!"

When these sat down, the youngsters took the floor, and there was a merry eight-hand reel, to the delightful tune "The Wind that Shakes the Barley."

While this was proceeding, Father Kearney stood on the porch with Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien.

"Ellie and I want your advice on this, Father. I want to take a pair of boys alternately for each month, and Ellie wants to take a pair of girls. We mean every evening after school hours, and all Saturdays. We intend to give ten shillings a month to each child. Is that fair?"

"It is far more than the occasional child, hired at that age, gets. And it certainly would not be wise to give more; for you'd at once create envy. And I'm not sure if it is right to give that same."

"Oh, we'll give that much, at any rate, Father!" said Ellie. "And we can easily add a little suit of clothes, or something on the sly,—a tilly with the bargain," as the children themselves say. And you know it is to instruct them and give them habits of work that we want them."

"I guessed that," he said, "the very minute you began to speak about them. But let me say I wish we had never heard of 'high wages.' It is that which tempts them to America. It gives the idea of finery and the craving for it before they have taste to discern the tawdry from the real."

"Well, Father, I desire to put the boys in the garden. They will there learn, under our good young friend Tom O'Neil, to put the least patch of ground to the best advantage."

"Then you mean to take them in turns," said the priest.

"Yes, Father," answered Mr. O'Brien. "And we would like you to announce that we'll have a Christmas party for all who will have their kitchen and bedrooms and the approach to their houses neat and tidy."

"And who is to be the judge?" queried his Reverence.

"O Father, you'll do them and us that kindness!" said Ellie. "They might accuse us of partiality, but they won't accuse the priest of favoritism. Father, we never could do these things only for you—"

"I see that it will do the whole parish any amount of good," interrupted the priest; and, shrugging his shoulders, he continued: "I suppose I must,—I suppose I must!"

"We want the children, Father, as soon as September begins," said Ellie; "so we must choose to-night."

"And as soon as October begins," said her husband, "or, at any rate, as soon as the work slackens, I'll need a big share of help. Willie goes to the plough. A man will be wanted to do odd jobs around the plough-land, and prepare the stable and the feeding for the horses. I am not sure but Tom O'Neil will want another hand along with Jimmy Dunne. Joe has heaps of things about all the houses—the houses in the garden, the outhouses, and this house here,—so he'll want one. And I must see to the planting of the young trees. And the young trees will have to be protected, fences repaired, and paling put down. I'll need three or four hands; so be on the lookout, Father, please. You know the first thing we demand is that all be pledged against drink."

Before the pleasant evening drew to a close, Father Kearney explained to the children what Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien wished, and added:

"Now, children, you will ask your parents' permission, and we'll give you

a fortnight to consider. I have a reason," he said aside to Mr. O'Brien, "for giving them a fortnight."

"But you will all come next Saturday, children," said Ellie.

And one by one the little ones were all bidden good-bye. When they had gone, Father Kearney said:

"I haven't had a holiday for a good while, and on Saturday next a young priest is coming to visit his friends in the parish; so Monday morning, please God, we're all off for Killarney, every soul of us!"

Mrs. McMahon shook her head, as if in dissent.

"Indeed, then, you will, ma'am!" said the priest.

"Ah, yes, you will, mother!" said Ellie.

"Wisha, what would an old woman like me be doing at Killarney?"

Joe and Willie were going to say something, but Mr. O'Brien, taking her bodily in his arms, cried out:

"She is not going to refuse her newest son." And, kissing her, he laid her down in her chair. She said nothing.

"Now, Willie and Joe, be sure to have your bicycles ready, and be off on Saturday evening before us, and go to Mrs. O'Dee, New Street."

"We'll go on Sunday morning, Father," said Willie. "We'll go by the early train. Come out at Abbeyfeale, hear last Mass there, climb up three or four miles of a rise on the borders of the two countries (I know the road), and drop down twelve or fourteen miles into Killarney."

"Anyway, go to New Street, and ask Mrs. O'Dee to get places for us, if she hasn't them herself. We'll be quite at home with her, and not be meeting strangers as in a hotel. I can not bear hotels. Sometimes I have, of course, to put up with them; but—"

(To be continued.)

The Beggars of Paris.

BY AUSTIN OATES, K. S. G.

THE mendicant community of Paris offers, probably, a greater variety of impostors than that furnished by any other civilized capital in the world. Broadly speaking, they may be divided into two categories: those who pass themselves off as invalids, and those who have every claim to their title of tricksters. Naturally, there are many classes in each category. It should not be uninteresting to pass in review a few of each. Certain types are to be met with in our own towns, and doubtless not a few of us have been "taken in" by them.

The most common and the most simple, from a "professional" point of view, is the "blind" beggar. He may be genuine, he may not—very often is not. A few days' practice at home, under the skilful guidance of one who has acquired the secret, suffices. The novice walks the street in a halting, hesitating and groping manner, showing but the white of his eyes, yet he quickly and cleverly grasps the individuality of each passer-by. Should it happen to be a retired army or naval officer, then the suppliant has lost his sight through the bursting of a gun or a powder explosion. Should the passer-by look like an engineer or well-to-do mechanic, then the eye has become forever closed through the bursting of a boiler. Should he have the air of a doctor, then purulent ophthalmia has ridden him of one of his optics. Be it a lady who passes his way, an act of heroism has cost him his eye. Be it a priest or a nun, then in a voice of mellifluous resignation he asks the way to a church a good distance off, in the hope of getting at least the bus or tram fare; and he gets it more often than not. He is generally led by a dog, which knows the "business" as well as his master or hirer, as these well-trained animals are let out at so much an hour.

THE first thing a kindness deserves is acceptance; the next is transmission.

—George MacDonald.

A favorite place, or "pitch," is the entrance to a church or cemetery. Confession hours are chosen in preference to others. Persons coming away from the Sacrament of Penance are generally on good terms with themselves, and open to the belief that almsgiving is a very fitting finale to so necessary and beneficial an action.

Cemeteries have their good points, particularly if the "blind" mendicant can afford to rig himself out in a seedy suit of black, and to arm himself with a humble wreath of immortelles. His facial expression and handkerchief will complete the picture of one who knows what it is to mourn for those who have "gone before" but who are "not forgotten."

Among crippled and deformed beggars, the genuinely crippled and deformed, as well as the make-believe, are again to be met with. The latter run the risk of occasional detection; but it would seem to be a very slight one, and the penalty attaching thereto not of a very deterrent character. As affecting these latter, there exists—or used to exist—in the Rue du Mont Cenis, Paris, a man who kept a store of mechanical contrivances, by the skilful use of which a mendicant might go forth among the public minus an arm or a leg, or even two arms or two legs. On crutches or in a roughly constructed cart, he would thump or trundle his way among the crowd with haggard and pain-stricken face, his body twitching and writhing with fitful, agonizing spasms, and his lips busy muttering some incoherent words. His harvest was an abundant one, as his make-up and acting were such as sympathetically to impress the gentler sex, and not infrequently the sterner. There were ways and means, too, of "squaring" the police on the selected "pitch." In a word, the game was worth the risk.

Of late years the Parisian "cripple" has had to face competition, and he has suffered from it in this particular phase of his calling. It has not come from Germany but from Spain, and has assumed

a most inhuman and abominable aspect.

M. Berry, formerly a Deputy, tells that on one occasion he had a conversation with a Spanish mendicant, the father of eleven children. All these, with the sole exception of the eldest, had been mutilated in one way or another, at a very tender age, in order to excite the pity and charity of the Parisian public.

There are on record the "confessions" of a number of these "crippled" mendicants,—confessions voluntarily made when Fortune had so smiled on them that they had "retired from business" and were living on their income. One man, an ex-barrister's clerk, had for years posed and played the part of a sadly maimed and sorely mutilated cripple, for nine months of the twelve, in the city of Paris; but when the summer months came he discarded his bandages and crutches to join a troupe of acrobats who toured from one seaside resort to another. His particular "line" of business was that of a dancer on stilts.

One frequently hears of those who pride themselves on never giving money to beggars, but only food, or tickets enabling them to procure a loaf or a little coal. "They can not get drunk on that," is the consoling reflection. In Paris they can. There are places where a man may as easily negotiate the barter of a loaf for a cash consideration as an inebriated virago can raise the "price of a drink" on a flatiron.

The Place de la Madeleine is a happy hunting-ground for females "in distress," not by any means confined to the capital of France. The fair creature in question is invariably attired in widow's weeds. Her husband, an army officer, fell with his face to the foe in Tonquin; he has left her nothing but an honest name and the imperishable fame of the man who shed his lifeblood for his country. Pardon! He has left her a son,—a noble youth, the image of his lion-hearted father. He has been taken suddenly ill at Courbevoie; she has not the means

wherewith to journey thither; it is only thirty centimes. She generally gets it—but not to Courbevoie.

The "old soldier returned from the war" is usually to be found in and about railway stations. His get-up has, of course, been hired, as has the medal which glitters on his campaign-stained tunic. Sometimes he carries one arm in a sling, and at others he ambles painfully on one leg and two crutches. His story is always the same, save that the place he has come from changes with the latest campaign carried on. It was once Tonquin, then Dahomey, then Madagascar, and to-day it is, doubtless, Casa Blanca. He is penniless, and his old father, living some considerable distance out of Paris, wants to gaze upon his son's features once again before breathing his last. As likely as not, this fraud will end his long-winded story with a line or two of martial verse, from which you may infer, or not as you please, that he is aflame with the desire to *mourir pour la patrie*.

The suicide swindle is a most sensational and tragic bit of burlesque business, and invariably worth the discomforts its enactment entails. Sunday is the day generally chosen; and a warm, sunny afternoon by preference, when the quays and bridges are thronged with carriage folk and well-to-do pedestrians. Suddenly on one of the bridges spanning, say, the Seine, along the quays of the Champs Elysées, a man is seen madly rushing toward one of the parapets. He is poorly clad; his face is pinched and pale. He throws his cap into the roadway; he escalades the parapet, throws his arms heavenward, exclaiming piteously that all is over, and—over he goes! The horrified crowd swarm the bridge's parapet; dense throngs of excited people line the river's bank. "There he is! There he is! Ah, he goes under again! He is drowning!"

But what's that? Another commotion is visible on the bridge. Yes, there is

another man now on the parapet. He divests himself of his cap, his vest, his collar, his cravat, and his boots, and bravely dives into the stream, amid the enthusiastic and frantic shouts from all sides of "Bravo! Bravo!—*C'est superbe! C'est héroïque!*"

He disappears beneath the muddy waters; he reappears; so does the drowning man, whom he slowly but surely approaches. Ah, he has got him! What a struggle! Both go under. They come to the surface again. Ah, he has him safe! See!—the brave and intrepid swimmer has the would-be suicide in his arms. He is making for the banks. They are safe,—they are safe!

And the crowd surge round, as crowds know how to do. The rescued man undergoes a drastic treatment at the hands of his preserver, ejects several mouthfuls of Seine water and mud, gurgles down with surprising ease more than one *petit verre* of cognac; shivers, shakes, opens and closes his eyes, stretches out his arms and legs, sighs and sighs again; and, reproachfully gazing into the anxiety-stricken face of his rescuer, he moans forth the phrase: "Why—oh, why did you not let me die? My wife and little ones want bread, and I have none to give them; and work I can not get, try as I will."

His preserver, still chafing the man's chest, thrusts his disengaged hand into the drenched and limp trousers pocket and pulls out a half-franc piece. "Here, comrade," he says, as he places the small silver coin in his hand,—“here, take this. It is all I have about me. Thank God, I have work! My wife and children are well and strong, and want for nothing. I can spare you this. Would it were more!”

The gaping crowd of onlookers speedily take the hint. Coins come pouring in from all sides. The noble, gallant, heroic life-saver borrows a cap from an open-mouthed, awestruck youth, and proceeds to make a collection. And a rattling good one it is! Less than half an hour later, the

would-be suicide and his noble preserver are having a snug little dinner together, and over the coffee and liqueur are planning another such swindle a safe distance away from the last.

There exists in Paris a bureau where information of a most valuable nature, inasmuch as it is both accurate and thoroughly up-to-date, can be obtained at a fairly reasonable charge, by beggars whose livelihood is earned by the soliciting of alms either personally or by letter. The bureau publisher sells two lists of names and addresses,—one known as the *grand jeu*, or the "great game"; and the other, as the *petit jeu*, or "small game." The former is a very large, complete and comprehensive list of persons known for their charitable disposition. Their pet philanthropic fancies and objects are carefully noted down, with other such kindred information, which a wily sharper is pretty sure to make the most of. The second list, the "little game," is of a less elaborate and exhaustive description, and costs but a fourth of the first. An experienced and versatile begging-letter writer can, and does, live and grow fat through working the names of those contained in the larger list. It has been calculated that he can easily make a handsome living out of this list for a twelvemonth, and that without having to appeal twice to the same person during the year.

There also exists in Paris a beggars' syndicate, or perhaps we should say a "mart." Here places, or "pitches," are put up for auction. Let us suppose that I, as a beggar, had the exclusive right of possession of a step leading to the entrance of one of the principal churches of Paris. I might have purchased that right from the syndicate, or I might have inherited it from a near relative. I die, and have no one to leave it to; or, if I have and do so, the legatee is prepared to dispose of it. He puts the sale of it in the hands of the syndicate, and they publicly sell it.

There is a case on record of a certain church step in Paris having been sold for

two hundred and eighty francs (about \$56.00). There is, it is generally supposed, honor among thieves. As regards this syndicate, it is run entirely by mendicants, *et hoc genus omne*. Their decision is final, and it is universally respected. A beggar who acts not "on the square" with them, who disregards their ruling, may assuredly expect, and will not be disappointed in the anticipation, of a sound thrashing one dark night or another.

We are all familiar with the woman beggar, and the one, two, or three ragged, ill-fed children clinging to her tattered skirts. These scenes, with us, are becoming more and more scarce; but in Paris they are still of frequent occurrence. It is the custom there—and elsewhere—to hire these babies and children for the purpose; and these poor little mites, by long experience and insidious training, become, in their turn, experts in the fraud. A story is told—and we have no reason to believe that it is untrue—of a lady who when out shopping was accosted by a woman with a child in her arms. The lady, a most charitable and compassionate soul, stopped and gave the applicant some money, and in doing so glanced at the child. To her horror, she recognized that it was her own—her very own! From inquiries subsequently made, it appeared that her nurse had been accustomed to let the little one out for an hour or so at a time (when she was supposed to be taking it for an airing) to a beggar woman, who paid her well for the loan, and who slipped over the little one's pretty clothes a ragged frock.

More, much more, might be written of the beggars of Paris; but enough has been said to prove that, in ingenuity and resources, they have every reason to consider themselves as holding a high place in their profession.

It is in a certain degree to be a sharer in noble deeds to praise them with all our heart.—*La Rochefoucauld*.

Unfamiliar Quotations.

There may be only two or three opportunities in a lifetime of proving oneself brave, but every hour of every day one may have the satisfaction of knowing that he is not a coward.—*Anon.*

To select well among old things is almost equal to inventing new ones.—*Trublet.*

Love, faith, and patience,—the three essentials of a happy life.—*Anon.*

Fortune, men say, doth give too much to many, But yet she never gives enough to any.

—*Harrington.*

A duty is no sooner divined than from that moment it becomes binding upon us.

—*Amiel.*

No man can make a habit in a moment or break it in a moment. It is a matter of development, of growth. But at any moment one may *begin* to make or begin to break any habit.—*William G. Jordan.*

How many prodigals are kept out of the Kingdom of God by the unlovely character of those who profess to be inside.

—*Henry Drummond.*

Christianity alone, of all human religions, possesses the power of keeping abreast with the advancing civilization of the world.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

A wide-spreading, hopeful disposition is your only true umbrella in this vale of tears.—*T. B. Aldrich.*

Take the Sunday with you through the week, And sweeten with it all the other days.

—*Longfellow.*

Men say that when they know they will do; Our Lord says that when we do we shall know.—*Babcock.*

The wayside joys are better than the final successes, the flowers along the vista brighter than the victor wreath at its close.—*Theodore Winthrop.*

A man who has never had religion before, no more grows religious when he is sick

than a man who has never learned figures can count when he has need of calculation.

—*Dr. Johnson.*

To be an honest man is, in the last resort, the highest of social positions.

—*Henry Perreye.*

Men of evil life are murderers of souls. By direct intention, or by the infection of example, they destroy the innocent and turn back the penitent.

—*Cardinal Manning.*

No one has a right to do as he pleases except when he pleases to do right.

—*Anon.*

It is absurd to be vain of what any one can have who can pay for it.

—*St. Clement of Alexandria.*

If you are suffering from a bad man's injustice, forgive him, lest there should be two bad men.—*St. Augustine.*

Each time you repeat the Lord's Prayer, think for a moment in what state of mind you are when you ask God that His kingdom should come.—*Lacordaire.*

Maid, choosing man, remember this:

You take his nature with his name:

Ask, too, what his religion is,

For you will soon be of the same.

—*Coventry Patmore.*

O that we could take that simple view of things—to feel that the one thing which lies before us is to please God!

—*Cardinal Newman.*

Do not burden yourself with too many devotions; rather undertake few, and persevere with those.—*St. Philip Neri.*

Think of times of devotion as you would of your meals, and so judge as to the importance of any interruptions that would postpone them or take their place.

—*Fénelon.*

The root of all evil is pride; that of all good is charity.—*Cardinal Bona.*

He who believes and practises yet sins, would sin much more if he neither believed nor practised.—*Louis Veuillot.*

Religion and Higher Education.

TIME was—and not so many decades ago—when the Catholic vindicator of religion in education was hard put to it to quote in its favor American non-Catholics of distinction. Nowadays we are, as to the same matter, rather hampered by the “embarrassment of riches.” Under the caption “College Religious Life,” the *Literary Digest* quotes a paper recently contributed to the *Chicago Unity*, by Professor Clark, of Alfred University. These excerpts are interesting:

Science, too, has its contribution to religion. The old view regarded them as enemies, and the only hope of avoiding battle was to build up a “middle wall of partition,” ruling that they lay in absolutely distinct fields of operation. Deeper reflection has shown us they are but different aspects of the same ultimate, and that there not only is no quarrel, but there can be none when their relations are seen in their true perspective. It was something of a gain when we had ruled that science and religion were not necessarily antagonistic; but we now go further and affirm that their goal is the same, though contemplated from different viewpoints. . . .

Hard as it is to believe that it represents the truth, it is more painful to read in the last issue of a popular magazine this terrible arraignment of the results of higher education:

As to miscellaneous gifts to education: liberal as they may seem to be, we may well wonder if we should not be at least as well off without them. If they are to prolong the present kinds of education that have given us highly intelligent communities like Philadelphia, fully aware of public dishonesty and utterly indifferent to it, wherein are we the gainers? How do we benefit by teaching young men to sneer at reform, scoff at democracy, and view gain as the chief end of man? The average of intelligence in the United States is already the highest in the world. Is it possible for any one to say that the average standard of civic integrity has kept an even pace? And if not, how shall we praise the prolonging of a system that has suppressed righteousness instead of exalting it?

This is painful, and we wish that it could be pronounced wholly untrue. But as it is, it remains for all colleges and universities, through teaching and living such high moral and religious ideals, that the young men and women who enjoy the benefit of courses in higher education shall become a moral leaven in the body politic, social, industrial, and national.

The weak spot in Professor Clark's paper—or the weakest, since there are several—is his statement that “dogmatism

is, of course, to be avoided.” If, as appears probable, his “dogmatism” is synonymous with “dogma,” then he is utterly and absolutely wrong. The only religion that is withstanding the attacks of rationalism and agnosticism is eminently a dogmatic one, and experience has proved in more than one locality that religious education without dogma is a futility. Better Calvinism itself than acquiescence in the absurdity that “one religion is as good as another.”

Knocking Away the Props.

“See, father,” said a boy who was walking with his father, “they are knocking away the props from under the bridge! What are they doing that for? Won't the bridge fall?”

“They are knocking them away,” said the father, “that the timbers may rest more firmly upon the stone piers which are now finished.”

God often takes away our earthly props that we may rest more firmly upon Him. He sometimes takes away a man's health that he may rest upon Him for his daily bread. Before his health failed, though he, perhaps, repeated daily the words, “Give us this day our daily bread,” he looked to his own industry for that which he asked of God. That prop being taken away, he rested wholly upon God's bounty. When he receives his bread, he receives it as the gift of God.

God takes away our friends that we may look to Him for sympathy. When our affections were exercised upon objects around us, when we rejoiced in their abundant sympathy, we did not feel the need of divine sympathy. But when they were taken away, we felt our need of God's sympathy and support. We were brought to realize that He alone can give support, and form an adequate portion for the soul. Thus are our earthly props removed, that we may rest firmly and wholly upon God.

Notes and Remarks.

The assumption, by the State, of the paternalistic rôle, its undue solicitude in regulating matters that are, and of right ought to be, solely affairs of individual concern, is deprecated by more people, perhaps, than applaud it. Says the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*:

A great deal of modern "reform" effort seems to be devoted to attempts on the part of government to make over, and patch up into some sort of usefulness, the bad human products of the source of all the social materials—the home. All these efforts are well meant, and, in a sense, some of them do "good." But it may at least be questioned whether they do not, on the whole, do more harm than good. For their general effect and tendency is to relieve parents from a sense of the weight of their God-ordained responsibility for the character and conduct of their children.

How often do we see mothers, and fathers too, secretly relieved, and even openly rejoicing, that their children have become of "school age," and thus responsibility for the child's behavior may be shifted for a large part of the day from the parents to the teacher, and ultimately to the police! . . . It certainly seems worth considering whether it would not be better to take less public responsibility for children and to insist on greater parental responsibility.

We are told that "crime increases, and especially among the young." There is no doubt of the fact; and that it is coincident with increasing provision of public substitutes for parental responsibility, is highly suggestive to plain-minded men of the cause.

The measure of parental care that shall be given to the child, like the number of children that shall constitute the family circle, will in the last analysis depend upon the religiousness of the parents; but there is a minimum of such care that no father or mother should be allowed, much less encouraged, to shirk. God holds the concrete parent, not the abstract State, responsible for the souls of His little ones.

Apropos of the Diamond Jubilee celebration of Chicago's first Catholic church—a celebration which even the great political

convention with which it synchronized could not overshadow,—Mr. W. J. Onahan of that city writes:

The present site of St. Mary's Church was purchased by Bishop Foley to replace the old St. Mary's. It was the well-known Plymouth Church of the Congregational denomination. While the necessary changes and alterations were being made in the building to adapt it to the needs of Catholic worship, the former minister walked in to survey the scene of his long-time religious efforts. Seeing a carpenter at work on the alterations, he asked him what he was trying to do. "Endeavoring to make a church out of this place," was the reply.—"But it was a church before," suggested the minister.—"Oh, no!" retorted the workman (an Irishman, we may be sure): "it was only a meeting-house."

One of the lessons most generally learned by the American people at large during the three-quarters of a century of St. Mary's existence is just that distinction between the meeting-house, a place where men assemble in the name of man-made religion, and a church, the house of God, where not only do men gather to worship their Maker, but wherein that Maker veritably dwells. "We have an altar," says the great Apostle of the Gentiles.

Writing of the recent Beatifications, the Rome correspondent of the London *Tablet* notes the human interest in these sublime functions. "They have brought us very near to the saints." Persons were present who had known and conversed with the Blessed Servants of God, or, in some cases, were united to them by ties of blood or friendship. Blessed Gabriel Possenti died in 1862; Blessed Mary Magdalene Postel, in 1842; and Blessed Magdalene Sophie Barat, in 1865. Besides the elder brother of Blessed Gabriel, one of his school companions, the lady whom the parents of the future Passionist destined him to marry, and Padre Norberto, his old novice master, were among those who saw him exalted to the honors of the altar.

Like St. John Berchmans, Blessed Gabriel performed no miracles during

his lifetime, founded no institution, wrote no remarkable books, or initiated any successful scheme for the betterment of the toilers or the poor. He has left behind him no great external work to embody his name,—only the sweet, unfading memory of a few years of a perfect life. "The Church has judged Blessed Gabriel by the same criterion she has applied in the case of those saints whose works have earned renown and stirred the world. These things may or may not count, according to the spirit which pervaded them. It is the interior life which matters. And it would be difficult for the Church to teach this lesson in a more emphatic manner than she has done by the solemn Act of Beatification to-day. The man of science eliminates one element after another in the chemical compound before him until he has found the essence which he seeks in his analysis. So does the Church in her investigation of the life and work of a servant of God look for the presence of the pearl of great price—interior holiness in the heroic degree."

The tributes paid by American Catholics to Cardinal Logue during his recent visit to this country were notable, and were duly noted by the American press, secular as well as religious. In none of our cities, however, did there occur a scene so typically Catholic, and so graphically impressive to non-Catholic spectators, as was witnessed at the railway station in Montreal, when the Irish prelate was leaving that city for Quebec. Thousands of citizens were present to bid him farewell; and just before the train drew out from the station, the great throng spontaneously dropped upon their knees to receive the cardinalial blessing. The scene, says the *Casket*, touched the emotions of even the non-Catholic journalist, and led to this comment in the *Montreal Star*:

Those people seemed fairly to hunger for a sight of the great man from Armagh. They were not ashamed of their faith, but boldly and publicly proclaimed what they were. As it was

impressive even to an ordinary citizen, how impressive it must have been to his Eminence! It showed itself plainly in his face, and when he had reached his car he gave evidence that his emotions had been tenderly touched. . . .

Faith in the Irish is proverbial; tradition has it that it will never fade. And with those of the race who have left the shores of the Gem of the Ocean and travelled to other lands, and to the descendants of such people, there remains to-day a spirituality, and a reverence for the essentials, form and matter, of that religion for which their forefathers suffered death and exile. And for its ministers they possess a reverential attitude that the commercial era of the New World does not appear to have diminished one iota.

One moral pointed in the foregoing is the old one, that the world, even the antagonistic world, honors those who have the courage of their convictions; and that the absence of human respect in matters religious is, in community or individual, a virtue to be cultivated.

Mr. McKenna's successor in the British Cabinet, Mr. Runciman, is taken to task by the *Academy* for the statement that Nonconformity is growing with increasing rapidity all over the country, and, not for the first time, the Established Church finds itself in a minority. "Whether Mr. Runciman knows it or not," says his critic, "this statement is absolutely untrue. Even in Wales, the stronghold of Nonconformity, it is very doubtful whether the Nonconformists number more than half of the whole population. In the rest of England, the proportion of churchmen to Nonconformists is above five to one; and this, as we have explained before, accounts for the unwillingness of Nonconformists to submit to a census. It is an unwillingness that can be explained in no other way. We use the word 'churchmen' in its broadest sense. There are thousands, perhaps hundreds of thousands, of men in this country who rarely or never go to church, much less communicate; but, all the same, they are churchmen in the sense that they were baptized in the Church, they desire the teaching of the Church for their children,

and in a crisis they will support the Church against her enemies by votes and by influence. Can a more striking comment on Mr. Runciman's absurd statement be found than the fact that not more than three weeks ago some Nonconformist body (we believe it was the Wesleyan Methodist) was deploring the defection from its numbers of 6000 members during the last year?"

Apropos of preposterous and absurd statements, the *Living Church* and some other non-Catholic periodicals in this country have recently been drawing the long bow as to the number of perverts from the ranks of the priesthood. So far, they have failed to furnish the only evidence that would entitle their declarations to, not credence, but an investigation,—viz., the names of the seceding priests and of the dioceses to which they formerly belonged. Until these specific details are forthcoming, such assertions merit no notice.

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Mr. Arnold was a great Catholic layman, and one who did what we continually insist upon as so desirable, if not absolutely necessary, in the interests of the Church—who took an active part in the life of his native town and county. His life is an example in this respect that should be held up prominently before the eyes of our Catholic laity. And the appreciation which he met with at the hands of his fellow-citizens shows that, where worth and single-mindedness are evident, no Catholic layman need fear that his religion will stand as a barrier to his entrance into a life of service to his fellowmen in civic or public circles in England.

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During the last forty years he had taken part in nearly every movement of public importance connected with the city of Cape Town. He was twice mayor of the city, and once was returned as its representative in the House of Assembly. If we consider the small percentage of Catholics in this city, this fact is a witness to the sterling qualities of the deceased, and to the absence of narrow bigotry in Cape Town.

For the late Chevalier O'Reilly was not among that class of Catholics who prefer to keep their religious practices well out of public view. He was as uncompromising in the service of God as he was in the service of his King. One of the practices to which he was much attached was the daily hearing of Mass. The onerous duties of mayor were not allowed to interfere with this lifelong custom. Every morning during his term of office he would stop on his way to the Town House in order to hear the nine o'clock Mass. Not unfrequently, when no server was at hand, he would serve Mass himself.

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Notable New Books.

Assertio Septem Sacramentorum; or, Defence of the Seven Sacraments. By Henry VIII. King of England. *Re-edited, with an Introduction, by the Rev. Louis O'Donovan, S. T. L. Benziger Brothers.

In his appreciative preface to this handsome volume, his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons characterizes the work, for writing which Henry VIII. secured the title of Defender of the Faith, as "a rare, royal, Catholic book." Printed only twice in nearly two hundred years, it is certainly rare; most probably the work of a king, it may well be styled royal; and we have the Cardinal's assurance that it is as Catholic as though its author had been, not a layman, but St. Thomas, St. Francis de Sales, or St. Alphonsus Liguori.

That Father O'Donovan has been happily inspired in re-presenting to the world of English readers a book of such importance will, we think, be generally admitted; and that his introduction thereto is an excellent bit of historical and critical writing, few discriminating students will be inclined to deny. As this introduction is the sole portion of the work that is really new, it may be worth while to give here its different sections. They are: A Synopsis of the "Assertio," Its Occasion, Origin and Motive, Its Authorship, The Various Editions and Versions, Its Presentation to Pope Leo X.; Was the Title "Defender of the Faith" Hereditary? Criticism and Influence of the "Assertio," and Bibliography.

As will be seen from the foregoing, the introduction is fairly exhaustive, and we are gratified in being able to add that it is extremely interesting as well. Catholic readers have been so long accustomed to looking upon Henry as the adulterous wife-murderer and schismatic contemner of the Holy See, that there is an element of novelty in regarding him as he appears throughout the "Assertio"—a young, brilliant, powerful Catholic King, with the best of Catholic women for his Queen, ruling in peace over Catholic "merry" England. The picture is not less charming than novel, and one finds oneself regretting that it became subsequently transformed.

The editor gives two reasons for reprinting the "Defence": one, that the readers may see, from so illustrious an example, that loss of faith comes from loss of morals; the other, that non-Catholics may return to the rich green pastures which they left four hundred years ago, and which are still as rich, as green, because still watered by the perennial streams of the

seven sacraments, just as in the days of Henry. Either reason would justify the publication of the book, even should the inherent interest of the work need to be supplemented by any reason whatever. A volume to be cordially recommended.

A Commentary on the Present Index Legislation. By the Rev. Timothy Hurley, D. D. Browne & Nolan.

The generic term, "the Index," denotes the whole of the Church's organization against evil literature. Of this whole, the three principal parts are: the Index Legislation, the Congregation of the Index, and the Index of Proscribed Books. Father Hurley's volume makes but occasional reference to parts two and three; it deals exclusively with the Index Legislation. This Legislation is, in turn, made up of three Constitutions: a Bull, *Officiorum ac Munerum*, of Leo XIII.; another Bull, *Sollicita ac Provida*, of Benedict XIV.; and forty-nine Rules. Benedict XIV.'s Bull is not addressed to the faithful at large, but is intended mainly for the guidance of the Congregation of the Index. It alone excepted, all previous legislation on the subject was abrogated by the Bull of Leo XIII. (Jan. 25, 1897), which declares that the new Rules are binding on all Catholics throughout the world. Four-fifths of Father Hurley's 252 pages are concerned with the interpretation of these Rules; and it should be superfluous to add that such a scientific interpretation is of unquestionable value, not merely to prelates and pastors, but to the educated laity as well. As Bishop Clancy remarks in his preface to the present volume, the import of the Bull *Officiorum ac Munerum* "affects the public at large to so great an extent that its contents deserve to be placed within the reach of all."

This "Commentary" is of especial importance to the English-speaking Catholic world, because it is, practically, the only work in our language dealing with the new Legislation. Mr. George Haven Putnam's two volumes on "The Censorship of the Church of Rome, etc.," besides being the work of a non-Catholic, can not be considered as at all covering the ground which furnishes the author of the present book with the practical note so desirable in our day.

As an instance of the author's method of interpretation, let us cite a passage from his commentary on Rule XI. Among the books condemned by this Rule are "those that assail the Catholic Church, its discipline, the priesthood, or the religious life." After remarking that the priesthood and the religious life are here used in their *abstract*, not their *concrete*, sense, Dr. Hurley illustrates the real meaning of the Rule by a Decree of the Council of Trent, which

contrasts the *state* of matrimony with that of virginity or celibacy, to the disadvantage, of course, of the former.

With regard to this decree, . . . it is to be remarked that it is the two *states* of celibacy and wedlock that are contrasted, and not the *persons* who may happen to belong to them. The decree does not teach that a particular married person may not be more holy and virtuous than a particular priest or nun; or, again, that the majority of married persons may not be better than the members of a particular religious Order; or, finally, that the married people, say, of the tenth century were not more virtuous than the priests of that time. Accordingly, just as we may say that a particular person bound in wedlock is more virtuous and holy than a particular religious bound by his vows, without incurring the censure of the Tridentine decree, so an author may assail any particular member of the hierarchy, or any particular priest or religious, without incurring the censure of the present Rule. In a word, the book that the present Rule would prescribe is an anti-religious book, not an anti-clerical one. It should be noted, however, that in popular usage the terms anti-clerical and anti-religious are very much abused. Many writings which are termed anti-clerical are really anti-religious, and writings which are merely anti-clerical are sometimes denounced as anti-religious.

The Rev. Dr. Hurley is to be congratulated on the excellence of his work, which merits a wide sale. His attention has doubtless already been called to a typographical error on page 1, where "Text of Translation" appears for "Text of Legislation"; at least the phrase is the caption for Leo XIII.'s Bull in the original Latin. The publishers might have given the book a heavier cover, too, without violating any laws of congruity.

Lectures and Replies. By the Most Rev. Thomas Joseph Carr, D. D., Archbishop of Melbourne. The Australian Catholic Truth Society.

On the occasion of his Silver Jubilee as prelate, the Archbishop of Melbourne received last year, from the faithful of his diocese, the sum of eight thousand pounds, which he devoted to liquidating the debt on his Cathedral Hall. On the same occasion, the bishops of the Province of Victoria conceived the happy idea of honoring their esteemed metropolitan by presenting him with a Jubilee edition of his own works. The task of editing Archbishop Carr's various apologetic pamphlets and letters was entrusted to a committee of the Australian Catholic Truth Society, and the gratifying result of their labor of love is the present handsome and valuable volume of more than eight hundred pages.

While no substantial changes have been made in the matter of the prelate's lectures, their form has quite properly been modified by natural divisions into chapters and sections. Another modification upon which the committee is to be congratulated is the subordination of the personal and ephemeral element, unavoidable

in such controversies as originally led to the delivery of these lectures, and the consequent prominence of such matter as is of abiding interest. This subject-matter is concerned with: "The Church and the Bible," "Primacy of the Roman Pontiff," "Primacy Further Considered," "Origin of the Church of England," and "Church of England and the Church Catholic." As will be seen, the contents of this volume are of a nature to interest not merely Australian children of the Church, but the faithful—and, for that matter, non-Catholics as well—everywhere in the English-speaking Catholic world.

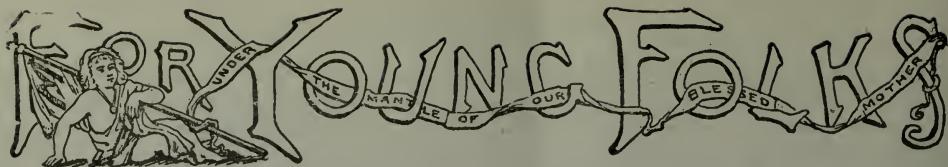
Perhaps the distinctive feature in Archbishop Carr's controversial method is his insistence on the historical line of argument, and his drawing his argumentative ammunition from the stores of non-Catholic and Rationalistic historians. This feature, in addition to his brilliant theological exposition of basic principles, makes "Lectures and Replies" a distinctly valuable addition to apologetic literature. The publishers deserve a word of praise for the excellence of the paper, typography, and binding. All is in keeping with the intrinsic merits of a work which most fittingly commemorates the jubilee of its scholarly author.

Lois. By Emily Hickey. R. & T. Washbourne.

This story, which appeared in the *Month* (1906-07), reads like a page from real life, and might be called the "story of a friendship." Lois and Katey in their intercourse reveal many interesting phases of life; for they know the delights of struggling for success—and winning it. The two are strong characters, each in her own way; and in the development of the story, sound Catholic moral principles are set forth. Perhaps there is too much of the tragic side of life shown in this history of human hearts, but who shall say that it is not true to life? There are passages in Miss Hickey's book that we should like to quote, but instead we recommend the perusal of the story as a whole.

The Test of Courage. By H. M. Ross. Benziger Brothers.

This is an interesting story of people who seem just like men and women we have met. Ambition, pursuit of riches, disappointments, business transactions, questions of professional honor, trials, perseverance and love,—all these enter into "The Test of Courage," and make a very readable story. More than one lesson is taught as the sowing and reaping of life go on; and over it all shines the clear light of Catholic teaching.



The Song of the Bees.

BY A. B. C.

WE watch for the light of the moon to break,
And color the eastern sky
With its blended hues of saffron and lake;
Then say to each other, "Awake! awake!
For our winter's honey is all to make,
And our bread for a long supply."
And off we hie to the hill and dell,
To the field, to the meadow and bower;
We love in the columbine's horn to dwell,
To dip in the lily with snow-white bell,
To search the balm in its odorous cell,
The mint and the rosemary flower.
We seek the bloom of the eglantine,
Of the pointed thistle and brier;
And follow the steps of the wandering vine,
Whether it trail on the earth supine,
Or round the aspiring treetop twine,
And reach for a state still higher.
While each, on the good of her sisters bent,
Is busy, and cares for all,
We hope for an evening with hearts content:
For the winter of life, without lament
That summer is gone, its hours misspent,
And the harvest of life past recall

An Old Man's Story.



GRANDFATHER?"

"Well, my boy, what do you want?" asked the kindly old man.

"I want you, please, to translate these two lines for me. The officer who was here last autumn said how well you spoke French."

The old man, who was sitting in an armchair by the fire, smiled as he took his pipe from his lips.

"Yes, who should know it if not I?" he said. "I was four years in France,

and after that I served in the army. Show me the lines."

The boy brought his lesson book to his grandfather's side. But the daylight was fast waning, and age had dimmed the old man's sight.

"I have not my glasses. Read the lines to me, lad."

The boy obeyed.

Si le nom de Marie dans ton cœur est gravé,
Pieu pèlerin, n'oublie, de la saluer d'un Ave!

The old man listened attentively, and made the boy repeat the lines two or three times, correcting his pronunciation. Then he said:

"Those words seem so familiar to me. I must have read them somewhere at some time." And he passed his hand slowly over his wrinkled brow, as if thereby to awaken memories of days long past. "Ah, I have it!" he exclaimed presently. "It was long, long ago; but there are things which it is impossible to forget. It was in Luxemburg, at the corner of a street in the upper part of the town. A large image of the Blessed Virgin stood there in a niche, with a lamp always burning before it. Underneath, those words were inscribed in gold letters on a slab of marble. I well remember standing there once at midnight with the friend of my boyhood, Antony Miller—whose sons now conduct the flourishing mercantile business in East Street,—on the eve of our departure from home to seek our fortunes in France. We liked the motto under the statue so much that we wrote it down and learned it by heart—"

"But what does it mean?" interrupted the boy.

His grandfather bade him read it again, slowly and carefully. Then he said:

"This is what it means:

If the name of Holy Mary is graven on thy heart,
Say an Ave, pious pilgrim, wheresoever thou art.

A beautiful motto, is it not? And I advise you, my boy, to lay it well to heart. I have never forgotten it, and my friend, Antony Miller—God rest his soul! He died two years ago,—held it all his life in high esteem. And truly he had good cause to do so; for to the constant manner in which he obeyed the exhortation conveyed in this beautiful and expressive couplet he owed his deliverance from imminent danger of death, his life and his subsequent good fortune. You know that the Millers are well-to-do,—their business has proved a very lucrative one. But you are too young, dear, to understand. I will tell you how the motto saved the life of my friend. Again and again I have heard the story from his own lips.”

“Tell it to me now, grandfather!” the boy eagerly exclaimed. “Do,—please do!”

The old man filled his pipe afresh, lighted it with great deliberation, settled himself comfortably in his armchair, and began his tale.

“It was in Luxemburg, as my friend, Antony Miller, and myself were strolling through the streets one dark night, that we were attracted by the glimmer of the lamp which hung before the image of the Madonna. We approached nearer, and read the inscription which made so deep an impression on our hearts. We were both young, merry and light-hearted; but young people are very different nowadays from what they were then. We were poor in the goods of this world,—two itinerant artisans, the whole of whose possessions were contained in two closely-packed knapsacks, and whose small sum of money was carried in their pockets,—my friend being merely a cooper, while I was a locksmith. But when we left our home we bore with us a priceless treasure which we inherited from a pious mother. I mean sincere and earnest religious feeling, and tender devotion to Mary, the Blessed Mother of God. It brought us many blessings, and preserved us from much that was evil which one can not but see and hear in the wide, wide world,

delivering us from many perils that threaten the young and inexperienced in the course of their voyage over the stormy ocean of life. Before that statue of our Blessed Lady we both promised to repeat the Angelic Salutation at least once every day, and never to pass by an image of the Madonna without greeting our dear Heavenly Mother with an *Ave Maria*.

“The resolution was a wise one: it brought us both good fortune. As we failed to find employment in Luxemburg, we went on straight to Paris. We stayed there two years, worked hard, and learned a great deal. Then the love of wandering awoke in us again, and we went on farther, to the south of France. In Bordeaux we separated: I wished to go to Lyons and thence to Geneva, because in both these cities the locksmith’s art had attained a high degree of perfection; and I desired to learn many details of which I was as yet ignorant, and to qualify myself to return to my beloved home in Germany, and set up in business for myself in my native town. It was well for me that I did so. My companion wandered farther afield; he wished to enter Spain, and behold the beauty of that fair land.

“It would have been better for him if he had done otherwise; for the times were troublous just then, and the northern provinces of the Spanish Peninsula through which he took his way were a prey to unrest and civil war. No work was to be had; and, as he was totally ignorant of the language of the country, he found himself confronted by difficulties of every kind. On one occasion he was taken prisoner by the troops of the government as a supposed spy, and would in all probability have been shot, if at the last moment an officer who was conversant with the German tongue had not saved him from this terrible fate by examining his papers, which were all in order, and thus convincing himself of the inoffensive character of the young German artisan. He was advised to quit as soon as possible such

dangerous ground, and make his way with all speed over the French frontier. But this was no easy undertaking; for it was in the Basque provinces that the civil war was raging most fiercely; deadly skirmishes were of everyday occurrence, and all the roads teemed with soldiers belonging to both parties.

“Utterly exhausted, tired to death, penniless, and unable, through ignorance of the language, to induce some kind-hearted individual to bestow on him wherewithal to appease his hunger, his footsteps led him to a small town in the neighborhood of Vittoria,—an unlucky road, as it proved to be. In this town the rebels had strongly intrenched themselves, and the troops of the government were pressing on along the roads; shots were freely exchanged in all directions, and bullets constantly whizzed by the ears of my poor young friend. In order to protect himself as far as possible from this murderous cross-fire, he sought shelter at the foot of a high garden wall, where an image of the Mother of God stood in a niche. Faithful to the habit he had formed, he stepped up to it, and saluted his Heavenly Mother with an *Ave Maria*. You will understand that the prayer was a very heartfelt one, considering the dangerous circumstances in which the suppliant found himself. ‘*Ave Maria!* Mother of Mercy, help me!’ he cried aloud in his distress. At the same instant a bullet struck him, and laid him low at Our Lady’s feet. Severely wounded, he sank prostrate on the ground. A mist swam before his eyes, and there was a sound in his ears like the muttering of distant thunder. But as he fell he folded his hands, and his trembling lips repeated once more, *Ave Maria!*”

“How long he lay at the foot of the wall, and what then befell him, he never knew; for he fainted dead away. When he recovered consciousness, he was lying in a spacious room, and a grave, quiet lady was sitting by his bed, and tending him with maternal kindness and solicitude.

She was the pious wife of a Spaniard, the owner of a vineyard whose garden was enclosed by the high wall at the foot of which the young German had sunk down when struck by the murderous bullet. There he had been found, at the feet of the Mother of Dolors, severely wounded and lying in a pool of blood. On that selfsame day the afflicted pair had lost their only son through the fortune of war; and, with true Christian charity and compassion, they took the stranger in, and cherished him as if he had been their own son until he had perfectly recovered.

“In order in some measure to show his gratitude for their great kindness, he remained with the bereaved couple, worked hard, and in his capacity of cooper made himself very useful to them. And, like the patriarch Jacob of whom you have read in Scripture, in process of time he married the daughter of his benefactor, brought her to Germany, and, in conjunction with his father-in-law, established a most prosperous business. When he died two years ago—his wife having preceded him to the grave,—he bequeathed to his sons, besides the business, a considerable amount of property. And whom had he to thank for his great and unlooked-for good fortune? Mary, the ever-blessed Mother of God, whom he never forgot to salute whenever he passed by an image of her. Do you, my boy, imitate his example, and lay to heart the beautiful motto. Read it out to me once more.”

“That is not necessary, grandfather,” proudly returned the boy; “for I know it by heart already:

If the name of Holy Mary is graven on thy heart,
Say an *Ave*, pious pilgrim, wheresoever thou art.”

In the meantime darkness had set in. From the tower of the church near by sounded three solemn strokes of the bell. Henry’s mother entered, placed a lighted lamp on the table, and said:

“The Angelus is ringing; let us say it.”

And the Angelic Salutation had never been more devoutly repeated by the little group than it was on that evening.

Anecdotes of the Dog.

Outside of the human family, one can never find so faithful a friend as the dog. Cuvier says: "The whole species is become our property. Each individual is entirely devoted to his master, adopts his manners, distinguishes and defends his property, and remains attached to him even unto death. And all this springs, not from mere necessity nor from restraint, but simply from true friendship."

The fidelity of dogs has been notorious in all ages. Homer makes Argus recognize Ulysses when he returns from his years of travel, and in joy die at his feet. The favorite dog of Mary Queen of Scots accompanied her to the scaffold. The memory of the greyhound Gelert has been preserved in tradition and celebrated in song.

In the year 1205, his master, Llewellyn, one day called his dogs together for the chase; but his favorite was missing. Returning from the sport, Gelert bounded to meet his master, his lips smeared with blood. Llewellyn gazed at him with surprise. On going into the room where he had left his infant heir asleep, he found all confusion, and the coverlet stained with blood. He called the child, and no answer was made. Hastily concluding the dog must have devoured him, he plunged his sword in Gelert's side. The noble animal fell at his feet, uttering a dying yell that awoke the child, sleeping beneath a mingled heap of clothes, while under the bed lay a great wolf that the gallant hound had killed in combat. Llewellyn, smitten with sorrow, caused a monument, with a suitable inscription, to be erected on the spot, to commemorate his four-footed friend's fidelity and unhappy fate. And the place to this day is called "Beth-Gelert," or the Grave of the Greyhound.

Not to linger longer in the company of such famous dogs, let us turn to everyday experiences of the services of this most noble animal. To the St. Bernard dog is given the charge of finding travellers in

the Alpine snows, his sense of smell being so keen as to detect the perishing man several feet under the great snowdrifts. The sagacity of Newfoundlands in cases of drowning is quite as notable; and instances in which persons have been saved by them are almost innumerable.

A man, desirous of getting rid of his dog, took it with him in a boat into the river, and threw the animal in. The poor creature attempted to climb up the side of the boat; but his master, whose intention was to drown him, constantly pushed him back with the oar, until, suddenly losing his balance, he himself fell into the water, and would certainly have drowned had not the dog held him above water till assistance arrived.

Among instances of sagacity, mingled with affection for his master, may be mentioned those in which the dog detects thefts, and restores the stolen property. Mr. Dumont, of Paris, laid a wager with a friend that if he were to hide a six-livre piece in the dust, his dog Caniche would discover and bring it to him. The wager was accepted, the money carefully marked and hidden; and, after proceeding some distance, Dumont signified he had lost something, and told his dog to seek it. Caniche immediately turned back, while they proceeded. Meanwhile a traveller perceived the piece of money, which his horse had kicked from its hiding-place, and picked it up just as Caniche reached the spot. He followed the traveller, went to the inn, and stuck close to him. Having scented in the man's pocket the coin he had been ordered to bring back, Caniche incessantly leaped up at and about him. Regarding these movements as marks of fondness, and supposing him to be a stray dog, besides being a handsome animal, the stranger determined to keep him. He gave him a good supper, and took him to his chamber. After he had undressed, the dog began barking furiously at the door; and, when it was opened, he snatched the gentleman's trousers and away he ran, the stranger following hard

after, in anxiety for a purse full of money which was in one of the pockets.

Caniche ran full speed to his master's house, where the stranger soon arrived, breathless and furious, and accused the dog of robbing him. "My dog is a faithful creature," said the master. "If he has run away with your trousers, it is because they contain a piece of money that does not belong to you." The stranger became still more exasperated. "Compose yourself, sir," continued the other, smiling. "Without doubt there is in your purse a marked six-livre piece, which you picked up in Boulevard St. Antoine, and which I threw there in the firm conviction that my dog would bring it back again; and this is the cause of the robbery." The traveller's rage now yielded to astonishment; and, after delivering the coin to the owner, he could not forbear caressing the faithful dog.

A neighbor of mine once owned a dog who marketed for the family, and always brought home the meat without touching it. One morning, when returning from the butcher's with his basket, several dogs followed him, and attempted to take the meat from the basket; but he growled threateningly, keeping them off for a little while. Still they followed and annoyed him, showing plainly a desire to fight. But he held on his way until he reached home; then barked at the door until it was opened, and the basket delivered to his mistress. He then started back to the knot of dogs, that still lingered near, and began fighting with them, taking several in turn; and, although he was pretty badly hurt, he came off victorious. He was well cared for, as he deserved, and was soon able to resume his morning duties.

Whether or not we shall behold our faithful follower, the dog, in another world, is a question no one can answer, though many holy men have held that we shall. In any case, however, we can enjoy their devotion here, and treat them so kindly that, if our dogs have none other, they may have a heaven on this earth.

A Puzzling Problem.

A certain merchant of the East left in his last will and testament seventeen horses to be divided among his three sons. The first was to receive one-half, the second one-third, and the youngest a ninth part of the whole. But when they came to arrange about the division, it was found that to comply with the terms of the will, without sacrificing one or more of the animals, was impossible.

Puzzled in the extreme, they repaired to the Cadi, who, having read the will, declared that such a difficult question required time for deliberation, and recommended them to return in two days. When they again made their appearance, the judge said: "I have considered your case, and find that I can make such a division of the seventeen horses among you as will give each more than his strict share and yet not one of the animals be injured. Are you content?"

"We are perfectly content, O Cadi!" was the reply.

"Bring forth the seventeen horses and let them be placed in the court," said the Cadi.

The animals were brought in, and the Cadi ordered the groom to place his own horse with them. When this had been done, he ordered the eldest brother to count the horses.

"There are eighteen in number, O Cadi!" he said.

"I will make the division," responded the Cadi. "You, the eldest, are entitled to half; then take nine horses. You, the second son, are to receive one-third; take, therefore, six; while to you, the youngest, belongs the ninth part—namely, two. Thus the seventeen horses are divided among you. You have each more than your share, and I may now take my own steed back again."

"O Cadi, your wisdom equals that of Solieman, Ibn Daoud!" exclaimed the gratified brothers.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"Spirit and Dust" is the title of a new collection of poems by Lady Gilbert (Rosa Mulholland) just issued by Mr. Elkin Mathews.

—Admirers of René Bazin, who is admittedly in the very front rank of French novelists, and whose books, we are glad to say, are replacing the "fleshly" type of romance so long in vogue on both sides of the Atlantic, will welcome an English version of "De Toute Son Ame." It is published by Sesley under the title of "Redemption."

—That "Althea," by D. E. Nirdlinger (Benziger Brothers), has met with favor is shown by the fact that another edition has lately been published. "Althea" is a home story and in that lies its special charm. There are dark days and bright days pictured, just as they come to every home, and love is the source of the moral sunshine glinting through the story.

—Yet another new version of "The Imitation of Christ," the "Seraphic Edition," by Father Thaddeus, O. F. M., is among Messrs. Burns & Oates' new books. It is claimed that this version of the famous work attains a verisimilitude with the original in general arrangement and textual detail not hitherto achieved. The translator has supplied notes and a sketch of the sovereign author.

—Those of our readers that enjoyed Clara Mulholland's excellent serial, "In a Roundabout Way," appearing in our columns last year—and the numbers of these readers probably includes all such subscribers as enjoy fiction at all—will be pleased to learn that the story is brought out in book form by Messrs. R. & T. Washbourne. It makes an attractive volume of 224 pages, and is set up in type large enough to suit even elderly eyes.

—"The Tale of Tintern," by the Rev. Edward Caswall, of the Oratory, recently published by Messrs. Burns & Oates, is a reprint, which would indicate a meed of appreciation not often accorded to poetic publications. This "May Pageant" is full of fancy, is permeated by a sweet, reverent piety and is, as it were, silvered over with a soft light of mystic beauty. It is like an echo of hymns of the Virgin Mother, borne to us from the ruined abbeys of old England, once Our Lady's Dowry.

—The Eclectic Readings Series, published by the American Book Co., certainly meets every phase of school work in the variety of matter presented. The value of supplementary reading

is generally recognized to-day, and teachers whose books are not prescribed by diocesan regulations will find it worth while to examine the following books: "Explorers and Founders of America," by A. E. Foote; "The Story of Two Boys," by C. Johnson (really an abridgment of Sandford and Merton); "Adventures of Deerslayer," an introduction to Cooper, adapted by M. N. Haight; "Famous Pictures of Children," by J. A. Schwartz; and James Baldwin's "Second Fairy Reader."

—Writing to the Newark *Monitor*, Mr. A. J. Strohm, non-Catholic librarian of the Trenton Public Library, thus scores certain of our publishers:

A number of Catholic books considered by the Committee have fallen decidedly below a reasonable standard of dignified, tasteful bookmaking. Gaudy binding, poor paper and forbidding print prejudice a book, even be its literary or Catholic value beyond question. All Catholic publishers, however, are not open to this indictment.

To which the *Monitor* adds on its own account:

The "premium" books of some Catholic firms are an abomination. They are often so gaudy and so vulgar that they are an insult to the patient Catholic public.

Both comments are, unfortunately, too generally deserved, although we are glad to say that there are honorable exceptions—on both sides of the Atlantic.

—A book well worth procuring for Sunday reading, or for devotional perusal at any time, is "Christ Among Men; or, Characteristics of Jesus, as Seen in the Gospel." It is translated (by L. M. Ward) from the French of the Abbé Sertillanges. The original work was written on returning from a voyage to the Holy Land, and it is permeated with the admiration, reverence, and love with which a visit to the country of the Gospels must fill a sympathetic soul. The distinctive merit of the book is its showing the characteristics of the life of Christ in a manner imitable by His followers in various stages of their own lives. The translator has done her work well, and Father Arthur Devine, Passionist, contributes an informative preface to this English edition. R. & T. Washbourne; Benziger Bros.

—The death of François Coppée, which removed from the French Academy one of its most influential members, and from the Western literary world a remarkable figure, carries a loss to Americans, to whom his vigorous democracy as well as the sincerity of his art peculiarly appealed. Several translations of his fiction, among them "The Rivals," were published in this country, and it will be remembered that an

introduction was contributed by Brander Matthews to "Ten Tales" by Coppée, the translations of which the Harpers issued in this country a score of years ago. At that time it was pointed out as a good augury for American letters that the best French fiction was getting itself translated in America. Readers of THE AVE MARIA will not have forgotten M. Coppée's "Bon Souffrance."

—Notwithstanding the vogue of Hall Caine and Marie Corelli among the middle classes of England and other lands, the authoritative literary critics still refuse to take either author very seriously. Says a recent issue of the *Academy*:

Mr. Hall Caine has provided a new Introduction for his "Cobwebs of Criticism," first issued in 1882; and in the last sentence of this Introduction—"I am not an author with a grievance"—he disclaims the only conceivable reason for resuscitating the volume. We could very well understand that, in order to discount the criticism which his work has received when it has been noticed at all, he should be at the trouble of reviving an early book in which is set forth a catalogue of critical "howlers" of a past generation, and, remembering that Wordsworth and Coleridge were once heartily abused, should console himself with the not very obscure inference. It would appear, so far as we can ascertain, that this fresh edition is meant as a renewed impeachment of criticism—which is very proper in an author who can appeal, with evidence of defiant prosperity, from the critics to the public. Well, the *Academy* will accord the book the only merciful criticism which such a tangle of incoherencies as the Introduction can demand for it—silence.

The Latest Books. A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

"In a Roundabout Way." Clara Mulholland. 75 cts., net.

"Christ Among Men; or, Characteristics of Jesus, as Seen in the Gospels." Abbé Stertilanges. 60 cts., net.

"The Tale of Tintern." Rev. Edward Caswall. 30 cts.

"Althea." D. E. Nirdlinger. 60 cts.

"A Commentary on the Present Index Legislation." Rev. Timothy Hurley, D. D. \$1.35, net.

"The Test of Courage." H. M. Ross. \$1.25.

"Assertio Septem Sacramentorum; or, Defence of the Seven Sacraments." Henry VIII. King of England. Re-edited, with an Introduction, by the Rev. Louis O'Donovan. S. T. L. \$2, net.

"Lois." Emily Hickey. \$1.10, net.

"The Divine Eucharist." Père Eymard. 75 cts.

"The Favorite and Favors of the Sacred Heart." Abbé Berry. 75 cts., net.

"A Missionary's Notebook." Rev. Richard Alexander. \$1.10.

"Mr. Crewe's Career." Winston Churchill. \$1.50.

"The Doctrine of Modernism and Its Refutation." J. Dodrycz, D. D. 80 cts.

"Christian Science before the Bar of Reason." Rev. L. A. Lambert, LL. D. Edited by Rev. A. S. Quinlan. \$1.

"Lord of the World." Robert Hugh Benson. \$1.50.

"A Synthetical Manual of Liturgy." Rev. Adrian Vigourel, S. S. \$1, net.

"The Law of Christian Marriage." Rev. Arthur Devine, Passionist. \$1.50, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Daniel Reddin, of the diocese of Superior. Mother M. Delphina, of the Sisters of St. Francis; Sister M. Xavier, Sisters of St. Dominic; and Sister Anicet, Daughters of Charity.

Mr. Charles K. Ellis, Mr. William R. Clark, Mr. Patrick Magee, Miss Sarah E. French, Mrs. Harriet Geagan, Mr. William Webbald, Miss Nellie Murphy, Mr. Frank Vitt, Mr. Bernard Schaub, Mrs. Cecilia Langan and Miss Belle Langan, Mr. Henry Dorenkamp, Mr. Patrick F. McCarthy, Mr. George Dyche, Mrs. Elizabeth Flynn, Mr. Thomas V. Flynn, Mr. Charles Geiler, Mr. Louis Mallett, Mr. George Mulhearn, Mr. Frank Vincourt, Mr. J. McAndrew, Mr. Herman Riester, Mr. James Drudy, and Mrs. Agnes Warnament.

Requiescant in pace!

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For three foreign missions referred to in THE AVE MARIA for May 23:

Rev. T. F., \$10; B. J. M., \$3.

For two poor missionaries:

B. J. M., \$3.



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Ave Maria.

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